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## Diary and Letters of Deborah Brooks Webb.

She was the daughter of Adam and Hepzibah Brooks, and was born in Scituate, Massachusetts, on the nineteenth day of the Fourth Month, 1830.

When she was quite young her parents removed to the neighborhood of Philadelphia, but of this period of her life we have very little knowledge, until the commencement of her diary, in the sixteenth year of her age. It is difficult for those who only knew her in later life and remember her plain, simple appearance, to realize that she was particularly fond of a gay dress, and was, she said, very determined "never to be a Friend." It does not appear, however, that she felt easy on these points, and soon, "like Paul, when the Unseen One spoke," her heart responded, and she "lay a learner at the Saviour's feet." But her will was strong and she passed through many deep exercises and sore conflicts of spirit before she was truly willing to bear the cross and become, as she afterwards did in a conspicuous manner, a meek and lowly disciple of the dear Saviour, and a rightly commissioned advocate of his glorious "cause of Truth and righteousness in the earth." As a minister she was weighty in spirit, sound in doctrine, and remarkably favored to give expression to her concern in a clear and concise manner. Her voice was pleasant, and she endeavored herself to those among whom she labored, particularly the young, by her ready sympathy and loving charity.

As a teacher, in which occupation so many years of her life were spent, she was much beloved, and many, even some who are not members of her own Society, look back with interest and satisfaction to the time spent in her school. The following extracts from a letter addressed to her by a former pupil, give such a beautiful picture of her love of, and exercise for, the little ones entrusted to her, it is thought it may be interesting, and perhaps instructive, to others who have the care of little children. The letter is dated Eleventh Month 8th, 1884, and says, "The time spent in thy school was a happy time. How my childish life is recalled, as I sit in the same room, after my children are gone. I think few persons understood my contrary character when I was a child, and I do know that, when others thought me the quietest,

I was having long, hard struggles with myself, always my worst enemy. Little things gave me most impressive lessons. I have always wanted to tell thee that I have never forgotten one afternoon that thee spent with me at school. I had done something in school for which thee thought best to keep me in. I remember that, after the other children had all gone, thee called me up to thee and took me upon thy lap, talking to me earnestly about the sinfulness of not obeying the "still, small voice," and telling me about the good there is in store for those who love the Lord. I do not know how long I sat there, but I know that it was growing dusk when thee put me down and kneeled down and prayed for me. Then thee kissed me and let me go, and I remember with what a sense of awe, a sweet, solemn hush, I left the room. I think I can never forget that afternoon."

D. B. W. was remarkable for her implicit faith, child-like faith in and nearness to her Saviour, taking all her joys and sorrows to Him, seeking his counsel in all her engagements, both temporal and spiritual. She would sometimes say, "He promised it," with unquestioning faith. She said she had a long, hard conflict to find her Saviour, but when she did find Him, He never seemed to leave her. When she sought Him, He was always to be found, and she did seem wonderfully clear of the doubts and fears of which so many of the Lord's dedicated ones have largely to partake to the very end. The first entries in her diary are written with child-like simplicity, showing very crude ideas on most subjects, particularly on those of a religious nature, but it was thought it may be interesting to trace her progress from this child-like condition to that of a "young man, a strong man, and finally a pillar in the Church that shall go no more out."

She went to Cantwell's Bridge, Delaware, to teach school, and thus commences her diary:

1846. Third Month 28th.—Started from Philadelphia at eight o'clock and arrived at Port Penn at one. Waited at the tavern until four, when Joshua Fennimore came after me, and arrived home about six o'clock.

29th.—Went to church with the family. We had a very good sermon, the text was Hebrews, second chapter, second verse. The bishop will be here the first Sunday in May. The minister gave the persons who were not members an invitation to come forward for confirmation, and to those who were unwilling to do it he said, "Why will ye die?"

30th.—Commenced this day with a walk upon the hill, and began school at the usual time, nine o'clock. Got along very well with our studies. It was a pleasant day.

Fourth Month 1st.—Proceeded with the usual business of the school. Walked to a small white house at the corner. I find botany a very interesting study.

2nd.—Took a long walk into the woods; gathered some maple blossoms and small white flowers. I tried to analyze them, but could not. Left one to analyze hereafter.

4th.—This farm was an extensive forest about seven or eight years ago. It was owned by a company called the "Fish Company." Mr. Fennimore bought it of Joseph Burr, who, from what I understand, purchased it of the company.

5th.—I did not go to church to-day. Read in the Bible and United States History and wrote in the afternoon.

8th.—It has been raining to day, but seems pleasant now. Did not take any walk. Cophered considerable and studied some. Invincible means inexhaustible.

9th.—Continued the same course as usual and helped to set out some flowers. Tried to analyze a daffy, but there was no description like it in the botany. Took a walk to the Pea Patch with the children.

Learned from Mrs. Fennimore that, when we could stand on the ground and put our right foot on the head of our shadow it is noon; also that when a direct line can be drawn from the top of the shadow of a tree to the sun, it is noon, but if the shadow slanted either to the right or left, it is before or after noon. I cannot understand the last sign.

10th.—I pursued my usual course. It is "Good Friday," so-called from the day on which our Saviour's crucifixion took place, it being the sixth day of the week.

12th.—It storms to-day. It is "Easter Sunday," so-called from its being the day on which Christ ascended into heaven, or the day on which He rose from the dead, being the third day after his death. It seems strange to me why the Quakers never notice any of these days, nor teach their children to notice them in the least.

13th.—Took a short walk this morning and gathered some spice-wood blossoms. They are very pleasant to the taste and good to make a tea for horses shedding their hair. The blossom is yellow, the wood is of a greyish color. The blossom grows in clusters, up and down the stems, like the maple.

16th.—Rose early this morning and took a walk before breakfast. The folks think I shall be liable to take the chills from the morning dew.

17th.—Took a long walk with the children at noon. Gathered a variety of flowers, of which I do not know the names. We met with a snake in the woods. It being a black snake we did not run far from it.

18th.—Took no walk, but helped to sweep the yard, which is very good exercise.

19th.—My birth-day. I am now sixteen years old. It being Sabbath-day I went to church with the family. We had a very good sermon. The text was taken from St. John, fifth chapter, and fourth verse, "And ye will not come unto Me, that ye might have life."

I am now just entering my seventeenth year. I have five scholars, and expect three more tomorrow. I hope that I shall be enabled to rouse their energies and strengthen their memories by the help of Him who sees all our actions and knows all our thoughts and feelings.

1847. Third Month 13th.—I have neglected my Journal a long time. Now I hope to continue it steadily. I have been going to school during the past winter, and am now teaching school at Cinnaunson, New Jersey. I hope to get along well with my school by having help from God, for without Him I am certain I can do nothing. I hope He will grant me his mercy and show me my sins, for I feel that I have done a great deal that is wrong.

19th.—I have not behaved myself properly in school this day. I have given myself up to too much mirth, especially when the second class was reading. Have had to punish one boy a little. May I become more sedate.

20th.—Went home in the morning.

21st.—Being very stormy, we did not go to meeting. Mother was not very well either. I read considerable in the Bible. After it I got to thinking about myself, and I thought I would become part plain, and then I would get plainer when I got older. But a thought came into my mind that I should be like Ananias and Sapphira, of whom we read in the Bible.

24th.—Have been quite well to-day and have got along very well with my school, and have been enabled to keep rather more of a sober countenance.

28th.—Being First-day, I did not go home, but remained at Friend Thomas', and read a great part of the time, and I find, according to what I read, that I am very vain, and I am going to try to break myself of such a sin, for I found it was a very predominant sin in me. I fear there is some envy in me which I should guard against. I must remember, at the same time, that I can do nothing of myself.

30th.—I have been enabled to keep my countenance more sober than usual to-day, and I hope I may put my trust in Him who will always lead me rightly.

31st.—I have had trouble in my school to-day, and do not know what to do with some I have now here, but hope to do rightly by them, and that I may never have any more trouble with them.

Fourth Month 12th.—I have resolved that I will try not to laugh once during the coming week in school; that I will set down every departure from my resolution, and also that my conduct be reserved at the school-house. I have not succeeded quite so well as I expected, but think I shall be able to free myself from my fault by close application to my plan.

I was reading yesterday, in the life of Henry Martyn, a missionary in India. I found by some things that I was far from being in the right course as to my soul, and I hope to improve by all I read and hear. I find that I do not consider myself enough in debt to Him.

13th.—I have laughed more to-day than yesterday, and I do not know what it is that makes me so neglectful of my duty.

(To be continued.)

In Liberia the chimpanzees are called by the natives "old-time people." Prof. O. F. Cook states that they dig land-crabs out of their burrows and crack them on stones, and are also said to crack nuts between stones, "quite man-fashion," and to grasp the python or boa by the neck and bruise its head with a stone. In a footnote in *Science* it is added that Major Battersby mentions that in the Barbadoes a capuchin monkey captures crabs in a similar way. "His method is to knock it about with his paw by quick pats until it is sufficiently dazed to give him a chance of smashing its claw with a large stone."

## Trees of Formosa.

*Tallow tree (Sillinia acbifera).* The berry of this tree, after the covering falls off, is about the size of the pea, whitish in color and hangs in clusters from the branches. The tallow is extracted from the berry by pressure, and is made into candles, which, when painted red, are used for idol worship, especially in Buddhist temples. The leaves of the tree resemble those of the Canadian poplar, but in autumn they assume the red and yellow tints of the soft maple.

*Camphor (Lourus camphora).* Camphor-trees are the largest in the forests. On measuring one, I found it twenty-five feet in circumference. There is in my possession a plank which a hundred years ago was the end of a native chief's house. It is a single piece, of more than eight feet square, and on it are many aboriginal carvings. Camphor-gum does not run like sap from the sugar-maple, nor does it exude like pitch from the pine. It is procured in the following way: An adze half an inch broad and with a handle two feet long, is used as a gouge. With this the roots, stumps and branches of the tree are chipped. These chips are collected and placed in a sort of covered steamer, over boiling water. In due course the gum is distilled and sublimates on the inside of the vessel like hoarfrost. The process of distilling is continued until a sufficient quantity is collected, when it is put up in tubs for export. As the demand is great in European countries, the camphor industry is one of the most important on the islands.

*Paper-plant (avalia papyrifera).*—The so-called rice-paper is made from the pith of this plant. The roll of pith, varying from half an inch to three inches in diameter, is cut into pieces according to the width of paper desired. It is then placed upon a very smooth tile, shaped somewhat after the fashion of a slate, with a brass frame, the thickness of the paper, raised above the edges. The operator, having made the pith perfectly smooth and cylindrical, rolls it backward over the tile with his left hand, and with his right paces it concentrically, with a long, sharp, thick-bladed knife. The knife rests on the brass frame, which serves as a gauge and is drawn steadily back and forth. A beautiful paper is thus cut, which is used in making artificial flowers, or is exported to Hong Kong, where it is used in the manufacture of sun-hats. Chinese artists find large employment in painting cards of this paper, which are readily disposed of to European and American tourists.

*Banian (Ficus Indica).*—There can be no doubt that the banian is a long-lived tree. Of all the several hundred trees now in the college grounds at Tamsui, I planted every one from small branches, two inches through and five or six feet long. These were cut from large trees, which survived centuries of tropical storm. The banian is an evergreen, with rootlets running from the branches, which, if not interfered with, eventually reach the ground, take root, and grow as a support to the tree. The process of extension and reduplication may go on until the branches, supported by their self-produced pillars, cover a vast area and the original tree becomes an evergreen canopy, under which thousands may find shelter.

*Varnish Tree (Rhus vernicefera).*—The exudations from this tree become an excellent varnish, but it must be used in a dark room, and the varnished article must be left there until it is thoroughly dry. It is very poisonous, and the effect on different persons is very singular. I

was once in a cabinet-maker's establishment remaining only a few minutes, but such was the effect of the varnish-poison that for three days afterwards my fingers were swollen to three times their normal size, my face had a dropsical appearance, and my eyelids could scarcely be opened. It was not so painful, but it was very irritating and intensely disagreeable. The natives now eat the fruit, though, doubtless, in days gone by, they dipped their arrows in the excretion to make them deadly weapons.

*Bamboo (Bambusa arundinacea).*—There is one large species which is split and made into baskets, hoops, etc. Another kind grows to about the size of a large fishing-rod. There is still another, with small and feathery leaves, which is planted for hedges. The young shoots are cut off and used for pickles. Boats, houses, bridges, baskets, chairs, hen-coops, bird-cages, jars, water-vessels, pipes, lamps, beds, masts, doors, hoops, mats, paper, are all made from this indispensable grass. The savages also make ear-rings out of it, and the only musical instruments they possess. It is to the Chinese what the cocoonist is to the South Sea Islander and the date-palm to the African. It rarely flowers or produces seed, so that when flowers are seen, those who are very superstitious declare that some great change will certainly soon take place.

*Sedge. Ka-pek-sun (Cyperus).*—This is a sedge found in drains, water-courses and rivulets. The shoots, in the autumn, are used daily at meals. The root, when sliced is of a whitish color, with black spots. It is truly a well-flavored, palatable vegetable.

*Tobacco (Nicotiana tabacum).*—On the eastern coast tobacco grows sometimes ten feet high. I never saw a living creature put to death more expeditiously than was a venomous serpent one day when we were erecting Oxford College. He was found under a heap of tiles. One laborer pinned him to the ground with a pole. Another took from his tobacco-pipe a small quantity of nicotine and put it to the mouth of the reptile. Instantly his snakeship drew himself up, stretched himself out, shuddered, and, being released, turned his whitish belly upward and expired. I would have thought this incredible had I not witnessed it. It should be stated, however, that the said pipe was an heir-loot for four generations. No wonder the nicotine was somewhat rank.—G. L. Mackay's *Formosa*.

## A Reminiscence.

Reading the article, "Recollections of Anti-Slavery Times," in THE FRIEND of Fourth Month 25th, 1896, so refreshed in my memory some of the sad scenes of my early manhood, and the many sad statements that I have listened to from the lips of fugitives, that my mind was at once prepared to take it all in as being entirely in keeping with the feelings that very naturally attend on such a condition. Who of us would not scale a board-fence or leap over a dye-kettle to escape a merciless pursuer? I feel a freedom to inform Graceanna Lewis that, in my early manhood, my home was on what I will call a side-track of what was ironically called the underground railroad. This appellation I have understood to have been given by the defunct slave-hunters, because of their utter inability to get any clue to the objects of their pursuit, though I have known them to come so close that the fugitives could recognize the voice of their would-be masters, as they rode briskly on the public highway in the dark, while the shivering blacks crouched behind the bushes in



the fence-corner, scarcely out of reach of their padded whips. The writer can easily imagine how he drew it made on the pantry and bread-crust to provide for Rachie, for I well remember the time when we had to make up a hurried lichen for fifteen, men, women and children, and, more than that, we had to provide a conveyance for them to our next station, for were their former conductors must needs turn back, so as to make sure of getting to their respective homes ere daylight opened on them. Immediately after the repast was over, the great creek was to cross, and it was so swollen by the melting snow and rain that it could not be forded. We having foreseen this, a messenger had been dispatched timely to inform our friends at the next station that we were in need of help, if they pleased to meet us at such an hour at — Ford, provided to carry so many men, women and children. All worked well, the connection was made, the fugitives were set safely over the creek, at the same dangerous place that Jacob and Annie Branson passed through, and it is presumed that their would-be owners never heard of them, as they travelled only at night. It was vastly interesting to the writer to hear those dear people relate the adventures of their escape. As all had to cross the great Ohio River, some have told me of making a raft of the rails from massa's fence, others of knowing where a skiff was wont to be left, locked to a tree, and they would provide for detaching it. Others have floated themselves over on great cakes of ice. What many form, called on by such adventurers, could but respond, "As I would ye should do to me, do I even so to you."

W. P. D.

FOR "THE FRIENDS."

### The Tendency of Bible or First-Day Schools Among Friends.

There seems to be of late a growing tendency toward the establishment and maintenance of the above schools within the limits of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, and perhaps of other Conservative Friends' Yearly Meetings in America. Of course, it is a well-known fact that those Yearly Meetings known as the "Fast" bodies have had them for nearly a half century, and those who separated in 1827 for about twenty years. London and Dublin Yearly Meetings have them also.

There doubtless has been a degree of honest intention and earnest desire to do good in the promoters of Bible schools, but that these schools have been subversive of our principles and have tended to disturb the harmony and to cloud the testimony of the Society is painfully apparent. An incident related of Christopher Healy when he was at one time travelling on his Master's errands in England, seems applicable to the condition of things in later days, and it savors so much of prophetic utterance and has such force of meaning, that it may not be amiss to relate it. It is stated that on one occasion he was at the house of a woman member in that country, and she offered an excuse for her daughter's absence by informing him she was out, attending a Bible Society. "Yes," replied Christopher, "Bible society, missionary society, temperance society and—out of Society." A little humorous, perhaps, but none the less a true and sad fact, which has been too much verified by the fruits of such organizations in later days.

That there have been at times a true religious concern on the part of rightly exercised Friends to engage in something of the nature of what

might be termed a First-day school, though differing widely as to the methods commonly adopted at the present day, the writer by no means questions. Even in our own time we might point to Friends who felt that the Great Head of the Church had called them to the work of gathering certain children of those both within and outside of our Society into their homes, for the purpose of reading to them the Holy Scriptures and other approved religious writings, with times of silent waiting, and vocal ministry by way of exhortation or otherwise, as they felt drawn to give, in the life and authority vouchsafed by the Divine Master, who had thus called them into his service. They would at times have the children to memorize selected portions of Scripture or religious poetry or prose. Such service, when rightly called for, at the hands of consistent, faithful, devoted servants and handmaidens, has ever been approved and encouraged by Friends. And when such concerns are presented to Friends for their approval and support, it is to be expected that they treat them as any other religious labor, for there is no rule in our discipline limiting service which the Great Shepherd calls for at our hands. To a greater or less extent, secular schools conducted by Friends have always had an allotted portion of time of each week devoted to a recitation of portions of Scripture. Our objections are not to anything of this character, but to something more subtle in its workings.

It is needless to go into an extended explanation of the belief of Friends in the Scriptures and in the propriety of diligently reading those excellent writings, which oftentimes are truly a comfort to the faint and struggling traveller Zionward. Our views along this line have been reiterated times without number, for we have always esteemed them holy writings, precious alike for their glorious promises and for their solemn warnings, handed down to us through a kind and merciful Providence, and that they are indeed "able to make us wise unto salvation, through faith which is in Christ Jesus;" so that we, through the comfort and consolation of them, might have hope, in seeing what was the reward of faithful saints of old who, perseveringly and with a whole heart, denied themselves in the fading pleasures and selfish gratifications of this life, to obtain a surer and a greater inheritance. I will add one quotation from the discipline of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, extracted from the minutes of 1792, showing the esteem of that body for the Holy Scriptures and its desire that all Friends might become thoroughly familiar with them. It is as follows: "We tenderly and earnestly advise and exhort all parents and heads of families that they endeavor to instruct their children and families in the doctrines and precepts of the Christian religion as contained in the Holy Scriptures, and that they excite them to a diligent reading of those excellent writings."

The testimony Friends bear against the study of the Scriptures is against seeking to comprehend their deep spiritual meaning by the natural wisdom and will of man. These are methods too commonly and almost inevitably practised and encouraged by the system of First-day schools. The testimony we bear against these methods is the same we have always borne against worship and ministry performed in man's will and outside of the movings and drawings of the Spirit of Truth. We believe it requires the savor of Divine life, the anointing of the Holy One, to prepare and enable us to do work for Him in any religious sphere whatever, either

within or outside of the Church. We cannot accept a double standard—one which condescends to the views and methods of people unacquainted with us, and the other which recognizes the essentiality of the pointings of the Divine finger. That would, it seems to us, be incompatible with Truth and would betray a weakness and a stultifying want of confidence in our own principles.

We cannot suppose that if "prophecy came not in old time by the will of man, but holy men of God spake (and wrote) as they were moved by the Holy Ghost," the interpretation of these sacred precepts and prophecies can come from a lower source. We surely must have a measure (be it never so small) of that same light in which they were written, before we can comprehend them to our spiritual advancement.

If we were to lower our testimony against the common methods of Bible study, we must, to be consistent, lower our testimony against will-worship and man-made and man-timed ministry. If we may, at our pleasure and at a set time, study the Bible to profit, as we do a book of natural history or philosophy—for that is the too easy assumption of all associated efforts in merely confederate organizations—and thereby unlock the hidden treasures of spiritual knowledge and wisdom, why may not by the same method preach the Gospel, and thereby convert the world? What would be the need then for silent waiting? And would it not then be an idle whiling away of our time to seek in meditation and prayer in our silent gatherings for that which is thus assumed to lie open to us in Sacred Writ, and which may be obtained for the mere study? There is no difference, it seems to us, between studying spiritual truths by natural comprehension in the Scriptures and studying how to apply and preach those truths for the edification, comfort and conversion of our hearers. If these were the methods ordained by the Great Head of the Church for receiving and delivering the message of life and salvation to a lost and undone world, we must conclude that the most learned in natural knowledge who would thus apply themselves would be the most competent workers and the most pious saints of Christ on earth. The testimony of the Apostle Paul would thus be without any truth, viz: That the wisdom of this world is foolishness with God; that the world by wisdom knew not God, and that He takes of the weak things and the foolish and the base things of the world, yea, things which are despised, "hath God chosen," saith the apostle, and things which are not, to confound the wise and bring to naught things that are, so that no flesh might glory in his presence. With this comports that loving declaration of our Saviour, "I thank thee, O, Father, Lord of heaven and earth, that thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent and revealed them unto babes; for so, Father, it seemed good in thy sight."

While we believe the Lord has given us faculties to reason out natural truths and to solve problems for the sustenance and maintenance of our physical being, we cannot believe He has given us these faculties to seek and comprehend spiritual truths, and thereby open up to us the way of life and salvation. He has promised us his Spirit for the latter purpose to guide and lead us into all truth.

"The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, . . . neither can he know them, because they [the things of God] are spiritually discerned; but he that is spiritual judgeth all things" (1 Cor. ii: 14, 15).

We know too well this tendency of the common system of First-day schools to seduce our members from the support of our principles, and to produce schism within our borders, to be induced to withdraw our disapprobation from, and our protest against them. We believe we should lose ground and go back to what Friends were called out of if we were to do so.

From the precatory lesson of the Bible class comes the customary opening and closing prayer by those at other times not heard in our meetings, then the usual hymn-singing and the address to the scholars, and finally, the stated religious "experience" meeting. This is as far as we in Philadelphia Yearly Meeting have yet gotten, but who can say there is no more to follow? When this system of Bible schools becomes thoroughly entrenched within our borders, the next question probably is, "Will the Yearly Meeting adopt it and carry it on (as other Yearly Meetings do), as part of its religious concern?" We may console ourselves with the fancy that there is no danger whatever, that Philadelphia Yearly Meeting has kept well to the ancient principles and testimonies of Friends thus far, and we hope she will continue to do so. This certainly is the great desire and prayer of the writer; but we must do more than wish and hope in an indifferent manner. Each one of us must be faithful to what is shown to him or to her. If we saw to the wind we must expect to reap the whirlwind.

There is already an organization in our midst antagonistic to the regular order of the Society respecting ministry and worship as still upheld among us. It is composed almost wholly of members of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, and is known as "The Women Friends' Foreign Missionary Society." It is organized to send religious workers to Japan, China and other foreign countries, without consulting the regular established order of Society. I venture to say that the overseers of our various meetings to which these members belong rarely deal with them for this transgression of discipline. The said society contracts with persons to go out in a religious capacity (though partly secular, I will admit), and guarantees them support, and their object is to establish mission stations, which, to a large degree, are carried on at variance with our views on worship and ministry. Moreover, most of those who are the promoters and sympathizers of this work are such as [do not value] our testimonies to plainness and simplicity in dress and speech. Some of them seem as much conformed to the fashions, customs and maxims of the world as any worldlying. At the same time they claim to be Friends in religious persuasion and in name. Surely it seems that the time is nigh at hand for Friends of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting to give no uncertain sound as to their testimony in these respects.

"He that despiseth the day of small things shall fall by little and by little." I. J. R.

A CURIOUS SUPERSTITION.—One curious superstition, which we heard of as existing amongst several of the tribes inhabiting the banks of the Niger, between this and the delta, is a belief in the possibility of a man possessing an *alter ego*, in the form of some animal, such as a crocodile or hippopotamus. It is believed that such a person's life is bound up with that of the animal to such an extent that, whatever affects the one produces a corresponding impression upon the other, and that if one dies the other must speedily do so too. It happened not very long ago that an Englishman shot a hippopotamus close to a

native village. The friends of a woman who died the same night in the village demanded and eventually obtained five pounds as compensation for the murder of the woman.—*Hausaland.*

#### CASTLES IN THE AIR.—CLOUDS.

There are beautiful castles in the air this eve,  
Floating across the sky,  
And the sinking sun a halo paints,  
With its golden and crimson dye.

Far over one glossy hill-top  
Is a wondrous castle fair,  
With silvery spires of nothing  
And domes of colored air.

A long and golden ladder  
Leads from a palace gay  
To where a dim old dungeon  
Rolls in clouds of mist away.

And far away in the shadow,  
With only a crest of bright,  
A ruined fortress is tottering,  
And sinking into the night.

And just above, on the margin  
Of a parting sun-beam's ray,  
Is a tower of glory and, it seems,  
Of everlasting day.

But every moment changes  
The scene of beauty there.  
And now the tower is gray,  
But grander, though less fair.

Whole cities I see yonder,  
Walls of iron, with gates of pearl,  
Arches rising high above them,  
Glorious banners o'er them furled.

And far down, near the horizon,  
Lies a mosque of flaming fire.  
Every breath rolls up the smoke  
And lifts the bright flame higher.

Then I think of other castles,  
Once brighter than the clouds,  
That fell crumbling to ruin,  
Lost hopes their only shrines.

And my heart grows sick and heavy  
With the thought of aims long past.  
My castles were too brightly built,  
And like these they could not last.

SPRINGVILLE, IOWA.

S. J. B.

FOR "THE FRIEND."

#### Some Common Plants and Others.

In a walk around Moorestown in the early part of the Seventh Month, I was struck with the abundance of a plant, that I had known for seventy years, the Pepperglass (*Lepidium Virginicum*), and the biting taste of whose small flat seed pods remain among my early reminiscences. It belongs to a well-marked natural family in which the four petals of the flower are placed opposite each other in pairs, their spreading limbs forming a cross. Hence this order is called *Cruciferae*. The species are very numerous, and all have a pungent or acrid juice, but none are poisonous. The seed vessels are pods, either short and flat ones as in the Pepperglass, or longer as in the Mustard and Radish. The *Lepidium* is a symmetrical plant. The stem is slender, yet stiff and upright; and from the upper part small branches grow which are terminated by little white flowers. These are succeeded by round flat pods each supported on a slender stem, strung along the main branches, which continues to grow at their upper extremity, until they reach a length of several inches. A plant lying before me has about five hundred of these pods on it, so that abundant provision is made for the seeding of the Pepperglass.

Belonging to the same family, *Cruciferae*, I

found some wild Mustard, with yellow flowers and rounded pods of an inch or more in length.

As I walked along the railroad bank my attention was attracted by a bright yellow flower growing in the sides of a ditch. It was one of a numerous class of plants which continues for a considerable time to flower at the summit of a growing stem, while the seed vessels which succeed the bloom are arranged along the lower part of the stem. The seed vessels of this plant are interesting objects being cubical in shape with the lower end rounded. Hence is derived its common name Seed box (*Ludwigia alternifolia*). It is much branched, the leaves are narrow and pointed; and altogether it is a rather attractive plant.

Equally curious was the seed-vessel of a plant growing near by, which from its helmet shape is called Skulcapp (*Scutellaria*). It belongs to the Mint family (*Labiatae*), which have square stems, opposite aromatic leaves, often dotted with small glands containing a volatile oil on which depends the warmth and aroma of these plants. The species I saw was the Entire-leaved Skulcapp (*Scutellaria integrifolia*). The flowers are beautiful, about an inch long, bright blue at summit and pale on the lower part of the tube. Indeed, a friend recently sent me some specimens which were white throughout, but this is not a very common variety.

I passed some of the flowering stalks of the common Garlic (*Allium vineale*). From the form of its flowers it is placed in the Lily family. One peculiarity of the plant is that in the cluster which terminates the stem, the flowers are often intermingled with bulbs. So that it propagates itself by these as well as by seed.

A still more interesting plant to me was a species of Lily family growing on the side of the railroad, which I had never seen before. It was about four feet high, with narrow and long grass-like leaves, and numerous greenish-white flowers arrayed in a few crowded racemes. At first sight it reminded me of the conspicuous bloom of the Black Snake Root, so common in the rich woodlands and clearings of Chester County, Pa. Gray in his botany gives as its habitat, low ground in Pine barrens. As about fifteen of these conspicuous plants were growing together within a few feet of each other, it was a matter of surprise how it was that I had not noticed them in previous seasons, especially as they continue for several weeks in bloom. If they were new comers, it is difficult to explain from whence they came, as several zealous botanists of lower New Jersey had never met with the plant in the course of their researches. But there are many mysteries connected with the travels of plants. This plant is not frequent enough to have obtained a common name, but botanically it is known as *Zygadenus leianthoides*.

Observing a man in a field by the railroad examining some Lima bean vines, I asked him if the pods were yet formed. He came bringing a young pod of an inch or more in length. A small round hole had been eaten into it, opposite the seed. He said the mischief was done by a small green worm, similar in appearance to a young cabbage worm, and that the pod would drop off without maturing its seeds. The year before his crop of Lima Beans had been almost ruined by these worms. J. W.

WHATSOEVER comes to the soul in a simple and peaceful manner, is God's light guiding it, but what comes to you through argument and disquietude must be gradually put away, while you turn lovingly to God.—*Fenelon.*

FOR "THE FRIEND."

New England Yearly Meeting, held at Westerly, Rhode Island.

The Yearly Meeting of New England convened on Sixth Month 13th, 1896, the Select Meeting and Meeting for Sufferings having met the day previous. Meetings for Divine worship were held in joint session on First-day forenoon and afternoon. These meetings were felt to be seasons of spiritual refreshment, in a very marked degree. The Great Head of the Church condescended to be very near and to bless those assembled with celestial showers to their joy and rejoicing, fulfilling his promise in Holy Writ, "For where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them."

In the morning meeting of First-day, after a time of solemn silence, prayer was offered, humbly acknowledging the weakness of poor, finite man, and earnestly craving the blessing of preservation, to be kept as in the hollow of his own holy hand, where none can make afraid, and that if it pleased the Lord to use his poor servants in the line of the ministry, they might minister as in the ability which God giveth and not in man's wisdom, that He would condescend to be with the Friends of this place in their annual assembly, be with them in their various sittings, enabling them to conduct the business to his own honor and praise.

The meeting was afterwards addressed from the text, "I beseech you, therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service. And be not conformed to this world, but be ye transformed by the renewings of your mind, that ye may prove, what is that good and acceptable, and perfect will of God."

The poor mouthpieces were permitted to draw from the inexhaustible store-house of God's love in a wonderful manner, and to hand forth to those assembled spiritual food, to their joy and rejoicing, fulfilling the ancient promise that He would open the windows of heaven and pour out a blessing, "that there shall not be room enough to receive it." We believe many hearts were humbled and contrited, and tears of joy and gratitude were observed on faces for the blessings of the day, so freely offered by a kind, merciful Creator. An elderly person certainly voiced the sentiments of many present, after the meeting was over, when she said, "I think we have had a real George Fox meeting this day," one that the Great Head of the Church was pleased to own and bless.

Second-day morning, Sixth Month 15th, 1896.—The regular meeting for transacting the business of the Yearly Meeting, convened at nine A. M. John W. Foster and Job S. Gidley served the meeting as Clerk and Assistant. Epistles were now read from Canada, Ohio, Western, Iowa, and Kansas Yearly Meetings, with which New England is in correspondence.

They contained words of wisdom, encouragement and comfort, calculated to strengthen their brethren and sisters in New England to build upon the true foundation, Christ Jesus, who is the way, the truth and the life. The Clerk then informed the meeting there was a paper on the table from a body of Friends with which this meeting was not in correspondence. The meeting concluded to refer it to the committee having charge of preparing essays of epistles to Yearly Meetings they were in correspondence with, and to report their judgment

on the subject at the next sitting. After a few committees were appointed to audit the Treasurer's account, etc., the meeting adjourned to four o'clock this afternoon. The meeting convened at about the hour adjourned to. The representatives reported they were united in offering the names of John W. Foster as Clerk and Job S. Gidley as Assistant Clerk to the meeting this year. These nominations were satisfactory to the meeting, and they were accordingly appointed to their respective places. The committee on epistles then reported they had examined the paper given them by the Clerk, that it was an epistle from London Yearly Meeting to New England Yearly Meeting, that they had conferred together, and were united in judgment that it be read in this meeting. It was accordingly read. The meeting concluded to acknowledge the reception of the paper in a kind and courteous manner, and, if way opened for it, to extend to the Friends of London Yearly Meeting that were desirous of maintaining all our doctrines and testimonies in their original foundation, words of tender sympathy and encouragement, and explain to London Yearly Meeting that New England Yearly Meeting does not see how she could consistently open correspondence with her at this time, under existing circumstances. It was finally left with the Meeting for Sufferings to prepare an essay of epistle, and have it signed by the clerks of men's and women's meeting.

During the consideration of the state of Society, as shown by the reading of the Queries and Answers, excellent counsel was given, calculated to encourage Friends to greater dedication of heart to all the requirements of a kind, merciful Saviour, who, as many could testify, was not an hard master, but a kind, loving, tender, compassionate Father, not willing that any should be lost, but that all might repent, return and be saved with an everlasting salvation. Friends were encouraged not to enter into business that would not admit of their attending their mid-week meetings. That it was somewhat in the way of the cross to some Friends to go to meeting in the middle of the week, to leave their business affairs, but they were reminded by a dear aged Friend that King David would not offer a sacrifice unto the Lord that cost him nothing, and that if we, of this day and generation, were truly concerned for the salvation of our immortal souls, we would not feel it tiresome or a cross, but a great privilege to come and sit down with our brethren in worshipping Almighty God. He wanted them to be faithful to their Lord and a blessing would attend it, he firmly believed. Parents were encouraged to bring up their children in plainness of speech, behavior and apparel, and to be especially guarded as to the kind of literature that entered their homes. They were advised to early acquaint the dear children with the literature of our own Society, how early Friends had to suffer for our doctrines and testimonies, and that they counted not their lives dear unto themselves (citing Mary Capper), that they might lay down their heads in peace at the close of life, feeling that they had been obedient to their loving Lord, in all that He required of them.

Heads of families were encouraged to collect their children around them in the morning of each day, while their minds were fresh, and read a portion of the Holy Scriptures, observing a time of silence, that each might approach the Father of all our sure mercies, for his blessing that maketh truly rich. Also, the practice

of retiring alone and reading the Sacred Writings and waiting upon the Lord, who in his own good time will reveal their hidden meaning, was spoken of as a practice that would yield solid comfort and satisfaction. Allusion was made to our doctrines and testimonies, that they were founded in the Truth, and we cannot afford to let any of them fall to the ground. Time and observation have shown, that where one testimony has been lowered or let fall, it only paved the way for other and greater departures until in many places, there seems but little left.

The subject of the ministry as professed by Friends, was clearly explained. That it is the prerogative of the Head of the Church, to dispense to whomsoever He will, both men and women, those gifts which He designs for its edification. Early Friends saw in the light of the Lord, that no man's talents or learning, nor any human ordination, can constitute any one a minister of Jesus Christ, it requires a special call and qualification, dispensed by the Head of the Church to the sanctified members whom He separates for the work of the ministry. This gift can only be exercised under his putting forth; not in the will or time of man, but in the Lord's time, He giving the authority, and supplying him with what he is to deliver to others, without money and without price.

The various subjects claiming the attention of the Yearly Meeting were conducted in much harmony and brotherly condescension; nothing occurring to mar the solemnity of the occasion. It was concluded to hold a meeting for Divine worship, in joint session, on Fourth-day to convene at eleven A. M. The closing meeting proved a memorable one to many. There seemed to be a hungering and a thirsting for something better than this world can give, and the Great Head of the Church condescended to be very near, overshadowing the assembly as with his ancient wing of goodness, to the comfort and soul-satisfaction of his humble followers.

Prayer was offered, acknowledging the many favors we had been blessed with, and humbly craving that each might bear to his home and friends a sense or share of gratitude for the many favors bestowed upon us, unworthy as we were of the least of his blessings, and that as we were soon to part, and in all probability not all to meet again on earth, we might so live that when it shall please Him, with whom we all have to do, to say it is enough, and He should sever the silver cord, we might all gather around the throne of God, singing his praises forever. Amen.

Afterwards the language of Holy Writ was revived: "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon." That the Friends might remember for their encouragement, that the Lord could work with few or many his wonders to perform. That if they were faithful to their God, He would cause one to chase a thousand, and two to put ten thousand to flight. But they must remember it was not the sword of Gideon, but "the sword of the Lord," and then Gideon.

A dear aged Friend then addressed the company, "That he had come among them in great weakness; that he could adopt the language of the Psalmist, 'I am a worm and no man,' but that he wished to bear his testimony to the goodness and love of God to his humble, dependent children. Finally commending them to God, and to the word of his grace, which is able to build you up and to give you an inheritance among all them which are sanctified." (Closing, farewell in the love of God.)

The meeting closed to meet again at the usual time next year, if consistent with the Divine will.

T. C. HOGUE.

WEST CHESTER, Pa.

TEUTOBURGERWALD, Fifth Month 27th, '96.

You know of course all about the Teutoburgerwald? What! you don't mean to tell me that you do not? How very surprisingly ignorant you are! But since you have been honest, I will be too, and tell you that up to the last few months I was as ignorant of its existence as you. It is not marked upon the maps of Germany given in the school geographies, but when I tell you that it is a range of low mountains, still largely forest clad, extending from northwest to southeast in the western part of North Germany, you will have a rough idea of this physical feature which has so important an influence in the peculiar development of this section of country, both politically and in connection with the introduction of Christianity into the land.

I will tell you one thing, a more beautiful region can hardly be imagined, especially now that everything is green, the fruit trees in bloom, and the whole landscape smiling and gay. Most attractive of all to me, are the quaint, red tiled roofs of the villages, that are constantly showing themselves among the mass of foliage and bloom, and then as this region has played so important a part in the history of the country, there are numerous ivy covered ruins and towers, as well as well-preserved castles and palaces. Among the latter none that I have seen are half so beautiful as many a private house—in Germantown, for instance—but when one speaks of historic interest there is no comparison.

If you look at the map again and picture how it was in the old, old times, when the Germanic tribes were half savage, warlike, but still from deepest heart a brave, freedom-loving people, with a religion that was no worship of idols, but one in which the Creator of the nature that so stirred with awe and reverence their simple child-like hearts, was to them a being so incomprehensibly high and mighty that none dared express their idea of Him by any work of hand, and whose temple could be nothing less stupendous than the forests themselves, with their heaven-reaching archways and soaring columns, for such a people it is easy for us to understand how a range of forest clad mountains like these could serve as a barrier from encroachments from without, and how the Christian Church was forced to battle so long and fiercely before she could enclose within her fold all these wild children of the North. To root out their religion was impossible, it was too deeply interwoven with the very foundations of their natures, all that the church could do was to give a new meaning to the rites and ceremonies they found. Thus the temples they builded of stone must suggest the vaulted archways of the forests in which they were wont to worship, and no North Saxon could be made to feel safe in a house unprotected by horse skulls ranged on its roof, for the horse being sacred to Wodan, their chief deity, must be sacrificed to him; and these skulls showed that the house-owner had performed his duty in this respect. All the change the early fathers could bring about in regard to this custom was to reduce the number of skulls to two, and they to be so placed as to form a cross over the gable of the house. In this way, both the rule Teuton and his teacher were satisfied. It is a remarkable

fact that to this day in many of the more rural districts the peasants still carry on this custom, and that no new house is built without these ornaments—naturally imitations, out of wood—being placed over the gable. But I am wandering from my subject. I wished to say that it was in this region that in 9 A. D. the Teutonic leader, Herman or Armin, as he is often called, succeeded in completely defeating the Romans under Varius, the nephew of Augustus, and so kept back from the people of the North the influence of the Roman civilization, which affected so materially the people of southern Germany, France, Austria, and other places where their power penetrated. Later in 823, Charlemagne gained here a decisive victory over the Saxons, and later his son Louis the Pious founded bishoprics and built chapels, thus enabling the Catholic fathers to take a deeper hold upon this intense Wodan worshipping race. Even for centuries later the Christians were forced to take refuge among the mountains and to carry on their rites in secret.

The most interesting remains of these early hiding places are to be found a mile or two west of the little town of Horn, where we spent this afternoon. At this place the range of hills, formed of a soft sandstone, has been eaten through by a stream, and there, jutting out in bold, rugged outline, is left exposed rock masses that rise perpendicularly for a hundred or more feet, forming a natural wall, though with frequent breaks and narrow openings. The whole is made most picturesque, through the dense growth of ferns and shrubbery that have fastened themselves in the rocks and gnarled trees whose fantastic roots have formed a perfect net-work in their reaching out for a hiding place in the more kindly earth far below. But it is not the natural beauty that gives these rocks such a deep, fascinating interest for the beholder, for here, as elsewhere, it is the human interest that holds us most—the thought that here, human hearts have throbbled in rapture, in fear, in pain and suffering, gives the spot a magnetic charm that no simple natural beauty could offer.

In the under part of the rock mass are excavations evidently used as places of meeting. There was a stone step where the preacher had stood as he spoke to his faithful followers, and in the stone floor an excavated basin must have held the water with which the converts were baptized.

Outside, a rude rock mass, with much worn niches cut in the sides, shows where the preacher mounted to the smoother top, where he was able to address a larger audience in the open air. Upon the face of the rocks is a rude carving said to be the oldest specimen of sculpture in North Germany, representing the crucifixion—or rather the descent from the cross. It is divided into three parts, the centre showing the group about the cross, above, God the Father receiving the Spirit of Christ, in the form of a little child, while below Adam and Eve upon their knees are looking upward to the Christ who shall deliver them from the bondage of sin and death, which is represented by a double serpent enclosing them in its folds.

But most interesting of all are two separate chapels cut out of the solid rock fully a hundred feet from the ground—here were altar and rude seats, in one open to the sky, while the other was sheltered by the overhanging rock. Since the latter part of last century access has been easy to these chapels by means of steps cut in the stone, while evidence is there that in

former times the worshippers ascended by means of wooden ladders made fast to the face of the rocks. The opening between the separate huge masses are for a considerable distance walled up artificially, with evidence in one place of a gate that could be opened or closed; all going to show that people in danger of their lives had once sought shelter here, and yet, after all, nothing exact is known of the history of these excavations, but as that leaves room for the imagination to have full sway, one can almost say that this lack of certain knowledge gives them an added charm.

The town itself is old and picturesque, and at present in holiday dress owing to the "Schützen fest" that the people were celebrating to-day. The houses were decorated with wreaths and garlands reaching across the streets, bearing designs made of flowers. This is one of the old, old customs still kept up by the peasants, though it has long ago lost its real significance. It is now simply a merry-making time, while formerly it was held to bring together all the fighting men of the community to see who was the truest marksman. The one proving himself as such was to be their leader. This practice is still carried out, and we met a carriage with six horses and outriders in gorgeous costumes, the whole covered with garlands, on its way to the grounds where the celebration was going on, to bring back in triumph the "Schützenkoenig" to the town. We could hear the music and see the bright costumes of the peasant dancers, as they sported on the green.

But I have begun at the wrong end, for I ought to have told you first of the Hermans Deukmal (monument), that we visited this morning. There was an inconspicuous sculptor in Hanover that so long ago as 1830 conceived the idea of erecting an enormous monument in honor of Herman in the Teutoburgerwald. To this end he wandered over Germany, striving to rouse the people to a sense of sufficient national pride to donate the required funds. Returning home and having settled in his own mind the most suitable spot for its erection, namely, the summit of the highest mountain in North Germany, about twelve hundred feet in height, he gave the Duke of Lippe, who owned the ground, no peace until the coveted right was granted him to begin the work. He himself built the roads and transported the material necessary for the construction, and what is far more, he designed and executed unaided the entire monument. This work covered a period of several decades, during which he lived in a tiny house, which still stands near by, with his wife and family. Then came a pause—without more money and the help of men who must be paid, he could not bring the parts together, but for many years the huge dismembered body lay around among the stone blocks that were to form the foundation of the statue, and formed an excellent place in which his own children and those of the neighborhood could play hide and seek. Naturally enough he came to be regarded as a man of one idea, if not altogether insane. But nothing, reproach, neglect or poverty, daunted him in the purpose to which he had dedicated his life. He quietly waited his time, and when the nation had been stirred to a sense of its own greatness after the victorious termination of the Franco-Prussian War in 1872, he again appealed for aid, and the cry was heard and cheerfully responded to.

In 1875, on the sixteenth of Eighth Month, in the presence of the Emperor William and the nobles of the court was the monument unveiled.

Two marble slabs with an inscription on each tell where the Emperor and the former poor, now honored, sculptor stood during the ceremony, which included as well the knighting of the latter, so that he became no longer Ernst Baudel, but Ernst von Baudel. Shortly after this he died, his work was completed, the dream of his life fulfilled. How few of those who have cherished ideals, whether more or less worthy than those of poor Ernst von Baudel, could have said so much as that in the evening of their lives? His life can at least impress us anew with the truth of the old saying that when one will one can. Of the statue itself one must admit that few of those possessing knowledge of such things find it a work of high artistic merit, though imposing in the extreme. The foundation is a dome-shaped building, thirty-two meters high and proportionally large in circumference, while the bronze figure it supports measures to the point of the uplifted sword twenty-six meters and weighs seventy-six thousand five hundred and sixty-five kilo (you can figure that out in pounds yourself; it goes beyond my ability). It is easy to imagine that such a structure forms a landmark over the entire country, and the view from the balcony above, around the dome, is one unrivalled in this part of the country for extent and variety.

I need scarcely say that it was sometime yesterday that I began my letter, and that long before I had written so much, the train came that took us to Pymont, the pretty little German watering-place so famous in this part of the country for its mineral springs and its miles of avenues of enormous trees. For many centuries the residence of a prince, it has besides its castle most handsome parks, in which the trees are something wonderful. We have been out this afternoon again, and I will employ the few minutes left me before the stage comes in to say another word about Pymont. It is so quiet, so peaceful here, and so purely German. The principal street where all the world congregates every afternoon is a very wide avenue with immense horse chestnut trees on both sides, whose branches meet above and form a dense shade. Booths, with all sorts of articles for sale, are arranged along the sides. At one end of the street is a large pavilion where the principal spring bubbles up and where, from morning till night, people may be seen sipping water through a straw. In the centre is of course an orchestra stand, and there in the morning at six and in the afternoon at four, the concert begins.

The avenue itself is swept several times a day, and during the season is, especially in the afternoon, a living mass of humanity, either promading under the green shelter, or sitting alone or in groups, the women crocheting or knitting, the men smoking, and both drinking, either coffee or beer.

But this is tiresome, and besides I must go, though I wanted to tell you about these quaint Saxon houses that we saw so many of this morning, whose entrance looks for all the world like barn doors, and when one happened to be open and we could look in, there were the carts and other utensils standing about, and high up among the rafters hung the hams and bacon, not to forget the sausages. I imagine in the fall, after the fresh supply is laid in, the display would be more imposing. E. S. KITE.

PHILIP AND RACHEL PRICE.—An early lesson of instruction to Rachel Price, which remained with her through life and is left for pos-

terity, was derived in this wise. She had heard John Simpson very instructively in the ministry, and particularly so in explaining the mysteries of the Revelations, and on an expected visit from him, looked forward to it as an occasion of spiritual instruction in respect to the sublime truths which had so interestingly engaged his mind in the ministry. She was disappointed to find him drawn to speak familiarly of his farming operations, and to abstain from those high and serious matters her own mind was dwelling upon; and among other things he narrated was the occurrence of a disorderly contest among his hands in the harvest field, whereby they injured his wheat. He started to arrest their proceedings, determined to turn some of them out of the field in a hurry, but was himself arrested on the way by a voice which inwardly spoke to him in the language, "John, govern thyself, before thou art rightly qualified to govern others." He sat down until his own mind was quieted, then went to the men, addressed them upon the impropriety of wasting the grain bountifully bestowed for our sustenance by a merciful Creator, and was heard with respect and submission, all steadily resuming their work. She concluded this to be the lesson she most stood in need of as one of the heads of a large family of various dispositions, saying, "I felt the necessity of keeping self under proper control in order for the right regulation of those about me. And the incident was often recalled to in silence for my own improvement, and sometimes recommended to others for their advantage."

WHAT MORAL LAPSES PROVE.—Not the righteousness, but the evil way of men, is the Bible's best corroborator. If there is any one truth which is unmistakable in the Inspired Word, it is that man is weak and prone to evil. Every fresh instance of a trust violated, every revelation of crime or moral lapse, does not, as some half-hearted Christians seem to think, cast suspicion upon the genuineness of God's Word, and the essential truth that man needs a Saviour. What such disclosures of human fallibility really do prove is just these truths of man's weakness and his first need. And yet the revelations of crime and moral degradation in the circles of those who have long been trusted and respected, ought not to force us unduly into suspicious attitudes toward those whom we have trusted. The only exception to this, perhaps, is in ourselves. Every new disclosure of the weakness and evil side of men may well lead us to hold a suspicious attitude toward ourselves, and to set a closer watch upon the one life over which we have the first control—our own. If the moral failure of one who has been trusted could lead each one to turn his back instantly upon his first temptation, there would be no need for any one to distrust his neighbor. But this the world will not do, or does not do, and while the world thus fails, the truth of the Bible is demonstrated anew, and the world has fresh evidence with each recurring downfall of men, that man needs a Saviour.

The intricate machinery of a large mill got out of order one day, and none of the engineers or operatives or mill superintendents could discover the cause. Nearly a thousand dollars a day was lost by the owners through the enforced idleness of the mill, and a practical machinist in a neighboring city was sent for. When he arrived upon the scene he made a short examination, and in five minutes remedied the defect

and started the machinery up again. Later he sent in his bill for five hundred dollars for services. The mill owners, considering this a large charge, asked for an explanation, and the machinist sent back an itemized bill something like this: "For one day's work, \$250; on for \$250; for knowing how to repair the machinery, \$495." The mill owners saw the force of the man's logic, and paid his bill without further opposition.—Selected.

There is great danger at the present time of our religion degenerating into a mere public meeting religion. We live on "movements," "organizations," "excitements" and restless dissipations of energy. We have "Sunrise prayer-meetings," "Junior Endeavor prayer-meetings," "Women's prayer-meetings," "Men's prayer-meetings" and "Old Folks' prayer-meetings." The Lord's Day, from early morn till late at night, is occupied with public-meeting religion, and while this external machinery is duplicated and multiplied, the inner fires are dying out, because they are not fed by secret prayer and communion with God. Fall back on our base of supplies, is the order that should ring along the line of battle, for scattered forces mean a weakened army.—The *Cynosure*.

BEAR in mind that the wages of sin is death, but that the gift of God is eternal life.

## THE FRIEND.

SEVENTH MONTH 25, 1896.

A letter from a friend in a distant Yearly Meeting where a mixed state of things exists, speaks of a Quarterly Meeting which the writer had attended, where much was said that was very objectionable, yet at times the Divine Power was felt to be near, and was very comfortable to the little flock gathered in his name. One of the "fast" ministers present said in a conversation that it was on the lines of ignorance to speak of the necessity of silent waiting in meeting. He was always ready and only waited for an opportunity to speak. In reply, he was reminded of the language of the Apostle Paul, "Let him that ministereth, wait on his ministering."

It is cause for sorrow both for his own sake and that of the Church that persons should arise among us, who are so far astray from our original doctrines. William Penn says of the early preachers among Friends, that "They could not run when they list, or pray or preach when they pleased, but as Christ their Redeemer prepared and moved them by his own blessed Spirit, for which they waited in their services and meetings, and spoke as that gave them utterance." And he adds, that through the power and spirit of the Lord Jesus they became very fruitful, and thousands were turned to the Truth through their testimony. He further testifies, that without this secret Divine power of Christ, there is no quickening and regenerating of dead souls.

This is the doctrine which the Society of Friends has held from the beginning; and from it our manner of holding religious meetings necessarily flows.

Thus Robert Barclay, writing on this subject says: "When assembled, the great work of one and all ought to be to wait upon God; and returning out of their own thoughts and imaginations to feel the Lord's presence. As everyone

is thus gathered, and so met together inwardly in their spirits, as well as outwardly in their persons, then the secret power and virtue of life is known to refresh the soul, and the pure motions and breathings of God's Spirit, are felt to arise; from which as words of declaration, prayers or praises arise, the acceptable worship is known, which edifies the Church and is well pleasing to God."

A friend recently placed in our hands a work on the Indwelling of the Holy Spirit, written by Andrew Murray, who we suppose is a clergyman as the title Rev. is prefixed to his name. The book contains many testimonies to the truth of the great principle so firmly believed in by our own Society that the Spirit of Christ does abide with those who open their hearts to receive Him in the way of his coming, and faithfully obey his commands, and so far it is acceptable and profitable. Yet there are parts of it which seem to us to show the effects on the mind of the writer of a theological training, especially in drawing distinctions of a refined character, which are more curious than edifying.

It clearly states that the "Scriptures were spoken by holy men of old as they were moved by the Holy Spirit, can only be understood as they are taught by the same Spirit." Yet it seems to assume that it is necessary to have the inspired words of Scripture in the mind, so that they can be unfolded to us. This is a limitation of the work of the Spirit, which we cannot accept.

Again in the analysis of the work of the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit in man's redemption, the author treats on ground where we fear to follow him.

The book is one which we hope may be useful to some, by calling them to more spiritual values that they now hold, but it seems to us that our own members will find it an unsafe substitute for the deeply spiritual writings of some of the early Friends.

#### SUMMARY OF EVENTS.

UNITED STATES.—Venezuela's brief, prepared by Counsel Morrow, has been presented to the Venezuelan Commission and the British Mission. "For the first time a true transitional line in accordance with the evidence is laid down and Lord Salisbury's contention as to the settlements is shown to be a mere diplomatic quibble, utterly unsupported by law or fact, and unworthy of any consideration by the Commission." Counsel Morrow demonstrates that the Schonburgk line, as held by Lord Salisbury, was a forgery perpetrated by the English Government twenty years after Schonburgk's death.

During the last fiscal year 353,267 immigrants arrived in the United States, of whom 212,496 were males and 140,771 females. There were 26,800 illegals, 23,000 inmatricants, of whom 2,010 were paupers and 776 contract laborers.

A committee of the bolting silver Republicans, after a conference at Colorado Springs, issued a manifesto on the 20th inst., announcing that they will support Bryan and Sewell.

There are about 50,000,000 silver dollars in circulation, and 378,000,000 coined and ready for use, which the Government would be glad to put in circulation, but cannot. And yet some people think all that this country needs to make it prosperous is plenty of silver dollars.

The Kansas Court of Appeals has declared ineffective the law under which divorces have been granted in that State for twenty-five years. It is estimated that from 35,000 to 50,000 divorces are affected. The decision affects property rights and the custody of children.

The right of a creditor to use a postal card in making a statement of indebtedness came up before United States Commissioner Foote, in Chicago, last week, and was upheld.

Ex-Governor William E. Russell, of Massachusetts, was found dead in his bed at a fishing camp near

Little Pabos, Quebec, on the morning of the 16th inst. Heart disease is supposed to have been the cause.

Recent hail and wind storms have seriously damaged the peanut crop in North Carolina and Virginia.

The most appalling disaster which has occurred in Cleveland, except the vladact accident last winter, when a hotel street car plunged 100 feet into the river, occurred at 8 o'clock p. m. on the 16th inst. While a flat-bottom ferry boat, loaded with between forty and fifty laborers, was crossing the old river channel, it was capsized, and all the men thrown into the channel, and between fifteen and twenty drowned.

Deaths in this city last week numbered 395, which is 63 more than the previous week, and 117 more than the corresponding week of last year. Of the foregoing, 315 were under five years of age; 294 were males and 201 females; 121 died of cholera infantum; 49 of consumption; 41 of marasmus; 39 of inflammation of the stomach and bowels; 30 of typhoid; 21 of apoplexy; 21 of pneumonia; 20 of inflammation of the brain; 19 of heart disease; 19 of immitation; 16 of cancer; 15 of old age; 12 of Bright's disease; 12 from casualties; 12 of uremia; 11 of paralysis; 11 of diphtheria; and 10 of nephritis.

Markets, Dec. 11: U. S., 94 1/2; 96; 4's, reg. 103 1/2; 107 1/2; 107 1/2; 108 1/2; 114; 112 1/2; 112 1/2; coupon, 113 1/2; 113; 5's, reg. 111 1/2; 112; coupon, 112 1/2; 112 1/2; currency 6's, 100 a 105.

COTTON was quiet but steady, middling uplands being officially quoted at 7 1/2c. per pound.

FEED.—Spot bar, \$10.00 a \$11.50 for winter in sacks, and \$10.00 a \$11.00 for summer in sacks.

FLOUR.—Winter super, \$2.00 a \$2.25; do., extra, \$2.25 a \$2.40; Pennsylvania roller, clear, \$2.80 a \$3.00; do., do., straight, \$3.10 a \$3.30; Western winter, clear, \$2.80 a \$3.05; do., do., straight, \$3.10 a \$3.30; do., do., patent, \$3.35 a \$3.55; spring, clear, \$2.50 a \$2.75; do., straight, \$3.10 a \$3.35; do., patent, \$3.50 a \$3.75; do., do., extra, \$3.75 a \$4.00; do., do., patent, \$4.25 a \$4.50; do., clear, \$2.85 a \$3.10; do., straight, \$3.20 a \$3.40; do., patent, \$3.50 a \$3.75. RYE FLOUR.—\$2.45 per bbl. for choice Penna.

GRAIN.—No. 2 red wheat, 61 a 61 1/2c. No. 3 mixed corn, 32 1/2 a 32 1/2c. White oats, 29 1/2 a 29c.

BEEF CATTLE.—Extra, 44 a 45; good, 44 a 44 1/2c; medium, 44 a 44c; common, 31 a 31 1/2c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS.—Extra, 44 a 45; good, 44 a 44 1/2c; medium, 31 a 31 1/2c; common, 30 a 31c; culls, 1 a 2c; lambs, 3 a 6c.

Wool, 45 a 55c. for Western, and 45 a 55c. for State.

FOREIGN.—In the House of Lords, on the 17th inst., Lord Salisbury laid upon the table of that body the papers relating to the boundary dispute between Great Britain and Venezuela. Lord Salisbury, in presenting the documents, said that negotiations between Great Britain and the United States in regard to the Venezuela matter were still in progress. The Government, he added, did not believe that the claim made by Venezuela was a suitable subject for arbitration, but when the facts in the case, as regarded the past history of Venezuela, were fully ascertained, he thought that the diplomatic question involved could be referred to arbitration. He further stated that concurrently with the negotiations which were in progress with the United States in regard to the dispute between Great Britain and Venezuela, negotiations were also going on between the British and American Governments contemplating the establishment of a tribunal for the general arbitration of questions which might arise between the two nations. This, however, he said, was a matter which required great care and circumspection.

Reports from various cities indicate that the demand for bicycles in England and the other European countries is equal to the home demand. The inability of English manufacturers to meet the demand is opening up a market for American wheels, and as they are superior in weight, strength and appearance, the demand for them is increasing. English papers now devote considerable space to bicycle news, and the rivers are deserted now that wheeling has prevailed.

Two thousand "Latter-Day Saints" (Mormons) missionaries are said to be in England just now.

The Chronicle publishes a dispatch from Constantinople saying that four hundred Armenians have been massacred in the Diarbekis district. The town was destroyed, the date on which the massacre occurred is not given.

The Christian Deputies in the Cretan Assembly declare that a diplomatic settlement of the Cretan troubles is impossible.

The mothers of a detachment of soldiers who were

about starting from Saragossa for Cuba, have made a protest to the Government against their sons being sent away. The Government authorities ascribe the protests to the influence of agents of Cuban filibusters, and are determined to find and prosecute all such persons.

Li Hing Chang, the Chinese Viceroy, who is to spend three or four weeks in England as the guest of the nation, is expected to arrive shortly. The amazing deception which the Germans practised upon themselves in attributing to Li Hing Chang the power to purchase warships, raise loans, conclude contracts and order material of all sorts, to be fallen into by his British entertainers. He will be the guest of the Foreign Office, have an audience with the Queen, and see the dock-yards and the ship-building yards, but the Foreign Office is under misapprehension as to the limitation of his powers. He has no authority to conclude any contract for anything. It is learned from an authoritative source that he has certain draft conventions prepared while he was in Russia, relating to loans, railway extensions and customs, with others suggested in Berlin, and that he is ready to receive and discuss divers proposals in Paris, London and the United States. But Peking must decide upon the terms.

It is considered that Japanese men are among the best needle-workers in the world, their only equals being the women of Russia.

Particulars reached Chihuahua, Mexico, Seventh Month, 14th, of the fall of a meteor in the small mountain range of Sierra Gorda, near the city of Mexico, was of immense size, and as it descended through the air it was a molten mass of metal. It made its descent at noon, and was accompanied by a report louder than that made by a cannon. It struck the top of a mine and demolished the building, killing two children, and one buried itself in the ground to a great depth. The larger part of the meteor broke off when it struck, and it will be sent to the National Museum at the City of Mexico. There has been no rain in that section for nearly a year, but within twenty minutes after the fall of the meteor the sky became overcast with clouds and a heavy fall of rain took place.

#### RECEIPTS.

Unless otherwise specified, two dollars has been received from each person, paying for vol. 70.

A. Angle, N. J.; C. H. Bess, N. C.; George L. Carpenter, N. J.; Elizabeth Wright, N. J.; Alice H. Carter, N. J.; and for Sarah Ellen Carter, O.; Hannah Evans, N. J.; Joseph Roberts, Pa.; Thomas K. Wilbur, agent, Mass., \$14, for himself, Elizabeth H. Eddy, Sarah E. Mitchell, Job S. Gridley, Jesse Tucker, James H. Tucker, John W. Gibbard, R. J. B. Johnson, Jr., J. B. Johnson, William H. Corse, M. D., Phila.; Samuel Biddle, Phila.; William Biddle, Jr., Pa.; Mary S. Walton, Pa.; Tacy M. Bines, Phila.; James G. Biddle, Jr., Pa.; John W. Biddle, Phila., \$4, two copies; John Benington, Pa., \$8, for himself, Ann Elfrith, Phila., and William J. Evans, N. J.; Samuel M. Moore, Pa., and for Hannah W. Child, N. Y.; Anna F. Eaton, Pa.; John W. Tatum, Pa., and for Lydia E. Price, Barclay Penrose, N. Y.; Thomas E. Smith, Agent, Ill., \$17, for Jonathan Briggs, David Holloway, Margaret A. Penrose, Evan Smith, Edward Edgerton, Joseph Edgerton, Benjamin L. Bates, Albert Emmons, and \$1 for Isaac McBride to No. 70; Israel Moore, Phila.; John E. Carter, (two); and for Rebecca S. Conard, Shelter for Colored Orphans, and E. and L. M. Thornton; J. Elwood Hancock, N. J.; and for Robert Taylor, to No. 13, vol. 71, Penelope S. Wetherill and Elizabeth Ann Aronson; Mary Ann Haines, N. J.; J. J. Barclay, Hiyard, N. J.; Mary E. Hiyard, N. J.; Thomas Perry, Agent, R. I., \$22.50, for himself, George Foster, \$2.50, J. Barclay Foster, Anna A. Foster, John W. Foster, George C. Foster, Mary A. Gardner, Lydia F. Nichols, Martha B. Sheffield, Charles Perry and Arthur Perry, Mass.; Joshua T. Ballinger, N. J.; Eschra Hiyard, N. J.; Mary E. Hiyard, N. J.; Joshua Jefferson, N. J.; Elizabeth Smith, N. J., \$1, to No. 27, vol. 70; Rebecca A. Cox, N. J.; John I. Glover, N. J.; and for Zebedee Nicholson and Virginia Nicholson; Stephen M. Trimble, Pa., \$16, for himself, Joseph Trimble, Dr. Samuel Trimble, Ann Anderson, Eschra Hiyard, Susan H. Sharpless, N. J.; George L. B. Johnson, N. J.; George L. B. Johnson, N. J.; and Joseph L. Bailey, Pa., \$12, for himself, Sarah Bailey, Joseph Bailey and Franklin G. Swavey, Pa.; Susan W. Warrington, N. J., and Sarah L. North, Phila.; Josiah A. Roberts, Pa.

Receipts received after Third-day evening will not appear in the Receipts until the following week.

# THE FRIEND.

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## Diary and Letters of Deborah Brooks Webb.

(Continued from page 2.)

1847. Fourth Month 14th.—Have got along well with my school to-day, and have not been led to mirth, and I feel very grateful to God for protecting me, for certainly I could not have done it myself.

15th.—I have had something like praise to-day, and hope that I shall not think too much of it, for it is my feeling, if I am praised, to never do so well again. I thought that the reason was, that I had never given the praise to God, as I ought to have done.

16th.—I have not got along very well in my school to-day. Neither do I know what the matter is with myself, but I think I have trusted too much to my own powers. The passage of Scripture which says, "Let him who thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall," has often come into my mind during the day, but I did not rightly notice its warning voice, so I feel as though I have done very wrong.

19th.—My birthday. I am seventeen years old. I do not know that I have improved much in anything.

Sixth Month 4th.—It is a stormy day, and I have got to school rather early, so will employ my time in writing. I think I do not give satisfaction to the parents, and do not know what the cause is. I think I have tried a great deal, but suppose they think I do not learn them enough. It is a bad feeling to think you cannot satisfy when you try, but it is my own fault, and I will try more. I wish I could do as well as the teacher did last summer.

Seventh Month 3rd.—I have had but five scholars to-day. Had a call from the superintendent. He gave me a license to teach in any school in the county of Burlington. He examined me a little, but not much. Am glad to get my license, and think he is very kind to come to me as he did.

15th.—My school has increased to fifteen, and I get along very well with it.

1849. Fifth Month 21st.—(Parkersville, Pa.) Time rolls on. I find I have not written in this, my journal, to tell anything of myself for more than one year. I have passed through much and learned much since then. The Lord has been graciously pleased to visit my soul. The first that I felt of his quickening presence was

in a meeting at Burlington, while I was teaching school at Cinnaminson.

Stephen Grellet, formerly of France, was the person whose ministry first brought me to a conviction that it was required of me to put away my gay attire, put on plain clothes, and become a Friend again, for I had strayed far from the paths of peace and from the simplicity of Friends.

I do sincerely desire that thou, oh Lord, should carry on the work which thou hast commenced, and make me every whit clean, and let me be thy dear child. Oh Lord, be pleased to incline my heart to serve thee always. Be pleased to let me again see Stephen Grellet, and let him feel peace for serving thee (for) thus awakening me to my helpless state.

After finishing a comfortable summer at Cinnaminson, I returned home, wishing to take another school if one could be found for me. In this the Lord was pleased to direct me and provide a place for me at a time when I least expected it and least deserved his mercy. I could but see it was the Lord that had overruled all things and made all things work together for my good. Oh, how should I praise the Lord for all his goodness to me. How ought I to serve Him continually. But I do not. Oh, look upon me, make thy fire to burn in my heart, and quench all sin within me. Consider my afflictions from sin, and make me every whit clean through thy adorable mercy to a poor sinner. Bow my soul in humble gratitude to thee and to Jesus Christ, my Saviour.

I have spent a very pleasant winter with Samuel and Hannah Bolton as teacher of their children. Long shall I remember their kindness to me while there, and at my departure. Oh Lord, be pleased to bless their endeavors to do right, and prosper them, if it is thy holy will. I love them all as well as when I left their home with their assurance of love for me.

For about one year I was desirous of becoming a scholar at Westtown, knowing that I needed more education if I intended to follow teaching, and also feeling that was the place into which I could go to learn God's will concerning me and to cast off my gay clothing, for I had now begun to feel that my gay apparel was like a black sheep on my back. I was really ashamed to be seen with it in the presence of any whom I considered the children of God. It seemed to me that they all knew that I was disobeying my Heavenly Father. At last I was permitted to enter those walls, and put one year there learning of my wicked nature and of that God who had so graciously called me.

Though I was diligent in my studies and learned them well, improving as much as could be expected, yet the value of my Westtown days depended chiefly on my instruction in his holy will. I had many kind friends while there, but one of the teachers in particular always seemed to know my thoughts and understand my actions. I do love her very much. She has been instrumental in procuring this Parkersville situation for me. I do not feel that she can ever be paid, but may

she be made happy with the feeling that she has been of lasting service to me.\*

Fourth Month 23rd.—Commenced school in Parkersville. May I have strength to persevere in the right. I feel as though I could not teach all the branches intended.

Fifth Month 27th.—It seems as if I should succeed if I keep under a quiet, waiting spirit upon God.

Ninth Month 20th.—A quiet day. Hope I may learn righteousness.

21st.—I got along better. It is my Heavenly Father alone who helps me thus to do. God does draw my heart nearer and nearer to Him, and enables me to take up my cross. Oh, Lord, be thou the potter and I the clay. Carry on thy work in my heart.

Tenth Month 10th.—John Parker and Phoebe Carpenter married, Birmingham. Had no school.

Eleventh Month 1st.—Brother Silas was married to Rebecca Price.

3rd.—Came to Westtown. Grateful I ought to be.

From 3rd to 14th.—All silent and quiet. Poor wicked I. God is good to me and makes me feel my sins. Teachers Sarah Bailey and Elizabeth Walter went to Monthly Meeting. The girls were very not still in school. A silent meeting, but good things came into mind. How I sin by not being obedient. I ought to try to be more willing to take up the cross. David Cope spoke in meeting on the eleventh. I must take up the cross of Christ. My Heavenly Father is drawing me with his love.

15th.—I have not tried rightly to-day. Oh, that I could continually yield meek and humble obedience to all my Heavenly Father commands.

19th.—New teacher, Rebecca Bidle, and new assistant, S. Howell, came on Seventh-day.

26th.—Felt sadly from misconduct of the girls. How I ought to watch.

Twelfth Month 1st.—First day of winter. Clear, mild day, like the Lamb.

2nd.—A silent meeting. Could not get humble enough to do rightly.

3rd.—Teacher asked me to take the reading school. Hard task for humility.

4th.—Yesterday I talked with teacher E——, and since then am getting naughty. Am losing my good feelings. I hardly know why.

6th.—Meeting quiet. Sallie Howell taken with hemorrhage of the lungs. I go astray from my God because of my disobedience.

8th.—The committee came out to-day. I am anxiously looking for good.

9th.—My God followeth me with mercies, and is willing to receive me, though often departing from Him as the prodigal. Bless his holy name, oh, my soul; be obedient. Oh, Holy Father, help me to obey.

13th.—A silent meeting. It seems to me that the cross is put upon me. My Heavenly Father is good to my soul. Magnify Him.

1850 First Month 1st.—May I become this year more devoted to God and serve Him.

\* Believed to be Elizabeth Walter Hoopes.



2nd.—Teachers E. R. and Margaret are going to attend Susan Lightfoot's wedding.

12th.—Teacher E.—'s parents and sister here. My heart wished I could be as good as he (William Walter) and do right.

15th.—This morning, as I rose from my bed, these words came to me, "Praises to his holy name, He will lead the way." But I was not obedient after this precious promise.

19th.—I often turn my thoughts to God, but cannot turn them rightly without help.

20th.—E. Evans and H. Wood, S. Morris and daughter were here. E. Evans spoke to me. How grateful I ought to be to my Heavenly Father, but believe I am not. I want sincerely to be thine, oh, Holy Father, but I am so wicked sin follows me. My thoughts are all sin and wrong. I must try.

24th.—Silent meeting, but my Heavenly Father is good to me to tell me what I ought to do in case of (some) reading.

1850. Second Mo. 3.—I have had such peace, but I have been afraid it is not for me to have.

8th.—I am afraid I am going all wrong. Pride seems to cover me instead of humility. I have been led to see that I know nothing of myself. When will my proud, my wicked heart get right?

17th.—Committee here. William Evans spoke to us. It has been shown me, one great thing that I have desired to know—what is required.

21st.—Death of one of our school-mates, Sarah M. Brown, diseased brain.

22nd.—Quarterly Meeting. Dear teachers, E. W. and M. H. went with the corpse.

24th.—Sometimes now I am afraid I was not so faithful last summer as I could have been if I had been more attentive and obedient to my Divine Teacher. May I be brought low, very low, even to nothing. Even now I am not giving my heart to God.

27th.—I have been very, very bad. I have spoken to Cyrus (Mendenhall, clerk) very perfly.

Third Month 1st.—First day of spring. May I be better. Not fruitful.

10th.—David Cope here. Spoke under great exercise. It came to me.

12th.—Oh, now that I know the way for me, I am not walking in it, I am going wrong, I do not obey (I believe) in being watchful.

14th.—Silent meeting, but I was drawn into communion.

17th.—I have not sought the Lord this day, I fear, as I ought. Silent meeting.

18th.—I feel to-night dependent alone upon my Heavenly Father. Oh, I am going contrary to what is right. Why do I?

21st.—I hardly know whether I was good or not. I am afraid not. Teacher asked me a question which it was hard to answer.

31st.—Hannah Warner spoke. May I be grateful for all. I will try to wait more and more upon the Lord, for "they that wait upon Him shall renew their strength." I have need of strength to help me to do aright.

Having been appointed to teach at Parkersville, she says:

Fourth Month 24th.—Commenced school at Parkersville. May I be kept in fear all summer, and not be lifted up. Oh, Holy Father, help me and teach me thy holy will, what I must do or not do; make me obedient.

28th.—I wore a plain bonnet to-day the first. Oh, Holy Father, lead me, teach me, be my Father if it please thy holy will.

Fifth Month 1st.—How glad I am, and how thankful I ought to be that little Johnnie (one

of her pupils) did not get hurt at school, instead of at home. Committee here. Thank thee for their kindness, May I be faithful; make me so.

4th.—Thank thee, oh, Holy Father, for directing me. It does seem to me thou didst lead me, draw me to thee.

8th.—School full, forty-four. May I be taught and enabled to keep a sober, serious countenance. I do want to do it.

13th.—More pleasant school. May I be grateful to my Holy Father.

24th.—Quarterly Meeting. A good time. How I have been encouraged to think the Holy Father will help me to be faithful to my charge. (To be continued.)

WARRE, KANSAS, SEVENTH MONTH 5th, 1850.

Dear Editors and Friends:—No doubt many of our Pennsylvania friends are wondering what has become of the six or seven hundred weight of goods they so kindly sent to Kansas for the "flood sufferers" last spring. Well, at last we can acknowledge the goods have really come into the possession of those to whom addressed, but not until after repeated appeals to the railroad company from East St. Louis to this place, as it was free only to East St. Louis, but finally our general agent, Fletcher, at Kansas City, read our card forwarded to him, and he then notified us that he would have the goods cancelled, and so he did, and since that time we have been very busily engaged in allotting to each of the families of the more needy ones what was most needed and most suitable, as some do not seem to know how to be as careful of fine clothes as others. We gave to the former the most substantial, while to the latter who will take good care we have handed out the nicer garments (though not so many), and took care not to forget the "food for the mind," namely, the nice lot of books and tracts which came in the box of clothes, and almost as important was that plentiful supply of our kind "Elkinton Bros." and "Peun Soap," which came in very opportunely, as our sufferers do not always suffer from the overplus of good, clean water, and in such cases the soap is very useful indeed, and was gratefully received, and we hope its cleansing influence will be felt here, causing some to look more neat and cleanly.

One poor colored man, as he trudged off with his donation, after offering his "thousand thanks," came back and said, "Tell them kind people I have never seen them, and never may, but I hope I may meet them in heaven." Another said, "Oh, if them good folks only knew the good they have done to us, and how thankful we feel, it would do them good. Thank them for me, for I cannot write to them. Still another poor flood sufferer, who is of a religious character (though once the reverse), said, "I have nothing to repay this kindness with but my daily prayers, and in that way I shall always remember the ones who gave to us, and my prayers shall follow them." Another said, "The Friends are the only denomination who have ever given me a helping hand in trouble, and they are friends indeed." We might enumerate others, but it would make our acknowledgment of your kindness too lengthy to be of interest. Suffice it to say all (so far) seem very grateful indeed, and many who are not Friends, express their surprise and gratitude that you should for one moment remember them, in this benevolent way, whom you have never seen. But we still have another class, whom we have to deal with in quite a different way, namely, those would-be-needy ones, who are always ready (where

there is something to be had for nothing), as a call at our door has just proven. To these we call to be a little reserved.

Among some here who want some of the articles, and are willing to give an equivalent in worth back in other suits, we have traded in two cases, and then given the latter to those less careful, and to whom good but coarser garments seemed more suitable, but more of them for the above. And the bonnets, as well as some of the plainer goods, will be placed among some of the more needy of Friends, especially shawls and some coats and wraps. The goods have been put into bundles and names put thereon, using each as nearly according to their needs as our knowledge of their necessities demanded. Some have gone out and some yet remain to be sent out as soon as opportunity admits.

And now, with many thanks, both to your ever ready collectors and yourselves, from all whom you so kindly benefited, not only after the last fall's flood, but also this spring's flood, we now close, and hope all may prove satisfactory to both donors and receivers.

M. A. STEVENSON.

## The Dangers of a Supported Pastoral System.

WM. C. ALLEN.

A general view of the present condition of the Society of Friends reveals some extraordinary lapses, one of the most conspicuous of which is here referred to.

The writer has never met ministers within the Society of Friends, among those who receive pecuniary compensation for their services, but who, when pressed for a candid opinion, confess that they do not fully approve of a paid pastoral system. They acknowledge that it does not meet the high ideal furnished by Christ, and advocated by the early Friends. They admit the dangers to spiritual growth that are connected with it, yet say they see no other course to pursue than to adopt such a method. It has fastened its teeth into the body and cannot be well removed. So they accept it as frequently not of their own choice, yet to their minds as something unavoidable.

A great sympathy is to be felt for those Friends who believe themselves called into the ministry, and who have very little of this world's goods wherewith to support their families. The little ones must be fed and clothed; a reasonably presentable appearance is properly desirable; and the sharp struggle to meet obligations has to be maintained. In the midst of all this stress comes a mental wear and tear which may lead to the assumption that if Christ calls into his ministry, he may permit a livelihood to come from the offerings of those who are the recipients of spiritual labor.

This belief, although natural, is fraught with danger. The minute a minister becomes installed as a pastor and receives pay therefor, that moment he loses some of his freedom in the Gospel. He may or may not be tempted to guard his utterances lest he wound the feelings of those from whom he learns to expect his living. Anyhow he is handicapped with that temptation, as compared with the preacher who is not supported.

Again, he is threatened with the loss of one of the most valuable attributes, which can adorn a really anointed preacher of Jesus. In the very nature of things he can never know many of the daily temptations which are the common lot of nine-tenths of those to whom he ministers. He can never fully realize the daily discouragement

nents which confront those, who unlike himself, are obliged to struggle in a sometimes pitiable world, for the very necessities of life. Being assured of even a limited income, he is in danger of dismissing from his mind a full sense of his daily dependence and of the unquestionably close association that exists between material and spiritual things. He is less likely to fully sympathize with those with whom he has to deal. On the other hand, if employed in the ordinary avocations of life, he will be more qualified to enter into the joys and sorrows and practical Christian experiences of those who love the Lord, but who have many temporal anxieties to contend with. The alternate hopes and fears, the woe-dement, the cry "why is it so, why is it so?" are all better known and more tenderly dealt with by those ministers, who themselves pass through the fires which are frequently intended to burn out the impurities that mar God's better plans.

There is another danger. The moment a minister is supported, he is required to put all his time into church work; indeed he is generally recompensed with the distinct understanding that he does so. But what is the result?

Experience shows that under such circumstances he is always expected to preach. In fact, his part of the contract would generally not be fulfilled if he did not. The flock would consider it very strange if he did nothing for them at the hour of worship. Accordingly a regular course of exercises is arranged and depended upon. Hymns are often selected before the time of service. After awhile the best singers are selected and so are virtually constituted into a choir. A pulpit, symbolic of a one-man ministry, taking the place of the raised seats for officers of the meeting. The supported pastor now conducts the marriage ceremony and arrogates to himself the function of pronouncing Friends man and wife; so tending to lower in the view of some the correct legal status of other Friends who cannot comply with such interference with our ancient and beautiful custom. A sermon and its subject is frequently decided upon before hand. Christ as the great effective source of matter and utterance is practically forgotten. The intellectual part is naturally pushed to the front, and the spiritual is correspondingly passed to the rear. A collection in the middle of the services seems to be introduced into such congregations, as easily as night follows day. How often have I seen the solemnity of such occasions marred by a good brother, who in his desire to keep in touch with his flock, has descended to witticism in hopes of doing so. As the supported ministers are expected to preach whether they feel any direct call or not, their words often lack the force, the intuition, and the tendering power which always comes from that man or woman who is Divinely inspired from one season to another by God alone.

But if a supported pastorate weakens the minister, the effect on the congregation is still more perceptible. Forcing the religious activities largely on one individual, takes from the congregation a sense of its collective responsibility. One man taking the lead and being expected to do so, tends to create an unfortunate subservency to his teachings and actions on the part of the flock. Watchfulness over one another for good is relinquished as being the work of the pastor. Individual gifts are neglected. For instance, those upon whom God may have conferred the gift of the ministry, frequently cannot exercise it, except in a secondary manner

at the conclusion of the services. So in a modern Friends' meeting, the anomalous position may be reached of a pastor speaking when at that time really not authorized to do so; and upon the same occasion another Friend, within whom the Divine message has been kindled being unable to deliver it to the people. The grand ecclesiastical democracy which Fox proclaimed is shaken to its centre, and the inevitable tendency is a division into clergy and laity.

Again, it is observable that the wealthy city congregations practically secure the services of the brighter and more scholarly ministers, whilst poor meetings are obliged to content themselves with what they can get. The spiritual and natural gifts are unequally distributed; and ministers are tempted to work not just in places that the Head of the Church may designate, but as they are influenced by the pecuniary rewards that are proffered them.

Some confess all these disadvantages, but claim that they must be overlooked in order to build up Friends' meetings. Is this position tenable? Shall we lower a high standard of Christian practice, hoping thereby that good will come?

Some of these dear Friends may ask, what shall we do when we give our labor to the Church, and receive no income therefrom? How about our little families? To such the reply may be made, trust God for all that. Those who are paid very little can easily give that little up, and obtain an income from other sources by the exercise of physical or mental labor of a secular character. Those who receive larger support will doubtless find that if from conscientious motives they refuse pay for their ministry they too, will in no wise suffer. There have been not a few notable instances of just such experiences, on the part of salaried pastors, who gave up their incomes when becoming converts to the doctrines held by Friends. Such, as did Paul, can work with their own hands, and God is able to bless them therein. When abroad, they can from Scriptural precedent, accept the free-will offerings of their Friends, and still keep within the lines drawn by Christ and his apostles. I have yet to read of a single instance in all Quaker history where an unpaid preacher has come to want. Divinity never formed a law, and then created circumstances making it impossible for that law to be obeyed. So, it has ever seemed that those ministers, who in faith freely preached the Gospel which had been freely given them were always granted all needful things by Him in whom their confidence was placed.

Some argue that they receive such small support that it amounts to very little anyhow. But do not these generally take all they can get? If they only receive fifty dollars per year, is that not enough to balk a previously honored testimony? Does not taking even small gifts tend to encourage receiving larger recompense elsewhere? Why then should they close their hands over one dollar, unless given for needful support when travelling abroad in the service of their Master?

Let us not then call all paid preachers "hirelings." That is a term not to be applied to men, many of whom are earnest laborers in the great vineyard of the Lord. Neither let us go to the extreme of refusing any necessary assistance to ministers, when rightly called into God's service. I believe the present tendency toward salaried pastorates, is in some places a reaction from the absence of proper aid, which has too

often been observable in the past. But let us not permit this reaction to lead into forgetfulness of the fact that a free Gospel ministry was recommended by Christ, confirmed by the apostles, and practised by the early Friends. Let us recollect that Paul, after all his learning and culture acquired in Gamaliel's school, worked at a trade as he travelled from city to city. Quaker literature reveals the same procedure on the part of many of the most effective preachers in the early days of the Society.

A belief exists that the paid pastors the early Friends so vigorously denounced, were different kind of men from many of the salaried preachers of our own day. Unquestionably not a few of the clergy of the established Church two hundred years ago, were notoriously unfitted for the office they sought to fill. But does that change the principle involved, when comparing conditions between then and now? It is true, that upon specific occasions Friends reproved some of the clergy for their doings. But we find that it was the system they most earnestly contended with. They condemned the system, largely on the ground that Christ declared that the Gospel was to be freely proclaimed. But even ignoring this basic principle, are conditions now so very different from what they were two hundred years ago? Then there were both spiritually minded, and mercenary men, among supported ministers; so are there now. Then some undoubtedly won people to the Lord Jesus, whilst others manifestly had no qualifications to do so; such is the case to-day. Then some worked to save souls, whilst others made the ministry a source of personal profit and preferment; modern paid pastors are found in both categories. We are bound to believe that the same evils, flowing from the same system, are all about us in this year 1896. Christ's Gospel should be just as undefiled now as in the seventeenth century; and the system which was then subject to certain dangers is open to the same abuse to-day.

The rise of the Society of Friends exhibited the undisputed fact that it was possible for a religious organization to increase membership without the aid of supported pastors. It is just as practicable to-day; but not where there are superficial seekers after the truth. It is only possible where men and women are struggling out after the revealed and heaven-sent light which is so much better than the spiritual apathy and darkness that surrounds them. It is only possible to those who want to discard a vengeful religion, and cast aside everything like sacerdotalism in their effort to learn the mind of God direct from himself. These longings were conspicuous in the early Friends. When we as a people once more become so minded, we too will cease retrograding towards the formality from which our fathers counted themselves so happy to be delivered.

There are people all about us who are hungering for better spiritual food than a superficial Christianity can offer. Unfortunately many of these seekers after the Truth regard the great mass of church work as a scheme to attract and which is patronized largely for its social and temporal advantages. They do not attend the usual places of worship, excusing themselves by saying that they cannot financially afford to do so; or because most salaried pastors and prearranged services do not touch their religious sensibilities. Especially in the western country this class predominates. Too frequently these people eventually drift into agnosticism, or acquire a contempt for things Divine.

The unpaid minister is the best calculated to win them to Christ. It seems to them that an unpaid preacher has small incentive to advance his personal interests. They feel that what he has to say must come from deep heart-felt conviction. Accordingly they are ready to listen to him. His power to influence them is unquestioned and almost beyond human computation. Convince a doubter of your sincerity and half his mind and heart are won. So those Friends who ignore their birth-right and who enter the broad fields where paid workers toil, little realize that a still greater and more tillable ground is being forsaken at their very doors.

There is need that one denomination still loyally adhere to the doctrines of the early Friends. It will not do to say that the time and need for maintaining old-fashioned Quaker views have gone by. Rather let us look beyond such reasoning up to the higher realms of duty, and to a perfect adherence to the unmixed design of God! I would that in this as in other things we might again plant our banner on the upper heights where our fathers unfurled it to the world. If every regularly supported minister within our borders would in living faith re-adopt the apostolic and ancient Quaker practice, what a noble object would our sect present? One hundred thousand Friends in America without a paid pastor, would be a tremendous aid to all Christendom in helping it toward the pure faith and perfect Gospel freedom that its Saviour taught!

At Kennet Square John Heald was led to minister to those who he believed were religiously disposed, tender in spirit, and of honest intentions, but whose companions were disposed to draw them into bad habits and a dissipated course. These, when turned out of the right way, had felt sorrow, and had resolved to do better in the future; but by giving way to temptation, they had become weaker and weaker, and were in great danger of giving out wholly. The meeting proved to be a solid and tendering season.

If this simple record should meet the eyes of any whose consciences testify that they are in like condition, yielding from time to time to the power of temptation, or to the persuasions of companions or friends, whose influence leads them away from the safe path of self-denial and watchful obedience to the voice of God in their hearts, even though they be not led into gross evils or the vices of dissipation, may all such be persuaded to turn with full purpose of heart to the Lord, their Redeemer, and faithfully follow the leadings of his Spirit. Why should their souls be starved for want of spiritual sustenance, when in the Father's house there is bread enough and to spare. Why should they pass through life uneasy in mind, and often self-condemned, when they might partake of that heavenly peace and comfort dispensed at times for the refreshment of the flock of Christ, and be animated with the glorious hope of partaking in that joy unspeakable and full of glory, which is set before us as the prize at the end of the race?

HEREIN lies the fundamental difference between the spiritual religion and that which depends on forms and performances which man can enter upon and undertake in his own power. He who would grow in grace and in that knowledge which leads to eternal life, must patiently and diligently wait on the Lord in his own heart, and faithfully follow in the way that He leads.

## NOW.

A night of danger on the sea.  
Oleanness and foulness and  
Wave after wave comes thundering  
Against the strong stone pier;  
Each with a terrible recoil,  
And a grim and gathering might,  
As blast on blast comes howling past,  
Eager and ever wilder than the east,  
All through that awful night.  
Well for the ships in the harbor now,  
Which came with the morning tide;  
With unstrained cable and anchor sure,  
How quietly they ride!  
Well for the bark that heeled at eve,  
That watched with breathless fear;  
It was sheltered first ere the tempest burst,  
It is safe inside the pier!  
But see! a faint and fitful light,  
Out on the howling sea!  
'Tis a vessel that seeks the harbor mouth,  
Is in death agony.  
Though the strong stone shores are open wide,  
She has missed the only way;  
'Tis all too late for the storm drives fast,  
The mighty waves bend her to her past,  
And against that sheltering pier shall cast  
Their wrecked and shattered prey.  
Nearer and nearer the bark is borne,  
As over the deck they dash,  
Where sailors five are clinging fast  
To the sailless stump of the broken mast,  
Awaiting the final crash.  
Is it all too late? is there succor yet?  
Those perishing men to reach?  
Life is so near on the firm built pier,  
That else must be death to each.

There are daring hearts and powerful arms,  
And swift and steady feet,  
And they rush as down to a yawning grave,  
In the strong recoil of the mightiest wave,  
Treading that awful path to save  
Who they trust to homeward street.  
Over the howlers and foam they rush  
Into the gashly hollow;  
They fling the rope to the heaving wreck,  
The aim was sure and it strikes the deck,  
As the shouts of quick help follow.  
Reached, but not saved, here is more to do,  
A trumpet note is heard!  
And over the rage and over the roar  
Of billow thunders on the shore,  
Rings out the guiding word.  
There is one chance, and only one—  
All can be saved; but how?  
"The strong and stout arms!" the mast  
"At the trumpet-signal, 'NOW'!"

There is a moment when the sea  
Has spent its furious strength—  
A shuddering pause with a sudden swirl,  
Gathering force to come again to hurl  
Billow on billow in whirl on whirl;  
That moment comes at length:  
With a single shout the "NOW" peals out,  
And the answering leap is made,  
Well for the simple hearts that just  
Loosing the mast with fearless trust  
The strange command obey!  
For the rope is good and the stout arms pull  
Ere the brief storm-hill is o'er;  
It is but a swift and blinding sweep  
Through the waters, wild and dark and deep,  
And the men are safe on shore—  
Safe! though the fiercest of the deep pursue—  
Safe! though the waves dash high;  
But the ringing cheer that rises clear  
Is pierced with a sudden cry:  
"There are but four drawn up to shore,  
And five were on the deck!"  
And the straining gear that conquers gloom  
Still traces, drifting on to doom,  
One man upon the wreck.

Again they chase in sternest race  
The far-recoiling wave,  
The rope is thrown to the losing mark,  
But reaches not in the watery dark.  
The one they strive to save,  
Again they rush, and again they fail,  
Again, and yet again:

## SELECTED.

The storm yields back defiance loud,  
The breakers rear a rampart proud,  
And roar, "I win, in vain!"  
Then a giant wave caught up the wreck,  
And bore it on its crest;  
One moment it hung quivering there  
In horrible arabesque.  
And the lonely man on the savage sea  
A lightning flash up,  
Still clinging fast to the broken mast  
That he had not dared to quit,  
Then horror of dark darkness fell,  
While eyes flashed inward fire,  
And over all the roar and dash,  
Through the great blackness came a crash,  
A token sure of dire.  
The wave had burst upon the pier,  
The wreck was scattered wide,  
Another "NOW" would never reach  
The corpse that lay upon the beach  
With the receding tide.

FOR "THE FRIEND."

## Susanna Fayle.

The decease of this dear Friend having recently occurred, the following memoranda of her visit to this country, kindly furnished by one who had been interested in her movements, it is believed will be acceptable to many. The circumstances attending her death and funeral are related in greater detail than usual; but as she was unexpectedly removed, and far from her native land, this will probably be interesting to her friends and relatives.—Ed.]

Susanna Fayle (age about sixty-eight), was the daughter of Samuel and Ellen Fayle, of Ireland, who were Friends of consistency and good standing.

She came to Philadelphia on a religious visit about the first of Fourth Month, 1896 (this being her second visit), with a certificate from her meetings in Ireland, liberating her for religious service in the limits of Philadelphia and New York Yearly Meetings. It was the general impression that her work was likely to be pretty much confined to the cities of Philadelphia and New York.

I met with her a few times at Samuel Emlen's, who had invited her to make her home at his house, and suggested to her visiting one or two invalids, which she did. She spent a day with Elizabeth Russell, with whom she had been acquainted many years, as they were school girls together.

The first meeting after her arrival that I remember being with her, was at Twelfth St., of a week-day evening, when she was engaged in a petition to the Saviour in a way that was acceptable to me, being as satisfactorily expressed as any petition of the kind that I remember. She was at our Yearly Meeting, and in the Meeting of Ministers and Elders on Seventh-day, sympathy and unity with her was expressed, and she encouraged to pursue her prospect. Prior to this, however, she opened in the Western District Monthly Meeting a prospect to visit some of the families of that meeting, of those more in the central part of the city, and as she mentioned in the men's meetings that it was those in the city that she wished to visit, the question was asked, had not the minute letter be worded so as to allow of her visiting those members that did not live in the city, but she said No.

It appeared to be her design to do what she could at visiting before New York Yearly Meeting, and then return to Philadelphia from New York after accomplishing what might be done there. She was asked if it might be minuted that she would take up the work of visiting in

he fall, she replied, she could not see as far as he fall.

After she was taken sick, she spoke as if it was about as much as she expected if she could attend a session or two of the sittings of New York Yearly Meeting. Since her death her cousin Emma Fayle told me that Susanna told her that she did not expect to attend New York Yearly Meeting, but several times during her sickness expressed the desire that she could attend a meeting or two in New York. There is good reason to believe, that it was not only the meetings of Friends to which she was drawn, out to work of a more public character, or to the authorities of the city of New York.

On the First-day morning of our Yearly Meeting week, she was at meeting at Orange Street, and she spoke on the crucifixion in a way that I had hardly ever heard before, and the jury arose on this occasion, "Is she preaching her funeral sermon?"

At our Quarterly Meeting in the Fifth Mo., he spoke, although in so weak a condition that it seemed a very great strain upon her, so much so that I felt I could say to her, This is too much for thee, thy strength is not sufficient for it. I felt she was most certainly injuring herself, and it could only be by Divine interposition if she did not break down altogether. The subject matter of her discourse was very remarkable. It seemed to embrace the affairs of the nation, or as if she was speaking to the people at large on the state of the country, desiring that sectional lines should not be viewed with feelings of prejudice, but evidently aiming that the peaceable nature of the Redeemer's Kingdom should be advocated.

I have been told that she did not have a great deal to say in the Women's Yearly Meeting, but in the Women's Quarterly Meeting, she spoke impressively. It was not long after his that she was taken sick with bronchitis, and very much lost her voice. Dr. Rhoads telling me that she closely bordered on pneumonia, and since her death I have understood that the doctor said that one of her lungs had never entirely healed, and yet both Dr. Rhoads and Dr. Cheaves of Mt. Pocono said that they did not discover that there was anything wrong with her heart, but the unexpected death leads them now to think that the immediate cause of her death was disease of the heart in some form or other.

A trained nurse was employed for four weeks, and she got so that she rode out a time or two, but not to as good results as was hoped for. She having several times expressed the belief that she would not see her home again, made Sarah Emilen feel all the more like having the responsibility shared, and they sent a message by cable to Emma Fayle that they wanted her to come and take up the nursing of her cousin Susanna.

I understood from Emma that she and Susanna had lived together for thirty years. Emma made herself ready in about twenty-four hours, and took the steamer, arriving in Philadelphia about the sixth of Sixth Month, and was at Samuel Emilen's about four weeks when the doctor advised Susanna being taken to the mountains as likely to be beneficial. The physician went with her on the third of Seventh Month, and report was made, that although S. Fayle was very tired on arrival, she yet on the whole was doing well. She, however, did not get down stairs for a week from the time of her arrival at her boarding-house.

On the night of the eighth inst., she suffered

much, but was down-stairs and on the porch on the tenth, and slept much better than usual on the succeeding night. On the morning of the eleventh inst., her cousin remarked to her that she had done so nicely during the night that she ought to get along pretty well. She responded, "She did not feel very nice." She however, got down-stairs and staid on the porch until about twelve o'clock, when she made her way up-stairs very slowly and seemed in great discomfort; the doctor was sent for, who delayed coming, although telephoned for several times during the afternoon; it was thought the telephone did not work, and the doctor did not get there until some time after the death of Susanna Fayle, perhaps an hour or more.

After S. F. went up-stairs and took her bed, although they were so concerned that they were very anxious to have the doctor, yet she was not so prostrate but that she had her cousin Emma to read to her, and after a time told her she had better get down-stairs and turn round and take the air, and Emma did so; but not feeling easy in her mind she returned without much stay, and was seated at the window about fifteen minutes and Susanna talking to her whilst she was sitting there. She heard a noise that seemed strange to her, and looked around and saw S. F.'s eyes were set, although they seemed bright (I suppose it was the death rattle that she heard). Emma hurried down-stairs to get assistance, and returning immediately with one of the household, saw there was a dark settling under the eyes, and the lips purple. They took what means their knowledge or ability enabled them to do, but without avail, and Susanna passed away about twenty minutes after four o'clock.

Emma Fayle knowing that Samuel and Sarah Emilen expected to be away from home, telegraphed to Dr. Rhoads, "Susanna Fayle passed away this afternoon; advise me." He took the telegram to Samuel Emilen, who with his wife had returned home sooner than they expected. Samuel, after spending two hours without avail in endeavoring to find how he could get a passage to Mt. Pocono, sent a telegram to Emma Fayle "No train to-morrow; will go Second-day, nine A. M. train. I suggest embalming the body and sending it to Germantown Junction (Care of Nice & Kirk, undertakers)."

This telegram, however, did not reach Emma Fayle until seventeen hours had passed over, during which time a telegram was received by Samuel Emilen, "A Funeral Second-day afternoon, three o'clock." Samuel sent me a message conveying the information of the message received from Emma Fayle.

I went in the evening to Samuel Emilen's, who still had not heard anything new. I told him that Ephraim Smith had expressed a willingness to go with him on the morrow to Mt. Pocono if it would be any comfort or satisfaction to him, which I was also willing to do, and Richard Cadbury expressed the same, and Samuel and Sarah Emilen felt that it would be satisfaction to them, as they might want to advise us, for the knowledge of the actual condition or arrangement concerning the funeral was quite vague.

About an hour after I left S. E.'s, he told me the next day that he received a telegram from Emma Fayle that Susanna Fayle desired to be buried where she died, and that the funeral would be Second-day afternoon.

Seventh Month 13th. Ephraim Smith, Richard Cadbury and myself took the nine A. M. train, and were joined by Samuel and Sarah

Emilen, and their daughter Sarah Emilen Moore, at Germantown Junction. On the way Samuel remarked that he did not see how any person could throughout a two month's sickness be more sweet and pleasant in spirit, and her remarks were very bright. He had told me before that his wife and Susanna Fayle loved each other very much.

On arrival at Mt. Pocono a carriage was in waiting to take us to the cottage of Francis, Mary and Margaret Dorsey, where our departed Friend finished her course.

We were shown into the room where the corpse lay, and there was a sweet and pleasant expression of countenance, and the leave-taking of the corpse was a season of solemnity. After a few remarks had been made, Samuel Emilen knelt in prayer and expressed himself in a way that I was very willing for Emma Fayle to hear. He craved for her the Divine presence and support, as she returned across the great deep to her friends in Ireland, and also expressed thankfulness for the comfort in the belief that the dear departed one had gone to a better inheritance. Those in the room were Samuel and Sarah Emilen and their daughter, Ephraim Smith, Richard Cadbury, Frances Dorsey and myself; we remained together there until I thought it was timely for those of us to retire who were not needed to put the corpse in the coffin, which at the time we were in the room had not been done, it not being the practice as I understood it in Ireland to have the coffin open after the corpse had been put in and then it is closed.

The opportunity in the chamber was a solemn and satisfactory one. When the undertaker came with the coffin the body was taken from the bed on which it lay and placed in it and taken to the hearse. One who assisted told me that it was time it was moved, and whatever we might have wished for in a different management, the only thing left after our arrival was to have the body interred without further unnecessary delay.

Richard Cadbury, Ephraim Smith and Sarah Emilen Moore felt obliged to return to Philadelphia, which foreclosed them going to the place of interment. Emma Fayle, Samuel and Sarah Emilen, Frances Dorsey and myself followed the hearse in a six-seated carriage with a driver, the undertaker riding with the driver on the hearse. The road was good and part way through the woods some three or four miles to the burying ground called the Monroe Cemetery in the township, as I was told of Paradise Park in Monroe County. We had a sweet and peaceful feeling as we rode along, and at the graveside I expressed myself that I was very willing that the bereaved relative should inform her friends at home that such was the feeling of those who were present at the burial.

Some remarks were made on the comfort some could have in that they had been endeavoring to do their work in its time and season, for we had not a few examples that our time was limited, and often more so than we were wont to think, or to that import. The little company stood around the grave about as long as seemed best, the ground a little damp, and the weather close, and we retired.

Returning to Mt. Pocono S. and S. Emilen and myself stayed there over night, and next day we proceeded together as far as Manunka Chunk with Emma Fayle, whose mind was set on returning to Ireland on Fourth-day's steamer. Samuel Emilen had asked her if she did not feel

like staying awhile, but she felt decided, and I encouraged S. Emilen not to insist, for I thought she might reach her home with her heart set on it, as it seemed to be, but if she turned aside there might be a reaction.

S. and S. E. went to their home at Germantown, and I proceeded on to New York with Emma Fayle, where we were met on arrival by Walter Moore, S. Emilen's son-in-law, who had made an arrangement with the steamship company for the return ticket of Susanna Fayle to be transferred, but we failed in obtaining permission for Emma to go on board that night. State room number eighty-five was secured, lodgings were taken at the Palace Hotel, nearly opposite the dock, and in the course of the afternoon I went out to see David S. Taber to tell him of the circumstances connected with the sickness and death of Susanna Fayle, in which he seemed much interested.

I asked David S. Taber to request some woman Friend to visit Emma Fayle at the hotel. Mary Kimber and one of the name of Simms, a daughter of David White, of North Carolina came, and one of them expressing a willingness to call in the morning to see Emma Fayle on board the steamer, and Walter Moore also expecting to be there an hour or more before the ship sailed, Emma said she did not feel it necessary for me to stay on her account, and I came home.

FOR "THE FRIEND."

#### Southern Florida.

Going from Kissimmee to Ocala by the Southern or Plant system route, we pass through an interesting country. First: from here to Plant City we see a number of small towns, from the country in the vicinity of which are furnished large quantities of the winter vegetables and fruits, many carloads of which are shipped to the northern markets while the snow and frost still hold the earth around Philadelphia in its icy chains—especially strawberries, cabbage, tomatoes, etc. Celery also is getting to be quite a business. Floridians having lost their orange and lemon crops, have turned their attention more to diversified industries, while their citrus trees are growing again. There will be a very small crop this season, and if another freeze does not come, a good many next year, as trees around Kissimmee are growing finely.

After leaving Lakeland we go a northerly direction through Dunellon, etc., and then easterly to Ocala. This route takes us among many of the fine phosphate mines, and we see from the cars in passing along many large piles—I might almost say hills—of the precious fertilizer, which has been dug up and is now ready to be transported to distant markets, and much of it to foreign countries. As this is a large and important industry of great extent, I propose to speak more of it at another time. I wish to write to-day more particularly of the great springs which are found in South Florida.

One of the most beautiful, though by no means so large as some others, is the "Blue Spring" on this route, between Lakeland and Dunellon, rightly named from the fine tinge of greenish blue of its waters, though all of our large springs have more or less of the same hue.

One of these springs can be seen in passing up the St. John's River on steamboat—also called "Blue Springs." The largest I have ever seen is the "Silver Spring," northeast of Ocala, where such a vast quantity of water boils up in one place that it becomes a navigable river, and steamers formerly did ply, and I

think they do still, from Palatka on the St. John's up this stream, called the Oklawaha River, and land their passengers right over the spring. Formerly these steamers ran up the river by night, and partly for the interest of their passengers, and partly to pilot their craft up the crooked stream, they kept a fire of pine knots burning on the deck on the bow of the boat, presenting in many places a wierd and picturesque scene. I believe electricity has now superseded this. In passing from Kissimmee northward there are a number of these large springs. About two miles from Apopka are the "Clay Springs"—very fine ones, and the surroundings are very interesting, which cause them to be much visited by picnic and bathing parties. Northeast of Apopka about seven miles are the "Palm Springs." Here are three large springs, all in a row, and within half a mile. These form a large stream and are the main source of the Wekiva River, which empties into the St. Johns. These are only a few of these wonderful fountains, spouting up from "the bowels of the earth," as it were. Sometimes in this country a stream is lost, and then after its subterranean passage appears again. Near Norristown below Conschocken is the "Spring Mill." Here, as they have abundance of fall, a mill is turned by this copious spring, but it is a small stream compared with those I have spoken of. It is in a limestone region, and the water through a long course of years has probably dissolved the lime rock and formed a passage for the stream. The great cave, the "Mammoth," of Kentucky, and many others are in the limestone, which is to some extent soluble in water, and the drippings from the roofs have formed those beautiful stalactites and stalagmites which are the wonder of visitors. In the same way we account for our larger springs. South Florida is underlain with lime rock, probably built up through the ages by those industrious little fellows, the coral insects.

When we sink our artesian wells, of which we have many in these parts, we come at last to the coral rock which is porous and contains abundance of water.

How wonderful are the works of the great Creator. How insignificant in comparison is man. "When I consider the heavens, the work of thy fingers," said the psalmist, "the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained, what is man that Thou art mindful of Him or the Son of man, that Thou visitest him." I. M.

A nice sense of honor in matters connected with money is very important. Polly is treasurer of the society and has the care of the funds. She must never for an instant, or in any emergency, lend these funds to other people, or borrow them for her own use. I knew a girl—Polly was her name, by-the-way—who was induced, being treasurer of a certain guild, to lend her brother, for one day, the money she had in her care. The brother was older than Polly, and a very persuasive person. He said: "Why should you hesitate? I'll bring it back to you to-night, and it will oblige me very much if I can take that fifty dollars and pay a bill I owe before noon to-day." Foolish Polly permitted her scruples to be over-ridden. The money was not brought back, and but for her father's kindness in making it good, she would have been disgraced as a dishonest treasurer. She told me long afterwards that the lesson had been burned in on her mind never to take liberties with money which she held in trust.—*Harper's Round Table.*

FOR "THE FRIEND."

#### Submission of Soul to God the Fruitful Ground of Living Gospel Ministry.

The remarks in THE FRIEND upon William Tallock's paper in the *Quarterly Examiner*, has led me to pen what had place in my mind as the fruitful source of spiritual decay within our borders as a religious Society.

There have been in past days those in our midst whose growth and spiritual experience has had a leavening power upon and over their fellow members. Their introversion of soul bespoke itself in unmistakable ways as they came into contact with those about them, and their speech betokened knowledge in heavenly things that no intellectual capacity could impart, but was evidence of a Divine and inner nature that sprang from God. The superficial had little place with these, the fewness and fullness of their words betokened a mind centered and surrendered unto God. The sense of God filled the soul of such and constricted to utterance, however broken and feeble, to the praise and glory of the one great name and his redeeming power through Christ, and the refreshing of thirsty seeking souls, hungering for the Bread of Life. And as their ministry came from the stirring in them of the life of God, so did it tend to reach unto and raise up the like life in those who gathered about them. Life stirred life, and life begeth life.

Is it so now? Is there the same life-giving utterance, as an evidence of the truth of Holy Scripture, baptizing into the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, by the preaching of the Word from the Word of Life.

Apart from God there can be no true ministry of the World. The feeblest one in the flock and family of God yielding all up to Him and in obedience following Him, may become a blessing to very many. It is the sense of inability that prepares for the Master's use, and that leads to placing our all at his feet. And it is there we learn the lessons needed to be known to make meet for service in God's harvest field.

There is a sense of sadness comes over the mind in the thought of how some in one way and some in another have made ship-wreck of faith and a good conscience. Pride of heart whether it be by intellectual or material possessions that doth blind the eye of the mind and harden the heart toward God has in it a saddening thought, for what can the end be with such.

There is a faith that goes deeper than the surface, that has its dwelling place in God, even as it springs from Him. It is this faith I would fain draw all to, if such was in my power, even as I see in gathering of the same for my own soul.

I regret the disposition to build up or to feed a man-made ministry which, however it may please and gratify the natural or intellectual man, can never satisfy or help to sanctify an immortal soul.

I also regret the spiritual apathy that exists among us, and of which I have not unfrequently been made very sensible, and which often blocks up the stream of life and hinders its flowing from those whose spirit is burdened by the oppression of the power of evil prevailing over the spirits of their fellows.

What, it may be truly asked, will such do in the end who are triflers with the grace and goodness of God. There is a source of responsibility resting upon those in particular who are in the

ront rank in Society, and who make a high profession, that they act not in and by their own spirit, but in and by the Spirit of the Lord. For as leaders of the people, if they stray away from God in their spirits how shall they be able to teach of his ways when they walk not in the path of the Spirit's leading. These lambs hasten not fed will be charged upon such who have taught but not by the Spirit of the Lord. I desire not to have the blood of any resting upon my head, and therefore in the fear of the Lord I thus write, whether ye will bear or shether ye will forebear that I may be clear. O ye shepherds of the flock oversee these in the fear of the Lord, and have a guard upon your own spirits that ye grieve not in yourselves or by another the Spirit of our God. He is gentle toward the feeble ones. How dearest thou with such? And merciful toward the erring ones. Art thou unforgiving? We have need to take heed to the flock over which the Holy Ghost has made us shepherds, and see that by his Spirit we do feed these his little ones.

I am pleading for the yielding of our all to God renewedly day by day, that we may be kept fresh and green in life. Not attempting to gather more than for our daily needs, but lay by day gathering as God would have us gather at his footstool in secret and in silence of soul before Him. A silence that embraces the very feet of Him that redeems and saves, and weets with the tear of love and contrition as one of old, the soul's beloved.

That we may become such as thus do praise and give thanks to God by the humble dedication of all to Him, will still be my prayer, and may the feeble writer of this be counted worthy to be found now and ever among the faithful, though the very least, yet one of God's little ones, clothed in garments clean and in raiment white by the spotless One.

CHARLES W. THOMSON.

30 Kelvin Drive, Glasgow, Scotland.  
Seventh Month 1st, 1896.

### Difficulties With Bearers.

Arranged to pay thirty-five carriers eight thousand cowries, or six shillings a-piece, for the carriage of our loads, weighing from eighty to ninety pounds each, to Kano, a distance of nearly a hundred miles. After having agreed to these terms, our prospective carriers went away, but ere long returned with the preposterous demand that the whole of their wages should be paid prior to starting. In the end I offered to pay them a proportion of their wages at the close of each day during the march. This they at first refused, but on the intervention of the owner of our house, or rather his son, a man named Ali, they at length agreed to accept my offer. During the course of a speech which Ali made to them on this occasion, I heard him say, "We Hansas are all liars, but these English are not. If they say they like any one, they do so; or if they say the opposite, they mean the opposite." It is thus arranged that we are to start early to-morrow morning.

The day following was a typical day of attempted African travel. Our carriers had faithfully promised to start early in the morning. We got up at half-past four, and made ready the loads. The carriers appeared about a quarter past six. Then began a series of disputing, lying and thieving, which lasted nearly five hours, at the end of which time, having stolen five thousand six hundred of our cowries, they refused to start to-day at all. It would be diffi-

cult to imagine a more ideal scene for the exercise of patience. Really some one should paint a picture for the Academy to be called "Patience," with an African traveller sitting in a blazing sun, with about fifty of the most ill-looking black specimens of humanity around him, each endeavoring to outdo his neighbor in the shamelessness of his demands. We had agreed to pay our carriers one thousand cowries each as food-money, previous to starting. Whilst engaged in doing so, we handed them a sack containing fifteen thousand, as food money for fifteen men. During the operation of counting, they stole from this sack five thousand six hundred cowries, and then called our attention to the fact that the sack only contained nine thousand four hundred. We were compelled to make up the pretended deficiency. They then assured us that they would start without fail the next morning.—*Hausaland.*

### Items.

*Canada Yearly Meeting.*—Canada Yearly Meeting was held this year as usual at Pickering, Ont., from the nineteenth to the twenty-third day inclusive, of Sixth Month, and whilst on our part we must need acknowledge our unworthiness, and that nothing to us belongs but blushing and confusion of face, yet do we thankfully record the loving-kindness and long suffering mercy of the God of all consolation and comfort, who in pity to our low estate, was yet pleased to refresh us together, spreading over us his canopy of love, strengthening us out of Zion to go on our way rejoicing. We would that a larger number of our members were more zealously concerned for the welfare of Zion, as to come and partake of this so often made to those present as a feast of tabernacles, a school of loving-kindness and long suffering mercy of the God for more whole heartedness toward the Lord in this day of self-seeking, the love of ease, and in the fading pleasures and profits of this world, which with time shall all pass away.

The Yearly Meeting of Ministers and Elders reports the decease of several of its members, who have been exhorted to come to Jesus in a right age and whilst we mourn their loss and miss them from their accustomed place, yet is our sorrow not unmingled with joy for their sake, remembering the voice from Heaven that cried, "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord from henceforth; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them." (Rev. xiv. 6). Their memory still remains a joy to us, always.

Epistles of fraternal greeting were received from those Yearly Meetings with whom we are so closely united in the bonds of the Gospel, in unity of faith and practice. As believers in the Lord Jesus Christ, God's witness to the truth in our hearts, evidenced to us that the language contained in them, was that of those who had themselves been taught in the school of Christ. And as we thus together Zionward went on our way, we rejoiced in spirit that others also were constrained to walk in the straight and narrow path that leads to life eternal. A loving epistle was also received and read in open session, from our beloved aged friend Huldah M. Beede, of Providence, R. I., to whom the Women's Yearly Meeting sent an acknowledgment.

A few dear Friends from other Yearly Meetings were present with us, whose labors and Christian counsel all tended to our edification.

An unadvised epistle, signed by the Clerks of London Men's and Women's Yearly Meeting came to us through the Clerk of this Yearly Meeting. After prayerful and serious consideration, it was decided to acknowledge this informal document, accept the brotherly spirit of overture and reconciliation which prompted it, and reply to it as Truth may direct. A reply thereto was accordingly prepared and approved, and the Clerk was directed to forward the same to the Clerks of London Yearly Meeting. Since London Yearly Meeting has solicited this correspondence, it is to be hoped that

she will as courteously treat the reply, and assign it a place among those of the other Yearly Meetings with which she "keeps up a correspondence."

It is indeed our earnest desire that Friends everywhere may be one, and this will surely be so, as we are built upon the Rock Christ Jesus, the loved platform of Truth, being led and guided by his Spirit, which "leads into all truth," and gives to all those who learn of Him, the badge of "Love one to another." It is, we are persuaded, as men follow the teachings of man and not Christ, that they are led out of Christ's Fold, and thus straying apart become separated from Him and one from another, in place of abiding in his love, we see the shepherds hear the Shepherd's voice and follow in his footsteps.

The Queries and Answers thereto were read, noting in a few exceptions the frailty of men, but bespeaking a good degree of consistency on the part of our members, and a godly care for offenders on the part of the church.

The time, for which the Friends appointed to act as a Yearly Meeting, having expired, a new appointment was made by filing up the places of those removed by death.

The usual abstract of the exercises of the meeting was embodied in a "Minute of Advice to all our Members," and directed to be inserted in the printed minutes.

It is well known that owing to our late troubles Friends in Canada Yearly Meeting financially suffered heavily, and it is cause of thankfulness on our part that owing to the help of kind sympathizing Friends elsewhere, together with a regular quota on all our meetings, we are now so nearly out of debt on our Yearly Meeting property, there remaining two hundred and fifty dollars due.

But that which above all is cause of rejoicing to us has been and is the evident owning presence of our Lord and Saviour, who has knit our hearts together as that of one man, has led us into the paths of humility and peace, and called his own blessed Name in our midst above all; He has in an especial manner at our close, we would count, and contrited the hearts of the youth, who were with us at this season; and our prayer has been, that He who gathereth not, who called and guided the fathers and mothers in former ages, may give to their vanquished and rearward, and this God, who is faithful, will surely do, as they continue faithfully to serve Him.

Though comparatively few in number, yet were not our hearts cast down, but songs of thankfulness arose to Him who doeth all things well, after the counsel of his own purpose and will; who refines his people in the furnace of affliction, and watches always over his people for good. So did we lovingly part our hearts filled with gratitude to the Giver of every Good. A CANADA FRIEND.

P. S.—A copy of Canada Yearly Meeting Minutes will be forwarded to any one addressing the Clerk, GEORGE BORKER, Thornbury, Ont.

## THE FRIEND.

EIGHTH MONTH 1, 1896.

Among the proofs that in parts of our Society where the fast element seems to rule, there are yet preserved those who have not lost all their attachment to the principles and practices of Friends, is a letter recently received by our publisher from a Friend in Michigan. The letter says:

"My husband and myself, as well as a great many others, do not enjoy many things that are going on under the name of "Friends' Meetings" of late years. It seems those who keep quiet have to be ruled and carried by those who do the talking, into many things that are very inconsistent with Friends' manner of doing things, so much creaturely activity that the still, small voice is not heard or heeded by very

many, to all appearance. All other denominations, it seems to us, are learning more of the guidance of the Holy Ghost, in their different gifts and callings, and often have more silent waiting upon God than our people do. Our desire is to be kept in the right way, avoiding both right hand and left hand errors.

#### SUMMARY OF EVENTS.

**UNITED STATES.**—On the 24th of Seventh Month came the silver party nominated Bryan and Sewall by assistance. The Populist convention nominated Thos. Watson of Georgia for Vice President, and William J. Bryan, of Nebraska, for President. The platform adopted the principles of the recent Chicago Democratic convention, together with measures particularly in the supposed interest of labor.

The National Conference of sound money democrats in Chicago have decided upon the appointment of a National Committee of one from each State to meet in Indianapolis on Eighth Month 7th for the purpose of issuing a call for a National Convention, the time to be not later than Ninth Month 21st.

On the 24th of Seventh the United States Treasury gold was about \$11,000,000. About \$17,000,000 in gold, tendered by New York banks, have been put in the Treasury cash, and about \$500,000 remains to be made up. Other cities tendering gold, which was accepted, are as follows: Philadelphia, \$2,750,000; Chicago, \$2,500,000; Boston, \$1,000,000.

The United States Circuit Court at St. Paul has declared the Iowa anti-liquette law to be unconstitutional. The ground taken was the same as in the "liquor original package case."

The Brooklyn directory has this year 243,691 names, 7,711 more than appeared last year.

The best of the wheat and rye planting in the West, which is not definitely located, is using fax straw successfully for fuel. The straw costs one dollar a ton, and two tons of it are said to be equal to a ton of the best coal. It can be burned in ordinary coal grates.

According to a recent report made by the New York State Board of Transportation, the street railroads of the State are operated by electricity.

The idea of the magnitude of the coal resources of Huertano County, Colorado, may be formed when it is stated that there are about 40,000 acres, and each acre contains 100,000 tons, or a total of 4,000,000,000 tons—an amount almost beyond comprehension.

A cloudburst in Bensens Creek, four miles from Frankfort, Kentucky, caused a flood on the 21st ult. At least six persons were drowned, and the Louisville & Nashville Railroad was washed away.

On the 24th the "heaviest rainfall of a quarter of a century" occurred at Pittsburg and vicinity. The same day an immense cloudburst swept a portion of Golden, Col., away shortly after 6 o'clock p. m. The loss of life is unnumbered. It is estimated that the next day a second cloudburst and flood occurred at Morrison, Colorado, and was attended by further loss of life. Twenty-six dead bodies were recovered. The money recovered at Golden by the cloudburst of the previous day was three.

A Denver dispatch says that one of the effects of the late snow-drifts in Colorado is to cut off several of the large mining camps from railroad connection with the sources of their food supply. "General depopulation of the towns and the suspension of mining until railroad repairs can be made is not improbable."

Milwaukee has 39,000 young men; by actual count on Seventh Month 12,000 of them were found in the saloons. (And "the fortifications of the saloons are the pillars of the church.")

A large number of two-dollar notes, "raised" to resemble \$10 notes, have recently been passed in Chicago.

The weekly Iowa weather crop bulletin shows the crop in that State to be almost ruined by rust. A majority of the fields are not worth cutting, and the total output will be less than one-third the heavy yield of last year.

Deaths in this city last week numbered 507, which is less than in any other week, and 1/30 less than the corresponding week of last year. Of the foregoing, 248 were under five years of age; 261 were males and 246 females; 37 of heart disease; 48 of consumption; 33 of heart disease; 32 of inflammation of the stomach and bowels; 23 of marasmus; 22 of infantile paralysis; 19 of cholera; 17 of old age; 14 of Bright's disease; 13 of convulsions; 12 of pneu-

monia; 12 of paralysis; 12 of cancer; 10 of diphtheria, and 9 of apoplexy.

**Markets, &c.**—U. S. 2s, 94 1/2 96; 4s, reg, 106 1/4; 107; comp'n, 107 1/4; 108 1/2; new 4s, reg, 113 1/4; 114; coupon, 114 1/4; 115; 5s, reg, 110 1/4; 111; coupon, 111 1/4; 112; currency, 109 1/4; 105 1/2.

Wool is sold in small way to spinners on a basis of 7 1/2 c. per pound for middling uplands.

**FEED.**—Spot bar, \$10.00 a \$11.50 for winter in bulk, and \$10.00 a \$10.50 per ton for spring in sacks.

**FLOUR.**—Winter super, \$1.90 a \$2.15; do., extras, \$2.15 a \$2.30; Pennsylvania roller, clear, \$2.75 a \$3.00; do., straight, \$3.00 a \$3.25; Western winter, clear, \$2.75 a \$3.00; do., do., straight, \$3.00 a \$3.25; do., patent, \$3.35 a \$3.55; do., sprig, clear, \$2.50 a \$2.75; do., straight, \$3.15 a \$3.30; do., patent, \$3.35 a \$3.65; do., favorite brands, higher. City mills, extra, \$2.00 a \$2.25; do., clear, \$2.85 a \$3.10; do., straight, \$3.20 a \$3.35; do., patent, \$3.40 a \$3.65. Flour sold in small way at \$2.45 per bu. for choice Pennsylvania.

**GRAIN.**—No. 2 red wheat, 62 1/2 a 63 c.  
No. 2 mixed corn, 31 a 31 c.  
No. 2 white oats, 25 a 25 c.

**FOREIGN.**—On the 22nd of last month Princess Maud of Denmark and Prince Charles of Denmark were married in the Chapel Royal, Buckingham Palace, London. The Queen, with her children and their families, was present. The Archbishop of Canterbury officiated.

The London correspondent of the New York Times says: "Without exception, the labor leaders here regard the strike of the miners as a national calamity, and as a result of the strike, the country is suffering from a famine by reason of the strike with despair and disgust. They say that the wage-earning class is the one of all others which would be smashed first by such an upheaval as free silver would provoke, and that it would be the last class to recover from the catastrophe. The English Socialists, the Hyndmanites, the Socialists, and the Socialists, denounces the silver delusion as childish, and he declares that the impise behind it is one of naked regulation of debts. From no class of either working people or social reformers here does the silver-Populist movement, as it has defined itself, get respect or sympathy.

In the recent sweep of the Bois de Boulogne for usquebuta characters, a tramp with a strange history was taken. He had been a sailor and master of a sailing vessel, had undertaken to explore Abyssinia, and had ended by becoming chief cook to King Menelik, a great homesick home, and had ended by coming on reaching France had been unable to find work.

Don Carlos, the Spanish pretender, is still handsome, but visibly older in face and manner. Those who know him say that he now has no thought of the Spanish throne, and that the subject of pretense is distasteful to him.

The excavations in Pompeii have just brought to light two bronze statues—one of a hare and the other of a serpent—that evidently served as ornaments on a fountain. Several bronze vases have also been discovered.

A formidable revolt against the Turks is going on in Macedonia. A strong feeling of indignation has been stirred up in Berlin on account of alleged atrocities of the Turks, and the German papers urge interference by the Powers.

One gets an idea of the magnificent distances of the Canadian continent, by learning that a Russian general who was in a hurry to get to St. Petersburg from Vladivostok, found the time-saving route was to go across Yakohama by steamer, then by another steamer across the Pacific to San Francisco, by rail to Los Angeles, and by steamer to Europe. The gap between the San Francisco sections of the Trans-Siberian Railroad is so many hundred miles in length that the general would have lost time in traversing the wilds of that vast country, where horses furnish all the transport.

The *Politische Correspondenz* learns from St. Petersburg that the transportation of convicts to Siberia is slowly being brought to an end. General Dubowski, who was the Government official of Siberia, has urged in high quarters the acceleration of this measure, and it is expected that an imperial order to this effect will be issued shortly.

An accident, resulting in the loss of fifty lives, has occurred on the railway between Bombay and Delhi. The train was crowded, and the general was thrown from the rails and a number of the coaches wrecked. Most of the killed were natives.

Chinese advices to the 8th inst., received at Vancouver, are to the effect that the Mohammedan rebels have annihilated 6,000 Imperial troops.

The stronghold of the Matabeles in the Matoppo

Hills, south of Bulawayo, has been taken by the British forces.

A despatch of the 26th inst. from Bulawayo says that the Matabele have repulsed the British forces under command of Captain Nicholson in the Matoppo Hills, that the British troops in Cape Colony have been ordered to take the field.

The party of American manufacturers which sailed from New York Seventh Month 1st, via Southampton and London, arrived in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil.

#### RECEIPTS.

Unless otherwise specified, two dollars has been received from each person, paying for vol. 70.

R. C. Shoemaker, Pa., and for Elizabeth L. Tredell; Elizabeth C. Dunn, N. Y.; Elizabeth A. Barwell, Pa.; Sarah M. C. Joseph, Warner Jones and Mary E. Jones, Pa.; Elizabeth M. Tatum, N. J.; Juliana N. Powell, Sarah P. Daniel, Samuel Haines, Alfred C. Haines and Dr. Samuel S. Haines, N. J.; Sarah E. Wistar, Phila.; J. Benjamin Glavin, Phila.; Clarkson Hodgkin, Kansas; Hannah Mickle, N. J.; Henry B. Leeds, Agent, N. J.; S. F. Isaac, Powell Lewis, M. and R. Matlack, Anna W. Hooton, Bouth S. Leeds, Edwin R. Bell, Uriah Borton, Miriam L. Roberts, Joseph H. Matlack, Joshua L. Harmer, Howard H. Bell, William Matlack, Allen Maxwell, Ind., Deborah W. Buzby and for Walter S. Reeve and William M. Winner; Joseph B. Bettes and Elizabeth M. Jones, N. J.; Charles S. Smith, M. C. Bessy, Pa.; Ephraim Smith, Phila.; and for Elizabeth Hughes and Morris S. Cope, Pa., Dr. Lindley M. Williams, Cal., Joel J. Smith, Ia., Lucy Jacobs, N. Y., and Henrietta Green, Ireland, and for Damaris Gardner, N. J., to No. 27, vol. 71; Joel Benn, Cal.; Richard Ashbridge, Pa.; Isaac Hall, Pa.; Benjamin D. Hoopes, Pa., and for W. Walter Hoopes and Townsend W. Hoopes, Minn.; M. Eleanor Magill, Phila.; Addison Hutton, Phila.; John Tatum, Phila.; David Comfort, N. J.; David Cope, Pa.; Debbie E. Cope, Pa.; Joseph Evans, N. J.; William Scattergood, Pa., and for Charles C. Scattergood, Pa.; Mary E. Caldwell, Phila.; Christopher C. Jones, N. J.; John W. Phila., and for Frances B. McCollin, Thomas H. McCollin and Benjamin Vail, Charles Potts, Pa., Margaretta E. Reed, N. J., and for George P. Potts, Pa.; William P. Churchill, Nova Scotia; Anna W. Bailey, Phila.; Henry Hall, Pa.; Samuel P. Leeds and for Mrs. M. Thomas, N. J.; Priscilla Lippincott, N. J.; Lydia S. Stokes, N. J.; George Jones, W. Phila., and for Charles C. Haines, N. J.; Elizabeth B. Ash, Pa.; Walter P. Stokes, N. J.; Mary B. Clement, N. J.; Charles Stokes, Agent, N. J., for Isaac H. Atkinson, Charles Cooper, Levi Troth, Isaac W. Stokes, Joseph H. Haines, Joshua S. Wills, Joseph Allen, Samuel J. Eves, and Jane Lippincott; Josiah Lippincott, Isaac Lippincott and Charles A. Lippincott, N. J.; Rachel K. Evans, N. J., and for John E. Jones, Oklahoma, and William T. Zook, Pa.

Remittances received after Third-day evening will not appear in the Receipts until the following week.

#### NOTICES.

FRIENDS are warned against a colored man, giving the name of Jacob Conover, who claims to be connected with the Institute for Colored Youth. His representation that he is authorized to solicit money for the Industrial Department is false, as he is unknown to the managers of the Institute.

GEORGE VANCE, Jr., Secy.

**CORRECTION.**—In the account given of New England "Anti-Slavery" meetings, the name "Mary Capping," should have been "Mary Dyer." Mary Dyer was hanged in Boston for preaching as a Friend. On the gallows she was abjured by her early pastor to repent, and not to be so deluded and carried away by the "deceit of the devil." She was accused of "heresy" and had been in prison; to which she replied, "Yea, I have been in Paradise several days, and added, 'No ear can hear, no tongue can utter, no heart can understand, the sweet incense and the refreshing of the Spirit of the Lord, which I now feel.'" She was accompanied from the prison by the gallows by a band of soldiers, and drums were beaten before and behind her, that none might hear her speak.

DIED, at his home near West Chester, Pa., Sixth Month 27th, 1898, CURTIS H. WARRINGTON, in the forty-first year of his age; a member of West Chester Particular and Birmingham Monthly Meetings of Friends.

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# THE FRIEND.

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## Diary and Letters of Deborah Brooks Webb.

(Continued from page 16.)

1850. Fifth Month 25th.—Oh! may I be what I ought. May I have that sober, serious look that so becomes a teacher, setting a good example.

Sixth Mo. 13th.—My poor soul has been visited this day. William Walter spoke to it from God.

23rd.—Eliza Parker, from Philadelphia, spoke to us in meeting. I was instructed. May I be grateful and obedient for such favors.

30th.—I was humbled this day. I tried, but could not humble myself. I could not thank Him for all his protection in my own will, but at last He made me do it, and brought my great spirit low.

Seventh Month 3rd.—Went to Susan Temples' home to-day. She was very kind to me; gave me "Memoir of Jane Beattie."

25th.—Quiet in meeting. The best day. May I be thankful. May I be my Heavenly Father's little child and be obedient.

Eighth Month 6th.—Monthly Meeting. P. House said they were a satisfied committee. It is only my Heavenly Father that made me do well. Be pleased, Holy Father, that she may not ever say so, when I do not deserve it. I thank her for the exertion of coming.

11th.—Had a good meeting, because I tried to wait in the right way, I believe.

14th.—May I be led by the Good Spirit; then all things will be good. The pure see God, none impure go to Heaven. Trouble—it worketh good for me.

20th.—Teacher Priscilla (Walter) is no more. Died about ten o'clock last night. May I try to obey, to be happy.

22nd.—Funeral. Oh, for more dedication. I have taken up my cross, but I must take it up more. How I wish I could love the cross.

29th.—Wm. Walter spoke. God did tell him my state, in mercy to me.

Ninth Month 15th.—I was with Aunt Ann to spend the night. As we were conversing, I was on the point of saying, that it seemed to me I could suffer for Christ's sake, as the ancient Friends did of whom we were speaking; but I thought I had better not, as it would look forward to say so—however, I thought so. To-day, again, while reading to grandmother, I

was going to say so, but did not. I am glad I did not, for it came to my mind just now, that if I was so willing to suffer as they did, why could I not take up my cross, as seems required of me, but which I seem so unwilling to do. Oh, may I be preserved and attend to the Silent Monitor.

Tenth Month 13th.—Silent Meeting. How I would like to be obedient enough to feel that I am one of his flock; his sheep know his voice.

23d.—How kind the Lord is to me to provide such kind friends, as I find in the West-town teachers.

Twelfth Month 15th.—How glad I am that God sent Mary Kite to visit the meetings.

1851. First Month 5th.—Deeply did I wish this day to serve God from a true feeling. School seems to draw my mind from serious thought.

7th.—Monthly Meeting. I ought to obey. "Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, but he that doeth the will of my Father, which is in heaven." I am afraid I am not fit to teach. Oh! if I could keep in a Heavenly watch.

12.—I did try to get humble to-day before my Heavenly Father. May He incline my heart to serve Him in sincerity.

28th.—I have engaged here (Parkersville), for next summer. May I sincerely serve the Lord. He will work for me. John the Baptist, had to inquire, even after baptizing our Saviour, whether He was the Christ or not. This shows how frail we are. I must endeavor to wait and seek Him sincerely. I must desire none but his glory, and the good of my fellow creatures. Oh! that I may be faithful in school.

Third Month 9th.—Wm. Walter spoke. I am so glad. The Lord is still waiting to be gracious. Oh! God bend my stubborn neck.

17th.—Attend astronomy school in the evenings. I like it, but feel as though it was very lively, perhaps too lively, for me to join in. I am afraid.

20th.—Yesterday, Henry Whittall called in, and showed moon maps.

24th.—Saw Jupiter's belts through his telescope.

Fourth Month 8th.—Our dear brother John has bought a place for father and mother to live in. May God bless and prosper him, and may we all be good.

Sixth Month 12th; stormy morning, so we cannot go to meeting; sorry. What can relieve the poor, the weary, thirsty soul, but God.

15th.—My Heavenly Father so kind to me. Samuel Cope here. I must obey and be very lowly. I was determined to be good this week, but day after day goes by, without making advance and taking the cross.

22nd.—Silent meeting. I did try to get quiet and wait on God, and I hope I succeeded. I want to be good, and just because He calls me to be, I want this to be my reason, but my heart is not pure. Thou hast said, oh Holy Father, "Ask and ye shall receive." I do want to ask thee to cleanse, purify, and purge my heart, if it is thy

holly will. Thou hast also said, "Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out." Help me to be pure and ready all the time to die, so I could go to heaven.

27th.—Grove Meeting to-day. Thomas Conrad, of West Grove, and dear friend, William Walter spoke. Oh, for a more watchful, prayerful state of mind. That is the right state for me to be in, that I may direct my school aright.

Eighth Month 5th.—Phebe W. Roberts at our Monthly Meeting, E. and C. Passmore with her. It was such a good meeting. I wish I could feel peace.

9th.—There seems to be a sweet feeling about me to-night. I wonder if it is peace. Be obedient, oh my soul, and bless the Lord for all his goodness. I hope I may learn to be good and never be cast away. Help me, Heavenly Father.

Ninth Month 13th.—How good it is that there is a place provided for me at West Chester. Such a good boarding-place, too, at Martha Jeffers'. How thankful I ought to be. It was not of my own finding. Oh! Heavenly Father, make me thy obedient child.

Tenth Month 7th.—Monthly Meeting. I cannot go, because they want me so soon in West Chester, that I cannot take any holiday. I have so many favors. It is all in mercy.

21st.—Father is no more. Dear father—he was buried to-day at ten o'clock. Found dead on Seventh-day morning. How good that he was preserved during the night from passing animals. On the eighteenth, he went to the store and never came to our home alive again. Oh, how sad that he should have died thus. Mother waited, anxiously waited, for his return, but at last retired, thinking with some of the neighbors, that possibly the hard rain which had commenced after his departure had made him willing to stay with the storekeeper. Mother and others of the family scarcely rested that night, feeling very anxious. About day, mother and Mary started out, thinking to see certainly where he was. They were expecting to meet him every moment, when sister discovered him lying in the street. Poor dear father. Probably an apoplectic stroke ended his life instantly.

27th.—Commenced school in West Chester. Oh! how shall I do, and how can I take my cross. I fear man.

29th.—Monthly Meeting. Silent. Very few scholars. School seems so different from any that I have before had—some more refined, others more rough than I expected. I wish I could get strength enough to be nothing.

Eleventh Month 2nd.—At meeting. Dear Hannah Gibbons spoke to my state. Called this evening to see her. Dear woman; wish I could be as good as she is.

11th.—Quarterly Meeting. A day of visitation to my poor soul, in which the young were counselled to take the cross and despise the shame.

25th.—Rowland Howell deceased this day at James Emelen's.

30th.—Silent Meeting. Am I the Jonah? I think so. When will I submit to be a follower of the commands of my Heavenly Father. It is only He that can make me willing to submit to his yoke.

Twelfth Month 4th.—Silent Meeting. Hannah Gibbons away. Edith Kite is here. A kind woman. She speaks so slow and pleasant.

6th.—Ebenezer Worth and an Indian chief called to see Martha and Ann Jeffers.

15th.—School very trying now. I wish my Heavenly Father would bless me, and give me an assurance of his protection. I am very poor.

18th.—Samuel Cope at our meeting to-day; spoke. It encouraged me. Oh, that I could die, or was only fit to die, and go from this world of woe.

24th.—Fire in Washington City; much of the library gone. Very cold indeed. Scholars few, so cold.

26th.—Snowing again, making excellent sleighing.

27th.—The coldest day. Some say seven, some say fourteen degrees below zero.

31st.—Monthly Meeting. Pebe W. Roberts' appointed meeting. She prayed that she might be supported, becoming as a fool for Christ's sake. May that prayer be for me, too.

1852. First Month 4th.—My dear, dear friend Gibbons spoke and prayed for the young. Oh, may I submit to the yoke.

11th.—W. spoke of the parable of the sower. Thankful. I must not expect to get along smoothly always.

15th.—Cordelia Bayes had an appointed meeting. Gode to me, is my Heavenly Father. I must more and more serve Him.

29th.—Ah, me! obedience must be my portion, or I die. Oh, Heavenly Father, do with me as thou seest fit, only make me to obey and follow thee where thou leadest the way, and grant that I may feel peace of mind. Grant me too, oh Holy Father, that I may love thee supremely. I want more heavenly love in my heart. May I be thy child.

Third Month 1st.—What a favor to be aroused and instructed. I am trying to take my cross. My school is more and more pleasant. I do desire to give up my will, but as my heart is so stubborn and my feelings so hard, Holy Father, cast me not off, but look down with pity upon poor me.

14th.—Silent meeting, but I think I can say with dear George Fox, that towards the last the Lord's power was over "all," even in me.

Fourth Month 5th.—Remarkable weather. Snow, rain, tempest and cold.

17th.—Came to Philadelphia to attend Yearly Meeting.

18th.—I am here in Philadelphia at dear aunt P.'s, and cousin Mary Stokes. They are very kind—more so than I deserve. May they have their reward, though it is not in our power to give it.

This being First-day, we attended Sixth St. Meeting in the morning, where was John Wilbur. He spoke, also Morris Cope, both concerned to lead us into a deep, inward walk with God. In the afternoon attended Twelfth Street Meeting. Edith Griffiths spoke much, and others supplicated that those who were on the barren hills of a false profession might be drawn to the right place, etc.

Fifth Month.—I have not been obedient during Yearly Meeting week, nor since. Oh! may a merciful God not forsake, but enable me to be his child.

14th.—Yesterday was the Quarterly Meeting

at Concord. Morris Cope spoke upon our Saviour's entering Jerusalem and the children crying out, "Hosanna in the highest," etc., also saying that they (the Jews), thought He would deliver them from their present rulers and reign peacefully over them, but He went into the temple of the heart, and overthrew the tables of the money changers, and cast out those that sold doves. He also said, "Ye cannot serve God and mammon," and that we have not an High Priest, that cannot be touched with a feeling of our iniquities, but was in all points tempted as we are, yet without sin. Then Wm. Kite spoke, "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled," saying that it is by obedience that we are enabled to get into this hungering state. Next Samuel Cope enlarged much and with power upon the text, "Ye cannot serve God and mammon," and I feel that instead of settling down under the cross, it is becoming harder and harder. Oh! Holy Father, have mercy yet upon me. In the last meeting some others spoke. It was a day of resolutions to serve the Lord, but I expect they will be broken. Thou who art all powerful, be pleased to break my stubborn heart and make it obedient to thee.

(To be continued.)

FOR "THE FRIEND."

Terra del Fuego, etc.

The southern extremity of South America, including Patagonia and the archipelago of islands which lie on the south side of the Straits of Magellan, form a portion of the earth's surface with which many persons are comparatively unacquainted. A book of John P. Spears, published last year by G. P. Putnam's Sons, contains much interesting information concerning it.

One of the curious facts is that it contains an extensive deposit of gold, which is found diffused in grains through a black magnetic iron sand, which underlies much of the country in a bed of a few inches in thickness, and always below sea-level.

In the year 1876 a small schooner engaged in seal fishing was stranded near the southeast corner of Patagonia. The crew escaped to land with some provision and other valuables, including a shovel. Patagonia is a desert region, where one may travel hundreds of miles without seeing sweet water, and yet with a shovel plenty may be had by a man who knows where to dig. A man was put to work by the shipwrecked crew digging for water. When he had gotten down about three feet, he began to throw out a layer of black sand dotted over with yellow particles of gold!

In 1884 the steamship *Arctic* was wrecked near the same spot as the sealing schooner, and the wreckers who flocked to the place for plunder, engaged in digging and found considerable gold. One man cleaned up thirty-seven pounds of gold in two weeks' time.

While the gold-bearing sand was being worked off, the miners observed that the supply was somewhat renewed by every storm that raged—probably washed up from a streak that crops out somewhere below low tide. Geologists think that this gold-bearing layer extends for over a thousand miles along the Patagonia coast, always below the water-line. It must have existed at one time in the form of a vein a thousand miles long in some prehistoric range of mountains.

Our author gives an interesting account of the native Indian tribe, called Yaghans, that

inhabit the mountainous islands in the vicinity of Terra del Fuego. These mountains rise so suddenly from the sea, that in many places there is not even space for a foothold, although mostly a narrow beach is found. The huts inhabited by the Yaghans were made of poles and thatched with brush and grass about the shape, and little larger than a haystack. They were opened on the side, and the fire was built just within the opening. The people were often stark naked, save for a breech clout, and the children were always so. Living thus, shelterless and naked, in a land of fierce and freezing storms, he was described as the most miserable specimen of humanity to be found on earth. Yet he was really both healthy and happy. Like the whale he had a coat of fat under his skin that was a better protection than flannel and blankets. Besides, he was in the habit of frequently greasing himself all over with oil.

His weapons and canoes evinced much ingenuity and mechanical skill. The canoe was built of bark, about twenty-five feet long, and well adapted for speed, safety and capacity. His chopping instrument was an axe made of a clam shell, with rounded stone lashed to the hinge side, and the opposite side ground down to a cutting edge. For weapons he made harpoons, spears and slings.

It is a remarkable fact that these uncultured people had a language containing not less than forty thousand words, and they had among them poets, novelists and historians.

By the efforts of missionaries these people were induced in measure to adopt European habits and clothing, but with a most disastrous effect on their health and numbers. "They had slept naked in the freezing rain, but now, if they sat down in their shirt sleeves while at work, they caught a cold that developed into a fatal disease. Of a tribe three thousand strong, less than three hundred can now be found."

J. W.

A PRESCRIPTION FOR THE SEASON.—A pathetic and tragic incident was narrated by an eminent surgeon to a class of medical students.

"Shortly after I took up practice a case was placed in my hands of a man who had been injured seriously, but not necessarily fatally. It required an operation, which I performed satisfactorily to myself; but the patient needed special attention, lest blood poisoning set in. My plans were made to visit him twice a day to wash the wound and change bandages. In those days I was a devotee of the gun and rod, and, not being embarrassed with work, I went into the wood. The day wore away, and I had brought down nothing. Not willing to return with an empty bag, I forgot my patient, and reached home late at night bringing a few birds, but being weary thought that it would be sufficient to see him in the morning. But, gentlemen, unlooked-for complications had set in, and before the morning came I was aroused, hastened to the patient to find that the chances were all against him; and, do what I could, he did not recover. Believing that had I seen him the evening before, this would not have happened, I can only free myself from the guilt of murder by pleading to myself my youth and inexperience. Gentlemen, place your patient before your pleasure or your ease. Put yourself in his place and he in yours, and do for him what you, if helpless, would wish him to do for you."

—Christian Advocate.

AMBITION carries the torch of discord.

FOR "THE FRIEND,"

## Village Life in Germany.

We are off to-day on what in America we call a picnic, but which here is a "tour." In fact ever since we came to Hanover different people have told me that I must not go away without making the "Deister tour," and so when Clara Erbröen came the other day and said the four higher classes with their professors from the girls' high school were going to spend the day on the Deister, and that the parents and friends could come along I was very glad to join. Frau Dr. came too, and Albane and one of the persons who live with us came in a later train and joined us here.

We left Hanover a little after nine this A. M. and came by train to a station at the foot of the range of hills called Deister-berg (berg means mountain and they call every little rise by that name here), and then for about three hours we followed a very pretty path through the woods and all the time up and until we came to a high tower built up in the midst of the forest and reaching high above the tree-tops so that from above one has a fine view of the entire country. At first we came through a village street that was intensely interesting. The peasant houses have all been remodeled, although one could see very plainly how it used to be. The entrance is like a barn with wide doors and stone floor, over the door of each was painted the names of the man and his wife and her maiden name, with the date I suppose of their marriage or else entrance in the house. On either side of this wide passage-way are the dwelling rooms with the windows facing toward the street, formerly there were no rooms and no windows but simply stalls, on one side being the cattle and on the other the horses, while the family (apparently a second consideration) lived entirely in the back part of the building.

In the little village were numerous houses with the horse heads over the gable, which as I said in another letter is a remnant of the olden times when horses were sacrificed to Wodan and the skulls were placed over the house-top as a token of the faithfulness of the inhabitants in performing their duty.

At the tower was of course plenty to drink, really it is at first laughable and then distasteful, but finally one gets used to it and thinks nothing more about it, to see the way the Germans drink. I suppose there are several hundred children along, most of them had raspberry vinegar which they mixed with water, but still there was no lack of beer. We had brought a lunch along of course, and had eaten it under the trees. I never forget my mountaineering experiences, and drink little, if any, when taking a tramp, I find it is only a habit, the more one drinks the more one wants and is in every way more uncomfortable.

On reaching the tower I felt rather tired and went away to one side in the woods to take a little nap. Then we came on here and about two minutes later came Albane and the others that had come all the way by train (A. could not leave her school of course). This is a truly German place, and a very popular one for parties from Hanover. Besides numerous verandas there are scores of tables with chairs stationed about under the trees, or in pretty little artificial grottoes covered with vines. Here dinner is served if one wishes or simply what one chooses to order. We had not planned to take the table d'hôte so simply ordered coffee and milk.

It has been very warm, really hot, and al-

ready there are signs of a thunder-storm. The children are having a lovely time in the playgrounds; they look very pretty and certainly are making the most of their day in the woods. Albane runs along with them and it is just as though she always had lived in Germany. I have gathered a few flowers along the way which I send thee. The Germans certainly know how to enjoy themselves out of doors, but their aversion to water is something amusing, they do not seem to think that anyone can drink it without something to give it a taste. When I speak about the Americans drinking ice water they look horrified and exclaim, "how very unhealthful!" Then I tell them that we think to bring up children on beer, or in fact to drink it at all, is worse than unhealthy, but they cannot make them understand. By Frau Dr.'s there is seldom any used by any one for she is one of the few Germans who does not like beer. I will stop now and go with Frau Dr. to get some fern roots to carry back with us, so farewell for the present.

After writing so much I laid it aside and went with Frau Dr. to dig some ferns by the roots and then to watch the children at their games. Suddenly it occurred to me that Baringhausen was a "dorf" (village) and as yet I had been in none, at least not on foot so that I could investigate. I told Frau Dr. of my desire to see the quaint houses and of course asked her to go along, though I secretly hoped she would do the thing she did, which was to prefer to remain quietly there and watch the children, for when alone I can always see more, and besides my chief delight is to talk with the people, and when any one is with me I do not have the same opportunity. So I started off alone agreeing to be back at seven so as to go with the party to the train.

I have scarcely enjoyed anything more than that afternoon since I have been in Germany. It was so quaint and interesting. Such a German dorf is quite unlike anything which we have in America. It dates back centuries of course and the customs very much farther, for instance there is no such thing as isolated houses in the country, the peasant classes since the earliest days have always lived clustered together, and go to their work sometimes a two hours' journey every morning returning home at night. The houses are all of brick and two stories high, with gable end to the street. I have spoken of the wide barn-like entrance filled with all sorts of utensils and the provisions being up among the rafters. In front of the house was often a little garden with roses and flowers and then before each door were one or more benches where many or few of the family were sitting; mostly there was an old withered, white-capped grandmother knitting stockings, and every house swarmed (I mean that literally) with children. I nodded and smiled at them all (especially the grandmothers, for these old worn-out women go to my heart and interest me intensely), and they warmly returned my greeting.

Before one house which looked especially attractive or rather cleaner than some, I stopped and asked the woman not to take it unkindly of me, but it would give me great pleasure to see a peasant home and hers looked so tidy I ventured to ask her to show it to me. She was very friendly and took me about. Over the house was growing what I took to be a vine but which was in reality a pear tree with a large trunk, but so trained and trimmed that it made that appearance; it was quite loaded with fruit. Joined

to the house by a slanting roof was the goat stall (every house has such an annex) and I learned that a good goat gives about three quarts of very good milk a day, and that they made butter from it but not cheese. They had a nice vegetable garden back of the house and seemed very contented and happy. Of the interior I saw only the "gute stube," which means the best room, and which was tidy and decorated by a cupboard of interesting old china, a big porcelain stove and various chromo-utensils of course one of the Kaiser and Kaiserin conspicuous among them. If I had forethought enough to put a few loose pennings in my pocket before starting so that I gathered have given some to the little tots that gathered about to see what that strange individual wanted, I would have asked to have seen the kitchen and sleeping rooms but she did not offer. I had nothing less than a mark in my pocket, I did not like to ask.

As I went up and down the streets I saw constantly some new phase of peasant life. Many of the houses were unaltered but presented the stable front to the street so that the grunt of the pigs, the lowing of the cattle and the stamp of the horses feet came out of the front door, along with the numerous odors that are said to be very healthful if not æsthetic. I kept constantly meeting old and young of both sexes returning from their day's work carrying their hoes or rakes, and often huge baskets of hay on their backs. Naturally I attracted a good deal of attention and seemed to excite a great deal of merriment among the younger groups, who evidently are not much bothered with strangers making tours of inspection in their town. Besides the children there were great numbers of cats and dogs and kids besides ducks and geese, with all of whom I made friends. I was very much amused with one little boy, whom I saw carrying a loaf of rye bread almost as large as himself, both arms did not much more than reach round it, and sticking out from about his coat collar were small white rolls which his hands could not manage. I tried to enter into conversation with him but he evidently felt no great confidence in me and I could get no response to my many questions, as soon as I would leave off talking to him he would come along side of me and slyly looking out of the corner of his eye in the funniest way, and as I turned to speak, down would go his head and he would run off.

As I came back down the street again I found him among a group of people, evidently his family, that he had called together. Among them stood the old old grandparents (they looked over a hundred) and numerous cats. They looked very smiling and very poor, and I stopped and talked a little, but felt so sorry not to have something to give the little children, I soon went on.

It was just after this that I looked at my watch and in dismay found it already fifteen minutes before seven. I had been too much occupied with the sights that I had encountered to think of time. But I was determined not to return as I had come, and started off in the direction, but on another street. I soon found myself in quite a maze, and I asked nearly every one I saw to tell me the nearest way to the hotel. When I came on the straight street leading there I broke into a run regardless of the laughs that I heard from both sides.

They had already left on the way to the train and after flying around through the garden several times to see that no one was there looking for me, I started running down the road to

the station. As I passed the last gate of the garden some one called out and said there was no great rush, and turning round I found one of the professors to whom I had been introduced before so we walked on together. I had scarcely spoken with him ten minutes before he began telling me that he had never heard a foreigner speak the German so well, that he had known numberless English and Americans in the university and they come continually to listen to the class reciting, but he had seen none who seemed to so thoroughly have the spirit of the language. I was very much surprised and gratified of course, though I realize that I make constantly mistakes which he admitted, but said such things were of little consequence compared with the accent and whole manner of expression, as for grammatical correctness I could learn that in America or any where, but to have a comprehension of the language such as I showed in speaking was what could only be gotten by living the German life and seeing it in all its phases. He afterward came over and said the same to Fran Dr. and expressed regret that I had not attended the school this winter. I explained that I would have done so had I been physically able, and hoped sometime to come back and take my examination in the language.

I speak of this, because I am so conscious of my grammatical errors that I feel sometimes so disgusted with myself that I do not know what to do, and such an unbiased opinion gives me more courage. But then I happened to speak remarkably well that afternoon because I always can when I am excited, and I had seen so much to delight me that I was all wound up. But one thing I am determined to do, and I will have the opportunity from Gothingen, and that is to study this same "dorf" life and the peasants. It interests me a hundred times more than palaces and princes; here is something natural and primitive and full of instruction, but the next time I go I will take something for the children, though I like the grandmothers best, but they are pleased if the children are.

E. S. KITE.

### Summer in the City Slums.

BY MAUDE BALLINGTON BOOTH.

Summer, with its sunbeams and flowers, its leaf-laden forests and glittering ocean waves, is glorious; but summer in the crowded city slums, with its oppressive heat, its foul odors and quickly-spreading diseases, is a sad and sultry season. Not being among those who can spend the hot months at the seaside or in the mountains, I have had some experience of summer in New York City, and I have not found it at all a season to be dreaded in the business portions of the town. True, one can on really hot days feel the heat of the sidewalk through the soles of one's shoes, and the glare of sun and stone-paving is somewhat trying to the eyes, but in the offices of big business buildings one is comparatively cool. An extra hot wave every now and then may give one the feeling of passing through a Turkish bath, but such days are almost always followed by cooling showers and fresh breezes.

However hot and sultry the streets, the elevated rail is almost always breezy, and after dark, cool winds from the harbor sweep refreshingly up the main thoroughfares and avenues. I, personally, have often thought that we have less of the scorching and baking experience of summer's sun in the great city than

the people who were holidaying on the unprotected seashores, with the glare of sand and sea and sky unbroken by the shade of big stone buildings.

But, alas! there are sections of our cities where summer is indeed a dreadful time of suffering and misery. The cold of winter, which counts many a starving, homeless wanderer among its victims, however cruel and keen, can be better escaped than the suffocating heat and its many consequences. The overcrowding of the tenement and lodging houses, the squalor and dirt, the foul odors and many diseases, are all more loathsome and dangerous in summer. When we remember that hundreds of little children die daily of the diseases brought on by the effect of heat on their ill-fed, weakened and uncared for little bodies, we can understand something of the sorrow and hopelessness that follow in the track of every hot wave.

I have visited Slumdom in summer, have passed in and out of the crowded, foul-air dives and saloons on a Saturday night, have climbed up the stairs of the great crowded tenements where the people sleep out on the fire escapes or on the roofs for a breath of fresh air, and have seen myself the little wasted faces of wee babies taken out by weary mothers on the crowded doorsteps to catch any stray breezes from the river. My wonder on such occasions was not that so many died, but that so many little ones managed to live through the horrors of a hot wave.

To those who have never gone through them, it would be difficult to adequately describe the condition of the homes of the outcast poor. I have been through some of the tenement houses occupied by twenty or thirty families. Sometimes we have found families living in two rooms—a father, mother, half-grown sons and daughters, little children and even lodgers—crowded together in quarters so small that one did not wonder there was no room for proper furniture, even had they been rich enough to afford it. After a night of debauch in such homes, we have found the adults sleeping off their drunken stupor on the floor, while the innocent little ones played or cried in unheeded neglect. In many homes of the slums you will find little or no furniture—a bed on the floor, a table and a chair and a few cooking implements comprising the family belongings. Sometimes even these are missing, and the absolutely bare room, filthy and desolate, tells its tale of the last stages in a life of want and hopeless poverty. Little babies can be found in the slums who possess as their wardrobes one filthy little garment, and we have found them absolutely unclothed, not only in summer's heat, but in winter's cold.

To my mind, the life in the common lodging-houses is about the worst and lowest level into which the poor can sink. If a family, however poor, has its own room, even though that room be a garret, there is some amount of possession and privacy about it; but in the big rooms of these lodging-houses, which sometimes accommodate four, five, and even six families in a room, the condition and degradation of the people is beyond description. Among all the horrors of Slumdom, one such house through which I went from cellar to garret always stands out as a type of misery. In its better days it had been a gentleman's mansion, but the big parlors were now turned into the most squalid of lodging rooms. Beds without any pretense of bed covering arranged around the room; the washing of the different families was

strung across on ropes—wretched rags, which did not look much the cleaner for the process they had passed through; a general cook stove, one table, a dilapidated old lounge and a wooden bench comprised the whole furniture of the establishment, besides the six beds, one of which had collapsed and lay in fragments, with its occupant amid the wreck.

And that was the lodging place of ten or twelve adults, to say nothing of the poor little babies and neglected children who played on the floor or lay sleeping on the beds!

On going up flight after flight, much the same sort of scene met us in each room, though the others had not so many occupants. On some of the landings ash barrels stood filled with refuse and leavings, and when we got up into the dark garret we found four or five small attic rooms in the most dilapidated condition, left off to different families. After entering the different rooms, I was so nauseated with the foulness of the air and the pestilential odors that I had to step out into the passage-way, sick and giddy. On going into the streets again, the air seemed refreshing and cool by contrast, though to come to these streets from other portions of the city, one is oppressed by the heavy sultriness of the air.

In one tenement house, in the heat of summer, the tenants complained much for over a week of the foulness of the place, and on an investigation being made in a tenement room, which the occupant had vacated ten days before, a dead baby was found. The child had evidently been taken sick, and after its death the poor mother knew not what to do with it, and being too poor to bury it, hid it away and left the scene to avoid trouble.

The anxiety through which many a hard-working and loving mother has to pass in caring for her loving ones when poverty and starvation face them, as well as the trying heat of summer, baffles description. In one instance an honest, hard-working woman, who, alas! was in abject poverty through lack of work, was found with her little family of children absolutely starving. Her poor, bare little room was clean, and the children were as tidy as she could make them. The babe in her arms was sucking voraciously at its bottle, but in the bottle was only cold water. This is in the hot season of the year, when more fortunate mothers have so carefully to watch that their little ones have only the most suitable of food! I have seen the little ones picking the damaged, rotten fruit out of the ash barrels and eating it with the eagerness that spoke of gnawing hunger.

In passing, I must mention the admiration I feel for the way in which—Straus has made it possible for thousands of poor little children to have properly sterilized milk and healthy prepared food for babies. Thousands of tickets are given away to mothers who could not otherwise get proper food for their little ones; and it seems to me that this is one of the most useful charities in New York City, and one of those which cannot be abused as can the giving of money or other help. I know of the good work in the saving of little lives that has resulted from it.

If space would allow, much more could be said about the misery of summer. Cases of sickness, the terrible temptations to drink, the suicides and crimes—but perhaps it is better to leave them untold.

There are many means set on foot for helping the poor in their sufferings: "fresh air funds," ice distribution (but, sad to say! many have

othing for the ice to keep cool), free baths, &c.—All very good and helpful in their way, but, alas! they are only palliations, not cures. They can bring a breath of fresh air, a drop of boldness, to the stifling sufferers, but after it their misery closes in upon them again.

O, for more loving, Christ-inspired hearts, to ease the fallen, to point the straying ones into the straight path, and to save the degraded ones from their misery! In so many cases, the lot of all trouble is sin and drunkenness, and the heart was changed and God's power came into the life, a new ambition would help to a newer, better, happier life.—*The Presbyterian*.

### Climate of Formosa.

Keeping in view the dampness of Formosa and the powerful influence of the broiling tropical sun, it will be easily understood that growth is very rapid. Scarcely a barren spot is to be seen. The rocks are clad in moss and festooned with vines. The very trees in their wild state are covered with creepers. But if growth is rapid, so is decay, and hence man's deadliest foe, malarial fever. This is the blackest cloud that hangs longest over our beautiful island, because of it, disease and death work terrible havoc among the inhabitants. Almost every form of disease is directly traced to this source. Seldom do three months elapse without one or more members of every household being laid low. In the hot season, the natives are suddenly attacked, and in many cases succumb in a few hours. The bacteria of Asiatic cholera and malarial fever, carried on the wind, sweep over the country like a deathful pestilence. Sometimes the fatal effects of the climate do not appear for many months, but they manifest themselves so suddenly and unexpectedly that the physician has little chance to save life. Therefore, we have often been called to follow the beloved members of our little community to the grassy resting-place out on the hill.

My first attack of fever was exactly one year after my arrival on the island. I had been on an extended tour with Captain Bax, of her majesty's man-of-war. We penetrated far into the mountains, and were for a considerable time in a savage territory. Bax, although strong and healthy when we set out, had to be carried back in a sedan-chair. On returning to Tamsui, I found my rooms chilly, damp and mouldy. While I was absent the place was not occupied, and when I returned and lay down to sleep, I became cold as ice, shook and trembled like an aspen-leaf, my teeth chattering so loudly that A Hoa heard it in an outer apartment. He came to my relief, and remained at my bedside the whole night. As there was no fire-place in the building, it was impossible to get warmed. Heavy doses of quinine broke the fever, but my system was not free from it for years. Many times, on trips among churches and in the mountains, have the mats under me been wet with perspiration during the hot stage of the disease. Personal experience has convinced me that but few foreigners can resist the enervating influence of the climate in Formosa.

"I don't ever go fishing any more," said a small country boy.

"Why not?" asked the visitor. "Tired of it?" "No; but I was casting a fly on the pond one day, and the hook caught me in the back, and it hurt, so I've been sort of too sorry for the fish ever since."—*Harper's Young People*.

### GRANDMOTHER'S SERMON.

The supper is over, the hearth is swept,  
And in the wood fire's glow  
The children cluster to hear a tale  
Of that time so long ago

When grandmamma's hair was golden brown,  
And the warm blood came and went  
O'er the face that could scarce have been sweeter than  
Than now in its rich content.

The face is wrinkled and careworn now,  
And the golden hair is gray;  
But the light that shone in the young girl's eyes  
Has never gone away.

And her needles catch the fire's light,  
As in and out they go,  
With the clicking noise that grandma loves  
Shaping the stocking toe.

And the waiting children love it too,  
For they know the stocking song  
Brings many a tale's to grandma's mind  
Which they shall hear ere long.

But it brings no story of olden time  
To grandma's heart, and she saith—  
Only a sermon, quaint and short,  
Is sung by the needles bright.

"Life is a stocking," grandma says,  
And yours is just begun;  
But I am knitting the toe of mine,  
And my work is almost done.

"With merry hearts we begin to knit,  
And the ribbing is almost play;  
Some are gay-colored and some are white,  
And some are ashen gray.

"But most are made of many a hue,  
With many a stitch set wrong,  
And many a row to be sadly ripped  
Ere the whole is fair and strong.

"There are long plain places without a break,  
That in youth are hard to bear,  
And many a weary tear is dropped  
As we fashion the heel with care.

"But the saddest, happiest time is that  
We court and yet would shun,  
When our Heavenly Father breaks the thread  
And says that our work is done."

The children come to say good night,  
With tears in their bright young eyes,  
While in grandma's lap, with a broken thread,  
The finished stocking lies.

—*Friend's Intelligence and Journal*.

FOR "THE FRIEND."

### KING ALFRED'S LIGHT.

When Alfred was the people's king,  
And retired o'er England's soil  
A taper was made by his command,  
Of three equal parts its coil,  
It burned brightly day and night,  
Blessed of God was its holy oil—  
One-third marked rest, one-third for prayers,  
And the other third for toil.

That good king died and the Norman heel  
Was stamped into England's soil.  
Then rest was short and prayers were few,  
And lengthened the hours of toil,  
And the people became instead of lords  
The serfs on their native soil.  
Which they ever will be until they see  
King Alfred's light for toil.

IRENE ACKERMAN.

If it is thy pleasure to make use of me to forward thy work among men, I yield myself to thee. Without thinking of myself, I will simply impart to them those gifts which Thou hast showered upon me. . . . If, on the contrary, Thou dost not choose to make use of me for others, I will not offer myself. I will not go to seek anything. I will perform in peace the other things to which Thou shalt limit me.—*Fenelon*.

### The Moses of Her People.

HARRIET TULMAN'S WONDERFUL, HALF-FORGOTTEN CAREER—THE GREATEST SINGLE BATTLE OF HER ADVENTUROUS LIFE.

On the outskirts of the city of Auburn, N. Y., stands a small frame cottage, which has recently become the "Harriet Tulman Home for Aged Colored People." In its title the unpretending building perpetuates the name of one who has been called "the Moses of her people." It will be a lasting monument to one of the most noble and wonderful figures in the history of slavery's decline and fall.

Harriet is now eighty years old. She is very black and of unattractive appearance, since her face is of the lowest type of humanity, showing no evidence of intelligence or power.

It was when she was thirteen years old that the child first showed a trace of the spirit which characterized her after-life. Her master, enraged at a negro who had shirked a task, was chasing him with a club, when the girl deliberately charged upon the white man, checking him by the shock of her rush until the fugitive escaped into negro quarters. The master, in a fit of rage, picked up an iron weight and threw it at Harriet, crushing in her skull. As a result of this injury, she has all through life been subject to fits of somnolency, during which she has visions, some of which have come true in the most remarkable and inexplicable manner. Possibly, too, it may have been this injury to her brain that gave her a certain sublimation of cunning, amounting at times to the cleverest strategy, which would appear abnormal in one of her race.

For a long time after this she was accounted half-witted. Finally she was farmed out to a woman who beat her so cruelly that the marks of the lash are still on her neck and shoulders, and finally sent her back as "not worth a sixpence."

Her next employment gave her the wonderful physical strength which stood her in such good stead in her eventful career, for she became the property of a man who set her to lifting heavy barrels and drawing weights. Before she was nineteen years old, Harriet was a match physically for the strongest man on the plantation, and her master became quite proud of her, exhibiting her extraordinary feats of strength to visitors as one of the sights of the place. However, whether from overwork or the trouble with her head, she fell ill, and for months was bed-ridden, during which time her thoughts turned to religion, and she became a devoted "follower of the Lamb," as she always phrased it. Meantime her master had died. A word was abroad among the slaves:

"We 'se goin' to be sold to de Souf."

"Not me," said Harriet, "I'll never go alive."

The spirit of her fierce ancestors was stirring within her. Then and there she resolved that she belonged to herself and her God, that she would be free or die in struggling for freedom. Two of her brothers felt as she did, but she was the leader. One night Harriet went through the negro quarters singing a song of "de promised land," a song of farewell and of freedom.

"She's goin' to-night," said the other slaves, but they dared not go with her.

Only her two brothers dared that much, and after the start their determination gave way. Bidding her farewell, they turned and slunk back to their bondage. Alone, friendless, motherless, with an unknown country before her and the North Star for her guide, she set out. Of

this journey, as of all other trips over the country, Harriet remembers few details. Only her purpose was firm in her mind.

Harriet went north, hiding by day, plodding toward the Promised Land by night, picking out with unerring instinct the right places to go for food and shelter, until at last she was beyond the line, and stretching out her two mighty arms, she said to them:

"You're mine now, and you'll work for me and for nobody else."

But this was not true. From that time on Harriet's body and soul were wrapped up in the struggle of helping her fellow negroes.

She obtained employment in the North, and lived on nothing, hoarding every cent that she earned. One night she mysteriously disappeared from her home, and was not seen for months. That time was spent on the first of her expeditions to the South, where she planned and led an exodus of her people to the land of freedom.

Before long, throughout the plantations of Virginia were spread offers of reward for a negro woman who was luring the slaves away from their masters. Forty thousand dollars was the reward offered for her head, yet with such a price upon her, she was never captured. No fewer than nineteen times did she make expeditions, bringing away to the North more than three hundred pieces of living property. In time she came to know her path well.

Some dark night word would go about the negro quarters of a plantation that the Moses was waiting for them. Then would come a rendezvous in a swamp or woodland, where two or three of the more intelligent negroes would be entrusted with the outline of Harriet's plan. At the appointed time the little band of fugitives would meet and Harriet would pilot them away. Not only was she a leader, but also a commander of an army in the field, and of her discipline she would brook no infractions. The women she exhorted, the men she commanded, and more than once she carried in baskets slung over her own back babies dragged with paragon, lest they should cry out and betray the band.

Once, while arranging for an expedition from the plantation of one of her old masters, Harriet had a narrow escape from capture. With incomprehensible daring she went to the nearby village to buy some fowls, with no other disguise than the pretence of a decrepit old woman. On turning a corner she saw her old master coming toward her, and, with ready ingenuity, pulled the strings which tied the legs of the live chickens she had just bought. Off they flew, with Harriet in hot pursuit, and by the time her master came up she was away around the corner. Often Harriet has travelled in a car and has heard the advertisement setting a price on her head read by her fellow-passengers. She could not read herself.

Another time, on her eighth excursion, she found that a guard of officers were waiting for her and her little band at the bridge which crosses the river at Wilmington, Del. Word was sent to that staunch friend of the slaves, Thomas Garrett, and Harriet distributed her followers in the houses of persons whom she knew to be safe. Garrett sent across the bridge two wagons filled with bricklayers, whom he knew he could trust. When the wagons returned at nightfall, the bricklayers were singing and shouting, apparently in the hilarity of extreme intoxication. But lying trembling in the bottom of their wagons were Harriet's little band. All got over safe, among them a famous

slave, Joe, whose master offered \$2,000 reward for him. Later, this same man Garrett was fined so heavily for assisting in the escape of fugitive slaves that he was left penniless at the age of sixty years. In pronouncing sentence the Judge of the United States Court said:

"Garrett, let this be a lesson to you not to interfere hereafter with the cause of justice by helping runaway negroes."

"Judge," replied the old Quaker, "these hasn't left me a dollar; but I wish to say to thee that if any one knows of a fugitive who wants a shelter and a friend, send him to Thomas Garrett."

All the stations of the famous underground railway were well known to Harriet, and all those who were friendly to fugitive slaves came to know and trust her as her work progressed. The Fugitive Slave Law of 1850, providing for the return of slaves from the Northern States, was a great blow to Harriet.

"After dat," she said, "I wouldn't trust Uncle Sam wid my people no longer, but I brought 'em all 'lar off to Canada."

Her last expedition to the South was in 1860. When the abolition movement became active, Harriet naturally went into it heart and soul. Wherever she could get to a meeting she went, and her presence was an inspiration to enthusiasm. It was in the spring of 1860, while she was on her way to Boston to attend a large anti-slavery meeting at the request of Gerrit Smith, that she fought the greatest single battle of her life. She had stopped to visit a cousin in Troy, and while there learned that a fugitive slave named Charles Nalle had been followed by his master, who was also his younger brother, and no whiter than the slave himself, and that he was already in the hands of the officers, having been remanded back to Virginia. No sooner had Harriet heard the news, than she started for the office of the United States Commissioner, scattering the tidings as she went. Drawn by her power as a leader and the air of command with which she bade them follow her, a large crowd went after her to the office. A wagon was waiting before the door to carry off the man, but so great was the excitement in the street that the officers did not dare to bring him down. Harriet had forced her way to the room, and stood where the colored people outside could see her.

At length, as time went on and nothing was done, Harriet went down the street and sent out some little boys to cry fire. The alarm spread, the bells were rung and the street was blocked, which was just what she had intended. She herself stood at the foot of the stairs, in the attitude of a decrepit old woman, which she could assume with admirable verisimilitude. Again and again the officers cleared the stairs. The old woman kept her place despite them. Offers for the purchase of Nalle began to come from the crowd, and the master agreed to accept twelve hundred dollars for him, but, this being offered, raised the price to fifteen hundred dollars. A gentleman across the street raised a window and called out, "Two hundred dollars for his rescue, but not one cent to his master."

This fired the crowd to a point where they were ready for anything. Common sense should have prevented the officers from bringing down their captive at this time, but they attempted it, having manacled his wrists and placed him between the United States Marshal, another officer, and his master, with several more officers as guard. A lane to the wagon had previously been cleared. The moment Harriet saw him

step on the sidewalk, she threw off her disguise and shouted:

"Here he comes! Take him!"

Then springing upon the first officer, she pulled him down. In the fight that followed her enormous physical strength was what won the day. Breaking through the line, she seized the prisoner under the armpits, and despite the resistance of the officers, began to drag him down the street.

"Drag us out!" she shouted to her friends.

"Drag him to the river! Drown him, but don't let them have him!"

A policeman struck her over the head with his club, and freeing one hand, she sent him staggering back into the crowd. Another jumper for her, but she caught him around the neck, throttled him and threw him over her shoulder. Finally she was dragged down, but still kept her grip upon the slave. The crowd massed around and pushed them to the river, where she tore the man away from the officers by main strength and then threw him into a boat, which speedily put out, she following in a ferryboat.

On the other side, he was taken and hurried to a house near by. Some men were storming the place when Harriet came up, and two of them, who had been shot, were lying on the stairs. She rushed up the staircase, followed by several men, burst in the door, knocked down the first officer who attacked her, threw another through the window, caught up Nalle, threw him over her shoulder, as she had many times thrown a flour-barrel in the days of her slavery, and carried him down stairs. A gentleman, who was driving a fast horse past, pulled up and asked what the disturbance was. With her marvelous instinct for discerning friends, Harriet appealed to him, crying out that the man was a slave, and would be taken back to slavery unless he could get away. Instantly the man jumped out of his carriage.

"This is a blood horse," said he. "Drive him till he drops."

With a cry of thanks, Harriet lifted Nalle into the buggy. He was driven to Schenectady and subsequently made his way to Canada.

When the war broke out a new field opened before her. At this time she had settled in Auburn, and was making that city her headquarters when she was not on some expedition to the slave countries. Governor Andrew, of Massachusetts, knowing Harriet of old, sent to her to ask if she would be ready to give any required service as spy or scout to the Union army. After seeing that her dependants in Auburn would be taken care of, she was ready to go to the South. Of her war record in detail little is known. Sarah H. Bradford, who has written Harriet's history, published under the title, "Harriet, the Moses of Her People," writes of her army career.

She was often under fire from both armies. She led our forces through the jungle and swamp. She gained the confidence of the slaves by her cheery words and songs, and obtained from them much valuable information. When our army and gunboats first appeared, many of the poor negroes were as much afraid of the Yankees as of their own masters. It was almost impossible to win their confidence, but to Harriet they would tell anything, and so it became quite important that she should accompany the expedition going up the rivers or into other unexplored parts of the country. Wherever she came the negroes hailed her as the prophetess of the "Good time coming."—*Christian Cynosure*.

## An Indignation Meeting of Birds.

Much has been said on reasoning by animals. If the fact there can be no doubt, of its nature or little is known. But I think less still is known of the emotions of animals. Take an affectionate dog—how he suffers from jealousy! our little Prince was completely miserable if a mistress took the neighbor's baby on her lap. Several times I have been eye-witness to notions of a high order among birds—namely, sympathy with other birds in distress.

When a college student I was taken very ill by my sophomore year, and gaining strength at last, slowly, the doctor ordered me into the country.

I boarded at a farm-house, and gave myself entirely up to the woods and fields.

Through an entire summer I studied lovingly the ways of the birds, and determined to raise some young thrushes and take them with me to my city home in the fall.

My selection was a nest of brown thrushes. It was in a thick mass of bushes in a swamp—an entanglement of wild growth, and almost impenetrable.

Every day I watched, from the eggs to the all young. I resolved to allow the old birds two weeks, then I would assume the raising of the young ones.

At last the day came, and all my preparations were made. Taking with me a cage, I forked my way through the dense undergrowth. Very carefully I removed the nest, and was trying to get it into the cage, when the female bird arrived. She uttered a cry, almost a shriek, and disappeared, but returned immediately with her mate.

The two birds made a wild effort to drive me away, even flying at me, with every demonstration of rage and distress. Then, to my surprise, my both left.

I now felt so mean that I at once set about putting the nest back in the bush, but it gave me a good deal of trouble, as I could not make it stay in its place.

What now? The two old birds were back, accompanied by a whole bevy of wild birds. The entire copiece was alive with them. They seemed bent on picking my eyes out. I had to screen my face by holding the cage before it.

As to these birds—their number and variety and conduct—all together, it was an extraordinary scene. It seemed to me there were at least fifty of these indignant little bodies, and perhaps a dozen species, some flying at me, and all making angry demonstrations.

There were brown thrushes, song thrushes, cat-birds and several of the warblers. Such an uproar—mewing, shrieking, twittering and other cries, a babel of bird-songs! It all meant distress and rage. But such a mix-up! All talked at once. The one key-note of the discord was distress and indignation.

I got out of that swamp a wiser and better wretch. My conscience smote me, and my only place lay in the thought that I had done my best to undo the mischief I had wrought.

The next morning I again went to the swamp to see how matters stood. How softly I worked my way through the bushes! How deathly still everything was! The young birds had gone. I did so want to know how the old birds had managed matters, and how it fared with the little ones.

That indignation meeting of the birds occurred a great many years ago, but the scene is still vivid to my mind.

One winter, just after a snow-storm, a bevy

of snow-birds appeared near my house. I fed them crumbs, and they stayed with us several days. They got a little bold, even coming up to the kitchen steps to get their rations. There was, however, one exception.

A fence separated the old apple orchard from the house-lot, and I observed that one bird kept on the fence-rail, never venturing nearer to the feeding-place. To my surprise and delight, the reason of it was soon made plain.

The poor little fellow was lame of one wing, so he must not be too bold, as in the event of danger he must have some vantage for escape. So an old bird took him feeding-crums at every feeding-time.

But the most remarkable act in my knowledge of a bird in sympathy with another in distress, was performed by a robin not two hundred yards from my house. It was a deed of daring, and in the highest degree heroic.

A sparrow-hawk had pounced on a sparrow in the street, and was bearing it away. A robin, from his maple-tree, witnessed the act, and instantly started in pursuit.

High in the air, the noble little fellow caught up with the buccaneer, and one could hear the short, jerky cries of the hawk, as the robin was "pecking in" and making the feathers fly.

The hawk dropped his prey, and the robin returned to the maple-tree, where he had left his mate. The sparrow made the best of time to get back to his kind.—*Samuel Lockwood in our Doubt Animals.*

FEATHERS IN LADIES' HATS.—Professor William Henry Flower, of the Natural History Museum, is such a high authority, that his recent letter to the *Times* must carry great weight. He says:

"The lovely, delicate plumes of the small white herons or egret can only be procured by the destruction of the birds during the season in which they have their nests and young, as then only do these feathers develop. In the trade, for some unknown reason, they are called 'osprey,' though the real bird of that name, a kind of fishing hawk, produces no ornamental plumes. Notwithstanding all that has been said, the garden-party season now beginning shows that the fashion is as prevalent as ever. I have recently noticed many of the gentlest and most kind-hearted among my lady friends, including some who are members of the Society for the Protection of Birds, and who, I am sure, would never knowingly do any injury to any living creature, adorned with these very plumes. Why is this? Simply because, in order to keep up their trade and dispose of their stock, the purveyors of female raiment, to save the consciences of their customers, have invented and widely propagated a monstrous fiction, and are everywhere selling the real feathers warranted as artificial. Within the last few days I have examined numbers of plumes, the wearers of which were priding themselves on their humanity, relying upon the assurance of the milliner that they were not real egret's feathers, but manufactured. In every case it did not take a very close scrutiny to ascertain that they were unquestionably genuine. The only 'manufacture' consisted in cutting the plume in two, and fixing the upper and lower half side by side, so that a single feather does duty for two in the 'brush.' Thus one of the most beautiful of birds is being swept off the face of the earth, under circumstances of peculiar cruelty, to minister to a passing fashion, bolstered up by a glaring falsehood."—*London Friend.*

THE POWER OF SINCERITY.—It is related that when Joseph Hume, the infidel, was taxed with inconsistency on going to listen to John Brown, the golly Scotch minister of Haddington, he replied, "I don't believe all he says, but he does, and once a week I like to hear a man who believes what he says. Why, whatever I think, that man preaches as though he thought the Lord Jesus Christ were at his elbow."

## THE FRIEND.

EIGHTH MONTH 8, 1856.

A correspondent calls our attention to a communication inserted in *The British Friend*, which states or implies that true Friends have lately found the condition of the meetings of London Yearly Meeting so uncomfortable that they have tacitly consented to remain absent; thus preventing the Yearly Meeting from being truly representative of the condition of the Body.

Our correspondent, who is a member of a Yearly Meeting on this continent, in which a separation has taken place, adds, "That is, I fear, a mistake on their part. We have seen too late where our Friends erred: First, When unsonant doctrines were broached, those promulgating them should at once have been stopped. Judgment should have been placed on the offenders. It is false charity to spare the wolf, and not to pity the sheep who are wounded."

Secondly.—When through remissness on the part of the elders in not fulfilling this duty, the wrong part appears to get control of the meeting, Friends should be all the more diligent in attending all their meetings, not only for worship, but for discipline. I firmly believe, that if Friends firmly put shoulder to shoulder, abiding in the patience, meekness and power of Christ, they would outwear their adversaries, and a way of escape would be opened. A patient labor and travail of soul, with strong crying and prayer to God, who has all power, is what is called for; nor could I ever see that forsaking this post of suffering, and allowing that rampant spirit to have all its own way, proved conducive to the welfare of the body."

Amid the many discouraging symptoms which afflict the love of religion, it is somewhat cheering to meet at times with those whose faith in the overruling power and goodness of the Lord seems fresh and lively. A recent letter from a correspondent in a distant Yearly Meeting says: "By faith I can see that Christ's Church shall yet withstand the stormy waves which so threateningly strive to overwhelm it. Still I believe there must needs be on the part of those who are permitted to stand firm, a digging down deep to the rock, that each one for himself may know of having that sure foundation, Christ Jesus, as that on which his faith is built. At this time of general awaking, may we not hope the Church of Christ, the world over, to come more into the unity of the Spirit as one body, with one life.

May we then, dear Friends, be watchful and diligent, that through Grace Divine we may do our part faithfully and well, and leave the rest to Him, who overleth all things to his glory, his arm of mercy yet wields omnipotence, and is yet stretched out to save all the poor of men who put their trust in Him."

## SUMMARY OF EVENTS.

**UNITED STATES.**—The President has issued a proclamation warning all persons against violations of the neutrality laws. Recent Supreme Court interpretations are rehearsed; the law to be vigorously enforced, and the cooperation of all good citizens is invoked. The United States Treasury statement shows a net increase in the public debt, less than in the Treasury, during Seventh Month, of \$10,857,258. Total cash in the Treasury, 8,551,863,747.

The official Treasury statement shows that the receipts of the Government for Seventh Month were \$29,099,987, and the expenditures were \$42,088,468, a deficit for the month of \$12,988,481.

The United States Treasury gold reserve at the close of business on the 3d instant stood at \$110,085,890. The day's withdrawals were \$485,100.

A severe storm struck St. Anthony, Iowa, on the night of the 27th ult., and nearly every building in Iowa is wrecked or badly damaged. Columbus, Ohio, was visited by heavy wind and rain on the next night, and several buildings were unroofed.

Cities and towns in the Indiana gas belt have been inundated as a result of the successive cloudbursts occurring there, and the situation is said to be serious. At Anderson, three men were killed by lightning. At Ellettsville, a woman and child were washed away during the afternoon, and a number of dikes at other places burst.

The Fox River levee, west of Alexandria, Missouri, has broken in two different places, and the water from that stream has inundated 5,000 acres of farming land. Two families living in the flooded district have been compelled to move to higher lands.

Excessive rains and high temperature are reported throughout the country the early part of last week. Fifteen fatalities occurred at Gloster, Ohio. Flood augmented the damage caused by the wind. A cloudburst occurred in Berks Co., Pa. Many deaths and property loss are reported in the localities.

The 30th ultimo was extremely hot in the West and South. At St. Louis 34 persons were prostrated by the heat. In Carolina the highest temperature of the year was registered—102 degrees in the shade. In Carlyle, Ill., 104 degrees was the highest temperature and the heat was fatal.

A correspondent of the *Voice* says: "It is a remarkable fact that during the last four years of 550 Low License in Pennsylvania, the convict population actually decreased from a total average of 1,262 in 1885, to 1,176 in 1888. Then came the High License epoch and, instead of a reduction of crime and a promoting order as was expected, a reverse order was received a renewed stimulus. Instead of continuing to decrease, the number of convicts at once began increasing with an appalling rapidity, until in 1895, instead of the 1,716 convicts left by Low License there was a grand total of 3,630 convicts confined in the three penal institutions of the State."

On the 30th ult. the 49 P. M. train on the Reading Railroad, bound down to Atlantic City, while moving at a high rate of speed, crashed into an excursion train on the West Jersey Railroad, at the crossing on the "Meadows," just outside of Atlantic City, N. J., about half-past six o'clock. Forty-four persons were killed or mortally injured, and 110 killed all but two among the excursion train, which included a party from Bridgeton and Salem. It is said that the Reading train had the "right of way," but that the signals were set so as to justify the engineer of the excursion train in moving on the crossing.

Deaths in this city last week numbered 353, which is 25 more than the previous week, and 35 less than the corresponding week of last year. Of the foregoing, 196 were under one year of age; 265 were males and 268 females; 82 died of cholera infantum; 45 of consumption; 42 of marasmus; 38 of inflammation of the stomach and bowels; 35 of heart disease; 29 of pneumonia; 14 of nephritis; 15 of inflammation of the brain; 14 of pneumonia; 12 of phthisis; 12 of convulsions; 11 of apoplexy; 10 of old age; 9 of bronchitis, and 8 from casualties.

**Markets, &c.**—U. S. 28s, 94 1/2; 4s, reg. 106 1/2; coupon, 107 1/2; 10s, reg. 108; new 4s, reg. 112; 11s, 113 1/2; coupon, 114 1/2; 5s, reg. 110 1/2; coupon, 111 1/2; 2 1/2s, coupon, 109 1/2.

**COTTON** sold in a small way to spinners on a basis of 7 1/2c. per pound for middling uplands.

**FEEDS.**—Spot bar, \$10.00 a \$11.50 for winter in bulk, and \$10.00 a \$10.50 per ton for spring in sacks.

**FLOUR.**—Winter super, \$1.90 a \$2.15; do, extra, \$2.00 a \$2.20; do, extra, \$2.25 a \$2.50; do, extra, \$2.50 a \$2.75; do, straight, \$3.00 a \$3.25; do, straight, \$2.75 a \$3.00; do, do., straight, \$3.00 a \$3.25; do,

do., patent, \$3.35 a \$3.55; spring, clear, \$2.50 a \$2.75; do., straight, \$3.15 a \$3.30; do., patent, \$3.40 a \$3.75; do., favorite brands, higher. City mills, extra, \$2.00 a \$2.25; do., clear, \$2.85 a \$3.10; do., straight, \$3.20 a \$3.40; do., patent, \$3.50 a \$3.80. RYE FLOUR was quiet and quoted at \$2.40 per bushel for choice Penn'a.

**GRAIN.**—No. 2 red wheat, 62 1/2 cts.; do., No. 2 mixed corn, 23 1/2 cts.; No. 2 white oats, 23 1/2 cts.; No. 2 white oats, 24 1/2 cts.

**BEEF CATTLE.**—Extra, 44 1/4; good, 41 1/4; medium, 41 1/4; common, 38 1/4 cts. Dressed beefs were higher, at 5 1/2 cts.

**SHEEP AND LAMBS.**—Extra, 40; good, 34 1/2 cts.; medium, 30 1/2 cts.; common, 21 1/2 cts.; culls, 1 1/2 cts.; lambs, 1 1/2 cts.

**HOGS.**—5 1/2 cts. for Western, the only grades in. **FOREIGN.**—Dr. Jameson and the other Transvaal raiders were convicted in London on Seventh Month 28th. Jameson was sentenced to fifteen months' imprisonment, and the others to from ten to three months' imprisonment.

On the 29th ult. the Irish Land Bill was passed by the British House of Commons, and on the 30th went to the Lords.

A powder magazine at Fumfkirchen, in Hungary, exploded last week. More than one hundred persons were injured, many killed, and the town hall and a number of other buildings were destroyed.

Nineteen persons, two of them women, have been convicted and sentenced to death at Agrar, Hungary, for organized brigandage and murder.

An imperial ukase issued by the Czar declares that the Moscow authorities are answerable for the disaster on the Holodny Park.

Advices received at Washington from the Marine Hospital at Alexandria, Egypt, show that the cholera outbreak there has got beyond the control of the sanitary authorities. In one week there were 1,700 deaths, and since the beginning of the epidemic until Seventh Month 11th there were 8,069 deaths.

Advices from Constantinople, dated the 26th of last month, say that the city of Constantinople, except by telegraph, was isolated from the surrounding country.

The German gunboat *Ilie* was lost in a typhoon on the 23rd of last month, off the Shan Tzug promontory. China, and seventy-five of her officers and crew perished. Only ten or eleven of the crew were saved. A cablegram from Shanghai to the country correspondent says: "The recent disastrous tidal wave along the coast of Northern Japan has been paralleled by a similar phenomenon on the coast of Haichan, northeast of the Province of Kiangsu, in which Shanghai is situated. The news of the disaster did not reach here until the 15th inst. The lack of facilities for communication with the part of the country devastated. On July 26th there suddenly appeared in the Yellow Sea a large bank of water that was rising shoreward with terrific velocity. The water off the coast is shallow, and when the wave was some distance away, it began to comb, and the roaring could be heard for a great distance. From the stories of eye-witnesses and the reports of people in the country back on the coast, the wave was five miles wide. Thousands of tons of water were thrown for miles inland, and everything in its path was swept away. Many villages were entirely destroyed, and it is estimated that fully 100,000 people perished. All the cattle were drowned, and the rice fields were covered with water. It is expected that the survivors will meet with worse fate than death by drowning, for with the destruction of rice-fields famine will stare them in the face in the autumn."

The reader may have been struck with the prominent array of appalling deaths, casualties, disasters and crimes in the above record. It is intended to awaken feelings of serious thoughtfulness in our minds, and the hearts of many should be turned to the Supreme Ruler of the Universe in earnest pleadings for his mercy to poor, fallible, ungrateful man.

## RECEIPTS.

Unless otherwise specified, two dollars has been received from each person, paying for vol. 70.

Mary Ann Wiggins, Pa., and for Mary J. White, N. C.; Henry Haines, Phila., and for N. R. Haines, Pa., and Hattie L. Deason, Ky.; Foster W. Post and J. H. V. Mary, E. Tenn.; Daniel L. Leeds, Tenn.; R. Leeds, Phila., and for Daniel L. Leeds, Tenn., Eliza Leeds, Va., and William H. Leeds, Ont.; Eliza Yeates, Pa.; Richard Mott, Agent, Ia., \$12; for Joseph Dewees, Caleb Engle, J. Hampton and D. Mott, J. W. Mott, James Mott and William P. Young; James W. Reid, Pa.; Amelia Smith, O.; Piminy Gregory, Cal.; Hannah Twitchell, O.; Henry Trimble, Pa.

Joshua W. Cloud, N. J.; Charles M. Cooper, N. J.; Lydia T. King, O.; Thomas Evans, Va.; Hannah E. Mickle, Phila., and William Mickle, Pa.; John Edward Agent, Pa., \$100, for Deborah G. Britton; Edward Branton, Gilbert Cope, Abiah Cope, Charles S. Carter, Jane M. Eldridge, T. C. Eldridge, Albert I. Entrikin, Lydia Embree, Truman Forsythe, Jan. Gibbs, Sarah C. Glover, M. Malin Hoopes, R. B. Leonard, E. L. Hays, M. A. Ford, M. A. Ford, T. C. Hogue, Susan Hibberd, Ruthanna Halbert, Ruth P. Johnson, Esther H. Mendenhall, Martha G. Roberts, Elizabeth L. Roberts, Mary Ann C. Satter, George, Martha Satter, D. J. Scott, Deborah C. Smedley, Susanna F. Sharpless, Thomas Sharpless, William T. Woodward, Debbie C. Spickard, Mary C. Ford, Ellen McLaughlin, Martha Price, Thos. B. Taylor, Mary Ann Taylor, William P. Townsend, Thomas Thorp, Del., Edward Savery, Martha L. Scott, Phebe J. Walter, Hannah Webb, Charles L. Warner, William F. Warner, Charles Warner, Mo., Jos. E. Meyer, Ia.; Deborah J. Winkle and Thelma S. Yarnall; William Archib. Phila.; Hugh J. Phila.; Abigail S. Susan Y. Foulke, Pa.; Joseph H. Branson, Phila.; Susan J. Yerkes, Fld.; Sabina Hancock, Pa.; Thomas Dunn, Ia.; Rebecca E. Buzly, N. J.; Tabitha Ann Briggs, O.; Jacob R. Elfrich, Pa.; Davis H. Forsyth for Lewis Forsythe, Pa.; Sarah A. Gilbert, Pa., \$16; George B. Haines, Phila.; William C. Cope, Diller Gibbons and Ann Case; Milton Stanton, Agent, Ind. \$7; for Joel Newlin, Albert Maxwell, Joel D. Carter and S. I. Rachel Carter, to No. 26, vol. 70; Hugh D. Vail, Cal.; Josiah Wistar, N. J., and for Susan Deann, Ill., and Priscilla M. Lippincott, Hannah B. Shaw, William C. Reeve and Richard Wistar, N. J.; Ruth Ann Sharpless, Pa.; Daniel Packer, N. J.; George P. Stokes; Samuel H. Headley, Pa.; Joseph B. Matlack, Phila.; Chas. B. Shoemaker, Pa.; Benet Satterthwaite, Del.; Hannah W. South, Phila., and for Edward L. South and Walter South; Hannah Yerkes Phila.; E. B. P. Haines, Phila.; Mary L. Warrington, N. J.; Elizabeth T. English, Henrietta Haines, Dr. Joseph Henry, R. Woodruff, Phila.; Isaac H. Branson, Pa.; Isaac Heacock, Pa.; Charles Lee, Pa.; Samuel Whitson, Pa.; Parvin Masters, Phila.; Aaron P. Dewees Fld.; Ruth S. Abbott, Phila.; Theodore Hess, Pa., and for John S. Brown, Pa., Abel McCarty, Pa., and Job McCarty, Pa.; Henry B. Leeds, Agent, Ia., \$16; Joseph C. Eaton; Sarah A. Phillips, Ia.; Abigail C. Ferguson, Mary Ann Mott, Phila.; Benjamin P. Allen, Jr. and for Florence A. Elliott, Dr. N. Newlin Stokes and for Gideon Contant, O.; Jesse Negus, Agent, Ia., \$8 for William D. Branson, Joseph Hawley, Lydia B. Oliphant and Eliza A. Walker; David Darrell, N. J.; Joseph G. Evans, N. J.; Amy S. L. Exton, N. J., per John C. Allen, Jr., N. J., and Elizabeth L. Smedley, Pa.; Paschal Worth, Pa.; Robert Shoemaker, Phila.; J. B. Haines, Gtn.; S. G. Hollingsworth, Cal.; Stephen W. Savery, Pa.; Ezra Stokes, N. J.; Alice Tucker, Mass.; Arthur Holloway, Agent, O., \$26, for Asa Branson; David Branson, Joseph Bailey, Thomas Crow, Mary J. French, Ann A. Hoge, Sarah E. Hallowell, Edger F. Holloway, Asa G. Holloway, Henry Stanton, Branson D. Sidwell, Maria Walker and Thomas Cope; H. and H. Evans, N. J.

**Remittances received after Third-day evening will not appear in the Receipts until the following week.**

## NOTICES.

**CORRECTION.**—On last page of THE FRIEND of last week, in a correction respecting Mary Dyer, it is said "On the gallows she was *objured* by her early pastor to repent." &c. The word should have been *adjured*. The change of a single letter, by using *b* in place of *d*, alters the sense of the passage.

**MARRIED.** at Friends' Meeting-house, Fourth and Arch Streets, Philadelphia, on the ninth of Seventh Month, 1896, WILLIAM B. KIRKBRIDE, of Trenton N. J., to ELIZABETH HENDERSON, daughter of James Henderson, of Hopkinton, R. I.

**DIED.** suddenly, at his late residence near Darlington, Maryland, on Seventh Month 20th, 1896, JOSEPH CROOK, formerly of Downingtown, Pa., in his eighty-third year, a devoted member and elder of Dees Creek Monthly Meeting of Friends.

—, at his late residence near Chester, Pa., on the twenty-second of Sixth Month, 1896, GEORGE SHARPLESS, in the eighty-seventh year of his age; a member and overseer of Chester Monthly Meeting, Pa.



# THE FRIEND.

A Religious and Literary Journal.

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## Diary and Letters of Deborah Brooks Webb.

(Continued from page 18.)

1852. Fifth Month 16th.—Dear Hannah Gibbons spoke to-day, (1 John, iv: 1), "Be-  
lieve, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits  
whether they are of God; because many false  
prophets are gone out into the world. Hereby  
know ye the Spirit of God; every spirit that  
confesseth that Jesus Christ has come in the  
flesh is of God, and every spirit that confesseth  
not that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh is not  
of God, and this is the spirit of anti-Christ,  
whereof ye have heard that it should come, and  
even now already is it in the world." She felt  
much desire that the faith of some might be  
strengthened, also warned the halting, "My  
spirit shall not always strive with man." Oh,  
Holy Father, turn me, and I shall be turned.  
Enable me in school to be very watchful over  
my words in order to set a good example before  
the children. "Righteousness exalteth a nation,  
out sin is a reproach to any people."

23d.—If any man knoweth to do the will of  
God, and doeth it not, to him it is sin. All un-  
righteousness is sin, and again the wages of sin  
is death. I wish that these passages, which  
have been dwelling on my mind late, would  
create the fear of my Heavenly Father in my  
mind, and drive me to the obedience of the  
cross. As dear Samuel Cope said in a com-  
munication, "instead of settling down under  
the cross, it became harder and harder." "Not  
very one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall  
enter the kingdom of heaven, but he that doeth  
the will of my Father which is in heaven."

30th.—First-day. Surely God is merciful to  
me, visiting me often. He has been stretching  
out his hand of mercy for years, calling me to  
be his. May I not be cast off at last. Dear  
Mary Kite was at our meeting to-day, and after  
encouraging other feeble ones, addressed the  
young. May I submit that I may be washed,  
hat I may indeed have a part with Him. Of  
late I have been reading Thomas Shillito. I  
had to read it with tears, it seemed so full of  
real life, I love to read it. How good it is for  
me to be here, with friend Jeffers and Ann,  
who rather strengthen me in my feelings, than  
terrible or treat me ill. May I be thankful for  
his day's favors.

Sixth Month 2nd.—This was Monthly Meet-  
ing day, and in it I did desire that He who had

power to cast seven devils out of Mary Magda-  
lene, would cast the wickedness out of me, and  
make me willing to submit to the yoke of Christ.  
I believe my prayer was heard, for I do feel a  
greater willingness, but fear that I shall not per-  
severe. Dear Hannah Gibbons spoke: "When  
I sent you forth without purse or scrip, lacked  
ye anything? and they said, nothing." Eleazer  
was to have the garments of his father Aaron.  
Oh, that "thy word might be a lamp to my feet,  
and a light unto my path." Here am I. After-  
wards — spoke "Ye have not chosen me, but  
I have chosen you and ordained you that ye  
should go and bring forth fruit." How thank-  
ful I ought to be that He in mercy visits me,  
instead of casting me off in my sins. May I be  
faithful. Dear Mary Kite was so kind as to  
speak to me after meeting. She opened a con-  
cern in the meeting to visit the families of Bir-  
mingham Preparative Meeting, and Martha  
Jeffers offering to accompany her, their propo-  
sal was united with, and they set at liberty.

Sixth Month 6th.—In meeting I tried to be  
humble. — spoke upon the attendance of  
meetings. "We cannot add anything to God,  
for He is perfect, but it is our duty to present  
ourselves to Him and to acknowledge our thank-  
fulness for his preservation of us." I must try  
to be nothing.

7th.—Oh Lord, thou who hast been the Au-  
thor, be also the Finisher of my salvation, and  
enable me to be faithful in following thy voice.  
Teach me to distinguish it from my own will.

20th.—I thought the meeting would have been  
silent to-day, but just before its close — arose,  
mentioning, that many were careful to find out  
their ancestry, and to secure and establish every  
fact concerning it, that they may not be deprived  
of their inheritance, desiring that some might be  
as careful to know that they have an inheritance  
in heaven, having a right to enter the blessed  
place prepared for the obedient, and further,  
"faith without works is dead." "Show me thy  
faith without thy works, and I will show thee  
my faith by my works." Warning some to "ex-  
amine your yourselves, prove your yourselves,  
whether ye be in the faith, yea or nay." I  
could but at once conclude that my faith was  
dead, consequently that I had none, for I do  
not work the works that seem required. Oh,  
Holy Father, my heart is very stubborn and  
hard. Help is in thy power. Put away my  
stony heart, and give me one that will love and  
serve thee. Last week I thought I would serve  
thee, but did not. Help me, Heavenly Father,  
a poor, wicked creature, that I may obey and  
have faith and receive the end of faith, even  
the salvation of my soul. How thankful I  
ought to be for this day's visitation to one so  
wicked.

27th.—Dear Heavenly Father, take the govern-  
ment of myself into thy holy hands. Be  
pleased not to take away thy mercy. Turn thy  
hand upon me again and again, "till thou take  
away my rebellious spirit," purge away the  
dross, the tin and the reprobate silver. Reduce  
me to nothing; it is only thou that can do it.

Seventh Month 11th.—May the Lord be with  
me and grant a breaking up of my hard heart.  
Forsake me not.

On Fifth-day dear Hannah Gibbons spoke,  
"But I am a worm and no man," holding out  
encouragement for some under such a dispen-  
sation. I wonder if I may take some of the  
encouragement, or shall I cover myself with a  
covering not of the Lord's spirit; and to-day  
—"Mark the perfect man and behold the up-  
right, for the end of that man is peace." I be-  
lieve I am stifling convictions again. May I  
be broken, so as to give up the whole heart.  
Here is a beautiful piece of poetry in THE  
FRIEND, so descriptive of what I wish for my  
state.

NOT AS I WILL BUT AS THOU WILT.

Saviour! to thee I bring  
A bruised bosom for thy healing balm;  
I fain would ask for thy all-conquering word,  
To make my tossed heart calm.

Oh! how me lowly down,  
Bend my unhumbl'd will, that I may be  
Drawn by resistless, but by welcome power,  
In brokenness to thee.

If thou hast lain thy hand  
On the bright glories of my dotting heart;  
And wils, with skillful ministry to break  
The links that will not part,

Then Father, wilt thou send  
Thy gifts of willingness and strength to bear,  
Make my resigned and contrite spirit bend,  
Lowly to thee in prayer.

Prayer, that to thee, my soul,  
In all thou doest—all thou yet mayest do  
May, armed with faith and gift with holy trust  
Own thou art just and true.

Send thy transforming grace  
Into this bosom, which so craves thy love,  
And take the dearest, all I have on earth,  
So, I am thine above.

Seventh Month 18th.—Silent Meeting here  
at Woodstown. I hope to lead a self-denying  
life while at home, but fear that I shall often  
be tempted to depart from it. How poor I am  
and what favors I receive!

On Fifth-day last I went to meeting, and  
presently three women Friends came in. Anne  
Tatum from Salem and Mary Matlack from  
Woodbury. They spoke to me so kindly it  
made my heart really feel as though I wanted  
to be good and merit so much kindness.

25th.—Our Friends here from town. It is  
pleasant to see them, but I feel that I can add  
very little to their enjoyment, my spirit is too  
worldly, and I am very wicked. They went to  
meeting, and I remained at home to take care  
of the children. Mother does not take the  
FRIEND paper and I miss it very much. It  
seems like a little monitor.

Eighth Month 1st.—I went to Meeting to-  
day. Mother invited T. L., wife and brothers  
here to tea. This company was very pleasant.  
They seem like meek men, Thomas particularly,  
so unassuming, so consistent. I wish I were  
like him, in trying to be nothing in this world.

First-day.—After First-day I have to sit down and repent of my pride and stubbornness.

8th.—Silent meeting, here in West Chester. I did try to get into a solid waiting frame, and believe that I succeeded through Divine help. Ah, me! this vacation has not altogether been spent in the service of God; some few crosses and sweet spots to look back to, but mostly have to lament sins without number. Oh! for meek and quiet obedience. Holy Father, be merciful to me, and enable me to bring forth fruit meet for repentance, that I may be forgiven.

11th.—Quarterly Meeting so good to me. I was not reproved and condemned as I expected to be, but I hope a willingness was wrought to follow the straight path. Samuel Leeds, from New Jersey, spoke first. Oh, it seemed so good to me. May I be like good old Joshua in choosing "the Lord for my portion;" just my portion to serve Him. Next, dear William Kite spoke. Can I be of good courage? Can I be of good cheer because my Saviour has overcome the world that is tempting me? Can any of these good words be for me? In the last meeting dear Phebe Roberts spoke, quoting these words to the giving further encouragement, "Why art thou cast down, oh my soul, and why art thou disquieted within me. Hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise Him, who is the help of my countenance," closing with "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." Oh, that I were only fit to take part of these promises to myself. Dear Mary Kite spoke to me after meeting. When kind friends spoke to me, it makes me feel so glad.

While away during vacation, my certificate was received here, and dear Mary with friend Jeffers were appointed to visit me. I am not worthy of having such good friends to see me.

15th.—Silent meeting to-day. I tried to worship God, but do not know whether I am humble enough or not. Oh! may I be kept low in the valley of humiliation.

On Fifth-day dear Mary Kite came up, and she with dear friend Jeffers went in the morning to see two other young Friends, but they were not at home. In the evening they sat down quietly with me; poor unworthy me. If trials and afflictions await me through life, Oh, Heavenly Father, be with me and support me, and let them make me humble and purify me, that I may live hereafter in heaven. "Behold, I will refine thee, but not with silver." I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction. "Thine are we David and on thy side, thou son of Jesse."

Be pleased, Heavenly Father, to make me know my own heart, to see the great sin that is there concealed and enable me to overcome. I do believe thou hast in measure enabled me to give up. Oh! be pleased in mercy to enable me to do so still more.

22d.—Samuel Leeds here at meeting to-day. We were instructed to wait more deeply on God in our religious meetings. Oh! may I do it, that I may know my own heart, and see how I stand in the sight of my Heavenly Father. From thee alone all good and perfect gifts come. Enable me to say in sincerity, "Not my will, but thine, oh Heavenly Father, be done. If thou art touched with a feeling of our infirmities, be pleased to look with pity upon me, in my pride, and continue thy merciful visitations yet longer. I will try to obey, if thou wilt give me peace and assurance in thee.

29th.—How merciful my Heavenly Father is to me. If I do not bow soon He will not al-

ways strive with me, I am assured. He has visited me, by convictions, time and again, his servants have spoken to me, and my warning visions have been many. May I never forget my last one. My drive towards the stream, instead of going up over the bridge and over the narrow path. I stopped just before I was drowned. Ah! may I be saved at last. How my wicked guide was with me, telling me that was as good a way as any; just go that way. And the dear little children would now and then hold me back because of my fear of injuring them. May I never be tempted so again, or may I never give up so much to the temptation, as I did that night before going to bed!

(To be continued.)

FOR "THE FRIEND."

A writer in THE FRIEND of Sixth Month 27th, has set forth what seem to him serious objections to life insurance. He bases his objections mainly on what he regards as "religious or Christian grounds," viewing it as a speculation upon our "uncertainty" or "want of knowledge of future events." That life insurance depends for its operation upon the uncertainty of the tenure of each individual life is very true, and primarily it is designed to enable the insured to make a provision for his family in case death should unexpectedly come to him, and find them without other means of support. May it not be well to observe that all future events of our lives are involved in uncertainty so far as our human sight is concerned? And are we not daily taking means to protect ourselves, our families, and our possessions against possible harm and danger, which we would not take if we could foresee the future and knew these dangers would escape us? If the captain of a sea-going vessel knew that he would have a safe voyage, that life boats, life preservers and other appliances for the safety of passengers and crew would not be needed, he would not cumber the vessel with them. It is because of uncertainty that he provides them, and who of us would take passage with him if he did not? Numerous illustrations might be given of human contrivances and devices deemed by all to be necessary in order to provide against the uncertainty of some future event or events. Why, we may ask, should life insurance be condemned because it involves the same principle?

On this point the writer further says, "It fosters and encourages the spirit of speculation, the desire to acquire wealth suddenly without giving any equivalent for it." Life insurance seems to lack the essential element of speculation as above defined, namely: "the desire to acquire wealth suddenly without giving any equivalent for it,"—in other words, the desire to profit or gain at the expense of others. It offers to the insured no opportunity "to acquire wealth;" he can receive no personal benefit; it simply affords him a means of making a provision for his family in the event of his death, and nature forbids that he or his family should desire the occurrence of this event in order that the latter may realize on his policy.

In its simplest form, life insurance consists of an arrangement amongst a number of people whereby on the death of one, the survivors contribute a sum for the relief of his family. Similarly in fire insurance, if one member loses a house or barn by fire, his loss is made up by the others. The underlying principle here seems to be the equalization of losses, the "bearing" or sharing "of one another's burdens." Companies as they now exist are organizations for

carrying out this principle in a practical, safe and efficient manner. In stating this objection, the writer seems to have had in mind the fact that sums of money are sometimes paid to beneficiaries where but little has been paid out in premiums. But this circumstance is not peculiar to life insurance; it represents a condition inseparable from any system of sharing losses or dividing burdens.

In objection second, the writer says, "The operations of life insurance may be beneficial in particular cases but are oppressive in others, and gives as illustration: First, "the extreme poor who most need the benefits of it, are entirely unable to procure them." This may be true, but may we not say with equal force that they are unable to live in comfortable houses, to feed, clothe and educate their children, in a word to enjoy the comforts and blessings of our Heavenly Father as their more fortunate neighbors may do? But do any of us feel that we must refrain from partaking of these bounties and blessings in reasonable degree because the "very poor" are unable to have them? In the same connection it is said that many being "unable longer to meet the necessary payments, the insurance lapses and they suffer loss" and that they are "unable to use their savings when they most need them." However true this may have been in the early history of life insurance, under the present system of paid-up policies and cash values, the policyholder is allowed to withdraw from the company without suffering a loss proportionately greater than he would expect to sustain in voluntarily withdrawing his capital from a business partnership. Indeed it is a serious question whether under the practice of some companies' liberality to the member who withdraws has not gone so far as to do injustice to those who remain. Instead of not being able to use their savings when they most need them, the system of cash values frequently provides the insured with savings which he would probably not otherwise have had, the rest of his estate having been swept away by business disaster. While it may be true as stated that the extreme poor are unable to procure the benefits of life insurance to any great extent, it is nevertheless a fact, that in a large proportion of cases where insurance money is paid to the family it finds them without other means of support. The instances in which life insurance thus comes to the relief of poverty and distress, and brings temporal joy and comfort to thousands of homes would fill volumes.

In the next paragraph the idea is held out that in many companies life insurance has become very profitable to stockholders, etc. If this were strictly correct, it could hardly form a valid objection to life insurance, but would rather call for reform in the method of conducting the business. As a matter of fact in this country, the business is conducted almost wholly on the "Mutual" plan, that is, all surplus that accrues is accumulated for the benefit of the policyholders and is distributed to them in the way of dividends. Only two or three companies out of about fifty do any stock business.

Third: it is objected, "Insurance is a temptation to crime," etc. The accumulation of property in any manner whatever, carries with it this temptation in some degree, as the columns of the newspapers and records of courts abundantly show, but it will hardly be claimed that this is sufficient reason for discouraging an honest effort not only to provide for present temporal wants but to lay up a reasonable store for future needs.

Finally, the writer says: "But above all their objections to life insurance for Christians, it is regarded as a distrust of Divine Providence." The following extract from the editorial in THE FRIEND relating to this subject is commended to those who may have read the above objection: "While we sympathize with our correspondent's concern that we should have faith in the goodness and superintending care of our Heavenly Father, we do not see that this necessarily conflicts with that foresight and prudent care which leads men to provide for the future wants of themselves and families." It is in this light the subject is viewed by the many Christian people (including a goodly number in our own Society) who have believed it right for them to make provision for their families by life insurance. They cannot view it as a distrust of Divine Providence, for fully concurring in what our friend says of our dependence on Him, "who maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust;" that He "holds the events of our lives in his hand and dispenses them as He sees meet," they nevertheless believe that it is in accord with his will that they should provide for the temporal wants of those whom He has committed to their care, not only the wants of to-day but of to-morrow; and they believe He looks with approval upon an honest effort to lay up a reasonable competence for future needs. And realizing that it may be his will that their lives shall be cut short without their having accumulated a sufficient store to keep their families from want, many have given thanks to Him for enabling them to provide through life insurance against this contingency. And so when the Christian widow with her family of helpless children receives from the insurance company the sum which her husband's foresight has provided, she accepts it with thankful heart as coming from Him of whom the Psalmist said, "A father of the fatherless and a judge of the widows is God in his holy habitation."

A friend has sent for insertion in THE FRIEND two selections, one on "Contentment," and the other on "The disease of apprehensiveness," accompanying them with a letter which says:

"The article on contentment arrested my attention particularly, because of my great desire for that virtue for myself. My great desire is never to be greatly disturbed by what are sometimes called 'outward circumstances.' It is one thing to hold the general belief that 'all is ordered for the best,' and to be convinced that that is the only right view to hold in going through life; and it is another thing to be so permeated with this as a living and continual belief that every disturbing thing that comes along our path will be only very momentary in its effect. I have greatly desired, and I may say, have asked for a mind of perfect quietness, a spirit of entire resignation, let occurrences be what they will, but I do find a faint-heartedness recurring more often than is consistent with the belief mentioned above."

[It seemed to the Editor, that the letter might be appropriately published in connection with the articles themselves.—Ed.]

#### HOW TO BE CONTENTED.

"If we cannot bring our minds to our minds, then let us try to bring our minds to our minds. This is an old Puritan minister's version of Paul's cheerful message to his Philippian brethren: 'I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therein to be content.' The great apostle was

not content to be in a low spiritual state, and therefore he pressed toward the goal of a higher spiritual life every day. But he was contented to be where his Master put him, to bear all the hard knocks and endure all the rough usage that he had to encounter in the path of duty. Paul's spirit was like a watch. 'You may carry it up and down with you, and shake it either and thither; but the mainspring is not put out of order, nor do the wheels lose their regular motion. Paul was knocked about with cruel treatment and fierce persecutions, but the mainspring of love to Jesus was not broken in his heart, and the wheels of his consecrated activity ran on undisturbed.'

"Christian contentment is the cheerful acquiescence of the soul to the will of God in all conditions and under all weathers. It is the habit of the mind, just as faith is the habit of a healthy Christian and benevolence is the habit of a philanthropist. The great, brave apostle learned it where he learned Christ, and he learned it from Christ, and in a pretty severe and costly school. Like every precious thing, we must pay the price for it. And like most precious things, it is quite too rare, and the thoroughly contented people are in the minority. We may overrate this grace, but it seems to us that genuine contentment, that is ready to let God have his own way to let God put us where He chooses, even though the furnace be hot, is more scarce than it ought to be. He or she has attained to it who has learned to say, under disappointments the most bitter and trials which give the last turn to the screw and make the blood start, 'Thy will, O God, be done!'

"This style of contentment is not reserved for sublime occasions, it is visible in all the little unnumbered events in everyday life. It is patient not only under death strokes, but under petty vexations and wounding words and neglects; it does not worry over hard seats or boring visitors or stupid servants or a crying child. It manages to be happy in a small house when it cannot afford a three-story mansion. So rich is it in God's promises and the sweet smiles of the Master and a good title to heaven, that it does not mind wearing a coarse coat and a tudge on foot toward the better country. It wears the herb called 'heart's ease' in its bosom; it finds a cool spring to drink of in the lowliest vales of life, and catches grand outlooks from the summit of every steep hill it climbs. As it trends along its patient path it chants John Bunyan's quaint, simple song:

"I am content with what I have,  
Be it little or much;  
And, Lord, contentment still I crave,  
Because Thou bleesest such;  
Fulness to me a burthen is;  
As I go on pilgrimage  
Here little and hereafter bliss  
Is best from age to age."

"Would to God that we were all more contented with our mercies and more discontented with ourselves. It is the trying to live on external conditions that makes a Christian restless and wretched. A soul at peace with God and itself, a soul that delights in making other people happy, can sleep sweetly, like the old-time patriarch, with a stone for a pillow."—*Theodore L. Cayler in The Examiner.*

#### THE DISEASE OF APPREHENSIVENESS.

"That quality of mind which leads us to too great regret for what is past, and to too insistent and morbid dwelling on our conduct in the past leads us to the apprehension of trouble and anx-

ity for ourselves in the future. At the best, this apprehensiveness is a mental and spiritual disease.

"Some minds are slaves to one form of this disease, and some to the other. In one view, those who call up the past to regret it are less to be pitied than those who live under the dread of the future; for the past is fixed, and the very inexorableness of the possibility of change lends a certainty to past events, however regrettable, that tends in the end to calm the mind. But those who live under constant apprehension for the future have a myriad and ever-changing host of fears to allay,—as many, indeed, as a fertile, and oftentimes morbidly vivid, imagination can supply. And there is no certainty of any kind connected with this glance into the future, except the certainty that such persons will make themselves (and, in consequence, their friends) unutterably miserable. To them the air is full of voices crying, at the most unseasonable times, 'What is? What is?'—the rest of the exclamation filled out with whatever miserable anxiety at that moment haunts the soul.

"The person who is naturally apprehensive has a greater opportunity of glorifying God than one of a naturally buoyant and sanguine temper. He does not, it may be, so often as one of the non-apprehensive kind show out the cheerful or the calm and restful side of Christian life, but he may gain such a conquest over the army of his fears, groundless or real, that God, who sees all our inner, intense conflicts, and who appreciates every atom of actual trust, and what it has cost each one according to his peculiar make-up, will be most greatly glorified by the effort of the fearful soul to trust him.

"The possibilities of loss of friends, their sickness, sorrow, trouble of all kinds, are so great, that nothing is sufficient to allay the torture of the fearful mind but the great thought of God; and not of God in the abstract, but of God in his personal love to us individually. This alone can not only support us, but can exert exorcising power on the demon of apprehensiveness, and bid it quit the soul forever. The power of trust goes beyond this. It turns our fears into courage. If God be for us, who, or what, can be against us? It gives us vigor to be aggressors, to take the offensive instead of the defensive position, and gives us strength to glorify God by a calm and loving acceptance of his will. Our power then is reserved for action, and ceases to be dissipated in dread.

"To the suffering, apprehensive soul, what sound can be more cheering than the voice of him who speaks in the midnight of our fears?—'It is I. Be not afraid.' What but the bright and calm image of Jesus just beside us is enough to set our quaking hearts at rest? It is the image of Jesus Christ, thought upon, made real to ourselves, actual to us, that enables us to overcome our fearfulness and to rejoice in the Lord. Let the fearful give thanks that God is so good to us, and believe the depth of his personal love, and honor Him by a great and joyous faith. This apprehensiveness is, after all, but the bitter, perhaps the bitterest, dregs of a self that is still assertive even in the renewed heart.

"I will fear no evil" is written on the banner of the children of light; but, while they lift aloft their standard, it is sometimes a trembling hand that carries it and a cowardly heart that marches beneath it. Nevertheless, the bruised reed will be not break, nor will He quench the smoking flax till He send forth judgment unto victory. There is victory for the most fearful,

the most timorous, the most apprehensive, if he will but strengthen himself in God."—S. S. Times.

FOR "THE FRIEND,"  
"IN MEMORIAM."

And still we mourn! Time cannot heal  
The bleeding of the wounds we feel;  
Close round our hearts, a living thing,  
The tendrils of our loss will cling,  
And though a thousand months should wane  
Most evermore vibrate in pain.

O sainted Friend! The earth grew dark  
To some who loved thee, when thy bark  
Dropt softly down the silent stream  
That sweeps the bounds of life, whose gleam  
Still brightened as it bore thee on  
To meet the glad, immortal dawn.

It meets a sacrifice, dead heart,  
To speak thy praise—to strive to part  
One virtue from the perfect whole,  
To stamp upon the written scroll,  
Or sever one adorning grace  
From thy illumined, fitting place.

For whether in thy genial cheer  
That summed the encircling atmosphere,  
Or in thy courteous supreme  
As chivalric as knightly dream,  
Thy charity which loved to bless,  
Or thy unrivalled tenderness,

Thy rare humility profound  
Which clothed thee as a garment round,  
And, ever throbbing, full and free  
Thy living, warm humanity—  
In all we trace the true accord  
Unto thy Master and thy Lord.

Thy Master! Ah! we hear no more  
Thy pleading eloquence outpour,  
In loving service proud to raise  
Thy testimony to his praise—  
Obedient to each whispered call  
Of Him who was thy all in all.

We gather still, though thou art gone,  
And faintly, dimly, struggle on,  
But if that vacant spot will press  
In vivid sense of loneliness,  
And tear-wet lashes more bespeak  
Affection than devotion meek,

May He who wept at Lazarus' grave  
Still pity, and forgive and save,  
He knows our weakness and our loss,  
The weight of every added cross,  
That ne'er again, how'er we pine  
Will dawn for us a soul like thine.

No sympathy like thine unfolds,  
No spirit strength like thine upholds,  
Our faithful confidant and friend,  
Unfaltering, changeless, to the end.  
And when the Angel wing outspread  
Above thy bared and silvered head,

As, kneeling at the Gates of Pearl,  
The glories of the unseen world,  
Through open portals streaming down,  
And nigh thy brow the victor's crown,  
Thou bore us with a suppliant cry  
Unto the very Throne on high.

O may the memory of that prayer  
Be with thy followers everywhere,  
And may thy spirit yet abide,  
Our inspiration and our guide,  
Who now beyond the forming river  
Art shining "as the stars forever."

SEEDS OF COMBINATION with God, and training and discipline in his school are indispensable in the formation of character that qualifies for future usefulness. The wisdom of this world can never supply this need.—M. B. Miller in *The Earnest Christian*.

BEAR in mind that if you never start for Heaven you will never get there.

FOR "THE FRIEND,"  
King Crabs in Delaware Bay.

IN THE FRIEND a few weeks since I described an unsuccessful expedition to the neighborhood of Goshen, N. J., in pursuit of King Crabs, Captain Stillwell, whom we so pleasantly met with at that place, advised us to write to Lorenzo D. Smith, of West Creek, a few miles up the Bay, for information. We did so, and received in response a kind invitation to come to his house. On the thirteenth of the Seventh Month, we did so, taking the Cape May train to Belle Plain, from which a mail coach carries passengers to points near the Bay Shore. After a comfortable dinner at the house of our kind friend, he took us about three miles further over the extensive salt meadows to the banks of West Creek, where we found a pile of ninety-five thousand crabs, and a vessel loading them to take away to a factory of fertilizers. L. D. Smith had been for many years in the crab business, and formerly ground them up and sold the material—but of late years he contents himself with collecting and selling the animals intact.

One of the men connected with the vessel kindly put us across the stream in its boat, and we wandered for a considerable distance up the bank of the Delaware River. At frequent intervals on the sandy shores, lines of poles had been driven into the sand, leading out into deep water, and at the outer extremity of these were constructed circular weirs or pens of poles, with door-like openings. The crabs which come to spawn at high tide, on their return to deep water, follow the lines of poles, and are caught in the weirs, from which they are unable to find a way out. At low tide the fishermen come in their boats, and gather the captured crustaceans. Hundreds of these traps had been made along the shore, and our guide was the general purchasing agent for them on the east side of Delaware Bay. In reply to our inquiries as to the extent of the business, we found that the catch for the present year was estimated at about one million three hundred thousand king crabs, which cost the firm that manufactures them about 85 per centum.

The King-crab's outer covering consists of three pieces. The front is rounded in outline, and arched. Within this are located some of the vital organs. The lower lining of the cavity is a thin, horny plate, apparently in consistence half way between parchment and shell. This head-piece is often about a foot in diameter in the female. The male crab is smaller and measures about eight inches across. Attached to this head is a narrower plate, and a triangular tail-piece, like a bayonet or spike, ends the animal. From the rounded outline of the head-piece, this crab is often called Horse-shoe. It is known to naturalists as the *Limulus polyphemus*.

Its natural habitat is the muddy bottoms of bays of brackish water, of moderate depth. Here it burrows in the mud, by the aid of its feet, which are clustered on the under side of the head. With these also it seizes the worms on which it principally lives. The edges of these feet are closely studded with short, sharp spines, so that a worm is speedily reduced to fine fragments by the friction of the opposite limbs, which answer the purpose of jaws for the creature. The operation of eating was witnessed by S. Lockwood, who in 1870 made a series of observations on this curious animal which are recorded in one of the early volumes of the *American Naturalist*. He dropped a piece of clam before a hungry crab. This was instantly

drawn under with its claws, when, he says, "I immediately turned it over, holding it with the abdomen against the glass side of the tank." The food was held in position over the mouth, by the claws or nippers. Then began an alternating motion of the spring or rasp-like joints against the opposite one of the same pair. The fine particles of food thus rasped off, pass into the mouth.

The spawning season of the *Limulus* is in the Fifth and Sixth Months, at the time of the extra high tides, which occur at new and full moon. The instinct implanted by the Creator, then brings these animals to the shore, and the crab scratches a depression in the sand just below high water mark, and in it deposits her eggs, which the motion of the water soon covers with sand. The succeeding tides do not rise so high, and thus the eggs have the benefit of the sun's rays to hatch them.

In certain stages of the development of the young, one is reminded of the fossil trilobites, showing that *Limulus* is probably a descendant of this ancient family.

Our guide waded out in the water of the Bay to one of the weirs and soon returned with two or three live king crabs. One of these he proceeded to dissect, cutting away the under shell of the great head, and disclosing a mass of thousands of small greenish eggs, not much larger than an ordinary pin's head—filling the space between the upper and lower rim of the shell. Formerly, when the crabs were more abundant, these eggs were often collected to feed chickens, which are very fond of them—but the diet is said to give a most disagreeable flavor to the flesh of the chicken.

Lorenzo D. Smith said the crabs were by no means as numerous as formerly, and that Delaware Bay was their principal habitat, although found in other bodies of brackish water along our coast. When I reflected that it was only at the time of spawning that they came to shore from the mud of the deeper water, and remembered how perseveringly the fishermen made use of these opportunities for catching them, I was not surprised at the diminution in their number. Indeed, it did seem probable that they would become comparatively rare. But after seeing the vast multitude of eggs which one crab contained, and reflecting that there must be multitudes of nests deposited in the sands of the shores, the owners of which were able to effect their retreat into deep waters without becoming entangled in the weirs, my anxiety was much dispelled; and I think there is a reasonable prospect that naturalists yet unborn may find an object of interest and study in these curious creatures.

The country in the vicinity of Eldora is very level. Water is generally found at a depth of ten or twelve feet. As was to be expected, we found mosquitoes abundant. Although our guide told us they were "modest" that day, yet they made numerous punctures in our hands and other exposed parts of the bodies. On the salt meadows we saw quite a flock of barn swallows busily engaged in pursuing them—and we thought they had chosen a rich locality for their hunting. We noticed also along the beaches an unusual number of a smallish dragon-fly, which probably also feeds on the same winged game.

Our kind host, who was born on the farm he still owns, was decidedly of the opinion that the land in Southern New Jersey was slowly sinking. He could see a change in the period of his observation.

Our trip was only partially a botanical one, out as we passed along we saw several interesting plants, *Helianthus divaricatus*, *Stylosanthes lator*, *Chrysopey Marianna*, *Solidago odora*, *Alexis farinosa*, *Gerardia*, *Lilium superbum*, *Rhizis Virginica*, *Urticaria cornuti*, *Cephalanthus occidentalis*, *Clethra alnifolia*, *Euphorbia iperuviana*, etc.

J. W.

FOR "THE FRIEND."

### Barclay Stratton's Trial of Faith.

[Many of our readers will probably remember the narrative of the experience of Barclay Stratton when drafted into the army, during the war between the South and North, as published in THE FRIEND during last year. Some of these, we trust, will be interested in the following narrative of the same events, written by one who was an adjutant in the army at the time, and in actor in the incidents connected with B. Stratton's confinement at camp. The writer speaks of himself as a "fighting Quaker." He was descended from a Friend's family, but in rambles times prior to 1850 "imbibed the spirit of retaliation against the slave power of the South.—Ed.]

In the issue of Second Month 16th, series of 1895, appears, under the head of "Extracts from Letters of Barclay Stratton," an account of the closing scenes of that Friend's military career and experience, that brings back, through the gloom of the past, an episode in my life sweet to remember.

At the time named therein, Eleventh Month, 1864, I was the adjutant of the Sixty-second Ohio Infantry, and as such was serving with my regiment in front of Richmond. At the time named our regiment was greatly reduced in numbers, as the result of an active campaign extending from May to November. Frequent instalments of recruits were sent us during the fall and winter of that year. Among the number was Barclay Stratton, and (as I remember it), his cousin, Isaac Cadwallader.

In telling their subsequent story, I have to rely largely upon my recollection of the event, as the official history is in the War Department and the Adjutant General's Office in Columbus, Ohio. I am very clear, however, as to the main features of their unusually solemn and interesting case.

I received the descriptive lists of these men and found opposite the names of Stratton and Cadwallader the words "non-combatant, claim exemption." In calling the roll and assigning the recruits, I singled them out and had some conversation with them relative to their convictions. They easily convinced me of their entire sincerity and good conscience in the matter, and asked me to allow them to remain in company. I think they told me of promised intercession in their behalf, and complained of the seeming bad faith upon the part of those upon whom they were induced to rely. They spoke freely of their home associations near Salem, Ohio, and knew very many persons there, occupying the position of valued friends to the writer.

While Barclay Stratton has omitted the mention of my name personally, in the account he has given, I am very clear that both he and his companion felt in a measure relieved after our first interview. And in subsequent seasons they expressed much gratitude for the solace I gave them.

I at once made up their case under the provisions of an act of Congress exempting conscientious non-combatants from the operation of the military law, and made it strong in per-

trayed facts, and forwarded it to the Secretary of War.

My recollection is, that about ten or twelve days was required to get the order returned releasing them from the service. During the while, some discomfort was experienced by our friends in their effort to maintain their standing in the army, and some expedients were resorted to as a protection, that would hardly have squared with military discipline. I had great sympathy for them, and assured them of the fact, and of my best efforts in their behalf. I took council with Captain John R. Murray, their company commander, and requested that beyond certain portentous talk necessary to reasonable discipline, no measures more harsh should be taken until the action of the War Department be had in their case. Thus they remained during the period of waiting, the subject of varied comment. In those days of trial and privation, it was a rare occurrence to find old battle-scarred veterans who had endured the brunt of battle and the march for years, and esteemed the period of separation from loved ones at home as a mighty sacrifice for the glory and well-being of the nation, willingly justify any able-bodied man in withholding his best service cheerfully rendered, from the support of the common cause. To such, and I honor them for it, the cause of the Union was more than sacred, and was no uncommon thing to hear it maintained, as above all other human considerations.

Our friends were daily visitors at headquarters, and if imperative duty permitted, I spent some time each day consoling their fears and misgivings.

Finally one evening I saw a commotion in camp, and supposing it to be the chaplain with the mail, I stood and watched its progress. Such it proved to be, but the real cause of the excitement was the approach of two modestly dressed "Quakers" as the boys called them, in company with the chaplain. These personages proved to be the father of one and the brother of the other of our meek heroes. I was greatly rejoiced to meet them and deeply moved as were many others at the meeting of these friends. After a hearty interchange of thoughtful enquiry and narration of fact, I was the happy recipient of many expressions of gratitude from this anxious father and brother for the little I had done for the comfort of these their friends. But all the joy had not been experienced yet in store for us that eventful night. When the headquarter mail was delivered there was a large official envelope from Washington. I tore it open and—almost too good to tell—there was the fruit of my striving. An order releasing Barclay Stratton and Isaac Cadwallader from military duty as requested, etc.

There were strange and novel proceedings had and done in that military tent that night. That is, strange from a military point of view. As I remember it, war was forgotten for the time, and our old headquarter tent, bullet rent and smoke begrimed, was the scene of a Quaker love feast, such as many of the readers hereof will not participate in during this phase of existence. As soon as the necessary authority could be evoked, authorized by the War Department order, our friends took their tearful and joyous leave for their peaceful though anxious homes.

I received numerous letters of unmerited acknowledgment from our heroes after their return home, also from other of their friends and relations.

In living over again my war experiences I have often dwelt with pleasant memories upon this little event, and never without feelings of true gratitude that it was within my reach to extend a helping hand to those oppressed ones in their hour of need.

A short while since I was attending Friend's meeting at Pasadena, California, and having been introduced to a Friend by the name of Stratton, I proceeded to narrate briefly the above story. I soon found to my surprise that my auditor knew the story quite as well as I, and upon inquiry learned that it had been published in great part in THE FRIEND during last year.

Numerous ones have requested me to tell it over again. Not that it would be bettered, but that some of the friends of the parties would be pleased to learn of the continued existence of living witnesses to this solemn event and supreme trial of a worthy life.

Fraternally,

AARON D. YOCUM,

PASADENA, California.

FOR "THE FRIEND."

*Dear Friends:*—A word in love to the Friends of our once favored Society. Let wisdom guide us to our Lord and Saviour, putting down everything of our earthly nature, that the pure love of God may enter into these clay tabernacles reaching forth to that life that the Lord God hath placed there, clothing our minds with that unspeakable wisdom and knowledge that God can administer to the weary and tried soul.

Oh, that we may be preserved and brought forth clothed in the bright robes of righteousness, and thus keeping faith, hope and love in our hearts, show the marks of the true disciples of Christ Jesus, the Lamb of God, thus rightly dividing the word of God unto the poor, suffering soul, that is hid from the worldly-wise. Oh my soul years after such as these—yea, I have strewed my tears before the Lord, who can rightly guide and direct us in all things, that we may be stayed upon that sure Rock, Christ Jesus, where there is no shadow of turning to the right or to the left. For the stepping-stones are all ready cast up for us to walk upon, by the dear Son of God, who suffered upon the cross to redeem us, who is our Mediator between God and man, Oh, what do we not owe unto Him, who maketh intercession for us before God.

Are we willing to take up the cross and follow our Saviour as He followed our Heavenly Father; let us examine our hearts as in the sight of God by retiring often to our closet, there to hold sweet communion with our Lord and Saviour, that we may be enabled to follow closely his guiding hand, day by day, that our calling and election may be sure.

These words arose in my mind and kept with me, till I have been willing to place them here, "Feed my sheep, gather the tender lambs into the heavenly fold, for their cry has come up before me, saith the Lord." Of the great harvest of souls, many are wandering from the true fold, and are thus liable to be cast into the mighty deep at any moment, no more to arise. For many of the faithful watchmen have been called home, from works to rewards, and who shall take their places but those that have passed through the fire of affliction, and thus become pure as gold well refined. With such to guide and lead the tender babes in Christ, the many barriers that surround us on every

hand will be removed by the Great Head of the Church. But who shall judge between the quick and the dead; is not the eye of the Son of God over all of his faithful servants; so let us be more faithful in looking unto Him, the great Head of the Church, who knows the secret desires of every heart. He will not choose the blind, nor the deaf, nor those that will not listen to his tender entreaties; nay, He will choose the tender lambs that bow daily low at his feet, and there seek after that heavenly bread that will heal and soothe the aching soul.

Dear Friends, I feel that we as a Society have got in a low place. Oh, may we remain there until the great Captain of our Salvation spreads his mantle of love over us, a poor scattered remnant, and bring us all into the holy enclosure, where the enemy can have no power over us, yea, dear Friends, I feel that the only true abiding place is to keep very near to our Lord and Saviour. He is the alone true teacher of all good, and will be near to all his faithful servants to guide them into all truth and righteousness; let us strive to keep near to his guiding hand, in our stepping along through time here, that all may be done to the praise and glory of God, thus preparing us for that happy meeting with Him who is our all and all. What is man, that he should strive to bind the spirit of all life, that the Lord God has placed within our hearts. He will give his spirit to all that are willing to obey his every command, thus enabling us to walk in newness of life before God. Yea, the Lord God hath made bare his holy arm in the eyes of all the nations, and all the ends of the earth shall see the salvation of the Lord. H. T.

Seventh Month 25th, 1896.

Life Among the Indians.

The arrival in this city a short time ago of an aged man, wearing buckskin trousers, a varri-colored coat of linen, and carrying in his hands an oter skin and several other articles found only in the Everglades of the State, created considerable interest and comment, and large numbers of people gathered around him whenever he stopped. A Citizen reporter stopped the old man to learn something about his story.

"My name," he said, "is Captain W. S. Pitts. I am now seventy-one years of age. I was born in Virginia, but when quite a child went to Missouri, where I lived up to twenty-seven years ago, and where I am now returning. Since leaving Missouri, which I consider my native State, I have lived continuously with the Seminole Indians in the Everglades of Florida. This is my first visit to a city for twenty-seven years. I am old now, but vigorous and strong as I was thirty years ago. Life with my dusky companions has not weakened my vitality. Why did I stay with them so long? Well, the question is easier asked than answered. Whatever may have been the reason for my life among those people will rest with me. I have lived with them, worked with them, talked with them, and year after year they have been my only companions. I have been satisfied to have it so, and I think they have also been content to have me as a companion. I am going back home now to visit my relatives, after which I shall return. I had hoped to be in time to attend the convention, but circumstances have not permitted me to do so.

"How do the Indians live? Well, principally by hunting and fishing, although a great many of them have their little gardens, from which they manage to raise enough to live, but the

Indians love to hunt and fish, and civilize them as much as you please, they will always prefer to engage in what the white man calls 'sport' than to be tied down to farming.

"There are now in the Everglades about six hundred Indians. They are increasing in numbers only slightly. The death rate is large, though, and the present number will not change much. The Seminole Indians are very friendly toward white people, whom they think mean well with them. But they have been duped so much that they are getting extremely wary. The Indians in those swamps can set an example to a great many white people, so far as domestic life is concerned. They are very chivalrous. The women have only their household duties to attend to, and the men work and do all the heavy drudgery necessary. The women are also remarkably virtuous and quiet, both in manner and way of living. There are really, in the proper sense of the word, no chiefs. The tribes are governed by a council, composed of Tom Tiger, Tallahassee, Billy Bowlegs and Billy Swift. This council governs the movements of the Indians. The government is not harsh, and there is as much freedom as could be possible in those wilds. The Indians live principally in thatched houses, and they are very well made. Around each of these can generally be found a little garden, which is attended by some member of the family.

"A number of the Indians are Christians, and some of their principles are far in advance of those practised by white hypocrites. It is true the white man has taught them to curse and swear, drink and cheat, but these vices are practised by only a few, and that few are those who came in contact with the civilized savage called white men. The older Indians still long for their happy hunting grounds and the old style of things, but they, too, have settled down to the fact that it is only useless to buck against the Government. They are content to live and die in the wilds of that part of the State."

The old man will say little or nothing of himself, except that he originated the lecture, which has recently been printed, called "Too Much Wind for the Rudder," which is considered a thoughtful effort on ethics. He expects to leave for St. Louis to-day, and while there he will no doubt cause considerable interest. He is well preserved, and shows his age very little. The fact that a white man would bury himself from family and friends for twenty-seven years, makes him of unusual interest, and when the circumstances of his life were made known he attracted more than ordinary interest. — (Jacksonville, Fla.), Citizen.

WHAT ARE CHRISTIANS FOR?—A Christian lady who was engaged in work for the poor and degraded was once spoken to by one who was well acquainted with both the worker and those whom she sought to reach, and remonstrated with for going among such a class of people.

"It does seem wonderful to me that you can do such work," her friend said. "You sit beside people, and talk with them in a way I do not think you would do if you knew all about them, just what they are, and from what places they come."

Her answer was, "Well, I suppose they are dreadful people; but if the Lord Jesus were not on earth, are they not the very sort of people that He would strive to reach? And am I any better than my Master? Would He feel himself too good to go among them?"

A poor, illiterate person, who stood listening

to this conversation, said, with great earnestness and simplicity, "Why, I always thought that was what Christians were for."

The objector was silenced, and what wonder? Is not that what Christians are for? If not, then what, in the name of all that is good are they for.—American Messenger.

AN APPEAL TO PROFESSING CHRISTIANS RESPECTING THE ATTITUDE OF THE CHURCH IN REGARD TO WAR; BY THE REPRESENTATIVES OF THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS OF PHILADELPHIA.

"From whence come wars and fightings among you? Come they not hence, even of your lusts that war in your members?" (Jas. iv: 1.) That heathen tribes should maintain a continuous state of preparation for expected attacks from other tribes, is consistent with their uncivilized and unchristianized condition; but that those claiming to be Christians should so far ignore the precepts and example of the Holy Head and Founder of their religion as to regard one another as enemies, can be accounted for on no other ground than this, viz: that blindness hath in part overtaken them—they acknowledge Christ, but not in all their ways—his words do influence their conduct in many respects; but in relation to war, the demands of a misguided patriotism would seem to outweigh all consideration of religious duty; and the fact is overlooked that a call to war is a call to destroy the lives and property of those whom Christ has enjoined his followers to love. "Love your enemies; do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you."

Deeds that are called criminal in times of peace, are commended in times of war. The lawmakers who seek to control men's passions, by law, seek also by law to unloose those passions and set brother against brother, in the name of patriotism. "My country right or wrong," is a pernicious sentiment often applauded by a professedly Christian community. War legalizes murder, plunder, arson, false pretense, and Christian nations commend all these as necessary, and therefore right. "Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?"—never. "By their fruits ye shall know them" and it is to Christians we appeal—to ministers of the Gospel, to teachers and parents, that for the sake of righteousness in the earth, they cease preaching and teaching that war and preparation for war are consonant with the Gospel of Christ.

The Christian minister feels that it is a disgrace and a serious obstacle to the advancement of the good cause he has espoused, for any portion of his flock to live at enmity with each other; but when war is declared between nations, the course of their teaching is changed by many. They no longer urge the benign precepts of the Saviour of men as binding, but the laws of men; and for war purposes preach an entirely different code of Christian ethics. From whence do they get their authority for so doing?

Is there anything whatever found in the New Testament or in the heart's cravings for holiness, that revives for war purposes the law of "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth," and yet keeps alive for other times "the law of the Spirit of Life in Christ Jesus which makes free from the law of sin and death?" Oh ye "teachers," ye "leaders of the people," how can ye exalt Christ by such a divided allegiance? Has He not said, "I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me?"

Have you, dear Christian people, ever paused enough in front of the query, "From hence come wars and fightings?" to rightly consider your responsibilities as ambassadors of the Prince of Peace, when fostering the spirit of war in your own hearts, or the hearts of others?

Does not the part you take in the various schemes to keep alive and urge the view that a nation must be ready at all times to strike and to strike back, contradict your prayers and compound the honest seeker after the Truth of God? Do you not thereby retard the advance of the Redeemer's kingdom in the earth, and put to naught the profession made of being Christ's followers?

Men love consistency, and when it is on the side of right may be led thereby to higher planes of thought and life, and they turn instinctively from the leading of men untrue to the principles they profess.

The Christian is presumed to be a co-worker with God in the regeneration of the world. Whoever enlists under his banner may be justly expected to obey his commandments. The exigencies of war render a compliance with the precepts of Christ impossible. Warriors themselves admit this, but contend that war is a necessary evil. Where shall Christians be found in such an emergency? Side by side with God or side by side with men who are violating his commands?

The belief that war is a necessary evil implies a want of faith in the promises and protecting care of the Almighty. The Proverbs of Solomon declare that "whoso putteth his trust in the Lord shall be safe." The truth of this was verified by the experience of William Penn and the early colonists of Pennsylvania.

Are not we too much like the rebellious children of Israel, whom the Prophet Isaiah condemned, because they took counsel, but not of the Lord, and on whom he pronounced a woe because they go "down to Egypt for help, and stay upon horses, and trust in chariots because they are many, and in horsemen because they are very strong; but they look not unto the holy one of Israel, neither seek the Lord?" If we substitute firearms for horses, and vessels of war for chariots, is not this woe in measure applicable to our own beloved country, which is in danger of trusting to such means of defence, instead of seeking the Lord who hath declared, "He that putteth his trust in me shall possess the land?"

These promises belong to nations and communities as much as to individuals, yet there are many professing Christians who admit their force as to their private lives; but in national affairs place their trust in military power. The most effective means of changing such a perverted view, is the infusion of the Spirit of the Gospel into the heart. The Prophet Isaiah, in speaking prophetically of the coming of the kingdom of Christ, says, "They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain, for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea;" and he uses this beautiful comparison, "The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid, and calf and the young lion and the fating together, and a little child shall lead them." And when our Holy Redeemer came on the earth, He pronounced blessings on the meek, the merciful, and the peacemaker—on those qualities which are the most antagonistic to the spirit of war; and the commands He gave to his disciples can in no way be made to harmonize with warlike measures.

These commands are so clear and positive, that no language could be used which would convince one that rejects their authority. We greatly desire that the professing Church of Christ would accept his instructions according to their plain and distinct meaning, instead of exercising their ingenuity in explaining away, and making his words of no effect.

You and we, dear Christian brethren, can scarcely differ in the belief, that our Lord's Sermon on the Mount is designed to hold a very prominent place in his recorded teachings. In this is frequently enforced the view, that whatever might have been allowable under the "old covenant," the animus of that dispensation which Christ had ushered into the world is love to God and love to man in their fullest application. Could the spirit which breathes through that marvellous utterance of Divine wisdom and love but enter into and possess our hearts, there would, we are persuaded, be left no disposition to uphold war with all its horrors; still less the motives and the passions which must prevail in order to make war possible.

The speedy abandonment of this most unchristian method of settling differences between civilized nations rests to day, as we firmly believe, with the professing Christian Church, which has so long given it an implied, and too often, a hearty support. The responsibility for its continuance thus entails a burden, from which she should fervently seek to be delivered. Shall not we, then, who acknowledge ourselves followers of the Lamb of God, be so true to Him, his plain precepts and his example, that the heathen shall no longer be stumbled by the action of so-called Christian nations, nor the sceptic or the scoffer find the ample material which is now afforded for their thrusts and sneers at our holy religion. All who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity will then rejoice in a new and powerful bond of union with one another, which, in the present weak and inconsistent attitude of the Church regarding war, is not possible. With a clear, fresh message of "peace on earth and good will toward men," thrilling the breasts of Christian believers everywhere, the work of the world's conversion would go more rapidly forward, and that happy day, foretold by the prophet Isaiah, be hastened, when "nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."

#### BOYS' BRIGADES.

In all brotherly freedom, we would call your very serious attention to the organizations known as "Boys' Brigades," which have been recently introduced in many congregations, and have met with a dangerous popularity. Let us consider whether there are not tendencies and consequences inseparable from them which are inimical to the highest interests of our youth, and the true work of the Church.

With the inculcation of prompt obedience to superiors, is there not fostered a love of arbitrary power in the boys who command? Is not an admiration for martial display begotten by the parade and the trappings which are part of the outfit of the Brigade? Do these not minister to the pride and vanity of human nature, which so early assert themselves, and, viewed from the Christian standpoint, need no stimulus? Will not the precision and efficiency with which large numbers move under the control of one or more leading minds, give an undue estimate as to the value or necessity for military service in the administration of civil government? And is not the general tendency of such training as is de-

rived through the Boys' Brigade, to lead away from the Gospel view of the Church, its rightful service, the nature of that conflict with sin and error to which it is indeed called, and the method by which it is to be carried on, whered the Apostle Paul declares, "The weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds, casting down imaginations and every high thing that exalteth itself against the knowledge of God, and bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ."

If the system has these tendencies, unfavorable to moral and religious welfare, of how little comparative value are the discipline and physical advantages claimed for it! and how directly does it conflict with the principle involved in the command of our Saviour, "Seek first the kingdom of God and the righteousness thereof."

## THE FRIEND.

EIGHTH MONTH 15, 1896.

The attention of our readers is called to the "Appeal" in regard to war, recently addressed by our Meeting for Sufferings to professing Christians. It was the outcome of a concern over the large amount of a military spirit which exists among our fellow citizens. In the language of a judicious Friend in England, "It is a brotherly and respectful persuasion on behalf of the Christian principles concerned." Although the class especially addressed, are rather impervious to such appeals, yet we must hope that some good will be effected; and we would encourage our readers to procure copies (which may be had gratuitously at our book store, 304 Arch Street, Phila.,) and hand them to such persons as they may hope will be benefited thereby.

We have received a communication on the subject of Life Insurance, which refers to a former article on this subject published in THE FRIEND of Sixth Month 27th. Several Friends have expressed to the Editor their uneasiness with the article alluded to, because they believed it showed a want of acquaintance with the principles on which Life Insurance is now conducted. The communication published in the present number of THE FRIEND seems to us a clear and dispassionate review of the subject, not calculated to give offence even to those who dissent from its conclusions. It would be a relief to the Editor if his readers should feel easy to let this subject rest for the present.

In No. 51 of the volume of THE FRIEND recently completed was published an article taken from the *Sunday School Times* entitled "God's Adoption," designed to show that the Almighty at times overrules for good the plans and acts of evil men, so as to make them conducive to his own gracious purposes; and that it is a legitimate source of comfort to those who mourn over the wickedness that exists to indulge the hope that He will make the wrath of man to praise Him, and thus to "educate good out of evil."

We have received a letter which shows that some of our readers have been uneasy with some of the expressions in this article, believing that they are not sufficiently guarded, and that they might be understood as censuring the mourning and lamentation which the prophet Jeremiah felt over the sins and judgments of

the people of Israel. Reference is also made to our Saviour, who was said to be "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief."

We have no doubt that it is a good thing to have such a faith in the goodness and omnipotence of our Creator as may preserve us from being too greatly moved in evil times; yet we believe also that a feeling of mourning and exercise on account of that which is wrong, is a part of the discipline which the righteous are often called upon to bear, and that in it they are approved of by their Father in Heaven.

SUMMARY OF EVENTS.

UNITED STATES.—About three hundred women and girls employed as finishers at Hirsch & Brothers' umbrella manufactory, Philada., are on strike in consequence of a reduction in wages.

Three men were buried by the cave-in of a sewer at Newark, N. J., on the fifth inst., and one of them—John Conway—was killed.

A heavy wind-storm struck Milwaukee, Wisconsin, last Friday night, doing considerable damage.

Prairie fires are raging in the Couteauche Indian country, southwest of Perry, Oklahoma.

A formal call for a Convention to nominate Democratic candidates for President and Vice-President of the United States, was issued on the seventh inst., by the Provisional National Committee of Honest Women Democrats, which met in Indianapolis. Thirty-three States were represented at the Conference.

Fusion with the Prohibitionists prevailed in the Populist State Convention in Georgia last week. Prohibition was made the leading plank of the platform, and a Prohibitionist, S. A. Wright, was nominated for Governor.

The Coroner's jury investigating the railroad disaster at Atlantic City, N. J., in which forty-four persons lost their lives, returned three verdicts. The jury found Farr, the dead engineer, blameable for the accident; that the leading plank of the platform, signals and not having his train under proper control when approaching the crossing. Townsman Hanser was also censured for giving the excursion train the right of way over a fast express.

The Greenbackers in the Republican party of Philadelphia, N. J., held, and held a meeting in Pottsville on Saturday the 1st inst. Wm. Wilhelm, of Pottsville, and other former prominent Republican speakers discussed the hinfelistic side of the money question at considerable length. Several prominent political leaders of the county pledged themselves to stand by silver.

The American Line-steamer *S. Louis*, at New York, on the seventh inst. from Southampton, reduced the time between the two ports three hours. She sailed on Seventh-day by the 1st, at 12.20 P. M., and was at her dock on the seventh at 1.40 P. M.

Thirty-three deaths were reported in Philadelphia as a result of the excessive heat on Sixth and Seventh-days of the month. The maximum temperature was 96.2 degrees, the highest for the year, was recorded at 4.30 o'clock, First-day afternoon. There were many prostrations, some probably fatal.

The heat caused the death of six persons in Chicago on Seventh-day the eighth inst. in St. Louis there were fifteen deaths.

The American National Bank, of New Orleans, closed its doors on the sixth inst., having been unable on the previous night to meet its engagements with the Clearing House. It had a capital of \$164,000, and, according to the last reports to the Comptroller of the Currency, owned depositors \$350,000, and had borrowed \$100,000.

A child man, who wears a high hat trimmed with feathers is roaming the woods near Hammon, N. J., to the terror of the inhabitants.

The wheat and oat crops in West Virginia are reported to have been "almost wholly destroyed by the incessant rains."

Nicholson, in Dover, Delaware, on the tenth inst., decided adversely to the defendants in the habeas corpus proceedings in behalf of the "Single Taxers" in jail there. One of the prisoners only was released on a technicality.

It is estimated that 1,000,000 barrels have already been manufactured in this year.

Seventeen deaths, and forty-six persons taken from the heat were reported in Philadelphia on the tenth inst. The maximum temperature for the day was 92.0 degrees.

At Bridgeton, Philadelphia, three young women and two young men were drowned under the Pennsylvania bridge over the Delaware river during the violent wind storm that swept the city on First-day night.

Fifty thousand men and women crowded the streets to welcome William J. Bryan Democratic Candidate for President, on his arrival in Chicago on Seventh-day.

Deaths in this city last week numbered 490, which is 43 less than the previous week, and 13 more than the corresponding week of last year. Of the foregoing, 104 were under one year of age; 253 were males and 237 females: 80 died of cholera infantum; 11 of consumption; 30 of marasmus; 25 of inflammation of the stomach and bowels; 18 of inflammation of inflammation of the brain; 17 of inflammation of the lungs; 14 of heart disease; 14 of apoplexy; 13 of old age; 12 of convulsions; 11 of diptheria; 11 of typhoid fever; 11 from casualties, and 9 of inflammation of the kidneys.

Markets, etc.—U. S. 2 1/2, 92 1/2 94; 4's, reg, 102 1/2; coupon, 106; 107 1/2; new 4's, reg, 111 1/2; 102 1/2; coupon, 111 1/2; currency 5's, reg, 109 1/2; coupon, 109 1/2; 110 1/2; 112 1/2, 100 1/2.

COTTON.—Middling uplands officially quoted at 8 1/2c.

Wool.—Spot brand, \$10.00 a \$11.50 for winter in bulk, and \$10.00 a \$10.50 per ton for spring in sacks.

FLOUR.—Winter super, \$1.90 a \$2.15; do, extras, \$2.15 a \$2.30; Pennsylvania roller, clear, \$2.75 a \$3.00; do, do, straight, \$3.00 a \$3.25; Western winter, clear, \$2.75 a \$3.00; do, do, straight, \$3.00 a \$3.25; do, do, patent, \$3.50 a \$2.75; do, straight, \$3.15 a \$3.30; do, patent, \$3.35 a \$3.05; do, favorite brands, higher. City mills, extra, \$2.00 a \$2.25; do, clear, \$2.85 a \$3.10; do, straight, \$3.20 a \$3.40; do, patent, \$3.50 a \$3.80. RYE FLOUR was in limited request, but steady, at \$2.40 per barrel for choice Pen-a.

GRAIN.—No. 2 red wheat, 60 1/2 a 61c.

Do, 2 1/2 red, 59 1/2 a 60c.

No. 2 white oats, 45 a 45c.

BEEF CATTLE.—Extra, 4 1/2 a 5c; good, 4 1/4 a 4 1/2c; medium, 4 1/4 a 4c; common, 3 1/4 a 4c; fat cows, 2 1/2 a 3c; thin cows, \$8 a \$18; veal calves, 3 1/2 a 5c; milk cows, \$20 a \$45; dressed hedges, 5 a 7 1/2c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS.—Extra, 3 1/2 a 4c; good, 3 1/4 a 3c; medium, 3 1/4 a 3c; common, 2 1/2 a 2c; culs, 1 a 2c; lambs, 3 a 6c.

HOGS.—\$1 a 5 1/2c for Western, and 4 1/2 a 5c for State.

FOREIGN.—"England," writes the London correspondent of the New York Tribune, "has declined with dignity to do police duty for the Sultan in Crete. The proposal for international action there, like the proposal for a conference of the powers on the Armenian question, came from Vienna, but the proud nation which was duped then is now on the alert. Lord Salisbury, in refusing to commit England to the senseless and immoral policy of taking part in a blockade of Crete, has the moral sense of the nation behind him.

The German Press, especially the Bismarckian and Conservative organs, are particularly sore over what was practically the refusal of Lord Salisbury the British Prime Minister, to join in a blockade of Crete and his alleged championing of Greece and the Cretans. These papers have been at a loss to find epithets strong enough to denounce Great Britain for her refusal to join in a joint blockade of Crete to prevent the insurgents from obtaining arms ammunition and supplies.

Despatches from Yokohama and Tokio, Japan, say that the observations of the eclipse of the sun were very successful.

It is said that in the great battle fought near Bayamo Cuba, Colonel Securo's Spanish column was completely routed by the Rebels (Cuba Rebels). The Government loss in killed, wounded, and captured, was more than two hundred men. In a machete charge Major's Cuban cavalry captured a mounted howitzer and a small Gatling gun. The Spanish authorities are endeavoring to suppress details of the disaster.

The leading medical societies of Paris and Germany have published a protest against the evil of excessive coffee-drinking. These evils, they declare, are almost as serious as those of alcoholism, and the victim of excessive coffee-drinking finds the habit as hard to overcome as does the victim of alcohol. The circular protests against the use of coffee by growing children, Dr. W. M. Moore, and for every other form of excessive coffee-drinking. These evils, they declare, are almost as serious as those of alcoholism, and the victim of excessive coffee-drinking finds the habit as hard to overcome as does the victim of alcohol. The circular protests against the use of coffee by growing children, Dr. W. M. Moore, and for every other form of excessive coffee-drinking. These evils, they declare, are almost as serious as those of alcoholism, and the victim of excessive coffee-drinking finds the habit as hard to overcome as does the victim of alcohol. The circular protests against the use of coffee by growing children, Dr. W. M. Moore, and for every other form of excessive coffee-drinking.

It is said that vast gold fields have been discovered in the Orange Free State on the banks of the Vaal river.

The number of women students at the Berlin Uni-

versity has decreased during the last half year from six to thirty-five, the reason given being the difficulty of admission and the necessity of renewal every half year.

RECEIPTS.

Unless otherwise specified, two dollars has been received from each person paying for vol. 70.

William H. Gibbons, Pa.; Henry B. Leeds, Agent, N. J., \$14 for Samuel L. Allen, John M. Roberts, Ebenezer Roberts, Anne W. Leeds, Benjamin M. Haines, and John W. Buzby, N. J., and Giles Satterthwaite, Pa.; Charles Jones, Gtn.; Sarah Hewitt, Agent, G., \$20 for Elizabeth Bowman, Lydia J. Byrd, Mary L. Crew, Edna P. Dean, Jason Fawcett, Ann John, Eliza Smith, Hannah B. Smith, David Smith and Richard Edgerton; Rebecca P. Brooks, Phila.; Samuel S. Cowgill, Cal.; Benj. H. Lightfoot, Pa.; Wm. W. Hazard, Agent, N. Y., \$12 for himself, T. P. Hazard, Hazard Library, Mrs. E. H. Hallock, Eliza Ann Cook and Charles O'Leary, Sarah E. Haines and Susan L. Haines, Pa.; Elmira S. Deats, N. J.; Thomas S. Downing, Pa.; Deborah Baldwin, Pa.; John G. Hoyle, Kans.; Thomas E. Smith, Agent, Ia., for Emily Hoyle, Joshua P. Smith, David Sears and K. Anna Painter; Joseph W. Lippincott, Phila., and for Richard H. Reese, N. Y.; Edward Leeds, Phila.; Edna J. Barton, Phila.; Jos. N. Truman, Jr., \$45.00 for extra papers, The George School and Library Ass'n of Friends, Phila.; Anna V. Edge, Pa., \$6 for herself, Abram S. Ashbridge and Joseph Harrison; Anna Panceo, Pa.; Thomas D. Hoops, Pa.; Geo. Russell, N. J.; Mary E. Branson, Phila., per Dr. Wm. C. Stokes; Marthin D. Allen, Hazard, Hazard Library, Mrs. E. H. Hallock, Benj. E. Lewis, Lewis H. Walter and Marshall J. Walter, S. C. Larkin, Pa.; Charles Darnell, N. J.; Jonathan E. Rhoads and for George A. Rhoads, Del.; Ellis Smedley, Pa., and for Mary S. Ward; George Blackburn, Agent, O., \$34 for himself, Anne C. Blackburn, Sarah J. Bonsall, Edward B. Bonsall, Annie C. Bonsall, Jonathan Briggs, Edward Leeds, Phila.; Edna J. Barton, Thomas F. Fawcett, Catharine Fawcett, Joseph Fawcett, Bazillia French, Martha H. French, Charles Gamble, C. I. Hayes, Albert Hayes, Finley Hutton, Stephen Hodgins, Amy J. Morian, Edward Stratton, John M. Stratton, Catharine M. Thomas and Sarah T. Williams; Jesse Dewees, Agent, O., \$13 for Patrick T. Steer, David Masters, Elizabeth Milhouse, Benj. E. Harner, Jason Penrose, Thomas Llewellyn, and \$1 for Thomas Dewees, Kans.; Elizabeth D. Meredith, Pa.; Martha T. Cox, Phila.; D. E. Maris, Del.; J. E. Mason, Gtn., and for Jonas Edge, Kans.; Thomas W. Newby, Ind., and for Josiah Walthall, Ind.; B. F. Starbuck, Agent, O., \$34 for himself, John Starbuck, Israel Steer, Samuel Steer, Eliza B. Steer, Lindley B. Steer, Wilson J. Steer, Israel Sidwell, Lindley M. Brackin, Edmund Bond, Asenath Bond, Martha Binn, Joseph P. Lupton, Jacob Maule, Oliver S. Negus, Lindley Hall and Elizabeth Raley; J. B. Jones, Gtn.; Rufus Churchill, Nova Scotia; Sidney Garrigue, Pa.; Peter Thomson, Gtn.; James H. Moore, Pa., and for Everett Moore, Moore, and Dr. W. W. Moyn, N. Y.; Richard S. Griffith, Phila.; Martha R. Newkirk, Phila.; William B. Moore, Pa., \$5 for himself, Mary V. Evenson, and \$1 for A. W. Moore, to No. 27, vol. 70.

25<sup>th</sup> Remittances received after Third-day evening will not appear in the Receipts until the following week.

NOTICES.

WEST-TOWN BOARDING-SCHOOL.—The next term will commence on Third-day, Ninth Month Ist. Applications for the admission of pupils should be made to WILLIAM F. WICKESHAM, Principal, Westtown, Chester Co., Pa.

FRIENDS' SELECT SCHOOL will be open Ninth Month 21st, 1896. Catalogues will be sent, or other information will be furnished, upon application to J. HENRY BARTETT, Sup't., 140 North Sixteenth Street, Philadelphia.

WESTERN QUARTERLY MEETING OF FRIENDS.—The train leaving Broad Street, Philadelphia, on Monday, 7.17 A. M. on the Twenty-first inst. will be met at West Grove to convey (free of charge) those desiring to attend the Western Quarterly Meeting of Friends to be held at London Grove, Pa.

THEO. M. C. MOORE, } Committee.  
FRANK M. CHAMBERS, }

WILLIAM H. PILE'S SONS, PRINTERS,  
No. 412 Walnut Street.



# THE FRIEND.

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ary and Letters of Deborah Brooks Webb.

(Continued from page 26.)

1852.—Ninth Month 5th.—At Parkersville. Silent Meeting. Saw dear teacher Elizabeth (Walter). She is to be married now in the course of a few weeks. May she enjoy the blessing of heaven upon her. Dear Minerva (Webb), no family were so kind to me, coming over or me and then taking me back, also taking me about while there. I do hope the teacher will succeed in that school to satisfaction.

12th.—Silent meeting. I resolve and re-resolve, but never obey. Much company here. Abram Gibbons here to tea. He reminds me so much of dear father. I mean to try to be obedient. My heart is so wicked; none but God an help me, and my Saviour; cast me not off, beseech of thee.

19th.—I do almost despair of ever giving up any all to Him that calls. I read that they "which resist shall receive to themselves damnation." I am like the Jews of old, "stiff-necked and uncircumcised in heart and ears; ye do always resist the Holy Ghost." I am like Simon of old, in the "gall of bitterness and in the bond of iniquity." Oh, I would, Holy Father, that thou shouldst change me. Thou art all-powerful; why need I be thus so long. Though thy mercy must be nearly wearied out, oh, continue it yet longer, and save me. I can't do it.

Dear Hannah Gibbons spoke in meeting. I feel that the most of the encouragement belongs to another dear Friend, but as I was not recovered, it may be that I can take a little of the encouragement. She commenced with, "Our Saviour, when upon earth, commanded the multitude to sit on the ground to be fed," desiring that we might be willing to be lowly, also reminding us that the hungering state was blessed, quoting the passage, "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled." In the latter part addressed a tried mind, "Behold the Lord's hand is not shortened, that it cannot save, neither has his ear grown heavy, that it cannot hear." "Why sayest thou, oh Jacob, and speakest, O, Israel. My way is hid from the Lord, and my judgment is past over from my God." "He giveth power to the faint, and to them that have no might He increaseth strength." She thought some were ready to say, "My leanness, oh, my leanness." — seems to have

a feeling of duty to take charge of the Indian farm at Tunesassa. I hope he may be blessed. 26th.—Dear little Francis Wood deceased last evening about, or a little after nine o'clock, of congestion of the lungs. It must be a great bereavement to his parents. He was a very bright and active child. Poor J. and Susan deserve the sympathy of their friends, amidst all their complicated trials.

Silent meeting, but it felt good to me, the latter part of it, though I was so unworthy, so wicked when I went, the latter part of the meeting I thought of a dream, which I had on Sixth-day morning. I had often had dreams that showed me the danger I was in, and on going to bed that night under some anxious thoughts, I wished that I could be favored with a comforting dream, but I concluded I was too wicked to be comforted. In the morning, when I woke, I had dreamed I had three little birds on my hand trying to get free. I had caught them in a house while trying to get out of a closed window. They nearly escaped many times from me. It was my intention to let them go, when I got to the door. On awaking, I could not make out whether it meant comfort or warning. In meeting it came into my mind that these little birds were three of us young people in this meeting, that the Saviour had laid his hand upon, to rescue us from death; that it was his intention to set us at liberty (the true liberty), when He had brought us to the right state. It is such a comfort to think that He will keep us in his hand till He gets us to the right place to liberate; that it is his intention to keep us. Oh! Holy Father, make me truly thine. John P. Balderson is attending having an appointed meeting here this afternoon. I am so glad. He has been here, and some young friends, and it seems to me it is stubborn self was too kindly dealt with. Dear William Kite came nearest the point. I know, sad indeed is my state. I wish that I need not trouble my friends any more.

29th.—One month ago dear Phebe W. Roberts was at our meeting. "Tell me, oh, thou whom my soul loveth, where thou feedest, where thou maketh thy flock to rest at noon, for why should I be as one that turneth aside, by the flocks of thy companions."

This morning — opened a concern to go to the Indian settlement at Tunesassa, and he and his wife were liberated.

Dear Mary Kite opened a concern, which had for some time rested with her to visit the families of West Chester Preparative Meeting. How many favors!

Tenth Month 3rd.—Surely the Lord is merciful in dealing with me, a poor sinner and rebellious. Our dear friend Margaret Morton deceased on Fourth-day night. She was so gentle always. I think I never saw her tempered by angry passions in the least. Her words so gentle, her spirit so lamb-like, through all her sufferings. May her example be long remembered by me. — spoke, quoting the parable of the two sons sent to work in the

vineyard. One said, "I go, but went not." This is poor me. I say by my dress "I go," but go not in heart. I do feel more of a willingness. Am I not willing?

10th.— spoke. My mind was occupied too much with outward things, not enough on God. May I strive to come before God, and earnestly crave power to resist Satan, the cruel enemy, when he comes with the sons of God as in Job's days, and may I strive to say like little Samuel of old, "speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth."

"Lift up your heads, oh ye gates, and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of Glory shall come in. Who is this King of Glory? The Lord, strong and mighty; the Lord, mighty in battle." I will try to seek to Him to strive against the cruel enemy for me.

Fifth-day.—I had thought the meeting would have closed in silence, when — appeared in a most solemn supplication, giving thanks for sending faithful laborers amongst us, also desiring that all might bow before the Most High. I hope I may try more and more to bow my neck wholly to the yoke, and not to be so stiff-necked. I know I have tried more since.

16th.—A sweet prayer from dear H. Gibbons for the aged, the middle aged and the young. Oh, may my eyes be more and more anointed with eye salve to see the beauty of holiness, and may I be more and more willing to give up my will and walk lowly and hold out patiently and in faith to the end.

— also spoke from the request of Caleb's daughter, "Thou hast given me a south land; give me also springs of water. Oh, that I who am here, blessed with a comfortable and favored situation, highly favored, may I desire more earnestly for springs of water, springs of living water to nourish my soul.

Dear Mary Kite has been with us the last week visiting families. It has been my privilege to wait upon her some, and to sleep with her. I wish I could be as good as dear Hannah Gibbons. She had a sitting in our family on Fifth-day afternoon. My I be faithful to deny self and take up the cross. I had desired to have my mind delivered from a care or desire of going to Westtown (as a teacher), during the time this dear friend was with us, and that passage spoken helps me much. "The lot is cast into the lap, but the whole disposing thereof is of the Lord."

Under this date, the following beautiful lines are found in her diary.

LOVE OF JESUS!

As when a child secure from harms  
Hangs at the mother's breast;  
Safe folded in her anxious arms,  
Receiving food and rest.

And while, thro' many a painful path,  
The travelling parent speeds,  
The fearless babe with passive faith  
Lies still, and yet proceeds.

Should some short start give his quiet break,  
He fondly strives to cling  
His little arms about her neck,  
And closer seems to cling!

## German Correspondence.

A passage from a letter written by our lively correspondent, E. S. Kite, throws some light on the sleeping habits of the Germans. She was boarding at a country house, on the mountain-side, near St. Andrewsberg. She says:

When we came up yesterday, we found everything ready for us, and I wish thee could have seen the beds, they were so high! I investigated, and found they expected us to sleep between two feather beds, both immense! I explained my being used to the mattress, and preferred a thinner cover. The woman was amazed; but said, of course, if I wished; so they were changed. This morning she met us with an anxious inquiry, if we really were warm enough, and said her husband could not believe it possible, but was sure we must "tot geforen," which means literally frozen to death.

St. Andrewsberg is a charming, quaint little town, with winding, crooked streets that wander up and down the steep mountain sides, so that through many I am sure no wagon would dare venture, even if they were wide enough. The roofs are all red, and to-day I learned that the upper stories of them all were barns. It is hazy time, and the mountain sides are alive with people, mostly women and girls, and the loads they carry seem incredible—really one only sees the feet, so that they look like walking hay-stacks.

At Nordhausen I took a cup of coffee at the station, and ate my breakfast in peace, then started to explore. Nothing suits me better than to be alone with my Baedecker (guide book), and to find my way about in such an old town. Were a German along I should not get to see so much, because they would not talk so to the common people as I can do, being a stranger. Nordhausen is very, very old. I wandered along the streets from one to another, and whenever I saw one that was narrower and more winding I turned into it. Every little while there would be a passage between the houses, simply a flight of winding stone steps, up which I would venture and after turning more corners, going along passages, and climbing more steps, I would come out on the street above. As I wandered along in this way, I came to a great thick wall, with a high tower, and about the sides were Hebrew inscriptions in stone. Of course I was curious, and ran up a flight of steps at the side, and there round a corner I saw two women washing. I questioned them, and they very willingly told me that the old tower and wall was not a part of the town wall, but a Jewish enclosure, and the tower was used for a temple. This was probably in the days when the Jews were so persecuted. As I showed much interest, they offered to show me the interior, and I gladly accepted. There were two families living in the tower, one above and the other below. The walls were at least from four to five feet thick, and the little windows let only a dim light into the rooms. I gave the woman twenty phennigs for the children, which seemed to please her, and she sent her little boy with me to another tower, from which I had a splendid view of the town.

But the most interesting thing in Nordhausen is the old cathedral, built in 936, or at least begun then by the widow of Heinrich I., Kaiser of Germany. He followed with one exception the descendants of Charlemagne. My Baedecker speaks of its objects of interest, so naturally that was one of my first objective points. I came to the wall surrounding the cathedral,

entreating them to bow low before God, speaking of the time when the trumpets were sounded around the walls of the ancient cities and that every man's prayer was unto his God.

Then William Kite spoke, also warning the young, entreating us not to harden our hearts. Dear Mary Kite also supplicated for us all. Oh, that I may be favored to bow low and be nothing. I am determined to. Then dear Phebe felt constrained to speak again, and some Friend was encouraged to follow the leadings of the Lord, "Put on strength in the name of the Lord and journey forward, thou hast encompassed this mountain long enough. How instructive, how confirming. — was favored to make me feel more deeply than before. Oh, that I may bow low and be willing to be nothing. Thou only, Oh, Holy Father, can do it; be merciful unto me, and cleanse me and purify me. When I am tempted to throw aside the cross in company, may I be reminded of this passage, "It is the Lord; let him do what seemeth Him good." How encouraging it is to me, what a comfort that thy Saviour is still merciful to me. "A bruised reed will He not break and smoking flax will He not quench till He bring forth judgment unto victory." Oh, that He would enable me to be victorious over my many and grievous sins. Oh, bow me lowly down and enable me to obey, so that I can in truth seek to thee, to show me my sins and enable me to use the language, "Search me and know my thoughts; search me, and see if there be any wicked way in me." Refine me, in thy furnace, in thy seventh furnace.

In the last meeting dear H. G., again encouraged the young Friends to bow low. If some little portion of all this good should only be for me, poor, unworthy me. On Sixth-day afternoon the committee met, and I believe they were satisfied. I am thankful. How willing, though wicked I am to feel set up with it. How willing to receive honors from men, whether it has been given me or not. A verse in the Bible has in some measure brought me a little more lowly. "How can ye believe, which receive honor from men, and seek not the honor which cometh from God only." Save me yet, oh, Holy Father, though so prone to sin.

(To be continued.)

It seems almost incredible that a family of plants such as the Leguminosae, which includes peas, beans, vetches and so many wholesome things, should also harbor plants eminently injurious to animal life. It was on this account that doubts were for years freely expressed as to the accuracy of the observations of Western cattlemen, that plants of the genus *Astragalus*, and its relatives, were the cause of the craziness and death of animals which fed on them. The observations were at length so conclusive, that one especially, *Astragalus mollissimus*, is generally regarded as a very great enemy to cattle raisers, and to the raiser of horses especially. It now appears that plants of the same natural order have in Australia the same virulence. A very beautiful shrubby legume, called *Templetonia*, not far removed from our *Crotalaria*, and the *Lupines*, has been found very deadly. An English woman took it for a relative of the English broom, and made an infusion for troubles the broom is supposed to help—jaundice being one of them. One cupful of the infusion produced death within an hour. It has been said that our *Lupine* is not wholly a safe plant, and this behavior of its relative does not help its reputation.—*The Independent*.

Poor child! maternal love alone  
Preserves the first and best;  
Thy parent's arms, and not thy own,  
Are those that hold thee fast.

So souls that would to Jesus cleave,  
And hear his secret call,  
Must every fair pretension leave,  
And let the Lord be all;

Keep close to me, thou helpless sheep,  
The Shepherd softly cries;  
Lord! tell me "what is close to keep,"  
The listening sheep replies.

Thy whole dependence on me fix,  
Nor entertain a thought,  
Thy worthless schemes with mine to mix,  
But venture to be naught!

Fond self-direction is a reef—  
Thy strength, thy wisdom flee,  
When thou art nothing in thyself,  
Thou then, art close to me.

18th.—One year ago my dear father deceased. Many were my cries at that time and many my desires to be made better. I felt that I was not ready to die, am I any better now? I think I have lately, through condescending mercy, been more willing to take up the cross to be anything or nothing.

24th.— spoke from the text, where some of the newly convinced, when queried with whether they had received the Holy Ghost, answered, "We have not so much as heard, whether there be any Holy Ghost." It is that holy indwelling principle given to every man, that teaches when to hate sin and makes them desire to be pure; it leads them to God, to look at the Saviour whom they have praised, and seeking Him to have their sins washed away. They must feel for it every day, and it will lead them into the path that the vulture's eye hath not seen, into that path of humility and nobleness in the world's estimation, which the worldly wise hath not seen nor can see; it is that which can discern our thoughts and the intents of our hearts, and show us our sins.

Oh! may I wait upon it more earnestly every day, and depend more upon it to teach me. Oh, that I might be worthy to have the Holy Ghost poured out on me, as it was on some formerly, not to make me great, but to wrap me up in a pure love to God, and make me hate all sin. Keep me, oh! Holy Father, and save me for thy mercy's sake.

Elizabeth Hayes has deceased. She seemed to be in the bloom of health. Dear Morris Cope spoke at the ground, reminding us of the way in which we might have our peace "flow as a river," saying it was through disobedience to the still, small voice that we were prevented from having it so to flow. Dear Phebe W. Roberts spoke nearly to the same effect, also mentioning that this dear young Friend had passed through much suffering of body, but that she said her mental suffering was much more than her bodily. Some Friends told me that the shroud was bound round with white silk an inch or more wide, they (and I could feel with them), were very sorry that "Friends" had so got into the customs of the world and were giving up the cross. I felt sorry to hear that the whole of the body was exposed to view. I hope if it should please my Heavenly Father to take me soon from this world, that my friends would put the worthless remains in a plain coffin, shrouded in a muslin garment plainly gathered round the neck.

27th.—Monthly Meeting. It was such a good one. Dear Phebe W. Roberts here, and spoke first, warning the young, saying that the trumpet seemed to sound louder and louder,

FROM "THE INDEPENDENT."

## Flowers in Greenland.

BY WM. F. MEDHAN, MEMBER OF THE PEABY RELIEF EXPEDITION.

The finding of wild flowers blossoming on the table-lands of Greenland and in recently hard spots in the *nevee* of the inland ice is one of the greatest wonders of the arctic regions, and more than anything else forcibly illustrates the persistency with which plants will grow and flourish in spite of what seems unfavorable environment. One of the richest spots in this particular, which came under the writer's notice, was that portion of Prudhoe Land, which lies on the summit of Greenland to the west of McOrmeik Bay. The spot was reached, after infinite toil, on the twenty-fifth day of July, 1892. After clambering the steep cliffs for two or more hours, the table-land was reached. The ground was soft and wet, and the feet sank ankle deep in pebbly mud. Through it in all directions ran streams and rills of the sweetest water.

At first the eye took in nothing but a seemingly utterly barren region, extending some two miles inland, and terminated in the background by the great ice-cap, shining with a hideous white glare, and which seemed to roll away endlessly to the horizon. But soon, as the eyes became accustomed to the scene, yellow spots began to appear on the apparently barren and muddy plain, until the whole surface fairly glowed with golden poppies, pleasantly contrasted by white flowers of the same species and by the more modest whitlow grass. One could scarcely walk without stepping on them, and they grew clear to the edge of the forbidding ice-cap. But a more wonderful spectacle was to follow. Leaving the table-land, the writer, with a friend and a South Greenland Eskimo interpreter, began a tramp through the *nevee*, or granular ice, toward the main body of the vast frozen sea. A quarter of a mile from the shore a spot was come upon, perhaps three or four hundred yards in extent, from which the granular ice was all melted. Thickly dotted over this oasis in the frozen wilderness were poppies and whitlow grass, potentillas and two or three other familiar plants, all blooming as gayly as though no ice was near. Clumps of grass, also, attempted to brighten the scene; but these seemed not to enjoy the situation, for, for the most part they were sickly and pale in color.

While grass is common throughout the whole extent of the west shore of Greenland, it is not often found far above the arctic circle covering the ground as it does in the United States. It exists generally in small patches only, and where it is seen in bright green plots of more than usual size, it almost invariably indicates the site of an existing or once existing Eskimo settlement, and far to the north of the favorite rendezvous of the musk ox. The unusual luxuriance of the grass about the Eskimos settlements is due to the careless and filthy habits of these strange people. The fire or six small stone tubs which generally constitute a settlement are rarely more than a few yards apart, and each has beside it a smaller structure for dogs. As the nature of the soil in Greenland precludes the raising of vegetables, the exclusive food of the natives is, therefore, animal; and the families, as they pick the bones of a seal or other least reasonably clean, throw them, together with such offal as cannot be eaten, in a heap outside their respective huts, where they putrefy. The settlements are invariably on sloping ground, and the water, running down toward the sea,

and after some search found a gate that was locked, and entered into the graveyard which surrounds the building. Once more it was to me as though I had been dropped down to the middle of the fifth century. I scarcely aired tread on the stones, for fear the noise might awaken some mysterious shade—the cathedral itself looked so old—the massive towers and the arches of the cloisters, then the doors were covered with iron bands crossing in all directions to keep them together. As I wandered about in front of the cloister, a little edd appeared from a window up above, and a child's voice asked if I wished to go over the building. I answered in the affirmative, and was told to enter by a certain door, and there would find her grandfather. I followed her direction, and on opening the massive door, came into the great building. The first impression was of barrenness—the cold white walls, the stone floors, with recumbent figures arched therein, worn almost smooth by the feet of the multitude in all the years; then the grotesque carvings in stone of knights and bishops, who had so sought to perpetuate their fame. I soon saw a bent old man, with a few remaining white hairs, tottering towards me. I soon learned that he was quite deaf, and my voice raised the echoes in the quaint old building as I spoke with him; his kindly face and manner won my heart at the first instant, and we became very good friends before we parted. I explained that I was deeply interested in everything old, was charmed with Nordhausen, and wanted to see everything that he could show me. He then asked me to look about while he went for the keys. Of course there were pictures and altars all about, of whose respective values he informed me. The one word that was always on his tongue was the "heilige Matilda" (Saint M), it was she who built the cathedral, and she who had founded its greatness—and the old man grew quite eloquent as he told of her former splendor. "Ach! Fraulein," he said "es ist alles so anders jetzt" (It is so different now). The choir was decorated by very interesting old carvings in wood, and on one side of the high altar was a wood carving of the "heilige Matilda," bearing a model of her beloved cathedral, and on the other the "heilige Helena," the mother of Constantine (I did not tell him my own opinion in regard to her sanctity, bearing a cross. My old guide told me that it was she who had found the holy cross. Down below in the crypt it was so dark that we had to have a candle. The choir is directly above, and the floor is supported by massive, low columns. In the crypt is buried an old knight who was assassinated while hearing the mass before the altar there. As we came up into the warm sunshine, I felt glad. The weight of all the centuries seemed to press upon one there in the gloom. He showed me the gorgeous costumes of the priests—gold and silver brocade velvets, and the heaviest fabrics wrought with gold. Before I went he gave me his blessing and hoped I would come safely home to my friends. He told me that he was so lonely. "Ach Fraulein," he said "ich bin so einsam jetzt," then he explained that his old wife and only son had lately died. She was too old to work, except do a little knitting, but when he went home, she was there, and now there were only the grandchildren, and he was so lonely. And then he wanted to know my family history, and if my parents lived, and where I came from, all of which I told him. I would have staid longer, but I had to hurry back to the

station to meet I—, and on the way I found more quaint streets and narrow passages, and came by the old Rathhouse, with a hideous red and yellow "Rowland" column and a beautiful Luther fountain. From Nordhausen it was a short way by train to Kelnra, there we took a carriage, and a two hours' ride brought us up to the famous ruin, and the new monument to Kaiser Wilhelm on the top of the highest of the Kyffhauser range. There were three men in the same conveyance with us, and dozens of other carriages and carts, for this is now one of the most visited places in the country. The Kyffhauser range is an isolated spur belonging to the Thuringer forest rather, than the Harz, and rising about a thousand feet from the plains, densely wooded, and several of the heights crowned by beautiful ruins. But the most interesting of all is the one on which this colossal monument is being erected. You know the legend, no doubt. The Emperor Frederick, called Barbarossa from his red beard, went on a crusade to the Holy Land, and never returned, and the people unwilling to believe that so beloved a ruler could die in so good a cause, explained his not returning by saying that he had taken refuge in the bowels of this mountain, where he was held in a magic sleep, from which he would awaken and come forth when Germany should once more be a glorious united nation. This, in those old days, was a common supposition among the people, not only in relation to Barbarossa, but to others who had unaccountably disappeared. In the wild Norse mythology, the great one-eyed Wodan, when pursued and overcome by the powers of darkness, took refuge in the mountains where he slept his long winter sleep until ready to burst forth with renewed strength, and drive the darkness from the earth, and so when by the introduction of Christianity the people were forced to look up to another deity, they could not conceive of the fact that those they had worshipped so long did not exist—they were all transferred from Heaven, to dwell forever in the bosom of the mountains.

The old saying of Barbarossa was so popular and firmly fixed in the hearts of the people, that when the late Emperor William succeeded in forming a united Germany, and in establishing a unity of coinage of weights and measures, and in abolishing all taxes from one little country to another, he was looked upon as having fulfilled the saying, and this monument was decided to be placed upon the summit where the old Barbarossa was supposed to sleep. On the lower part, carved in stone, is a giant figure of the old emperor, with his beard, that has never ceased to grow, covering his entire body. He is represented as just awakening, and as being dazed by the splendor of the new empire. Above is a colossal figure of Wm. I. on horseback in bronze.

We reached home after twice changing cars, at eight o'clock. I will just add that as I sit in the garden the odor of new mown hay comes most deliciously to me from the meadow just beyond. There are a dozen or so men and girls turning the hay, and as it is dry, the latter carry it in enormous bundles on their backs, and bring it to the barn; they look so happy and contented.

A young man having called on his physician, said: "Now, sir, I wish no more trifling; my desire is that you at once strike at the root of my disease." "It shall be done," replied the doctor; and lifting his cane, he smashed the wide-decanter which stood on the table.

carries with it the rotting animal matter and distributes it, a splendid fertilizer, over the adjacent soil; and so, year after year, long after the nomadic Eskimos have departed to other sections, the grass grows green and healthy, showing far out to sea. At the Etah settlement, a flourishing place in 1853—when Dr. Kane wintered a few miles above, in Rensselaer Bay—but abandoned ten or twelve years ago, the vegetation in 1892 showed no signs of a loss of vigor, and, seemingly, the fertilizing it received in years gone by is sufficient for many more to come. No use is made of this grass by the Eskimos, except as padding in the soles of their boots; but the blossom of another species, one allied to the "rabbit-foot grass," and botanically known as *Eriophorum polystachyon*, and which grows in vast quantities in low, wet places, is put to use as punk or tinder, the cotton-like head igniting readily from a spark from flint.

While there are no plants grown by the Eskimos for food purposes, there are four natives of the arctic regions distinctly edible. One of these, a plant which has helped to save the life of more than one hardy explorer, is the scurvy grass, or *Cochlearia officinalis*. Its leaves and stems, somewhat resembling water cress, are most refreshing to a tired and hungry man. But while the plant bears a slight likeness to watercress, its taste is strongly acid and almost identical with that of sorrel. The plant grows profusely all over Greenland, one of the first to start in spring and one of the last to yield to the winter blast. In the south of Greenland, near the edge of the arctic circle but not growing far above it, is another plant esteemed as food. It is a species of rhubarb, though not nearly as fine-flavored as that in cultivation in civilized latitude; it is, in fact, almost insipid, with only a slight suggestion of acid.

A low creeping huckleberry, which grows throughout the whole extent of the arctic regions, affords a fruit eagerly sought for by the Eskimos, though not nearly so much esteemed as a species of crowberry botanically known as *Empetrum nigrum*. This grows in patches, sometimes covering an acre or more in extent; and so abundantly is the fruit borne that in August, when ripe, the ground looks as though covered with a black cloth. To a civilized stomach there is little to recommend in this fruit. There appears to be no taste to it, yielding apparently little else than a mass of seeds, pulp and water; but the Eskimos are passionately fond of the crowberry, and gorge themselves with the fruit as long as it lasts. In South Greenland, where Danish rule prevails, the crowberry is preserved and dried for winter use.

Of all the forms of vegetable life in the polar regions, mosses are apparently the most abundant. Their persistence in growth under all sorts of discouragements excites constant remark and admiration of those who have been fortunate enough to observe them. No obstacle seems to surely stop their progress. How they advance upon and bury dead glaciers and other masses of ice, has already been noted in a previous article; and the statement, therefore, that in valleys from which frozen rivers have receded, these cryptogamous plants speedily carpet with green the desolation which had been caused by the great ice masses, is not surprising. In Blauzy Dael, a picturesque valley on Disco Island, the ground moraine has been buried so deep by the mosses that for ten miles one walks over it as on a carpet of velvet. This class of vegetable life, in fact, fulfills the same duty in Greenland that other forms of plant life do in more favored

climates, and the amount of rich matter deposited by them may be of great value in the future to that great arctic island.

Next to mosses, lichens occupy a prominent feature of the polar landscape. Wherever a stone or rock is bare of earth or ice, this form of vegetable life has obtained a foothold, and in thousands of instances completely hides the rocks on which they grow. The most notable example of this are the Crimson Cliffs, famous in every arctic story, and which extend north from Cape York for many miles to the great Petowik glacier. The material of these cliffs is gray granite, but this color has long been hidden from human eyes. As far as they can be seen at sea they gleam with a dull crimson glow, which deepens as they are approached. The change has been wrought by a small orange-red lichen, which clings so closely to its rocky home that it is impossible to dislodge it without bringing with it some of the rock itself. The cliffs on the west side of Robertson's Bay are also thickly covered with this red lichen; but, strange to say, those on the east side are hidden with a dull black species, said to be edible, though Dr. Hayes in his "Long Boat Journey," gives it a bad character as regards healthfulness.

In noting what are usually termed the more attractive forms of vegetation, the blooming plants, there may be said to be three belts in Greenland. The first of these begins at Cape Farewell and extends northward a few hundred miles to a point a short distance beyond Godthaab and just above the arctic circle. The second belt there begins and continues to the southern limit of Melville Bay; and the third embraces, at least, the remainder of Greenland which ends about the eighty-second degree north latitude. In the first belt are found a species of evergreen, *Abies obovata*, which grows to a height of from four to eight feet; a dwarf rhododendron; willows and birches, which lift their heads only a few inches from the ground, but cover a radius of several feet; and besides the usual arctic flora, many plants which find a home in the north New England States and in the Dominion of Canada. Among these may be mentioned the herbaceous dogwood.

In the second belt the evergreen tree disappears along with the foreign plants, leaving the other hard-wooded plants and arctic perennials. In the third belt the birches have vanished, and the only hard-wooded plants remaining to brave the rigors of the north polar climate are the willows and huckleberries and rhododendrons. That the birch should desert the others at Melville Bay seems inexplicable, since the experience of arctic navigators seems to tend to the belief that from that point northward the climate becomes no colder. Indeed, it has been claimed by some that the further north they found themselves the milder the temperature grew. Whether or not this is true, it is certain that Lieutenant Peary found that vegetation at the north extremity of Greenland, except for the birches, was as luxuriant and abundant as at McCormick Bay and its immediate surroundings.

Pentful as are the plants in Greenland, it is a curious fact that the colors of flowers are mainly confined to yellow and white. Of the more than one hundred species come upon by the writer during his expedition there in the summer of 1892, he found not more than a dozen species of other hues. Of this dozen the greater number were of varying shades of red, one or two were blue or purple, and one purple and white. Quoting the words of a lady acquaintance, in a letter to the writer on this sub-

ject recently, "Crimson and deep rich shades seem too warm a hue to associate with an environment of perpetual ice and snow."

The commonest plant is the yellow poppy. Wherever vegetable existence is possible it is to be found. It seems to flourish equally well in the crevices of the rocks and in the swampy lowlands; in the warm sunny nooks of the upland, or in the spots recently laid bare by the ice-cap. It grows as abundantly at Independence Bay as at Cape Farewell, and is, in fact, one of the most pleasing features of the arctic landscape. Next to the ubiquitous poppy is a pale golden little flower about the size of a ten-cent piece, and which is such an utter stranger to civilized man that it has never been burdened with other than its botanical name *Dryas octopetala*. Once a seaker after wild flowers came upon a few specimens in the White Mountains. These were at once gathered in, and it has never since been seen in that portion of the United States. But in Greenland it pushes the yellow poppy hard for supremacy, and is found in the same situations, though in not quite the same abundance. The whitlow grass, a large number of saxifrages, buttercups and dandelions are also among the plentiful flowers of the arctic, and now and then patches of epilobiums and an occasional campanula are come upon.

At home flowers appeal strongly to the heart of nearly everybody; but in that far-off land where the ice and snow gleam on every side the whole year round, a deeper love is engendered. Even the dandelion and the buttercup apt to be passed by at home for rarer flowers become imbued with a rare beauty that enthrones them thereafter among the favored blossoms.

### Minute of Advice of Canada Yearly Meeting

To all our Members in Ontario and other part of Canada.—It is very important for the welfare of the Society and for that of the individual composing it, that we be preserved in love one towards another. In spiritual things whateve does not originate from God is of the Evil One. If we have not the Spirit of Christ we are none of his. If we have his Spirit dwelling in us we shall obey his command, "Love one another;" in so doing, even our enemies will be at peace with us. We would walk circumspectly, re deeming the time, because the days are evil; our words would be few and guarded; no prayer would be as David's formerly, "Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength and my Redeemer." We would be careful to avoid wounding the feelings of a brother, for when the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts the spirit that leads to talebearing or detraction cannot there exist. We would love our brothers as ourselves, and be willing to bear one another's burdens, so fulfilling the law of Christ.

We cannot fulfil the duties devolving upon us as parents in training up our children in the way they should go, except we know of living in Christ and He in us. This is a solemn truth. If our children are brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, they would be come as our forefathers were in their day, a light to the world, even as a city set on a hill that cannot be hid, and their influence in the coming generation would be for good.

Parents should not be discouraged if their labors with their children do not produce immediate fruit—it may be as bread cast upon

the waters which will be found after many days.

We would affectionately advise our young people, who may be in situations where there are no meetings of our Society, to withdraw on the First-day of the week to a private place with the Holy Scriptures—the reading of which and waiting upon the Lord to be instructed of Him, will, we are satisfied, conduce more to the building them up in the most holy faith than the attendance at the assemblies of other denominations.

"Satan hath desired to have you that he may sift you as wheat." It behooves us, therefore, individually to be continually watchful upon prayer, lest he take advantage of our weakness. If our trust is in the Lord, He will enable us to resist every temptation. "Render unto God the things that are God's," for "what will it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul? or what shall a man gain in exchange for his soul?" The honors and pleasures of the world cannot compare with the happiness to be found in the service of Christ.

[We agree with our correspondent in the belief that the "Pastoral System" is inconsistent with our principles and profession as "Friends," and that its continued existence and spread would be destructive to our existence as a distinct branch of Christ's church; but as to the question, whether it is a fatal blow to our integrity as a religious body, to admit that such usages are practised in meetings of the Society of Friends, its solution depends on the limitations, which we each attach to the meaning of the word "Friends." In ordinary usage, a "Friend" is one who has a legal right of membership in our organized body. As so defined, we apprehend our friend William C. Allen was justified in making the remark criticized by our correspondent.—Ed.]

We have received a letter from a thoughtful Friend, who thus comments on a recent article in our paper.

"The article in THE FRIEND upon 'the danger of a supported Pastoral system' is clear and forcible. It points out what may be noticed in early Church history, that it was only when the members so lapsed from spirituality, as to fail in direct communion with God that in their assemblage, they desired to be fed by words from intermediate agency.

This explains the existence of Sacerdotalism in every age of the Christian Church; and to-day it accounts for the difference between companies of worshippers alive in the Truth, and those who to make their gatherings attractive have a prescribed routine of music and vocal utterance.

But to acknowledge that meetings may practice these usages and still be Friends is I think a fatal blow to our integrity as a religious body.

If other sects maintain the pastoral system, as the best that is practicable in the present state of mankind, we need not oppose them.

But to admit that 'it has fastened its teeth into our body and can not be well removed,' is to admit that the days of our high standard of Divine communion and of ministry are numbered.

The *Sunday School Chronicle*, of London, condenses as a "deadly enemy of spiritual life" the habit of uttering in public, petitions to God which are not the spontaneous desires of a longing soul.

Selected for "THE FRIEND,"  
**THE TWENTY-THIRD PSALM.**

The Lord is my Shepherd; oh the bliss of resting  
Within the care of one who loves so well;  
Who knows each pathway, understands each danger,  
Whose tenderness no tongue can ever tell.

I shall not want, for He I know will give me  
From day to day the very help I need;  
The strength for working in life's busy places,  
Or grace for resting on its daily need.

He maketh me lie down when I am weary,  
For well He knoweth when the way is rough;  
And so He says to me with loving firmness,  
"Be still, my child, for thou hast toiled enough."

And then He comes Himself and watches o'er me,  
To aid my weakness by His perfect strength,  
Until I almost love the forced seclusion;  
And learn to thank Him for his rest at length.

His loving kindness far surpasseth language;  
For when I rise again to journey on,  
He leadeth me in scenes of richest beauty,  
And never lets me walk one step alone.

Restored, He leadeth up some glorious mountain,  
And if I ever wander from his side,  
He findeth me; and I just learn that safety  
Belongs to those who in his care abide.

And so we journey on, the paths He chooses  
Are often not what I should think the best;  
But then He knows the way, and loves me dearly,  
So in that knowledge I have perfect rest.

Yes, even when I pass right through the valley  
All dark, with death's grim shadows crowding near,  
His rod and staff give then the needed comforts,  
Whilst He is with me to support and cheer.

And when fierce foes arise to stay my progress  
He nerves my arm and cheers me for the fight,  
What can I therefore do, but conquer grandly,  
And thank Him for the way He kept me right.

My cup of mercy then is running ever  
And I am rich, possessing such a Friend,  
Whose arm doth never fail, who chaungeth never,  
Who loving once, will love until the end."

**THERE ARE MOMENTS.**

I. MENCH CHAMBERS.

There are moments in to-day,  
God knows where,  
When they who have a blessing,  
And can spare,  
May confer as angels do,  
Help to bring another through  
A troubled day.

There are moments in to-day,  
Seek to find;  
For they hold an open way  
To be kind,  
Unto such as seldom hear  
Mercy's footsteps drawing near  
Unto their door.

There are moments in to-day,  
Find them all;  
For our Father up in Heaven  
Lets them fall,  
And He wills that they shall be  
Messengers with good from thee  
To such as heed.

[The following sketch of the means of conveyance of freight in the days prior to the use of railroads in our country, revives in the mind of the Editor some of his youthful experiences. His home at that time was in Philadelphia, but he frequently spent the summer with relatives who lived thirty or forty miles west of the city, and who kept a Conestoga wagon and a team of horses, and often hauled groceries and other store goods for the neighboring country stores. Therefore he naturally became familiar with the ideas of the teamsters. One of their remarks has often been remembered—"If you want to

make money teaming, you must have a broad-wheeled wagon and go to Pitts." (Pittsburg.)

He can testify from personal experience to the accuracy of the description given—for he has shared with a relative who drove the team, the mattress spread at night on the floor of the tavern.—E.D.]

"In our boyhood there were three 'turnpike' roads of which we knew, and over which we were wont at times to travel. They ran east and west, and over them passed a large part of the internal commerce which crossed the Alleghenies. On these roads the well-known Conestoga wagon was in use. It was as distinct a type of the large conveyance of that day, as the freight train is of the present time. The teams were made up of four or six horses and a driver, who sometimes owned his team and horses, and was respected accordingly on the road. Some of them were aesthetical in their way, and had their steeds well caparisoned. We well remember the stir in the old school house by the way, when it was noised around that a 'bell team' was coming up the road. It was not a usual thing, and the team so announced was generally counted among the dandies of the road. Six great horses, each with a row of bells over his collar, and stepping out with a freedom which showed not only their strength, but also how well the contents of the wagon were adjusted to the drawing power of the team, made an attractive sight. Thus they journeyed on, day after day, reaching well-known points each evening, and starting fresh in the early morning.

The long reaches of the 'pike' were dotted on both sides with taverns, which were an essential feature of this system of forwarding. They were large buildings, surrounded by extensive grounds, into which as the night approached wagon after wagon was driven, the horse trough which hung at their rear dislodged, the team fed, while the group of wagoners gathered on the porch or in a great room inside. When bed time came, each driver brought in his mattress, unrolled it and lay down on the floor to rest. Sometimes, when there chanced to be a crowd, the congregation of sleepers ran out into the adjacent halls and other rooms. In the morning before the break of day, all in the house were astir. Breakfast was eaten; bills, which were usually small, were collected, and at early dawn, the wagon yard was emptied for another day's haul westward. This was the system of internal communication known to our fathers. We would call it slow, and slow it was, but sufficient for the time and the demands. The relics thereof may be seen in the fine and spacious old houses known still along these highways as the 'Buck,' the 'Boat,' the 'Steamboat,' the 'Ship,' and the 'Green Tree,' where the wagoners of a past generation had their haunts and held their evening chats.

We hardly knew when this system of forwarding disappeared. But one morning it was announced that the Philadelphia and Columbia railroad had been completed, and was open for freight and travel. We did not comprehend the meaning of the announcement when it was first made. But we began to understand its meaning when we saw its effect, and when the 'bell team,' with its six well kept grays, or its shining black steeds came up the hill no more. A revolution had come up, and we had not noted its coming until its work was accomplished. The day of the wagon and turnpike had passed—the day of the car and locomotive had come in."

FOR "THE FRIEND."

## Reminiscences.

In an obituary in THE FRIEND of a dear one that had lived to a great age, mention was made that in clearing up their farm in early life, oxen were the only team kept for several years, in consequence of which she used to walk several miles to meeting. This reminded the writer very forcibly that many years since that, in making a farm in the prairies and west of the Mississippi River, oxen were for several years the only team of the family and that we used them to go several miles to meeting hitched to the farm wagon; and as lumber was so difficult to get, that rough boards to lay across the top of the box for to sit on, would have been deemed a luxury, in the absence of which the box of the wagon was well bedded with hay or grass, as best suited our taste, in the center of which the mother's nursing chair had a place, and she with her infant in her arms very naturally formed the center of attraction, as the older children rolled and tumbled about, ever and anon shouting for Duke and Dime to go on, then begging of their papa to smack them with the thong. Once in early spring, the frost was so out it was doubtful whether one pair of oxen could get through the great slough and reach our Monthly Meeting in due time, so the lead oxen were hitched over, the trip was made in due time. Meeting over, we met with an agreeable looking female Friend that appeared to be an entire stranger, we invited her to go home with us. She took a seat in our wagon and informed us that she and her husband had just come from York State and were about making a settlement on the prairie a few miles west of us. Our acquaintance was, I believe, mutually agreeable, and I trust and hope it may continue through the remainder of our pilgrimage here. Though no more to be called prairie land, for it is now studied with productive farms, each farm having a grove.

Not many years since wife and I were out from home and met at our boarding house this female Friend in company with several others among whom was a man and his wife from Eastern Pennsylvania. He in particular liked to hear stories of early times, which induced the writer to relate the circumstance of our first acquaintance, alluding to our Friend, and invited some one else to entertain our stranger by relating some things that had happened; observing that we were all of the class of early settlers. My female Friend took up the subject and related that her first acquaintance at my house was prolonged quite beyond her intention for it was arranged that parties were to call for her the next morning; but there came on such a storm of wind and snow no one could travel for the next two days, so that she was obliged to be with us three nights and two days and then it was with great difficulty that they could travel, so deep was the mud and snow. But she had seen similar storms in York State. She told us too that her ride with wife and me was not her first experience with riding with oxen, for when her husband came into the State shortly before, they shipped to the then western extremity of railroad conveyance, a village called West Liberty, about 25 miles west of the Mississippi River. I think she stated that having no knowledge of any one, or of the country, her husband canvassed around to find a conveyance of some kind to take them somewhere, but concluded that the best thing was to buy a yoke of oxen and wagon and a few bushels of

ears of corn and strike out, having a mind to go to the North. Their trappings were placed in the wagon, a portion of which served for forms to sit on. He had provided some sort of a staff for a goad, but never having been used to such business, found himself quite at a loss to make the necessary manipulations. She assisted as well as she could, via: some appropriate gesticulations accompanied with "Go on, Buck, go on, Berry," but with it all, ere they had gone far in crossing one of the great sloughs with which the country then abounded, the weary brutes refused to move. With all the efforts to urge them on there they still stand. The driver happened to think of the ears of corn. He got some and on going in front of his team with it in hand, they manifested an eagerness for it. Letting them have a taste increased their greed and by walking ahead they pulled through to solid ground where all could ride; but at each place of the kind the same treatment had to be resorted to. Thus they wended their way for forty miles or more, where they chose a spot and built a small house and planted a grove. The Bible history tells of such migrators, very generally as erecting a tent and digging a well, so we will presume that this Joab and Mary also dugged a well.

The tiny seeds that were planted grew and became great trees, and it may be well said the fowls of the air came and lodged in their branches, for the writer remembers well when no birds were to be seen on those vast plains except some water-snipes. But now there are many different kinds, greatly to the annoyance of the small fruit grower. When this grove was planted it was expected that if it succeeded it might become a source of wealth to the owner to distribute among those that might be induced to settle near enough to receive fuel from its branches. But quite a contrary result has taken place. By the influence of railroad transportation more substantial fuel is available. The grove that was once the proprietor's great delight has several years since been considered a nuisance and the present owner of the premises, a son of the worthy pair that started the improvement, has it all cut off, and to endeavor to make the best of it told the writer that it furnished him several hundred feet of sawed lumber and many fine sticks of hewn timber.

When the meeting was held in the dwelling of the writer it was usual for several pair of oxen to be in the yard, and at the neighboring meeting, held in a private house some six miles distant, it being more numerous attended the number of ox teams was double or triple. Those meetings now compose a large Monthly Meeting, and it is the privilege of nearly all the members to attend riding in comfortable rigs.

## Concerning the Death of Isaac Larrance.

[The daughter of the late Isaac Larrance, of Ohio, sends us the following biographical sketch of her father.—Ed.]

Last Eighth Month he requested me to write to the Editor of THE FRIEND, to discontinue that paper, since his eyesight had become so poor he could not read it, and being deaf could not hear anyone read to him. Said he "I would not give it up if I could see! I feel very grateful to them for sending it to me so long without recompense.

He was very feeble during Autumn, although he continued to go down stairs to his meals until after New Years, when he had a stroke of paralysis, which more enfeebled him, and for a

time left him speechless. He seemed to recover somewhat from this shock but took little notice of his surroundings. Through all his sufferings and infirmities he gave evidence of the strong character that had ruled his life, remaining to the last scrupulously clean as to his personal habits, which, considering his great age, was remarkable.

He was born the fourteenth of Sixth Month, 1804. After much trouble in spirit to know what was right for him, he became convinced at the early age of fourteen years that it was right for him to become a member of the Society of Friends, to the principles of which he remained faithful throughout his long life, doing conscientiously whatever his hands found to do to promote the cause of Christ.

Even the last year or two of his life, when infirmities kept him in the house, he would have a few words of comfort for the domestics of the household, one in particular who had been serving in the family for twelve years, frequently remarks to me with tears in her eyes, "I miss the few comforting words your father often spoke to me, they always did me so much good."

After reaching his majority he went to a school of higher learning where he studied Latin, Geometry, Surveying, etc. He became very proficient in Grammar and Mathematics, these branches of study were a delight to him.

He entered the profession of school teaching, doing little else for ten years. Many of his pupils becoming prominent in society and the affairs of the world, always turned to him with a degree of reverence as having been one of the instruments in starting them on the way to success.

He was for long years an active member in the church, both with money and influence. Serving in many useful ways to promote the spread of Christ's teachings; everything else was subservient to the Church and its works.

In 1833 he was married to Elizabeth, daughter of John Ellis.

On the eighteenth of Third Month, 1896, while sitting in his easy chair beside his faithful companion with whom he had lived nearly sixty-three years—he quietly passed away. As a tired infant falls asleep in the arms of its mother, so he fell asleep in the arms of his Saviour.

PHIEN LAURENCE WARDAN.

PLAINFIELD, OHIO.

## THE FRIEND.

EIGHTH MONTH 22, 1896.

In looking over some of the early records of our Society in Pennsylvania, and the correspondence which was maintained with Friends in London, it is interesting and instructive to notice how closely Friends on opposite sides of the ocean were banded together by the spirit of love and mutual sympathy.

The defeat of General Braddock at Fort Duquesne in 1755 and the fear of attacks on the isolated settlers by the French and Indians caused much excitement in Pennsylvania, and loud cries from those who did not believe that war was unchristian for the organization and maintenance of an armed force to protect the people. Although multitudes of other people had settled within its limits, yet up to this time the controlling power in the civil government had been in the hands of Friends. In 1756 Friends in England were appealed to to exercise their

influence with the Proprietaries, and if necessary, with the general government. An epistle from the London Meeting for Sufferings to Philadelphia Quarterly Meeting contains these loving expressions: "Ye are our brethren, bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh, whose welfare is as dear to us as our own, and to whom we are united in the bonds of Gospel fellowship. Whatever such a union requires, that we hope to fulfil; and as we have been on some former occasions, so we still continue disposed with willing minds, to the best of our capacity to assist you in anything we may, and in the same manner we should expect from you were our situations exchanged."

The difficulties connected with the war with France were not of long duration, but the unsettlement in this country which led to the war of the revolution, soon succeeded, and gave fresh occasion for the exercise of loving care on the part of Friends in Great Britain. In 1771 an epistle was received from London Meeting for Sufferings which says: "When we take a view of our brethren in your and some other provinces in America, the increase of members by birth, new families, new settlements arising, we cannot but fervently wish that all suitable care may be taken to supply the rising youth with the means of useful information; and that such Friends' books may be diligently spread amongst the distant settlements and families, as may tend to season their minds with a sense of truth, and draw them by the examples proposed to them, to a love of it and its testimony."

In the First Month of 1775, after expressing their sympathy, London Friends add: "There is under all the trials and vicissitudes to which in this life we are exposed, one great source of stability and comfort, one everlasting and Almighty Helper to all who trust in Him. To this we must mutually exhort and encourage one another to look, and patiently to wait for the manifestations of his holy power."

In the Eighth Month of the same year a very affectionate epistle from London Yearly Meeting to Friends in America was received, sympathizing with them in their trials in the present commotion. It contains the following advice: "Dwell under a sense of the power and presence of God, all sufficient and merciful; so will ye be preserved in peace and innocence, amidst all the various exercises ye may meet with; and if afflictions such as neither we nor our fathers have felt, are permitted to come upon you, you will be enabled to bear a part in the general calamity, with a patience and resignation that a sense of the Lord's presence only can inspire."

An epistle from Philadelphia Meeting for Sufferings to that of London, after relating some particulars respecting their situation, and the defection of some, adds that there remain a considerable number who are preserved out of the tumult and noises which abound; who are comforted in the participation of your wholesome counsel and sympathy, knowing that the Spirit of Truth will speak the same language through all who faithfully attend to its unerring dictates; these being united in the bond of Christian fellowship mutually partake in suffering, and are each other's joy in the Lord."

An epistle from London Meeting for Sufferings in Seventh Month of 1776 thus concludes: "Finally, brethren, live in love and in holy fear, laboring above all things to keep a conscience void of offence towards God and man; and so may we be preserved one in faith and practice throughout our generations."

Friends in England not only sent messages of sympathy and encouragement to their brethren in America, but as these were exposed to great pecuniary losses, sent a large sum of money to relieve those most in need.

American Friends had by this time about freed themselves from any complicity with slaveholding, and they called the attention of their English brethren to the propriety of endeavoring to put a stop to the slave-trade, in which many English merchants were engaged.

There being much distress in England on account of the scarcity of provisions, in 1801 a subscription was raised for the relief of Friends and others there, and the treasurer of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting remitted four thousand one hundred and sixty-five pounds sterling to relieve this distress. Subsequently about one thousand six hundred pounds additional was remitted. In 1802 London Friends reported that relief had been extended to eight hundred and ten Friends and four hundred and twenty not in membership.

An epistle from London Meeting for Sufferings in 1803 contains the following salutary hint: "The concerns which engage both your meeting and ours, have often much of an outward nature in them, there seems therefore the greater occasion of watchfulness, that we be not induced to suppose, that of ourselves we may act in them to advantage; and it is good ever to have in remembrance, that the ultimate purpose of all our meetings is to serve the cause of Truth, and that unless the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain."

Another epistle from the same body in 1812 gives interesting evidence of the existence of a "measure of Gospel love uniting us to our distant brethren, and giving us to see in renewed freshness, that however varied our circumstances and the trials consequent thereon, yet as we are careful to move under the direction of the Divine Head, we shall as a body compacted with joints and bands, continue to witness a holy harmony, drinking into one spirit, and becoming increasingly one another's joy in the Lord."

It is a pleasing occupation to trace the evidences of unbroken unity and sympathy between the Society in England and in America, and which continued through the controversies that culminated in the separation of 1827. The first intimation of uneasiness that we have met with is in an epistle to London Meeting for Sufferings in 1835, which contains the following paragraph: "We would tenderly remark that a number of treatises of a religious character, written by some members in England, having for some time past been introduced and spread in this country, it has given cause to much concern and exercise to Friends in many parts, who are desirous to keep steadfast in the principles and doctrines most surely believed and established amongst us."

The reply to this epistle cordially responds to the exercise expressed in it, and deplors "the mischievous effects of publications tending to depreciate the writings of our early Friends, and to shake the faith of the inexperienced in the teachings and guidance of the Holy Spirit."

An epistle to the Meeting for Sufferings in London indicates that the introduction into this country of treatises published in England containing sentiments not in accordance with those held by the Society of Friends from the beginning, "has caused much exercise to many brethren," and suggests the revision of works on our principles before they are issued from the press.

An epistle to London Meeting for Sufferings in 1846 enters still more fully into the subject of unsound books issued in England, and circulated in this country.

As London Yearly Meeting took no effective step to check the issuing of such books, Philadelphia Friends in 1847 prepared an "Appeal for the Ancient Doctrines," in which numerous passages from the books alluded to were contrasted with others taken from the writings of early members of our Society, and their disagreement pointed out. This effort to prevent the spread of unsound views among our own members had the secondary effect of emphasizing the difference in the official positions of the two Yearly Meetings—a difference which has been continued and increased by their respective subsequent courses of action.

The Psalmist says, "How good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!" Who is there that would not rejoice to see a restoration of the harmony and love that once bound London and Philadelphia Yearly Meetings together? But before that blessed day can fully dawn, we believe there must be a substantial unity in doctrine and practice—agreeably to the query of the prophet Amos, "Can two walk together except they be agreed?"

IN THE FRIEND of Second Month 22nd an article was printed, taken from a *Seattle* paper on the paradoxes of Australia. A letter from a Friend in Australia says it is incorrect. "Australia is not quite such a land of paradoxes as it says it is. The only correct facts are that we have black swans, the leaves of the gum trees stand edge-wise and cast very little shadow, and the stone of the native cherry grows on the outside (but not all over the fruit). We have some splendid English oaks in the streets, also poplars, growing to a very good height and size."

We are indebted to a Friend living near Philadelphia for a copy of the letter containing these corrections.

#### SUMMARY OF EVENTS.

UNITED STATES.—A storm which visited Michigan on the 11th instant, did considerable damage to property and caused the loss of at least twenty lives.

The Murray Hill Bank, in New York, one of the oldest State banks in the city, closed its doors on the 11th instant.

The Security Bank of Duluth, Minn., one of the largest State banks in the State, closed its doors on the same day.

The strike or lock-out at the Brown Hoisting Works, in Cleveland, Ohio, is practically at an end. Of the 800 men who went out on strike 500 are now engaged in other employment. The Brown Company has 355 men at work, and has refused twenty-five applications for employment.

Seventeen deaths and more than 100 cases of prostration were reported in Philadelphia as resulting from the heat on Third-day, the 11th instant. The maximum temperature on the roof of the Post-office building was 97.1 and on the street 99 degrees, the highest of the present hot spell.

The League of American Wheelmen was organized in 1890, and a year later, at the time of its first annual meet, it had a membership of 1,654. Its membership is now more than 65,000, and is said to be increasing at the rate of 1,000 a week.

A cloud-burst occurred at Dehaven, near Pittsburg, Fifth-day morning. Five persons were drowned.

The American Line steamer *S. Paul* has broken the previous record for a Southampton. Her time was six days and thirty-one minutes. Her average speed was 21.08 knots per hour.

In dismissing two cadets from the West Point Military Academy, President Cleveland expressed his contempt of the "mean and cowardly" practice of hazing.

The new five-dollar silver certificates were issued by the Treasury Department on the 15th instant.

During the week ending last Seventh-day 173 persons died from the effects of the heat in Philadelphia. The prolonged hot wave that has just ended is quite without parallel in any Eighth Month as far back as the records extend, and it has seldom been exceeded since the system of the thermometer was introduced above the normal on Eighth Month 2nd, but the excessive heat (the daily maximum being over 90 degrees) did not begin until two days later. Beginning with that date the maximum have been: Eighth Month, 4th, 99; 5th, 94; 6th, 96; 7th, 95; 8th, 96; 9th, 96; 10th, 96; 11th, 97; 12th, 99; 13th, 94; 14th, 98. The average for the 14th day was 84.7, or about 94 degrees above the normal.

There appeared last week in the obituary columns of the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* notices of the deaths of twenty-five persons, seven men and eighteen women, who had lived to or beyond the advanced age of eighty.

The steamer *Oceania*, of the Lehigh Valley Transportation Company, and the propeller *Chickola* were sunk in a collision in Lake St. Clair on Sixth-day, the 14th instant.

The steamer *Three Friends*, which left Jacksonville, Florida, on the night of Sixth-day, 14th inst. on the premises of the Historical Society, at Cuba, was completely overhauled on the following morning at the mouth of the St. John's River, by the revenue cutter *Douthett*, and detained.

A severe storm swept over Central Iowa last Seventh-day evening and great damage was done. In Des Moines one of the finest bridges, a bridge over the Des Moines river over which the banks, bridges were carried away and railroads were blocked by washouts. My Abigail Dodge (Gail Hamilton) died on the evening of the 17th at Wenham, Massachusetts.

The decision of Judge Wales, of the United States Court, at Wilmington, Del., in the habeas corpus proceedings sought by the British subjects, in the case of two tax collectors, was rendered on the 17th inst., and it was adverse to the prisoners.

Comptroller Fitch, on Second-day opened bids for \$3,637,756 of 31 per cent. gold bonds. The bids aggregate \$4,499,842, but most of them were for non-taxable bonds. The prices offered ranged from 98 to 102 1/2. The bids were all submitted, although there were letters then at the former offering a short time ago, when the bonds went begging.

George O'Berne & Co., leather dealers; Henry M. Hosick, wool dealer, and the Chicago and Western Soap Works, three Chicago concerns whose financial relations were close, assigned last Seventh day. The Chicago liquidated firm, and the one whose principal plant is at Harvey, Illinois, assigned on the same day.

The Italian Ambassador at Washington has been directed to forward to his government at once detailed information concerning the lynching of three Italians in St. Charles Parish, Louisiana, on First-day inst.

The census are now 60,000 post-offices in the United States and the number is constantly being increased.

Deaths in this city last week numbered 538, which is 248 more than the previous week, and 280 more than the corresponding week of last year. Of the foregoing, 221 were under one year of age; 429 were males and 409 females; 173 died of consumption; 197 of cholera infantum; 53 of consumption; 40 of heart disease; 34 of malarium; 31 of inflammation of the stomach and bowels; 28 of old age; 27 of inflammation of the brain; 27 of convulsions; 24 of cancer; 22 of apoplexy; 19 of inflammation of the lungs; 15 of inflammation; 15 of dysentery; 15 of paralysis; 15 from causes; 12 were drowned; 11 of inflammation of the kidneys; 11 of uremia, and 10 of typhoid fever.

*Muskets*, &c.—U. S., 28, 914 a 93; 48, reg, 105 a 106; comp. n 106 a 107; new 4's, reg, 112; a 113; comp., 112; a 113; new 5's, reg, 109 a 110; comp., 109 a 110; cypher 6's, 100 a 105.

*Carbons*—Middle uppers, 30¢ per pound.

*Flour*—Spring, 92¢; winter, \$0.50 for winter in bulk, and \$0.60 a \$0.60 per ton for spring in sacks.

*Flour*—Winter super, \$1.90 a \$2.15; do., extra, \$2.15 a \$2.20; Pennsylvania roller, clear, \$2.75 a \$3.00; do., do., straight, \$3.00 a \$3.25; Western winter, clear, do., straight a \$3.00; do., patent, \$3.00 a \$3.25; do., extra, \$3.25 a \$3.50; spring clear, \$2.75 a \$2.75; do., straight, \$3.00 a \$3.25; do., patent, \$3.00 a \$3.25; do., favorite brands, higher. City mills, extra, \$2.00 a \$2.25; do., clear, \$2.75 a \$3.00; do., straight, \$3.00 a \$3.25; do., patent, \$3.40 a \$3.75. Rye Flour—\$2.30 per barrel for choice Pennsylvania.

*GRAIN*—No. 2 red, 93¢; spring clear, 95¢ a 92 1/2¢; No. 2 mixed out, 28 a 27¢; No. 2 white oats, 24 a 25¢.

**BEEF CATTLE**.—Extra, 44 a 45; good, 41 a 42c; medium, 4 a 4c; common, 3 1/2 a 3c; far Western, 3 1/2 a 4c; tanners, 3 1/2 a 3c; fat cows, 2 a 3c; thin cows, 8 a 8 1/2; veal calves, 3 a 3 1/2; milk cows, \$20 a \$40; dressing, 3 1/2 a 4c.

**SHEEP AND LAMBS**.—Extra, 3 1/2 a 4c; good, 3 1/2 a 3c; medium, 3 a 3 1/2c; common, 2 a 2 1/2c; culis, 1 a 2c; lambs, 3 a 6c.

**HOGS**—3 1/2 a 5c; for Western.

**FOREIGN**.—By the overhauling of the river Kistna in India, on the 1st inst., 4 persons were drowned and an entire rendered homeless. The damage to property is immense.

In regard to the Venezuelan situation, Mr. Balfour stated in the House of Commons, on the 15th instant, that the Government had every expectation that the pending negotiations with the United States would lead to an early and satisfactory result.

The House of Lords has accepted the amendments to the Irish Land Bill, and that measure will now become law.

The British labor Gazette for Seventh month states that there were 95 strikes and lockouts in Great Britain during the month. Of the 92 old and new disputes settled during the month, 45 were won by the workers, 14 compromised and 25 lost.

The Sultan has refused the demands of the Cretans. He will make no more concessions beyond those mentioned in the Halpa Convention. A state of anarchy prevails throughout the island.

The *Times* will to-morrow publish a dispatch from Crete, Crete, saying that the French consul and a Russian naval commander at that place have received identical instructions to assume the protection of all 'Cretan Christians.'

Since 1851 it is estimated, 48,211 men have been killed in mining accidents in Great Britain. Li Hing Chang tells a director of the Bank of England that his concern, as a private corporation, could easily bring about international bimetalism, and that it is only England's selfishness and desire for her own personal gain, at the expense of the welfare of the rest of the civilized world, that prevents the bank from doing it. A plain but pertinent thesis that no one can deny. Money, as an issue, is so rapidly becoming of greater importance the world over than the tariff, that it would be interesting to know how the former British arguments against protection, the gist of which is that it is a selfish policy of taking care of one's self without regard to the welfare of the rest of the world, can stand in blocking universal bimetalism when it would probably be more than agreeable to nearly every other nation on the globe.

It is reported that the Arctic explorer, Naussen has arrived at Vardoe on the steamer *Windward*.

Cairo, Eighth Month 16.—The official cholera statistics show that during the past week there were 1391 deaths from the disease throughout Egypt. The total number of deaths since the outbreak of the scourge is 14,755.

It is said by philologists that there are thirteen original European languages, the Greek, Latin, German, Slavonic, Welsh, Eibsenian, Irish, Albanian, Tartarian, Hyrian, Jայցայն, Chaucin and Finnic.

RECEIPTS.

Unless otherwise specified, two dollars has been received from each person, paying for vol. 70.

Elmud S. Fowler, Agent, O., for B. J. Hubson; William Berry, Gtn.; Clarkson M. Gifford, Mass.; M. Hodgson, Gtn.; Sarah Nicholson, N. J.; and for Henry Reed, for Geo. H. Pratt, Cal.; Gustav W. Thompson, N. J.; William G. England, Nova Scotia; William Harvey, Agent, Ind., 85 for Ashley Johnson, Mahlon Johnson, Nancy T. Hadley and Ruth Ann Stanton; Benj. V. Stanley, Ia., \$29 for himself, Morris Stanton, William G. Hoyle, Jos. L. Hoye, J. E. Hodgkin, Branton Hall, H. J. Hampton, Samuel H. Bessell, Michael Commons, Stephen Jackson, Geo. Patterson, Thos. E. Stanley, T. D. Young, George Young and Matilda E. Crew, \$1, to No. 27, vol. 70; Abraham Cowgill, Cal., \$6 for himself, Caroline Cape and J. William Patterson; Josiah W. Leels, Pa., and for B. Frank Leeds, Cal.; Joseph J. Hopkins, Pa., and for Susanna O., for F. Belding, N. Y.; Samuel H. Schickel and Ann VanDer, Aler Middleton, N. Y., and Mark S. Welch; Wm. A.; Walter J. Bazley, and for Arthur M. Bazley,

N. J.; Wilson Hutchins, Mo.; Caleb Hoopes, and for Benj. P. Hoopes, Pa.; Parker Hall, Agent, O., \$39 for himself, Joseph P. Birns, J. Harvey Birns, Jonathan Birns, Walter Edgerton, Nathan L. Hall, Mary T. Hall, Lewis Hall, George Hall, Gilbert McGraw, Hannah M. Matson, John W. Smith, Robert Smith, Nathan R. Smith, Edmund S. Smith, Louis Tabery, Russell Z. Taber, Ia. and Mary Lupton, O., \$11 to No. 27, vol. 70; Wm. B. Bullock, M. D., Del.; Annie J. Johnson, Geo. B. Bailey, Elizabeth Brantingham, Cornelia Brantingham, B. Paddick, Mass.; Isaac L. Roberts, N. J.; Ann Gibbons, Ia.; George Sharpless, Agent, Pa., \$14 for himself, Joshua Sharpless, John P. Sharpless, Margaret Maule, Emily Pusey, Margaretta J. Merce and Hannah N. Harry; George J. Foster, Ill.; Thos. Waring, N. J.; Joshua Brantingham, Agent, O., \$30 for James E. Baile, Elizabeth Brantingham, Cornelia Brantingham, Wm. Brantingham, Edward V. Cope, Louisa Harris, John Hoyle, Joseph Masters, George G. Megrail, Rebecca Price, Dillwyn Stratton, Rachel Stratton, Joseph C. Stratton, Charles W. Satterthwait and Isaac H. Satterthwait, for Wm. Mott, Agent, Ia., \$20 for L. W. Bye, Peter N. Dyher, M. A. Fritchman, Wilson, E. J. George, G. O. Stodden, J. C. Spencer, Elwood Spencer, Wilson T. Sidwell, Nathan Satterthwait and John Thomas; Thomas A. Crawford, Agent, O., \$18.50 for Hannah Brantingham, David Elyson, Robert Elyson, Eliza Ann Fogg, Edwin Holloway, Amner Woolman, Lydia Warrington, Edward Warrington and John Crawford, \$22.50, Ireland; Asa E. Allen, Agent, Pa.; George C. Ogden, Ia.; William Blackburn and David Stalker; Elsie Roberts, N. J., \$8 for herself, David Roberts, Joseph H. Roberts and William H. Roberts; R. P. Gibbons, Del.; Charles Grimshaw, Pa.; Isaac Roberts, Pa.; Samuel L. Smedley, Jr., Pa.; David E. Cooper and William B. Cooper, N. J.; Edwin A. Hoopes, Pa.; George W. Stodden, Pa.; Both Anna Harris, Cal.; Charles E. Johnson, Ia.; William Smallwood, Pa.; George S. Hutton, Phila., \$6 for himself, Phoebe Hutton and George Pandrich, Pa.; Seth Shaw, Agent, O., \$18 for himself, Hannah Blackburn, N. M. Blackburn, Charles Blackburn, Jonathan Blackburn, Phoebe Elyson, J. Howard Edgerton, Job Huestis and Theophilus Morlan; Asron Meekel, Agent, N. Y., \$12 for J. H. Baker, Ia.; John H. Baker, Ia.; Pyle, Sarah E. Haigh, Charles Wood and Martha C. Wood; Solomon E. Barker, Del., and for Anderson M. Barker, N. C.; Sarah T. House and for Lena H. Sharpless, Pa.; Mary Ann Sharpless and for Lewis P. Sharpless, Pa.; Ruth K. Smedley, Fk'd.; Anna H. Tierney, Gtn.; Guilemina Neill, O.; Benj. C. Reeve, N. J.

Remittances received after Third-day evening will not appear in the Receipts until the following week.

NOTICES.

WESTOWN BOARDING SCHOOL.—The next term will commence on Third day, Ninth Month 1st. Applications for the admission of pupils should be made to WILLIAM F. WESTOWN, Westown, Chester Co., Pa.

FRIENDS' SELECT SCHOOL will re open Ninth Month 21st, 1896. Catalogues will be sent, or other information will be furnished upon application. J. H. HAZEL, 140 North Sixteenth Street, Philadelphia.

WESTERN QUARTERLY MEETING OF FRIENDS.—The train leaving Broad Street Station Philadelphia, at 7.17 A. M. on the twenty-first inst. will be met at West Grove to convey, (free of charge) those desiring to attend the Western Quarterly Meeting of Friends to be held at London Grove, Pa.

TRUFEMAN C. MOORE, } Committee.  
GEO. R. CHAMBERS, }

DIED, on the twentieth of Sixth Month, 1896, at her residence in Chesterfield, Morgan C. Ohio ELIZABETH T. RHODES, wife of Hannan Rhodes, aged eighty years; a member of Chesterfield Monthly and Particular Meeting of Friends. This dear Friend seemed firmly attached to the doctrines and principles as held by our worthy predecessor, G. Fox. As her sickness increased, she felt that her time here was short, and manifested an earnest desire to be prepared for the final change, expressed her regret at not having lived a life more devoted to her Master, but was favored to feel perfect peace, and gave directions about her funeral with entire composure. Her friends have a well grounded hope that through redeeming love and mercy she was permitted to enter that City whose walls are salivation and whose gates are praise.



# THE FRIEND.

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VOL. LXX.

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## Diary and Letters of Deborah Brooks Webb.

(Continued from page 34.)

1852.—Eleventh Month 1st.—I was somewhat sick this morning but got better before meeting time, but not well enough to go, I thought.—I missed much good by being absent—dear Anne has told me some of the communications which I wish to remember. J. W. spoke of the Bible, how instructive it was, not a page of it could be opened but a Divinely illumined mind could find some instruction. He referred to Martha and Mary, that the dear Master loved them both—household duties were to be cared for and performed. When it was told Mary that the Master called for her, she rose up immediately and went. May we all be ready to go when the Master calls for us. He also spoke of Lazarus in the grave, like some of us being laid in the grave of sin, for whom parents and friends prayed and shed tears, encouraging the exercised friends to still continue their prayers; that their tears were bottled and they would be heard, that they might at the close of time be able to hear the language “Come ye blessed of my Father,” etc. Dear Friend Gibbons commenced with “Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven;” saying that it was needful for us to get into a child-like state. How great a favor to be a member of so good and favored a meeting. There is so much pride in my poor wicked heart. I wonder if it will ever be cured. “Woe unto them that are wise in their own eyes and prudent in their own sight.”

7th.—Last Fifth-day Anne Emlen was married to Joseph Howell of Philadelphia, at our Meeting. A pleasant young couple, and I hope they will be helped along, and that dear Anne will be enabled to follow her blessed Master's calling, wherever He may lead her. I hope poor I may also be enabled to follow Him. We had such a favored meeting; dear Hannah Warner was here, also William and Elizabeth Evans. H. spoke first to the children of believing parents, encouraging them to faithfulness, saying that where much had been given much would be required. Next dear William Evans spoke. “It is not in man who walketh to direct his steps.” “A good man's ways are ordered of the Lord.” What a privilege it is to have our ways ordered by the Lord, and much more that was very instructive. I was glad, for all the towns-

people that were collected to hear it. One thing he said was so good—that for everything we gave up, our meek and lowly Saviour would give us himself instead. Then dear Elizabeth appeared in a most feeling manner in supplication, for all, and particularly for some that were plucked as a brand from the burning. So many blessings from a gracious and long suffering God.

To-day we were again favored, dear H. Gibbons supplicated for preservation for us all and particularly for the young—it was so sweet. Could poor wicked I take any of it? She spoke to some, saying, perhaps they were in the state to which this language would be applicable, “As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, Oh! Lord.” I felt fully resolved to serve my Heavenly Father, wherever He should lead, but still deeper were my feelings when dear ——— arose saying, “that the cup of blessing seemed full, but would not be poured out until we were willing to bow low,” repeating and closing with the passage: “Bring all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in my house and prove me now here with saith the Lord of Hosts, if I will not open the windows of heaven and pour you out a blessing that there shall not be room enough to receive it.”

14th.—We had a favored meeting I think. This is I suppose the last one here that John Wood will be present before going to the Indian Settlement. David Cope was here and spoke much, commencing with the parable of the talents; of those that had five and hid their reward, of those that had two and had their reward, then of the one and how he found fault. Ah, that is I that am finding fault, poor me. Thon, Holy Father! art very gracious and merciful to visit me and teach me so much. Be pleased not to forsake me, but keep me safe in the way I should go. Shortly after David's communication, dear Phebe W. Roberts said, “Will ye also go away? To whom shall we go, thou hast the word of eternal life”—recommending to submit to the yoke; repeating these verses from Lamentations: “It is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth. He sitteth alone and keepeth silence, because he hath borne it upon him. He putteth his mouth in the dust if so be there may be hope.” I feel so thankful that I heard this last quotation. It is so confirming to me. May I receive strength to walk lowly, humbly, silently. Next ——— appeared in solemn supplication. He is now staying with us a few days till he gets his business further arranged for leaving. I think it is such a favor that my home is cast here. Preserve me, Heavenly Father, and make me more worthy of such favors. The example of a solid silence before meals is a good example to me, I do not always get to the right feeling then. To-morrow I expect an increase in the numbers of my school. Oh! may I be faithful to my God and then I know He will strengthen me to be faithful in my school. “As thy day is, so shall thy strength be,” was quoted by dear P. W. R. in Quarterly Meeting.

21st.—Silent meeting. Poor I, had as usual to feel the sting of sin. Oh! may I not be cast off. Those who were saying “We will not have these men to reign over us,” were commended to be brought and slain before Him. And the wicked servant that hid his talent and found fault, had to be cast into outer darkness. Awful consideration! “Oh! that thou hadst hearkened to my commandments, then had thy peace been as a river, and thy righteousness as the waves of the sea.”

First-day.—In meeting I thought of my school being so fall as not to be able to take the other applicants and I remembered the passage, “Bring all the tithes into my store house,” etc. I often thought that was being fulfilled to poor unworthy me, who has not brought much sacrifice to the Lord. Oh! that I might bring all the tithes into the store house, that I might have a blessing on my exertions for the scholars and be enabled to set them a good example.

Twelfth Mo. 1st.—Monthly Meeting. Silent until near the close, when dear Mary Kite rose with these words: “Ye are they which have continued with me in my temptations,” and afterwards, the servant is not above his Master, nor the disciple above his Lord. I am glad I heard it, though I hope not to take encouragement when I do not deserve it.

5th.—Dear Friend Gibbons appeared in supplication so sweetly. Oh! Holy Father, answer her petitions for the tossed ones; be pleased in thy mercy to conquer the foes in them, that so cause them to sin; give them strength to follow thee, and so get peace of mind.

12th.—Silent meeting. Mourning and sadness have to be my continual portion so long as I am disobedient. Oh! most merciful Father, cast me not off, I pray thee, “God, be merciful to me a sinner.”

19th.—Dear Friends were at meeting and I suppose enjoyed it, but poor I was in a cold state and did not enjoy much quiet feeling. Ah, me, that the all powerful “I am,” will break my stubborn will.

On the fifteenth of this month, my dear little nephew deceased, Howard P. Brooks, dear brother's, and sister R.'s child. What an affliction! He was a sweet child, I loved him very much. May we all be resigned to the Divine will concerning this matter. May dear sister be strengthened to bear it with resignation and fulfill her duties and follow on to meet him in heaven.

This evening I was encouraged in reading some in John Barclay, viz: “Be warned, be prevailed upon dear reader, by one, who acknowledges to thee that he himself has been in great depths of wickedness through disobedience to the faithful unflinching monitor, and who has found no peace, no deliverance, but through the low portal of obedience to the same. By this he has been from day to day encouraged and strengthened to leave off one evil practice and disposition after another, and has been helped in some small degree to put on a better righteousness than his own, and he

assure thee that thy repentance and thy faith are to be measured by thy obedience to this appearance of Christ within, the hope of glory, as He is received in his secret visitations and obeyed in his manifested requirements."

1853.—First Month 2nd.—Another year has gone by for me to account for. Am I any better? I wish I could say some better, but I fear not much. I am still devoid of that peace which my soul longs for. "Create in me a clean heart, oh, Lord, and renew a right spirit within me," was the language quoted by dear H. Gibbons last Monthly Meeting day, and may it be mine in sincerity and fervency. Oh! I did desire in meeting to-day, that He, who can make me clean, would condescend to make me willing to follow all his leadings. His power alone can break my stubborn heart and so give true peace within. Save me, oh, Heavenly Father, from a false peace and be pleased not to cast me off forever.

9th.—Dear Friend Gibbons spoke to the young. Oh! may I submit under the kind instructions that are so mercifully granted me. There is one that will hear and help if I apply unto him. Not look outward for help, but inward to God, and obey his voice. I have resolved to do so and do pray for strength to be willing to become nothing in this world. "Ask and ye shall receive, seek and ye shall find," his promises are yea and amen for ever, she then appeared in supplication.

Holy and merciful Father, wilt thou be pleased to stain the beauty of the world in my sight, and draw me with a powerful love unto thyself, so that I may have some pure peace such as thy favored ones enjoy, such as the world cannot give, nor the world take away. I have desired to be good, too, so that I may in some measure, cheer these dear aged Friends, before their departure from this world. They love the Truth so much.

Eighth Month 21st.—Vacation over. Dear H. Gibbons spoke and supplicated for us. "If a man's ways please the Lord, he maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him." Yesterday fifteen scholars; my hard cold better. "Be thou in the fear of the Lord all the day long."

31st.—Monthly Meeting. David Cope spoke and supplicated for us to be brought down into great humiliation. It is a great attainment to become as passive as clay.

Ninth Month 5th.—James Emlen and Phebe W. Roberts start to-day on a religious visit to Indiana Yearly Meeting and those composing it. May the work prosper and may I be better by the time they get back.

8th.—Silent meeting. My scholars are more orderly in meeting than formerly for which I feel thankful to my Heavenly Father—I am enabled to speak more kindly.

24th.—Many scholars. It is pleasant to fly kites, but it makes missed lessons for boys.

29th.—Hannah Gibbons opened a concern to visit the families of Uwchlan Monthly Meeting, Martha Jeffers to accompany her.

Dear Mary Kite quoted the language, "These that be planted in the house of the Lord, shall flourish in the courts of our God. They shall bring forth fruit in old age." The Lord is good to those who are willing to spend and be spent in his service.

Tenth Month 2nd.—Silent meeting. Christ can teach me, and does, but I am to walk still more lowly. Committee met. Satisfied with our exertions. I was glad, school full, forty scholars—too many. Dear Friend Gibbons and Friend Jeffers started for Uwchlan.

6th.—Silent meeting. One little girl made them laugh.

25th.—Anniversary of my coming to West Chester. How thankful I feel that my Heavenly Father has helped me in school. How humbly I ought to serve Him.

18th.—Silent meeting. I tried and could at last say, "Here am I, Lord, do with me as seemeth good unto thee."

Eleventh Month 7th.—This day heard the sad account of Susan Wood's death at Tusasasa. A dear useful woman, has been in the Indian country trying to do good.

Twelfth Month 4th.—Morris Cope here. I do desire my Heavenly Father to open my eyes and ears spiritually.

Lord, be merciful to me a sinner. Not by might, or by power, but my spirit, saith the Lord of hosts.

11th.—John Tatum from Wilmington spoke in meeting. James Thomas from Goshen, also spoke—not every one that says "Lord be merciful to me a sinner," but he that obeys the commands, is accepted.

(To be continued.)

For "THE FRIEND."

A Visit to Lauterberg.

We let ourselves be awakened at five o'clock, and by ten minutes of six we were on the way. The foister gave us definite directions and the foisterin some sandwiches to put in the leather "butter-brod-tasche" that I bought yesterday on purpose. So we mounted the steep slope in front of the house with light hearts. The way lay along a ridge, winding from one side to the other, along the edge of steep slopes, through forests of pine, then of beech, then again pine, with frequent charming views into cultivated valleys or deep ravines. The entire way was marked with arrows pointing in the direction to go. We kept on steadily and came at last to an opening where we could see the tower rising above the trees on a mountain ahead of us. Though we were already so high, the climb up was quite steep, and we did not stop until we stood on the lookout above. From here, spread out around us, was a limitless expanse of rounded forest-clad mountain tops. I had thought that we should see Lauterberg from this height, nestling in the valley directly below, but in this I was disappointed. However, as we had made the tower by a little after eight, resting somewhat on the way, I felt sure we would be there in twenty minutes at least. We followed the signs painted on the trees, and made a very rapid descent of perhaps fifteen hundred feet, coming at last on the main road. Up to this time we had seen but one human being—a laborer at a distance—and no animal larger than an ant, at several of whose piles of sand and pine needles we had stopped to admire the busy workers.

Here upon the road was a wagon, and two horses eating hay close by. Soon a lad appeared behind them, and in order to have something to say, I asked, "How high is the knollen?" He shrugged his shoulders in the peculiar German fashion, and replied, "Weiss nicht" (don't know). "How far is it to Lauterberg down this road?" "Weiss auch nicht" (don't know that either). "Is it Harzberg that is in this direction, then?" "Weiss auch nicht." "Well, I said in despair, "Lauterberg *must* be here somewhere. Are you sure it isn't down this road." "I tell you I don't know. I live six hours from here, and know nothing about it, only it ain't the way you're going. I guess it's over there;" pointing indefinitely across the range on the

other side the valley, about twelve hundred feet high; "over there in the other valley." Well, I was puzzled, and went up and down, hoping to see a sign again, but there was none to be found. Then, seeing a steep path up the mountain, and as the last sign pointed in that direction more than to the road, we started on the trail, but as it was little worn and no pointers appeared, it turned back and followed the road in the opposite direction. We went on and on, hoping to see some one who did know something or an encouraging sign, but none appeared. We, however, did not let that prevent our enjoying to the full the charming valley we were in, with its rushing crystal-clear brook, the ferns and flowers, to say nothing of the delicious wild strawberries that hung in tempting clusters, so large and red and ripe from the rocks and banks by the side of the road. At last, however, I began to be sure Lauterberg must lay in the other direction, and I left A., whose little feet began to be tired, and ran on to see if a red roof were anywhere in sight. No, not one; and I returned and said, "We must go back, but before that we would take a drink from the brook and eat our lunch." It was now after nine. To our great joy some tourists came along soon after and told us we were right after all, only Lauterberg was an hour or so straight ahead. It was not until I found some one with a map, and saw that the knollen was by no means the mountain I had supposed, but that it lay about halfway between St. A. and L., the apex of an obtuse triangle, that I could understand it. The people were cutting the hay from the mountain sides, wherever it grew in the open spaces along the forest edges, and we met them going to their work, the whole family, babies and little children, man and wife. I stopped a mother with two little tots, in a shabby wagon, and another of about four years holding on to her dress, to ask her how times were and if the babies were well and what she did with them all day. They were fine little fellows and crowded and kicked in their basket, and she seemed very much pleased with the notice I took of them. I always speak to the people, I like their faces and rejoice with them over the splendid weather they have had this year for having. But these old women, with their enormous loads, staggering up the steep mountain sides! Yesterday, in Andreasberg, sorry as I was to make her stand a minute longer than she must, I couldn't help telling one poor old soul how sorry I felt for her and would like to help her if I could. To my sympathizing question, if it wasn't "dreadfully heavy," she straightened herself just enough to look up at me out from her load and though her face was hard and wrinkled, and only a few teeth left and the perspiration running, not dripping, from her face, she answered, cheerfully, in her mountain dialect, "Ach, fraulein. It's heavy to be sure, but it's so beautifully dry. It would be much heavier if it was not so dry. Just think—cut yesterday, and to-day under cover!" The thought that her lot was hard did not seem to enter her mind. I felt as though I were a very ungrateful sinner by the side of this withered old woman, and that I would learn a lesson from her. But to think of working all day so, and, what is more, having the children tugging at their gowns as they work, and one never hears a cross word or a harsh, quick tone—these worn-out women seem to me perfect monuments of patient unselfishness. But ugly! I don't think the old Indian women look more deformed and repulsive in gait, bearing and general appearance, and simply from hard, bard

work; and then, too, in-born lack of the ability to make themselves look attractive, which is instinctive in even the lowest classes of the more Southern nations. But to our trip. It was twelve when we reached the pleasant gardens in Kurpark, for we had stopped a long time to rest in a picturesque arbor formed of a number of trees trimmed and trained to form his shelter in front of the Försterlei that was on the way, and here we had each a delicious glass of raspberry vinegar, which was very refreshing, and also the opportunity to get a great many points of information from some pleasant-looking tourists who were also resting there. As explained the party said, which they said, in surprise, "Auch die kleine da?" (also the little one?) I laughed and said, "Oh, yes, she is an American," which seemed to explain, and then he had to tell how old she was and where she was from, and when we said, Philadelphia, the man of the party said, "Oh, yes; my brother was there. That's the city where you can't get anything to drink on Sunday!" (That meant beer, of course.) After dinner, which we took sitting in an arbor by the side of a pretty mountain stream, we went by train to the next station (return ticket cost five cents), on the top of the mountain above, which is an interesting old ruin. The climb up was steep, but would have been richly repaid by the view above had he ruin not been there as well. It was formerly one of the fastnesses which for centuries was frequented by a succession of robber knights, who lived largely upon the plunder they brought back from their raids upon their brother knights, or more often the peaceful dwellers of the plain. They claim for this particular burg an age of twelve hundred years, but the earliest mention of it in history is in 952, when Otto the First gave it to a neighboring cloister. It must have been an almost impregnable fortress in its day, situated as it is upon a steep mountain top, with a perpendicular wall of natural rock formation, making two sides of it inaccessible. Almost nothing of it remains at present, excepting excavations in the rocks, the entrance-way and a tairway within, leading up into some arched passage-ways above, which in 1859 was restored. The entire gigantic edifice was destroyed in 1761 by the French during the Seven Years' War. The burg held out so stubbornly that the enemy supposed it possessed great treasures, and the day before the surrender was to take place a courier was dispatched to Paris reporting the good news. The excitable Parisians celebrated the event with feasting and rejoicings. The French general, however, who, in anticipation of the booty, had forced the peasantry of the neighborhood to come with wagons to carry it away, was so disgusted to find nothing out of a handful of worn-out men and almost no ammunition, that, in his anger, he had the entire edifice leveled to the ground. Even the natural wall he tried the force of his guns against, but here his rage had little effect, and they still stand. During the century and more since that day the loosened stones have been carried away by the people for more useful and peaceable purposes, so that now very little is left. We wandered around within the ruins and through a narrow passage in the rocks, on either side of which were openings into dark, cavernous passages, probably used as dungeons, for this was for many years a prison as well for State offenders. I must confess to a shudder now and then.

From above the view was glorious, commanding a wide outlook upon the fertile valleys to

the south of the Hartz on one side, and the rolling, forest-covered billows of the mountains on the other.

We were thirsty after the climb, and we sat down had brought some cakes with us, we sat down at one of the many tables arranged along the level top of the old wall and overlooking the valley, and soon the waiter came, from whom we ordered a pot of coffee (German coffee won't hurt even a child, it is mostly chicory), for forty pfennig, with milk and sugar, and enjoyed ourselves to the full. From the waiter I got a great deal of information about the old ruin, as well as learned his own attitude towards the ruin in general. He was an inoffensive peasant lad from the "Heide," which means the moorland about Hamburg. He explained that the women did not work so hard and were not so badly treated there as here in the mountains—besides, they (the peasants) were not so poor and had a much higher sense of honor.

I cannot say enough of the excellent roads and foot-paths here in Germany, and especially here in the Hartz, and, though the wild grandeur of our American scenery is lacking, it is agreeable to see the perfect state of cultivation everywhere, not a weed to be seen nor a fence corner untidy (they have, however, no fences at all). The meadows are green up to the edge of the trees or to the border of the brooks, and in the woods there is seldom loose brush to be seen, because the poor people collect it all most carefully in order to have it to burn. Even when not carrying hay, one scarcely sees a peasant woman without a large basket strapped to her back, in which she puts sticks or weeds she digs up for the pigs. They are often knitting, too, as they go along, or else carrying a baby, and with one or two more at their skirts. The general salutation to every one they meet is, "Tag," short for "Guten tag," which means "Good day," and I find I get into the habit, too. Occasionally they say, "Mahizeit," which means, literally, "meal-time." This seems very strange, but must bear some relation to the fact that a German is mostly ready for a meal. After meals, the universal custom on leaving the table is to say, "Gesegnet mahizeit" (may the meal be blessed to you), and in many families where I have visited, the heads of the family shake hands with the guests, each giving the short salutation, or else the entire company join hands on rising, repeating the same. It is a very pretty custom, but "Mahizeit" as a passing salutation, seems funny enough.

Not far from this old ruin, Scharzfelds, which I have described, are many other places of interest, among others a series of excavations in some neighboring similar rock-masses, used in the very early times as a place for performing the rites and ceremonies of the Christian brotherhood, then struggling to gain a foothold in these wild regions. The rock is a soft limestone, and many of these excavations are the work of nature, and in some of them are stalaclitic formations.

E. S. KITE.

TWO NAMES FOR THE SAME THING.—Some time ago the late Bishop of Derry delivered an address before the undergraduates of Oxford University, in which he administered the following deserved rebuke to those immature "thinkers" who, with ill-concealed superciliousness, proclaim themselves as "agnostics." He said: "You young men are very proud to call yourselves agnostics. It's a Greek word. I don't think you're equally fond of its Latin equivalent, 'ignoramus.'"—*Christian Advocate.*

## William Penn's Address to the Thoughtless and Unconcerned.

Friends, as you are the sons and daughters of Adam, and my brethren after the flesh, often and earnest have been my desires and prayers to God on your behalf, that you may come to know your Creator to be your Redeemer and Restorer to the holy image (that through sin you have lost), by the power and spirit of his son Jesus Christ, whom He hath given for the light and life of the world. And O that you, who are called Christians, would receive Him into your hearts! For there it is you want Him, and at that door He stands knocking, that you might let Him in, but you do not open to Him: you are full of other guests, so that a manger is his lot among you now, as well as of old. Yet you are full of profession, as were the Jews when He came among them, who knew Him not, but rejected and evilly entreated Him. So that if you come not to the possession and experience of what you profess, all your formality in religion will stand you in no stead in the day of God's judgment.

I beseech you ponder with yourselves your eternal condition, and see what title, what ground and foundation you have for your Christianity:—if more than a profession, and an historical belief of the Gospel. Have you known the baptism of fire and the Holy Ghost, and the fan of Christ that winnows away the chaff in your minds, the carnal lusts and affections? That Divine leaven of the kingdom, that, being received, leavens the whole lump of man, sanctifying him throughout in body, soul, and spirit? If this be not the ground of your confidence, you are in a miserable estate.

You will say, perhaps, that though you are sinners and live in daily commission of sin, and are not sanctified, yet you have faith in Christ, who has borne the curse for you, and in Him you are complete by faith, his righteousness being imputed to you.

But, my friends, let me entreat you not to deceive yourselves in so important a point, as is that of your immortal souls. If you have true faith in Christ, your faith will make you clean; it will sanctify you: for the saints' faith was their victory of old; by this they overcame sin within, and sinful men without. And if thou art in Christ, thou walkest not after the flesh, but after the spirit, whose fruits are manifest. Yea, thou art a new creature: new made, new fashioned, after God's will and mould. Old things are done away, and behold, all things are become new: love, desires, will, affections, and practices. It is not any longer thou that livest, thou disobedient, carnal, worldly one; but it is Christ that liveth in thee; and to live is Christ, and to die is thy eternal gain; because thou art assured that thy corruptible shall put on incorruption, and thy mortal immortality, and that thou hast a glorious house eternal in the heavens, that will never grow old or pass away. All this follows being in Christ, as heat follows fire and light the sun.

Therefore have a care how you presume to rely upon such a notion, as that you are in Christ, whilst in your old fallen nature: for what communion hath light with darkness, or Christ with Belial? Hear what the beloved disciple tells you: "If we say we have fellowship with God and walk in darkness, we lie, and do not the truth." That is, if we go on in a sinful way, are captivated by our carnal affections, and are not converted to God, we walk in darkness, and cannot possibly in that state have

any fellowship with God. Christ clothes them with his righteousness that receive his grace in their hearts and deny themselves and take up his cross daily and follow Him. Christ's righteousness makes men inwardly holy; of holy minds, wills and practices. It is nevertheless Christ's, although we have it; for it is *ours*, not by nature, but by *faith and adoption*; it is the gift of God. But still, though not ours, as of or from ourselves, for in that sense it is *Christ's*, for it is of and from Him; yet it is *ours*, and must be *ours* in possession, efficacy and enjoyment, to do us any good, or Christ's righteousness will profit us nothing. It was after this manner that He was made, to the primitive Christians righteousness, sanctification, justification and redemption; and if ever you will have the comfort, kernel and marrow of the Christian religion, thus you must come to learn and obtain it.

The world talks of God, but what do they do? They pray for power, but reject the principle in which it is. If you would know God and worship and serve God as you should do, you must come to the means He has ordained and given for that purpose. Some seek it in books, some in learned men; but what they look for is *in themselves*, though not of themselves, but they overlook it. The voice is too still, the seed too small and the light shineth in darkness; they are abroad, and so cannot divide the spoil, but the woman that lost her silver found it at home, after she had lighted her candle and swept her house. Do you, so too, and you shall find what Pilate wanted to know, namely, *Truth*—truth in the inward parts, so valuable in the sight of God.

The light of Christ within, who is the light of the world (and so a light to you, that tells you the truth of your condition) leads all that take heed unto it out of darkness into God's marvellous light. For light grows upon the obedient, it is sown for the righteous, and their way is a shining light that shines forth more and more to the perfect day.

Wherefore, oh, Friends, turn in, turn in, I beseech you. Where is the poison, there is the antidote. There you want Christ, and there you must find Him; and blessed be God, there you may find Him. Seek and you shall find, I testify for God. But then you must seek aright, with your whole heart, as men that seek for their lives, yea, for their eternal lives, diligently, humbly, patiently, as those that can taste no pleasure, comfort or satisfaction in anything else, unless you find Him whom your souls want to know and love above all. Oh, it is a travail, a *spiritual* travail! Let the carnal, profane world think and say as it will. And through this path you must walk to the city of God, that has eternal foundations, if ever you will come there.

Well, and what does this blessed light do for you? Why, first, it sets all your sins in order before you; it detects the spirit of this world in all its baits and allurements, and shows how man came to fall from God and the fallen estate he is in. Secondly, it begets a sense and sorrow, in such as believe it, for this fearful lapse. You will then see Him distinctly whom you have pierced, and all the blows and wounds you have given Him by your disobedience, and how you have made Him to serve with your sins, and you will weep and mourn for it, and your sorrow will be a godly sorrow. Thirdly, after this it will bring you to the holy watch, to take care that you do so no more, and that the enemy surprise you not again. Then thoughts, as well as words and works, will come

to judgment, which is the way of holiness, in which the redeemed of the Lord do walk. Here you will come to love God above all, and your neighbors as yourselves. Nothing hurts, nothing harms, nothing makes afraid on this holy mountain. Now you come to be Christ's indeed, for you are his in nature and spirit, and not your own. And when you are thus Christ's, then Christ is yours, and not before. And here communion with the Father and with the Son you will know, and the efficacy of the blood of cleansing, even the blood of Jesus Christ, that Immaculate Lamb, which speaks better things than the blood of Abel, and which cleanseth from all sin the consciences of those that, through the living faith, come to be sprinkled with it from dead works to serve the Living God.

Thus says one that God has long since mercifully favored with his fatherly visitation and who was not disobedient to the heavenly vision and call; to whom the way of truth is more lovely and precious than ever, and that knowing the beauty and benefit of it above all worldly treasures, has chosen it for his chiefest joy, and therefore recommends it to thy love and choice, because He is with great sincerity and affection thy soul's friend.—*Rise and Progress of the People called Quakers.*

FOR "THE FRIEND."

### Patagonia, its Nomads and Animals.

Patagonia, east of the Andes, was the home of the Tehuelche Indians, a well developed race of men, who inhabited what was regarded as a desert country, that had been lifted up from the bottom of the South Atlantic Ocean. There are salt lakes and beds of salt left where the sea water drained away. The soil is alluvial, and a well-driller finds beds of sand, gravel, clay, etc., but no rocks. The desert seems to have been peculiarly well adapted to guanacos and ostriches, and the flesh of these with dandelions, bunch grass seeds, fungi, etc., seems to have been well adapted to sustain a race of men that were physically magnificent.

For three hundred and sixty years after Magellan's voyage, the Patagonian Indians held their ground, but finally the demands of the Argentine cattle and sheep men for more land, required that the hunting grounds of the Indians should be taken, and the cheapest way to obtain them was thought to be by war. Spears says: "In these matters the civilized people of Argentine have been as much like the civilized people of the United States as two bullets from one mould." A war of extermination was waged, which reduced the Tehuelche nation from an estimated population of three thousand to about five hundred.

Of the Panther (*Felis concolor*), our author says, nowhere in the world does it reach greater size, or accumulate more fat. They are said not to disturb men, but in addition to the Guanacos on which they feed, they are quite destructive to the sheep, and hence are hunted by the sheep growers. Its flesh is freely eaten. It is called by the plainsmen a name which means "the friend of man," and an anecdote is told of a young woman named Maldonado, who in a time of famine caused by war with the Indians, wandered into the world seeking edible roots. At the close of the war she was restored to her people, and on the supposition that she had deserted to the Indians, was condemned to be tied to a tree three miles from town and left there to be eaten by wild beasts. After two nights and a day soldiers were sent to bring in her bones for burial, but to their

great astonishment she was found unharmed. She said a panther had remained with her and had driven off the jaguars and other beasts of prey that came to destroy her.

Spears compares the armadillo to a thick turtle without any breast-plate. It eats anything. It kills serpents by squatting on them, and sawing its body to and fro, so that the edges of its protective shell cut the snake to pieces. Although it eats many things that are repulsive to civilized tastes, the armadillo is itself a most delicious article of food.

The ostrich is one of the most interesting birds of the desert. The old cock-bird has a harem of several hens. He builds a nest, and the hens take turns in depositing their eggs in it until it is full. Nests having forty eggs in them are not uncommon. When the nest is full enough, the old cock takes possession, and sits on and cares for them until they are hatched.

When the eggs are hatched the male looks after the brood—leads them about where food is most abundant, and keeps his eyes open for the ever near dangers, sounding a loud snorting or rasping call when he sees a danger. When a brood of young ostriches is warned by their guardian, they instantly fade out of sight. Squatting motionless, with his head in the sand, the ostrich is so near in color like the sand and the scant herbage that grows there, that even experienced hunters fail to see him.

Ostriches readily learn the habits of their persecutors. When Patagonia was first discovered by white men the aborigines were afraid, and the ostriches, being hunted by men afraid, were accustomed to flee at the sight of a man. The Spaniards introduced horses on the pampas, and at first ostriches were not greatly frightened by a man riding. Very soon, however, they found the mounted man dangerous.

A ranch owner is found here and there who will not permit ostrich hunting on his grounds. The birds quickly learn where they are safe, and gather from surrounding districts in great bands, leaving the hunting grounds bare. And, what is more remarkable still, the very birds that will flee for their lives when started by a man on the hunted grounds will show not the least concern at the approach of a man when on safe ground.

J. W.

HOW THEY MAKE THEIR MONEY.—When a patent-medicine advertiser or a quack doctor offers to send two or any other number of bottles free to persons who have chronic diseases that require months or years for their termination or cure, the presumption is that the medicines consist of stimulants or narcotics, which will in the one case produce a spurious vigor that is taken for improvement, and in the other a dullness of sensibility to pain which is taken for the departure of its cause. The vendor in such a case expects to make his money upon the bottles which will be bought by the victims before they discover that they are deriving no real benefit. But the man who sends an apparatus with unknown powers, such as "magnetism," "rings," "electricity," "polarization," "ozone," "X rays," or "vitaliveness drawn from atmosphere" has a shrewder scheme than the others, for he can at least get his machine back; and the more absurd a thing is or the less known, the more it stimulates faith, imagination, and hope. So it is a "faith cure" besides. Every time the patient feels better he attributes it to the apparatus; when he feels worse he thinks he might have died without it.—*Christian Advocate.*

## IN MOTHER'S PLACE.

In mother's place—so father said,  
His kind hand resting on my head,  
While all the burdens of the day,  
The care and trouble, fell away!  
New purpose seemed to grow into me  
To struggle for the victory,  
And by the fireside's happy light  
I breathed a silent prayer to-night!

I never grieved in times gone by  
When much there was to fret and cry  
The sweetest temper all day long!  
Was it to-day when things went wrong,  
I checked the hasty, angry word,  
Hearing the tones my childhood heard,  
Seeing, in memory, the while,  
The vision of a vanished smile?

The children, crowding at my side,  
Need me, and will not be denied.  
The home her presence made so bright  
Needs me, and I must be its light.  
The girls and boys too soon will go  
From sheltering arms of love, I know—  
May the sweet influence of home  
Be theirs, wherever they may roam!

Yes! it is little I can do;  
Yet faith in God will bear me through,  
And give me wisdom to fulfil  
My duty, since it is his will!  
That these, who need a mother's care,  
Should find in me—benefit of her,  
And longing for her lovely face—  
A guide and friend in mother's place!

—Quiver.

FOR "THE FRIEND."

## A Picnic by the Ranocacs.

On the eighth of the Eighth Month I accepted a kind invitation to join a family of friends in spending a day by the banks of the Ranocacs. The loose boards that are used to separate the baskets of produce in the farm-wagon made comfortable seats, and although twenty were seated thereon, there was yet room for more. There were five young people from one family and seven or eight from another, and a little sprinkling of older people.

The day was warm, but a gentle breeze made it rather pleasant riding. After leaving the stone road, we soon entered on a farm, valuable principally for the layer of moulding sand with which it is underlain—much of which has now been removed. The land appeared to be worth almost nothing for agricultural purposes, yet much of it was overrun with a native product of wild plants, conspicuous for its abundance among which was a species of wild bean (*Strophostyles augustosa*). It is a vine, sometimes growing to the length of several feet, either prostrate on the ground, or climbing, if it finds suitable plants near by to attach itself to. The flowers are purplish in color, and the seed-vessels are pods or legumes as they are called by botanists—similar to those of the pea and bean. Hence the natural family to which they belong is termed *Leguminosae*, or plants bearing legumes.

It was interesting to note how large a proportion of the plants growing on this barren sand belong to this "pod family." The most notable among these for the size and abundance of its yellow blossoms and the beauty of its foliage, was the Partridge Pea or Sensitive Pea (*Cassia chamaecrista*). The flowers are about an inch in diameter, and often from twenty to fifty of these bright blossoms are clustered in a single plant, making a most showy and beautiful object; closely allied to this, but with much smaller flowers, is the Wild Sensitive plant (*Cassia nitida*). If a specimen of either is plucked, the numerous leaflets which are so systematically arranged on the opposite sides of the common leaf-stalk, at once begin to close

up, so that it is difficult for a botanist to preserve specimens in such a shape as to show the natural appearance of these beautiful plants.

We found also many plants belonging to this natural family, in which the pod, instead of having the regular outline of a pea or bean-pod, was indented on one or both sides, as if it was built up of a number of separate pods joined together. These belonged to one of several species of *Desmodium*, and had purple flowers. These pods are generally covered with minute hooked hairs, which adhere to clothing or to the fleeces of animals, and are thus distributed over the country.

We found also the Rattle-box (*Crotalaria Scitellalis*), a small, yellow-flowered plant, in which the pod is inflated, and when mature, contain several loose seeds, which when shaken rattle in their dried enclosures, from which circumstance is derived both its common and its botanical names. This was a pleasing find, since it brought to memory the botanical researches of more than half a century ago.

Another interesting plant was the Groundnut (*Apis tuberosa*), a vine which climbed over the adjacent bushes, and bore clusters of brown purple flowers. It owes its common name to its habit of bearing edible tubers on underground shoots. It is a totally different plant from that which is so extensively cultivated in Virginia and North Carolina, which has a yellow blossom and produces pods, often under the surface of the soil, which are called groundnuts or peanuts. Although that also is a member of the *Leguminosae*.

This natural family contains an immense number of species. Some, as the beans and peas are cultivated for food, others as clover and lucerne, furnish fodder for cattle; logwood and other tropical trees yield important coloring matters; and Indigo is prepared from a plant of this order. It furnishes also valuable balsams and gums, such as Gum Tragacanth, Gum Arabic and Gum Senegal.

We found refuge from the sun's rays in a thick shade near the banks of the Ranocacs, and close by a fine spring of cold water, which added much to the pleasantness of the situation. The little people seemed to enjoy trotting about in the sand, freed from the incumbrance of shoes and stockings, and made a playhouse in the sand, enclosed by a circle of little sticks set upright, and containing a central pile of sand for a table, and four small piles around it, to represent chairs. They showed considerable agility in climbing into the wagon in pursuit of apples, which it contained.

In due season a fire of sticks was built and dinner prepared, and this together with bathing in the stream and some slight exploration of the neighboring country occupied the time till it was seasonable to return homeward.

Among the plants we met with were two species of Dodder (*Cuscuta*). This curious plant is without leaves, and has thread-like yellowish stems. Soon after rising from the ground it commences to twine around the stems of plants growing near it, and becomes entirely parasitic, deriving its nourishment from the bark of its host. One of the dodders we found was a confused tangle of yellow threads spreading over the branches of the shrub it had selected for its foster-mother.

In walking along the margin of the stream my attention was arrested by a spike of violet blue flowers, surmounting a water plant with a large heart-shaped leaf on the stem. It was the Pickerel-weed (*Pontederia cordata*), which

grows abundantly in reach of tide-water along the Delaware River and its tributaries. On the upper part of each flower are two small yellow dots. A botanical friend had given me some weeks before a South American specimen, the *Pontederia crassipes*, which when placed in a pot of water seemed to thrive well. In this the foot-stalk of each leaf contained a large oval swelling, probably an air bladder, designed to support the leaf on the surface of the water, and hold up the flower stems. One morning we were surprised to find that during the night the plant had developed a flower stem of several inches in height, and had five large flowers fully opened. On each of these were two yellow spots similar to those I observed on our native *Pontederia*. This common trait on two species so different from each other was an interesting phenomenon.

The Reed (*Phragmites communis*) was in bloom plentifully in the adjoining marshes. This tall and coarse grass somewhat resembles broom corn in appearance when in flower. Its seeds are a favorite food of the Bob-o-link or reed-bird, which is sure to be here when the seed ripens. J. W.

## Marriage Customs Among Chinese.

An instance of the breaking up of an early betrothal came under my notice, illustrative of both the old and the new order of things. At Go-ho-ki, where our first chapel was built, there lived a man of great local influence, named Tan Phauh. He was a powerfully built man, who had been through several rebellions on the mainland, and was not used to having his plans thwarted by anybody. His services in connection with the establishing of our first church are told hereafter. He was a loyal Chinese, and, although he became one of our earliest converts, he never was unpatriotic or disloyal as a citizen.

There lived with the family a girl who was betrothed to his second son. She was a good, hard-working girl, and was kindly treated, and really loved as a daughter. The whole family became Christian, and this son joined my class of students and travelled with us, preparing himself for the ministry. Association with other students, and college life at Tamsui, widened his horizon and greatly developed his intellectual powers. He began to think for himself, and self-consciousness developed independence. His ideals were enlarged and his standards of life changed. The thought of his betrothal began to be burdensome. He had nothing against the girl, but she was not his ideal, and he could not cherish for her the "supreme affection for one" that philosophers call love. She was uneducated, and took no interest in the larger subjects and ambitions that now fired his soul. Under such circumstances young men who, thinking themselves in love, voluntarily entered into an engagement without the advice or knowledge of their parents have been known to fret and become discontented. Poor Teng cannot, then, be blamed for fretting over a betrothal to which he was not a party, made years before he understood or cared.

On the occasion of one of his visits home the question of his marriage to Sim-pu was raised, and he distinctly refused. He did not love the girl and could not marry her. The grief, disappointment, and anger of his parents were almost beyond control. They were Christians, but the custom was an old one, and besides, they loved Sim-pu. The father went to bed and stayed there till his anger cooled. The

mother felt even more strongly. I visited them and reasoned with them, explaining the nature and terms of Christian marriage, and the teachings of the Bible on the subject. The eldest son agreed with me, and thought his brother should be allowed to choose for himself. The younger son stood by the venerable social custom, and wanted to know what kind of a lady Theatre would like for a wife, that he should refuse one whom they all loved so much. But Theatre was unmoved. In the struggle between love and custom the tender passion prevailed. He would not give his hand, for he could not give his heart. The girl felt badly, for she had had her day-dreams.

Theg married a girl he loved, and Sim-pu married a young farmer living a few miles away. The old man often told me that only Christianity and the grace of God could reconcile him to his son's action. The girl did not cherish any hard feelings, as she would have done were she not a Christian. When passing near where she lived, she insisted on my visiting her new home, and her welcome to myself and the students who were with me had no suggestion of animosity or secret regret.

### Waste and Hard Times.

This nation wastes, yea, worse than wastes, \$1,500,000,000 annually on rum, for the waste has a reflex influence. It breeds indolence, crime and vice of every character.

Although we hear the constant cry of "hard times," yet if any one stands on a principal street of our city on Saturday night, between seven and eight o'clock, and sees the laboring classes pouring in and out of the saloons, like bees in a hive, they could not tell that we were in the midst of "hard times." Then it certainly is our wasted resources that produce "hard times," all talk to the contrary notwithstanding.

For the next few months we will have a nation of lunatics so far as actions are concerned. I mean they will get in line, with banner and torch, march through rain and mud, clap their hands, stamp their feet, and halloo themselves hoarse, at the statement of men who willfully deceive them as to the real cause of "hard times."

Let the nation bear in mind that no system of protection nor tariff can bring permanent good times while the American or un-American saloon is allowed to exist. The vast resources of this country are amply sufficient to put every man, woman and child beyond the reach of want, and yet intemperance is stalking abroad in the land, devouring half of our substance each year.

Then think of the amounts consumed each year for tobacco. Here, many Christians are to blame, and some who are ministers of the Gospel will chew and spit, smoke and puff, snuff and sneeze, and not only injure their constitutions, and their reputations, but waste the Lord's money. "Be ye clean that bear the vessels of the Lord." Millions of the nation's money is wasted annually for superfluous ornaments, such as do the wearer no good at all. There can, I am sure, be no excuse for a Christian wearing finger-rings, car-rings and such trinkets. They can do no good at all, and only indicate pride in the heart of the wearer.

I know it is urged by some Christians that these things do not make them proud. Possibly they do not, but they are sure signs that we are proud. If I go out on the commons and see a horse or cow with a yoke on, my first impression

is, that is a rogue. The yoke does not make it a rogue, but it is a sure sign that it is one; and if it was not it would not wear the yoke. Millions are wasted for costly burial outfits and granite monuments, which do no good. I wonder who started such customs, and why Christians could fall into the habit. Some one will call me an extremist, a fogy, and I do not care. These are my sentiments.

But, in conclusion, our city has a committee raising six thousand dollars to expend on fireworks to-morrow, July 4th, and there will be twice that amount wasted by private individuals. What for? Just for show. It means "sounding a trumpet of patriotism," showing to the world our patriotism, when we are indulging in some of the most unpatriotic habits and customs, and thousands of our citizens on the point of starvation. Shame!

To be sure, millions now are worse than squandered in secret societies each year. These are among the most gigantic swindles known to men, and are among the causes of our "hard times."—(Portland, Ore.), *Christian Cynosure*.

### Ought Christians to Patronize the Theatre?

BY THEODORE L. CUYLER.

In attempting to answer the above question I shall speak of the average theatre and the general character of performances on the stage in this country. I do not deny that there are clean plays performed by clean actors, and that some Christian people may sometimes derive a pure intellectual enjoyment from witnessing "Hamlet" or some kindred masterpiece of genius impressively rendered. Nor do I deny that there are many good people who would rejoice to have the stage everywhere and always a school of pure morals and ennobling influence. It is not the theatre as it ought to be that I am discussing, but the theatre as it is, and as a totality. The play-house is a popular institution; and as an institution does it deserve the moral support and the pecuniary patronage of the followers of Jesus Christ?

When the question was once up for discussion, my old friend, the late Dr. Howard Crosby, affirmed in his terse, blunt fashion that "the theatre is a nasty place," and he confirmed his bold remark by a startling array of facts gathered during his long life in his native city of New York. Dr. Crosby was a minister of the Gospel, and some might contend that his point of view was too puritanical. Mrs. Fanny Kemble Butler was, in her early life, a celebrated actress, and belonged to the most famous histrionic family that ever lived; in her later years she uttered a very emphatic condemnation of the general influence of the stage both upon its performers and its patrons. The brilliant novelist, Mr. William D. Howells, has never been regarded as extremely puritanical; but a few months ago, in a leading literary journal, he said that while the theatre is often called a school of morals, "it is far oftener a school of immoralities," and that it frequently teaches, by example if not by precept, infamous things and atrocious things. Mr. Howells, with vehement earnestness, remarks: "If any pulpit vice were preached by mockeries of purity and appeals to lubricity such as we are used to in the theatre; if lying were inculcated, and passion put above duty; if revenge were taught as something noble; if homicide were lightly invoked, and adultery treated as a comical affair, somehow the law would reach that pulpit, although the State professes to have no relation with the Church.

In like manner, if in any private school or college the humanities were imparted by a chair devoted to the study of those authors whose work befalls literature, the law would somehow intervene to prevent the mischief, although the effect might be logically blamed as a socialistic meddling with private enterprise. The theatre, however, is left unmolested in almost any excess; ideas are enacted if not expressed there which are simply abominable. We all know it; we can prove it at any time; it is undeniable."

One of the reasons why a Christian should not patronize the stage is that it constantly unsexes women by presenting her before the public gaze in masculine attire. The common law forbids this elsewhere, and a woman who is detected on the streets in a man's dress will be subject to arrest by the police. Far worse than the assumption of a masculine dress is the well known fact that hundreds of women exhibit themselves on the stage in such a pitiless scantiness of attire as to outrage common decency. Christian brother, would you like to see your own sister or any lady friend exposing herself in such a plight? Yet when you enter the play-house you pay your money to encourage somebody else's sister or wife or daughter to make a sorry spectacle of herself for your amusement! "Be not partakers of other persons' sins" is a wholesome text for you to consider before you buy your ticket to the theatre; for whatever you pay the manager to present on his stage you are to a certain extent responsible for. How any Christian lady can patronize an institution that degrades her own sex is an enigma for an honest conscience to solve.

If the theatre is a school of morals, as its defenders constantly contend, then the teachers in that school ought not only to learn their own lessons, but to bear the most high and irreproachable character. I do not affirm that every actor is immoral or every actress is impure; but I have no doubt that the best of them would confess that if they manage to preserve a delicate purity of heart they do so in the face of terrible temptations. A celebrated actress told a friend of mine that she "only enters a theatre to enact her own part, and has as little association as possible with the members of her own profession." An actor who had quit the stage from conscientious convictions once said to me, when we passed the play house in which he had often performed, "behind those curtains lies Sodom." It is notorious that a very large proportion of the plays presented in the average theatre contain more or less of immoral teaching; and the exhibition which the theatre makes of itself in the pictorial advertisements that cover the dead walls is enough to reveal its true character. The theatre, as I have already remarked, is a public institution to be estimated by the sum total of its influence, just as the pulpit is. And if a follower of the Lord Jesus Christ bestows his pecuniary patronage upon the theatre, then is he to that degree responsible for it, and in a moral partnership with it.

There is an old and plausible theory that if Christian people would all agree to sustain an entirely unexceptionable drama by unexceptionable performers, the theatre would be regenerated. It is a lamentable fact that this has proved to be an "iridescent dream." The experiment has not proved successful when fairly attempted. The theatre manager is not a professional philanthropist; he "runs" his business simply and solely to make money. He produces what pays best; and if he can spice his

veining entertainments with a plot that turns some sort of sexual depravity, or burlesque of evangelical religion, or a shameless exposure of physical beauty, the temptation to fill his offers is too strong to be resisted. The licentious stage and the Sabbath-breaking press are both conducted for filthy lucre; and the Christian who contributes to the support of either or if both is responsible for the spiritual mischief that they work.

A Christian needs recreation as much as any one else; but that recreation only is fit for a true Christian which makes the body healthier, the mind clearer and the immortal powers more vigorous. Whatever endangers self-purity and inflames evil passions is a sinful amusement. Wherever a servant of Christ cannot take his Master with him, he has no right to go; wherever he cannot ask a blessing on his pleasures, he has no business to be. Let him try this simple test on the average theatre, and he will find that the outside of the play house is the right side. There are certainly enough innocent and wholesome recreations without venturing upon one of doubtful morality—much less upon one which has wrought spiritual shipwreck upon thousands of souls. If the theatre has not helped many toward heaven, it has assuredly been to multitudes, especially of the young, a gateway to perdition.

Jesus Christ commands his followers to "come out and be separate." He drew a sharp, distinct dividing line between the "walking in the Spirit" and fulfilling the lusts of the flesh—between the pleasures of sin and the pleasures of a clean heart and a useful life. There is a tendency in these self-indulgent days to reduce this line to a mere chalk mark easily rubbed out! And when that dividing line is entirely effaced, then the nominal Christian and the people of the world can dance together in the same ball room, sit together around the same decanters of wine, and occupy adjoining boxes in the same theatre! How long will it take for such a Christianity to convert this world to the service of God?—*The Presbyterian.*

### An Experience at Kano.

Soon after our arrival, a supplementary present from the king appeared, consisting of a hundred thousand cowries, an ox, a goat, three immense sacks of rice and a large bag of wheat. On receiving the cowries I was informed, what I subsequently ascertained to be correct, that it was customary to give the bearer ten thousand cowries for himself. They are delivered as a rule in bags containing twenty thousand each. Noticing that the man who was responsible for their safe carriage had brought one which was obviously underweight, some two thousand cowries having been extracted from it, I asked him if he was certain that this particular bag contained its proper amount. On receiving his assurance to that effect, I told him to sit down and count from this bag the ten thousand cowries, which, according to the native custom, I owed him. He did so with great alacrity, thinking, no doubt, that the white man was sadly lacking in sagacity to allow a creditor to count his own money unchecked. I noticed that he took full advantage of his privilege, and so far as I could judge, the sum which he counted exceeded by at least two thousand cowries that to which he was entitled. His task completed, I asked him again if he was sure that the bag as delivered by him had originally contained twenty thousand cowries. On his reply in the

affirmative, I suggested to him that this being so, the amount which remained over must therefore be ten thousand. On his assuring me that my calculation was correct, I told him to leave with me the ten thousand which he had just counted, and to take the rest as his due. He departed with a look of chagrin on his face which it was piteous to see, but doubtless with his opinion as to the intelligence of the white man very considerably improved.—*Hausaland.*

### Taming a Humming-Bird.

Several cases are on record of attempts to tame humming-birds, but when placed in a cage they do not thrive and soon die. The orange groves of Southern California abound in these attractive creatures, and several can often be seen about the flowering bushes, seeking food or chasing each other in play. Once, when flying on the slopes of the Sierra Madre Mountains, where they were very plentiful, I accomplished the feat of taking one in my hand.

I first noticed it in the garden, resting on a mustard-stalk, and, thinking to see how near I could approach, I gradually moved toward it by pretending to be otherwise engaged, until I was within five feet of it. The bird looked at me calmly, and I moved slowly nearer, whistling gently to attract its attention, as I began to think something was the matter with it. It bent its head upon one side, eyed me sharply, then flew to another stalk a few feet away, contemplating me as before. Again I approached, taking care not to alarm it, and this time I was almost within reaching distance before it flew away.

The bird seemed to have a growing confidence in me, and I became more and more deliberate in my movements, until I finally stood beside the little creature, gazing at me with its head tipped upon one side, as if questioning what I was about. I then withdrew and approached again, repeating this several times before I stretched out my hand to take it, at which it flew to another bush. But the next time, it allowed me to grasp it, and I had caught a wild bird, open-handed, without even the use of salt!

Such instances must be rare where birds are familiar with human beings. In some of the islands of the South Pacific, birds have been found that had never seen a man before, and allowed themselves to be picked up, and even had to be pushed out of peoples' way.

One of the curious features of humming-birds is that they are never found in Europe, being exclusively American, ranging in this country from the extreme north to the tropics, adding to the beauty of field and grove, being veritable living gems. Nothing can approach the humming-bird in its gorgeousness of decoration. It is especially rich in metallic tints, seemingly splashed with red, blue, green and other bronzes. Some appear to be decked in a coat of mail, others blazing in the sunlight with head-dresses and breastplates that are dazzling to behold, and defy description. The smallest of birds, they are one of the most beautiful of the many ornaments of our fields and gardens.—*From Our Animal Friends.*

AMONG all the agencies for bringing about the regeneration of men the lives of Christians are to be reckoned as belonging to the most effective. Every man makes the world better by making himself better. The power of the Holy Spirit attests genuine Christian example.—*Parish Visitor.*

## THE FRIEND.

EIGHTH MONTH 29, 1896.

We have received a communication from our English Friend, John William Graham, correcting what he regards as a misunderstanding in an extract from a letter published in THE FRIEND of Eighth Month 8th, which conveys the impression that some of the members of London Yearly Meeting absent themselves from its sittings because they do not sympathize with its proceedings. The following extracts from J. W. G.'s letter explain his view:

*Dear Friend:*—The editorial position in thy issue of Eighth Month 8th, is occupied by a paragraph calling attention to the fact that a communication in *The British Friend* "states up" implies that true Friends have lately found the condition of the meetings of London Yearly Meeting so uncomfortable that they have tacitly consented to remain absent, thus preventing the Yearly Meeting from being truly representative of the condition of the Body."

There is a great misunderstanding here. I know of no English Friends who so absent themselves. If there are such, unknown to me, it is limited to a very few, and the reason is more one of personal peculiarity than anything else. There is no wide abstention such as would affect the representative character of the Yearly Meeting. On searching the *British Friend* for the alleged statement, I was surprised to find what must have been its basis in an article of my own, an editorial of Sixth Month 5th, on "The Second Yearly Meetings." I then wrote that the Yearly Meeting was only partially representative because "its arrangements can only be met by the wealthy and the leisured," changed circumstances make most of our members unable to spend a fortnight or even a week in London in Fifth Month."

This is apparently the text which has been so misconstrued. It seems worth while to correct a statement which tends to cause an unwarranted alienation of sympathy and respect between thy readers and our Friends in England. I find in moving among Friends in America, that distance and want of knowledge have caused differences to be exaggerated in more cases than one.

Thy Friend truly,

JOHN W. GRAHAM.

PHILADELPHIA, Eighth Month 29th, 1896.

We forwarded his communication to the friend whose letter gave occasion for it, with the hope that he would be able definitely to state whether or not his inference was derived from the editorial in *The British Friend* of Sixth Month 5th, but the reply received from him states that he has not on hand a file of *The British Friend*, and he appears to be unable from memory to answer the question decidedly. Under these circumstances, it seems to us proper to accept the explanation given by J. W. Graham.

### SUMMARY OF EVENTS.

UNITED STATES.—A conference of Friends, principally of the Bangs Yearly Meeting, has been held the past week at Swarthmore, Delaware County, Pa. The principal subjects considered were: Education, philanthropic labor and the interests of Friends. The attendance has been large, one day numbering about four thousand.

From official information received by the Treasury Department from twenty-one countries, the exchange of silver during the calendar year 1895 amounted in the aggregate to \$113,367,220.

Ex-Congressman Bourke Cockran addressed a great Democratic meeting in Madison Square Garden, New York, on the night of the 18th instant, in reply to the speech of William J. Bryan, the Chicago nominee for President delivered at the nomination meeting on the 12th. The attendance was the largest at any meeting ever held in the Garden, about 18,000 persons being present.

A mortgage for \$2,000,000 was recently placed on a single building in New York.

Several of the big railroads leading out of New York have issued notices ordering retrenchments. This is chiefly due to the falling off in freight owing to the uncertainties of the business situation. Officials say that shippers seem to be limiting themselves to the necessities of the next three months, and are apparently restricting the amount of the freight.

The output of salmon from the Columbia River, which was expected to be 50 per cent. short this year, will be within 75,000 of the large total of 312,000 cases put in 1895.

Madison, the last salmon county on the main line of the Atlantic Central Railroad, between the Tennessee and Louisiana State lines, a distance of some three hundred miles, has voted against license in a Local Option election, by a majority of 20 votes. All the leading politicians of both parties were on the side of the no, the preachers, the women and a few brave laymen led the fight for prohibition.

A correspondent of the New York Tribune, writing from Atlanta, Ga., on the 15th instant, says: "Today the Populists nominated a Prohibition candidate for Governor of this State on a Prohibition platform. Morgan County, one of the strongholds of whiskey, with bar-rooms in full blast and an immense jug trade to boot, has voted for prohibition. The official, an official, all Democrats, in open advocacy of the saloons, went Prohibition by a large majority. The county had 2,400 voters on that day, and the 1,500 negro voters put out the saloons, with a majority of 528 for the Prohibition ticket. This is a pointer for the coming State election, and gives warrant to the belief that Seaman Wright, the anti-room candidate, may be the next Governor of Georgia."

Last week, George Ellwood, aged fourteen years, a newsboy, died in great agony, after, it is said, having smoked nineteen cigarettes in rapid succession.

Professor Frederick William Crouch, of Baltimore, Md., composer of "Kathleen Mavourneen," died on the 18th instant, in Portland, Me., aged eighty-eight years.

Word has been received of the loss of the American ship *Willie Rosenfeld*, owned by Arthur B. Sewall & Co., of Bath, Me., off the coast of England. Two boats, containing fourteen persons, are missing.

Deaths in the month of October 32, which is 45% less than the previous week—a result of the fall in temperature—and 83 less than the corresponding week of 1895. Of the whole number, 137 were under one year of age; 198 were males and 184 females; 66 died of cholera infantum; 39 of sunstroke; 29 of marasmus; 29 of consumption; 17 of inflammation; 15 of inflammation of the stomach and bowels; 12 of old age; 11 of inflammation of the brain; 9 of pneumonia; 9 of uremia, and 9 from casualties.

Markets, &c.—U. S. 28, 91½; 48, 103; 55, 105½; coupon, 106 a 106½; 48, new, 113 a 113½; 55, 108 a 109½; currency 98, 102 a 104.

Wheat.—This market ruled quiet, but steady, on a basis of 8½c per bushel for grading upland.

FEED.—Winter bar in bulk, quoted \$9.00 a \$10.00, and spring do., in sacks, at \$9.00 a \$9.75 per cent.

FLOUR.—Winter super, \$1.90 a \$2.15; do., extras, \$2.15 a \$2.30; Pennsylvania roller, clear, \$2.75 a \$3.00; do., do., straight, \$3.00 a \$3.25; Western winter, clear, \$2.00; do., do., straight, \$2.25 a \$2.50; do., do., patent, \$3.25 a \$3.55; spring clear, \$2.50 a \$2.75; do., straight, \$3.00 a \$3.25; do., patent, \$3.30 a \$3.55; do., favorite brands, higher. City mills, extra, \$2.00 a \$2.25; do., clear, \$2.75 a \$3.00; do., straight, \$3.00 a \$3.25; do., patent, \$3.40 a \$3.75. RYE FLOUR was dull, but steady, at \$2.40 per barrel for choice Pennsylvania.

GRAIN.—No. 2 red wheat, 63 a 63½c; No. 2 mixed corn, 28 a 25c; No. 2 white oats, 24 a 25c.

BEEF CATTLE.—Extra, 4½ a 5; good, 4½ a 4½c; medium, 4½ a 4c; common, 3½ a 4c; far Western, 3½ a 4c; Texas, 3½ a 4c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS.—Extra, 4 a 4½c; good, 3½ a 3½c; medium, 3 a 3½c; common, 2½ a 2½c; culls, 1 a 2c; lambs, 3 a 7c.

HOGS.—Western, 5½ a 5½c; State, 5 a 5½c.

FOREIGN.—An American missionary named Snyder has lived in a despoiled temple on the Congo Free State. He says he penetrated more than a thousand miles into the interior of the State and discovered a large lake. The wife of the missionary died recently.

The Madrid authorities have discovered the existence of a plot to blow up the castle of La Granja, the residence of the Infanta Isabella, aunt of the King.

During the artillery practice by the ships of a

French fleet off Toulon on the 18th inst., a rapid-fire gun on the torpedo cruiser *Vauclair* was turned on the battleship *Bretons*. The helm-man was seriously wounded and the conning tower, from which Admiral Gervais was watching, was partly wrecked.

The members of the Conway expedition, accompanied by Dr. Eriklöv Sausen, whose failure to reach the North Pole by drifting in the steamer *Fram* was lately chronicled, have arrived at Hammerfest, Norway.

Nansen's Arctic expedition has at last, after an absence of three years, been heard from, and the news is full of interest. He did not reach the North Pole, but he came within 250 miles of it, which is about 150 miles nearer than any other man is ever known to have gone.

Professor Andree has abandoned for this year the idea of crossing the Arctic regions in a balloon. The season is too far advanced to justify an ascension.

Dr. Hirschfeld, a well-known physician of Magdeburg, Germany, was recently arrested on a charge of malpractice. The specific charge was that he had refused to give one of his patients alcohol who was supposed to need it. The doctor, like the more advanced German physicians, is discarding liquor from his practice, and made such a defense of the charge that the court not only discharged the physician but assessed the doctor a fine for his prosecution.

It is said there is no market in Germany for American boots and shoes, as the shapes worn in America would not do there.

Concerning the state of the crops in Russia, it is said that the consensus of opinion is that the harvest there is an absolute failure.

The delegates to a new Constitution to Crete, the main features of which are the appointment of a Christian Governor and the establishment of a Cretan financial autonomy, with the payment of tribute to the Sultan under the general guarantee of the European Powers. A majority of the Christian deputies of Crete are willing to accept the conditions. The British Government has expressed its sympathy. British East Africa, has been laid with due ceremony.

The powerful Matabele chiefs have surrendered to the British forces, and it is believed that the war is ended.

Last year the people of New South Wales spent more than \$2,000,000 for liquor, which amounted to 100 lbs. of pure beer for every man, woman and child. The restrictions for drunkenness in this same country amounted to 14,639.

Official returns from British Columbia to the Dominion Government show that in 1894 the aggregate value of precious metals mined in the Province was \$3,000,000; last year the value was \$3,028,375, and this year the output will be greater, judging from the three months ended Seventh Month 15th, when the estimated value of gold smelted and shipped was \$1,750,000.

The wheat crop of Manitoba does not promise well this year. It is estimated that it will not exceed 60 per cent. of last year's crop, which amounted to 31,000,000 bushels.

All the banks in Newfoundland refuse to accept American silver coin, owing to the "uncertainty of financial and political problems in the United States."

RECEIPTS

Unless otherwise specified, two dollars have been received from each person, paying for vol. 70.

Hamilton Haines, N. J.; C. R. West, Iowa; H. S. De Con, N. J.; George Haines, Jr., N. J.; Margaret E. Rhoads, Pa.; Mary E. Windle, Ind.; Clarkson Moore, Agent, Pa., \$32, for himself, Truman C. Moore, Sarah B. Chambers, Del., Geo. H. Chambers, Elizabeth C. Cooper, Horatio G. Cooper, Thompson Frame, Elizabeth H. Hughes, Wm. B. Harvey, S. Morris Jones, Priscilla W. Moore, Harvey Murray, Hannah J. Reid, Abi M. Whitson, Wm. Wickersham and Sarah M. Walter; Wm. Stanton, Agent, Ohio, \$20, for Lindby P. Bailey, Mary P. Dawson, Jesse Bailey, John Bondy, James May, Wm. Pickett, Wm. H. Hazard, Agent, N. Y., for Gilbert Weaver; Richard T. Ober and for Edmund L. Post, N. Y.; John Letchworth, Gtnc; Edward S. Lowry, Phila.; Edward Richie, Phila., and for Hannah D. White, O.; Elizabeth Allen, Phila.; Amy J. Brooks, N. C.; Allen T. Leeds, Phila., and for Susanna T. Clement, N. J.; C. F. Saunders, Phila.; Joseph

Jones, N. J.; Jos. S. Middleton, N. J.; Henry Newton, England, 10s.; Jane Crank, Canada, \$1, to No. 39, vol. 70; Samuel T. Haight, Agent, Canada, \$19, for Jos. H. Clayton, Anna B. Cornell, Henry S. Moore, Anna H. Moore, Agnes Henderson, Jos. G. Pollard, Geo. Pollard, Jesse Stover, Joshua Waring to No. 23, vol. 71, and John M. B. for Benj. Doudson, Jesse D. Hall, Maria H. Hurdley and Hannah A. Webster; Henry B. Leeds, Agent, N. J., for Hannah R. Maule and Sallie A. Kaighn; John B. Rhoads, N. J., to No. 5, vol. 71; P. Ellis De Con, N. J.; Mary W. Roberts, N. J.; Ellen Brown, Phila.; Anna P. Chambers, Pa.; Sarah Satterthwaite, Pa.; J. S. Kirk, Pa.; Samuel M. Troth, M. D., Phila.; Elton B. Gifford, Phila., and for Raphael G. Moore and John S. Pennell, Fil. Clarkson Moore, Agent, Pa., \$6, for J. Adrian Moore, Sarah L. Passmore and Thos. L. Passmore; Reece L. Thomas, Pa.

Remittances received after Third-day evening will not appear in the Receipts until the following week.

NOTICES

CORRECTION.—In the poem "In Memoriam," on page 25 of THE FRIEND and in ninth stanza, first line, the word "unfolds" should be "enolds."

The Memorial of Deborah B. Webb, issued by Kennet Bond Meeting, has been printed and is for sale at Friend's Book Store, 304 Arch Street, Philadelphia. Price, 5 cents.

DIED, on Eighth Month 12th, 1896, at his home in Germantown, WILLIAM HEXTH BRIGGS, aged forty-six years, a member and overseer of Frankford Monthly and Germantown Particular Meeting. This dear Friend was brought, in early life, to feel his great need of a Savior, and as he yielded to the precious invitations extended from time to time, he was favored to grow in grace and to experience the efficacy of the redeeming love of Christ, with a full assurance that, if faithful to his convictions, he would realize the promise, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." He was a useful and consistent member of the Society of Friends, and was firmly convinced of the Truths of the Gospel as held by it. His faithfulness in the attendance of meetings and in other things which he felt were required of him, and his cheerful submission to him many trials, which were cheerfully submitted to. He was gentle and loving in spirit, and manifested in his daily walk and conversation that he was endeavoring to follow Christ. He was deeply concerned to testify publicly of the joy and peace which he had experienced, and to encourage others to be faithful in seeking for a like blessing. The last year of his life was one of bodily suffering and weakness, and though he expressed but little towards the close, his family and friends have the comfortable assurance that he has been gathered to the just of all generations.

At her residence, the tenth of Eighth Month, 1896, Annice died at the fifty-sixth year of her age. A beloved member of Springfield Monthly Meeting of Friends, Linn County, Iowa. Although the summons came suddenly to her mourning friends, as they were hopeful until near the last, yet she gave evidence that she had not left the all-important work of preparation for the final change until prostrated unweakened, and patiently endured her suffering, which was great at times, saying, when desired were expressed for her recovery, "We must be in submission" and a short time before her death she said she had nothing but love for everybody. And we humbly trust our loss is her eternal gain, that, through the mercy and grace which has been gathered to a better inheritance.

—, after a short illness, at her late home, the residence of Jonathan Briggs, Coal Creek, Iowa, on the thirty-first of Seventh Month, 1896, JANE H. SEARS, in the fifty-eighth year of her age. A beloved member and overseer of Coal Creek Monthly Meeting of Friends.

—, on the eighth of Seventh Month, 1896, at her residence in Wilmington, Clinton County, Ohio, CAROLINE OSBORN, wife of Charles N. Osborn, aged nearly seventy-seven years. An esteemed member of Wilmington Monthly and Particular Meeting of (Conservative) Friends.



# THE FRIEND.

A Religious and Literary Journal.

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MOORESTOWN, BURLINGTON CO., N. J.

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uary and Letters of Deborah Brooks Webb.

(Continued from page 42.)

Our dear Friend was gifted with the pen of a ready letter writer, and quite a number of her letters having been placed in the hands of the compilers of these notes, it is proposed to insert one extract from them under their respective dates.

To a brother and sister, alluding to the death of their child:

WEST CHESTER, First Month 3rd, 1854.

Much during the past month, have thoughts of you been crowding on my mind. I know it as been a trying period for thee, dear sister. I am sure that thou art feeling her loss as each anniversary rings thoughts of the dear one. And though have been very silent on account of many cares and kind my time, yet I have sympathized with and desired for you as much as my poor mind as capable of, that you may be strengthened to bear all trials, that you may have to meet with. I don't know when I seemed to realize fully as last First-day, that if we try to do all that is required of us, we shall in a measure draw down the blessings of Heaven.

Last First-day evening after our usual family reading, Anne (Sheppard) read to us from one letter she had received from Friends, now ceased; then a little account that I had never card before, of the last sayings of her husband; all were excellent and instructive. We seemed to be dwelling on the thoughts of them in silence, when dear Friend Jefferis expressed a desire she felt to encourage little C. and G. in trying to do rightly, and wished we might be a family of love and still conduct ourselves so as to draw down the blessings of Heaven. We had such a good Monthly Meeting on Fourth-day. Dear Phoebe W. Roberts was here and spoke so singly to us, quoting the language, "Thus saith the High and Holy One that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is Holy, I dwell in a high and holy place, with Him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit, to revive the spirit of the humble, to revive the heart of the contrite one," etc. Her communication was so comforting, if we only deserved so good a one. H. H. and others were here too. She spoke also, telling us that He who has been with us in the beginning would be with us to the end if we were

obedient. They all dined here, it is a great pleasure to me, to wait on good friends, though I had not much time for I had to return to school."

1854.—Second Month 5th.—Last First-day we had a silent meeting. Samuel Cope was here to attend a funeral. On Fourth-day was our Monthly Meeting. Dear H. Gibbons spoke: "After the disciples had toiled all night and had taken nothing," upon following the Master's directions they enclosed a great multitude of fishes." "Ye ask and receive not because ye ask amiss." Ye should be more humble. If we were humble enough we would say with David, "I am a worm and no man." William Parke and Anna Mary Darlington passed meeting.

Dear Friend Gibbons addressed them, saying she felt her mind drawn into solitude, that they who were about to enter into Covenant, one with another, would also enter into Covenant with their God, that in serving Him there would be peace, and no sorrow added.

Dear Mary Kite spoke so kindly to me, after meeting, but I do not deserve any kindness from her. To-day dear H. Gibbons said the "Heart of man is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked." If we did not give up to obey, the Holy Spirit would give us up, and when given up to ourselves we would become desperately wicked. Earnest were her desires that this might never be the situation of any one then present. Spoke of those to whom ten and five talents were given, then much of the one to whom one was given, who thought he had a hard Master; the answer was—bind his hand and foot. She did desire, that this might not be the case of any of us. I felt it, poor I, am rebellious yet—but I did not know it then. How thankful I ought to be that my merciful Heavenly Father would tell me again. I am going on in that easy way without enough of the Cross, too apt to think it hard. She also quoted, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden," etc. Some, in an especial manner should be willing, while mercy is extended. He would give them joys, she did desire that the partition which separated from these joys might be taken down. Then she so feelingly supplicated for some to be enabled to give up, for mercy to be continued to be given to them, recommending us to his grace with her own soul. I do earnestly desire strength to be faithful.

Second Month 12th.—Dear Lydia Kite at meeting spoke, "Solomon, my son, know thou the God of thy father, and serve Him with a perfect heart and a willing mind. If thou seek Him, He will be found of thee, if thou forsake Him, He will cast thee off forever," encouraging to believe that all could be saved by coming to Him. None need despair, "Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out." He will abundantly pardon. Poor H. F. felt it, I think, and I did try to desire for her to feel comfort, too, in my small way. I believe I have been enabled, part of this week to take up my cross. I mean to try still more.

In reading, I met with this, "But whoso hearkeneth unto me shall dwell safely and shall be quiet from fear of evil." What a favor to have perfect confidence. "If our heart condemn us not, then have we confidence toward God."

19th.—Did not get to Quarterly Meeting. A great disappointment, but good for me, no doubt.

25th.—A very rainy morning, Anne and myself got out, though we were nearly discouraged when we found the pavements flooded with running water. When I came down stairs Friend Jefferis kindly offered me her cloak to wear outside of mine, but partly through pride, and partly through a great dislike to wearing what is not my own, or hesitating to borrow, I refused. It was attributed to pride. I know I have much unmortified pride in me, and I felt sad in meeting. I thought the rain did me good in letting me have an opportunity to see more of my wicked self, though I feel thankful to Him who can give power, that He has given me power to live a somewhat more dedicated life for about two weeks past. I feel afraid all the time, I shall fall in another way. Be pleased, H-avenly Father, to enable me to be a servant of Thine. How sweet it is that I have been enabled in a little measure to give all up, not to feel such a host of condemnations against me. Oh! that this may not be a delusion, but I know I have borne a deep cross sometimes. May I do so still more, and be more worthy to be instructed in the knowledge of God and my Saviour.

Third Month 5th.—First-day. Dear Hannah Gibbons spoke and appeared in supplication, recommending to look for the Kingdom of God within us. I had been troubled with wandering thoughts, and was looking for and thinking of God in the wrong place. May I only look more within me.

I feel so poor and unfit for any good thing to dwell in me, and this can only be, as I try to obey that which leads me.

He is able to succeed all those that are tempted, "Touched with a feeling of our infirmities," etc.

The eminent apostle Paul said "When I would do good, evil is present with me." We must walk in the Cross. "If any man taketh not his cross and followeth after me, he cannot be my disciple." She earnestly desired that the faith of some might be increased. Wait upon Him, He will strengthen us to do rightly. Wait inwardly; Oh! I will try.

She supplicated for tossed ones, who were almost ready to say with the disciples formerly, "Carest Thou not that we perish," and for those who had too long put off bending their necks to the yoke, for He is worthy to be served with holy dedication. Oh! I feel particularly of the last class. I will try yet more, for I slip so often. "Man looketh upon the outward, but God seeth" my heart.

"If a man's ways please the Lord, He maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him."

Though troubles and trials await, yet walk singly with Him and He will support.

Monthly Meeting was good to me, Dear Mary Kate petitioned for us to Him, who is worthy of full dedication of heart, worthy of praises, high praises.

Oh! He is wondrous, yet, so compassionate to me, a poor sinner yet, though I do try much.

19th.—Oh! may a greater and greater resignation of my will be to Thee, oh, most Merciful Father, Oh! strengthen me by thy strength to walk soberly and meekly, as Thou would have me to do—be pleased to forgive my sins and help me, or I shall perish.

When I hear of those so much younger being so much better than I, it makes me feel so ashamed. Last night this text came sweetly into my mind and again now, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," etc. I must have more faith.

(To be continued.)

### Trading in Africa.

Buying and selling, where Arabs or natives are concerned, is a far more tedious operation than can easily be explained. If the article in question be of any considerable value, the purchase or sale, as the case may be, is often a work not merely of hours but of days. When travelling to the north of the Sahara Desert, my companion and I were anxious on one occasion to dispose of two camels, for which we had no further use. The camels were in very good condition and had no visible defects of any kind. Two Arabs who were desirous of becoming purchasers, came to us and said that, as a result of a careful examination of our camels, they had discovered that they were both suffering from almost every disease to which a camel is liable, and would soon become absolutely useless to their owners, but that nevertheless they were willing to purchase them, naming a price which was about a quarter of their actual value. We replied by pointing out several unique virtues that the camels possessed, which would render them quite invaluable to any purchaser, offering at the same time to sell them for about six times the amount which they had named. The Arabs withdrew with an expression of horror and contempt, but in about half an hour came back to say that they had discovered one or two further deficiencies which our camels possessed, but that, this discovery notwithstanding, they were willing to make some considerable advance upon their original offer. We replied by pointing one or two further merits on the part of the camels which we had before omitted to mention, but said that despite this fresh discovery, we were willing to accept a somewhat lower price than that which we had at first asked. Negotiations of this kind had to be carried on for no less than three days before we succeeded in selling the camels at a reasonable price.

The above is a very fair illustration of the trouble and waste of time connected with buying and selling where either Arabs or natives are concerned.—*Hansa-Laud.*

A SINGING "BEAST".—A Chinaman lately visited Europe, where he saw many strange things, and, like other travellers, took pleasure in describing to his friends, when he returned, all that seemed to him strange or wonderful. Among the things he had never seen before were pianos, and this is what he said about them:

"The Europeans keep a four-legged beast

which they make sing at will. A man, or more frequently a woman, or even a feeble girl, sits down in front of the animal and steps on its tail, at the same time striking its white teeth with his or her fingers, when the creature begins to sing. The singing, though much louder than that of a bird, is pleasant to listen to. The beast does not bite, nor does it move, though it is not tied up."—*Lute Paper.*

### FOR "THE FRIEND."

The contention having been made that the early Friends supplied pecuniary support to their ministers in consideration of their Gospel services, and have thereby set a precedent which justifies the present form of a paid pastorate as it exists in several of the Yearly Meetings of Friends, the following is extracted from "The Life of George Whitehead" as his testimony to the entire freedom of their Gospel ministry in his day. G. W. became associated with Friends about the year 1654 when but a youth, and his life for seventy years was much dedicated to labor in the cause of Truth. His residence was long in London as a member of Devonshire House Monthly Meeting, and by travelling and correspondence he became intimately acquainted with the affairs of the Society. He actively participated with other well-known Friends in watching the course of legislation that might affect the new Society's interest, and efficiently advocated its principles and the rights of conscience before the rulers and lawmakers of the realm. His statement of our Christian doctrines, written in refutation of George Keith's charges, is among the most lucid extant.

"There was a suffering case and complaint of some of the people called Quakers, concerning an undue execution of the late Poll-acts by distraining goods of certain persons as preachers or ministers for twenty shillings quarterly, who had no contributions or wages for preaching. There being a clause in a late Poll-act which runs thus: 'Every clergyman not being a lord spiritual, having or receiving, in or by any benefice or contribution or otherwise sixty pounds by the year or upwards; and every preacher or teacher in any congregation whatsoever not having taken orders according to the discipline of the Church of England, other than French Protestants, shall be charged and pay twenty-shillings quarterly.'

"These last words relating to every preacher or teacher, being general and without limitation—advantage has been taken thence on a literal construction—to extend the same to the great injury of divers persons, as preachers among said people who have no profit, gain or contribution at all on that account. When the said Poll-act was near expiring the Parliament ordered a new one to be drawn up, or the old one renewed in the year 1695, and many of our Friends were liable to suffer as they did before (the same clause being recited in the new act). Some of us, particularly Thomas Lower and myself, renewed the remembrance of our suffering case to divers eminent leading members of Parliament, and acquainted them how undeservedly many of our Friends had suffered as preachers, by a mal-administration of said act when they have no profits, gain or contribution on that account. Whereupon I proposed a brief emendation to the aforesaid clause, in order to defend our Friends from the undue imposition of the said tax as preachers.

"I proposed ten pounds per annum [as receipts] in relation to dissenting preachers, though that might seem to pinch harder upon us than other

preachers who receive sixty pounds or upwards per annum, and might pay twenty shillings quarterly, better than we who receive no contributions, wages or profits for preaching or teaching, yet considering how clear our ministers are in this case from making the Gospel chargeable and how free they are from making a gain of their hearers for preaching to them; it being our principle and practice to preach the Gospel freely as Christ our Lord commanded, and not for any worldly profits or filthy lucre, I was the more ready to offer what I then did in this case in order to give the design of charging any of us as preachers a short turn, that we might not have twenty shillings quarterly imposed upon us for teaching or preaching the Gospel freely as we do.

"My said proposal for an emendation being approved of as reasonable, took such effect that our ministers were not taxed in that last Poll-act—nor did they suffer thereupon as many of them had before."

### FOR "THE FRIEND."

### The Sphecicus Scroscius.

A few days since the writer received by mail a small box containing two interesting insects one a specimen of the large green cicada, commonly but erroneously termed locust. The true locust is a species of grasshopper.

The female of the cicada lays its eggs in little slits which it makes in the twigs of trees. When these are hatched the young drop to the ground and bury themselves in the earth, where they subsist by sucking the juices from the roots of trees. When full grown, which, in our large black and green species, requires two years they emerge from the ground, and fastening their claws in trunks of trees or rails of a fence the skin splits open, and the winged insect comes out in its mature state.

There is another species of cicada, which requires seventeen years to perfect its growth. This is called the seventeen year locust, and is better known than the other. Its habits are much the same.

The other insect, which my friend calls a large species of hornet, is a truly formidable specimen of the "sand-wasp," so called because it digs deep burrows in sand or gravel, some times two foot or more in depth. In the bottom of these it stows away a cicada, designed for the nourishment of the grub of the wasp. An egg is laid in the burrow, which hatches there and feeds on the helpless cicada.

The letter which accompanied the box says they fell to the ground at their feet, under the shade of a tree, in the meeting-house yard. In a moment it was evident that the hornet would be the victor, stinging the fly in quick succession in different parts of the body, and then seizing its victim, started to fly away with it. The fight was arrested by my friend, who made a captive of the sand-wasp. If he had allowed the wasp to follow its instincts, and watched it further movements, he would probably have been much interested in seeing it force its prey into a hole that had been previously excavated in the sandy ground at Cropwell. J. W.

SALT IN AFRICA.—The next most important article of commerce imported into Kano is probably salt. No salt is found throughout the whole of the Hausa States. The parts of the country which lie within a hundred and fifty miles of the rivers Niger and Benue are for the most part supplied with English salt imported by the Royal Niger Company. Kano and the

entral districts are dependent upon native salt brought upon camels across the southern portion of the Great Sahara *i. e.*, from A-shen and Ilma. The price of salt, as sold by retail in the Kano market, is about one shilling per pound, being very nearly equal to that of sugar which is imported from Egypt *via* Tripoli. Dr. Barth travelled some distance in company with salt caravan consisting of no less than three thousand camels.—*Haus-land.*

FOR "THE FRIEND."

Friends in Westphalia.

F. Brande, pastor in Göttingen, Germany, has published an account of the Society of Friends in the County of Ravensberg, in the Russian Province of Westphalia, so far as they are connected with the administration of ecclesiastical affairs. A translation of this has been made by our friend, William Archut, from which the following article has been condensed. —[Ed.]

That district of country has long been remarkable for the susceptibility of its inhabitants to religious thought and agitation. They early adopted the Reformation as preached by Luther. Brande says Pietism always had a great many followers in those regions, and that conveniences are held on the farms, in which awakened peasants are the speakers. We there meet with persons, plain men of the people, who do not only know the Scriptures by heart, but also try to live according to them, and who, perhaps, understand many things better than we with our studied Greek, Latin and Hebrew knowledge. On the other hand, there was much superstition, belief in ghosts, sorcery, &c.

The most prominent member of the Society of Friends residing there, and whose name most frequently appears in the legal records, was the peasant Reckeffuss. This man was known to our author when a child. He and his wife wore the dress of the peasants. His beard was unshaven. They patiently endured the derision which they were exposed to. "It was strange to me that they never replied to a 'God-day,' with anything else than the words, 'I thank,' without uncovering the head, while the 'Thou' with which they addressed everybody with whom they had to do, put in my mind the Greek and Roman classics, which then had commenced to be my pleasure."

The attention of the government appears to have first been called to the Quakers in 1790 by information filed by the pastor of Valldorf, that Derrick Reckeffuss, a brother of the peasant already mentioned, had married a woman named Cordes without ministerial consent and without previous proclamation at church, and without priestly marriage, in the presence of several relatives, according to the rites customary among the Quakers, to whom they both belonged. The authorities informed Reckeffuss that his marriage with the woman Cordes could not be considered a lawful matrimony, and the children perhaps begotten could not be considered to be legitimately born, unless he would submit to be proclaimed at church, according to the laws of the land, and be married by an ordained minister.

An extract from the wedding address of Reckeffuss is worthy of attention:

"Whereas I, John Derrick Reckeffuss, am obligatorily engaged with Christina Cordes to enter into the state of holy and chaste matrimony, I feel myself compelled to renew faithfully thee, Christina Cordes, my consent or promise, in the

name of God, in the presence of my dear Lord and Saviour, publicly and in the presence of thy and my brothers and sisters, or also fellow-pilgrims on the narrow way to eternity, and I promise solemnly thee, in the name of God, to be thy faithful husband, to live with thee in holy and chaste matrimony from now till death; to be salutary and profitable to the salvation of thy soul in all things, by (with) advice and assistance, prayer and labor (in), by temperance and sobriety, to give up all avarice and jealousy against thee and everybody with all my heart; to be neither quarrelsome nor extravagant, neither unfaithful nor keeping anything secret; neither to judge of thee against anybody nor to calumniate anything neither, whatever may happen privately or between us; to consider all thy faults and infirmities to be my own; neither to dishonor thee of them to any one, nor to make public frivolously anything; to be also satisfied with all, together with thee (as thou), with sour and sweet, love and sorrow, poverty and wealth, to consider thy cross to be my cross, to let it be only our endeavor to walk as obedient children in the inward presence of the dear Father, that our deeply fallen spirit may again come to its origin."

And then the question to the bride: "Shalt thou turn to thee, Christina Cordes, as a dear sister and bride, and I interrogate thee, in the presence of God and of my dear brothers and sisters, whether thou consentest in thy heart, by God's grace, to devote thyself now in the same manner, to wit: To be as a faithful wife till death, and to be subject to me as thy head, according to the order of God? Here, now, examine thyself well, whether thou feelest an honest desire for entering with me into such a holy state, wherein we may again find our image of God, lost by sin, and come to our blessed origin, into (to) the co-eternity and consubstantiality of God. Is this thy heart's will and opinion to a firm resolution? Give me at last thy clear and plain consent, by the grace of God, and give me thereto and our brothers and sisters thy right hand, with a kiss of love."

A document of the marriage which Reckeffuss sanctioned by his name, written by his own hand, was then also drawn, and both parties then thought their marriage to be performed in the sight of God and men, further things being not required. From that time they lived like married people, and that on the farm of Cordes at Valldorf, in the possession of the bride.

The administration of justice summoned Reckeffuss and his pretended lawful wife, and now here heard from the mouths of the couple that the things were as mentioned—they had married without proclamation and marriage ceremony, and now lived with each other like married Christian people since that time. At the same time Reckeffuss (then) also declared openly that he considered the marriage by a minister of the Established Church to be superfluous, because nothing was commanded of it in the Bible. He rather considered marriage of that kind, by unconverted pastors, to be even most sinful, on account of receiving the sign of the beast, either on the forehead and on hand, described in the revelations of St. John by the thereby occurring ceremonies, and especially by the exchanging of the rings, against which God may (guard) him in all grades, and not anything was there to do with him. He would not meddle with a supplementary marriage afterwards by any means, in spite of all the remonstrances made to him; also on account of the civil losses which his children would have

received. He absolutely continued in his notions, adding that he and his children would sooner suffer all than injure his conscience and bear on him self the sign of the beast. All the stubbornness, or, we may better say, faithfulness of conviction, of the Westphalian natural disposition, came here to light in Reckeffuss. The Administration of Justice of Vlotho took the wedding address of Reckeffuss, which he handed over, that government and consistency might see that everything took place in a good and Christian-like order, and sent them, for further directions, to the Government of Minden, which then applied, going on to the ecclesiastical department in Berlin, in order to obtain instructions from there.

The ecclesiastical department, that is, the Minister of the State, Von Wellner, now replied that co-habitations of that kind were not allowed anywhere, and therefore Reckeffuss and Cordes were to separate by legal means in case of need.

The Government of Minden, indeed, once more ordered the Administration of Justice of Vlotho to propose to the man lawfully married according to his persuasion, to have his marriage performed by the forms of law, in failure of which his co-habitation with the woman Cordes could not be tolerated. He rather was to be proposed, upon pain of imprisonment, to keep away at a distance from her for the first, but entirely in vain. Reckeffuss insisted on it that his marriage was lawful in the sight of God, and therefore not any sin, but that he could not submit to a marriage ceremony by the pastor in ordinary for the sake of conscience, and just as little he acknowledged the proper authorities this privilege of separating him from his wife. His marriage was in-dissoluble, according to the law of God, and "we must hearken unto God more than unto men." Even punishment by imprisonment, which it had now commenced to impose on Reckeffuss on that account, did not prevail, as the Administration of Justice of Vlotho reported on the fifth of October upon him, and, although the Government now ordered to direct once more the man that, if he would come again to the woman Cordes, a punishment by imprisonment of four weeks, with water and bread, would be imposed on him. The Administration of Justice informed, by proclamation, on the twenty second of January, 1791, that Reckeffuss, however, persevered in his stubbornness, and the pain of imprisonment did not produce any effect. He had declared that he would rather suffer all than have given himself the sign of the beast, and the separation from his wife was, therefore, impossible, because they had been long ago married by God himself, but on the contrary, as to the obedience of the orders of his Majesty, not any king had a right to command him anything in matters of conscience, and he had to submit to all that would be done with him, and the bailiff S'rave, of Vlotho, therefore, openly acknowledged that he did not know what he should further do with that enthusiast, who was very much afraid of the beast in the Revelation of St. John, and firmly resolved rather to become a martyr than to expose himself to the sign of it by the marriage. "I pre-suppose," Bailiff S'rave writes, on the twenty-second of January, 1791, "that this stubborn enthusiast, who firmly believes that he suffers for the Truth's sake and has become a martyr, will not be brought to obedience by corrections of that kind, but will rather be crucified than married in a friendly manner."

It, therefore, was considered best to apply for

and obtain directions in this matter of his Majesty, that is, of Woellner, and these, under the date of twenty-first of February, 1791, were, indeed, again of a strict enough meaning. The co-habitation between Reckefuss and the woman Cordes is not to be allowed by any means, but a punishment by imprisonment of eight to fourteen days, with water and bread, is to be imposed on the former as often as he is found with her, and then he is to be brought back to his (home) place of legal residence of Exter at his expense. But that these means, now made use of several times, were effectual, now at last the Government could not at all positively mention. On the contrary (in the year of 1796) it says, in an account of the thirtieth of March of the same year, that Reckefuss suffered already punishment by imprisonment more than a few weeks, according to the rescript of his Royal Majesty, of twenty-first of February, 1791, but without any effect. In spite of all these already used practical coercive measures, these people (they had increased in the meantime), would not be married by any means with their wives. Without any doubt, Woellner had thought if he ordered continued punishment by imprisonment in every case of disobedience, that this stubborn man should be made tired and humble by this punishment. But he who became tired was not Reckefuss, who, of unbroken courage, rather went to jail as often as he was met, with his wife, at Wehrdorf, in order to be brought from thence to Exter to his mother, but also to return immediately again to the farm of Cordes, but the Administration of Justice of Vlotho and the Government of Minden seem to have become tired. It had, indeed, been politic(al) even not to give the population the view of this continued and unbroken disobedience against the magistrate, not further to regard this case with attention, if it had remained a single one, and if there had not been added other circumstances, which, however, made appear this matter to be extremely important on account of its disadvantageous consequences to the Government of Minden, and moved it to take up again the matter, delayed for some time, in the beginning of the year of 1796, not only that the brother of the hitherto mentioned Derrick Reckefuss,\* the peasant, Christian Reckefuss, in the parish of Bergen, also likewise lived in an irregular matrimony, according to the State's and Church's idea, and refused to submit to the regular marriage ceremony. He and the tailor, Koenig (King), living on the farm belonging to Reckefuss, had not also christened their children, and did not only refuse to have them entered into the parochial register, but also to send them to public school, yea, which seemed to have been hazardous to the proper authorities. They refused to bear the usual burdens of conveyances required in war and other neighbors' burdens, and there was no hope that their sons might be drawn with effect to the enrolment, because they would rather escape, leaving behind all their property, according to their enthusiastic principles, than take upon themselves the duty of serving the Fatherland. Therefore, for the prevention of public scandal which such conduct might cause among the neighbors, the Government of Minden then considered it necessary to take up again the matter, and so much the more because the pastor, Mumperow, on the hill before Herford, in whose parish the farmer Reckefuss lived, had also preferred complaint against the Quaker and informed that they would not sub-

\* Derrick Reckefuss was childless.

mit to the ecclesiastical order (church authorities).

(To be continued.)

### THE LITTLE HARVESTER

"I help to gather in the wheat,"  
The reaper's daughter said,  
With dimpled smile and accent sweet,  
And toss of golden head.

The child was young and very fair,  
Her cheeks were all aglow;  
Her eyes like purple posies were,  
Her teeth a shining row.

"You help to gather in the grain?"  
You are too young, my child!  
You could not fill the creaking wain,  
Why speak a thing so wild?"

"I am a harvester, I say,  
And papa says so, too;  
I bear his dinner every day  
To yonder shabby yew.

"And though I cannot cut the blade,  
Nor fill the creaking wain,  
I do my part," she gently said,  
"Toward gathering in the grain."

To do her part, what more could she?  
Could you or I do more?  
The less on soil abides with me,  
I can it o'er and o'er.

Oh, rich would be the golden yield,  
If each would do his part  
Upon the world's great harvest field,  
With brave and earnest heart.

—Ch. Letton *Intelligencer*.

### FOR "THE FRIEND." ILLUMINATION.

Do you know why some little, common thing,  
Some tender words low-spoken long ago,  
Some fragrant blossom of a vanished spring,  
Has power to thrill the heart-strings, strangely, so?  
Some text faint as the morning's dawn,  
Some homely verse or half-forgetten word  
Seems from the dim and distant spaces drawn,  
And one knows truly that a soul has heard!

Can you explain it, or can you and I  
Lay our burned hearts together, listening,  
And wait for some still answer to our cry  
Until the stars of morning in their courses sing?  
Lowly and humbly in some intervals of calm,  
In the still patience all our souls possessed,  
Comes the sweet answer and the healing balm,  
And in the stillness cometh peace and rest.

After midnight darkness cometh morning's light,  
Out of blackest storm cloud comes refreshing rain!  
And so, from all our crosses, crowns may be more  
bright,

And so, from all our losses cometh, somewhere, gain.  
God knoweth just the day and time,  
Just the way and place and all the need  
Of any longing soul, the steps we climb,  
And all the pleasant pastures where the weary feed.

His are the cattle on the undulating hills.  
Is any child forsaken, or righteous begging bread?  
His are the waters singing down the rills,  
Is any soul athirst? Behold the Fountain-head!  
His grace within the heart with saving power  
Is all sufficient for the seeming good or ill;  
Be still, oh, thinking heart, in every trial hour,  
Just trust Him and be still! G. G. M.

MAKING OUR CHOICE.—It is easy to make a choice between two things when one of them is obviously a great deal more attractive than the other. It is not so easy when the difference is less apparent. Even a child will choose gladly to leave his play when his mother asks him to go with her to see a sight he has been longing to see. A treasure-seeker has no unwillingness to pass by bits of lead ore when he knows that gold is in abundance a little farther on. A lesser pleasure has no temptation to one who is offered greater pleasures, and sees them just ahead. So all the way along in life's path,

We choose what we like best, all things considered. Our preferences decide the choice, which of course, carries with it its inevitable consequences. God or self is taken, because we prefer the one or the other. In making this choice we accept all that it involves. Hence no man will be finally lost, unless he prefers hell to heaven. He goes to the place of his own choice.—*Sunday School Times*.

From the "WEST CHESTER LOCAL NEWS."

### About Portland and the Merrimac's Side.

The passenger trains of the Boston and Maine railway stop at Portsmouth, New Hampshire as announced, "ten minutes for refreshments." Being on such a train early in the present month, and strolling a square or two from the station, I observed by the signs on the fronts of a half a dozen properties, that "wine, beer and other refreshments" were brought prominently to the notice of all who might have any yearning therefor. We were about to cross the Piscataqua into the prohibition State of Maine, and here was the thirsty traveler's chance for a parting drink of liquor. Arriving at Portland, I had occasion to pass along several miles of its streets, and failed to see anywhere the liquor seller's legend that was so conspicuous before coming across the State boundary river. I met later (out of the city) at table a Portlander whom I did not take to be a teetotaler, and said I would like to make a little statement and ask of him a question. In my native city of Philadelphia and its suburb of Germantown where I had resided quite a number of years, I had noted that at stated times, particularly on the morning after the day of rest, great wagons drawn by powerful horses would be seen passing through the streets, and, stopping at the street corners or otherwheres where were licensed liquor saloons, would load up the piles of empty kegs and barrels that had been rolled on upon the sidewalk. Had he ever witnessed a spectacle of that kind in Portland? No, he had not, though he had noticed some collecting of bottles. He did not know of a sign any where in Portland that directly advertised strong drink.

Having had a little correspondence with Neal Dow several years ago, and my wife, who was with me, being desirous of saying somewhat to the veteran "father of the Maine law," we found him in the library of his wide-fronted, old-time mansion on Congress Street. I said to him that a policeman had volunteered to me the information that Portland had more than sixty apothecary shops, and of course we knew what that meant, and that it was an unnecessary quantity for a city of forty thousand inhabitants. Neal Dow replied that forty pharmacies, or one to one thousand of the population, ought to suffice for all proper needs, but agreed with me that it was a matter for satisfaction that, wherever one would about the city, the public advertising of intoxicating drinks was nowhere to be met with. If one were bent on finding out where such beverages were to be had, his quest would probably be rewarded, as it might also be if he went after hidden resorts that shunned the daylight. The Captain of the steamboat plying between Portland and Orr's Island, and in which we took passage to the summer cottage of a friend on Harpswell Neck, said, in reply to my query, that the men who worked on the wharves could (as might be expected) easily find places where strong drink was dispensed.

Neal Dow having revived an incident or two in connection with the passage of the law with

which his name is particularly associated, and concerning an early attempt that was made to bring about its nullification, my wife had then the opportunity to remind him of a circumstance (though our host of ninety-two years did not recall it) which happened in war time, when he was confined in Libby prison.

My wife's father, John Bacon Crenshaw, living a little outside of Richmond, often having occasion to see the authorities and to otherwise interest himself in behalf of the imprisoned, whether Union or Confederate, had called one day at the Libby, and presented testaments to some that were incarcerated there, Neal Dow among the rest. Friend Crenshaw was a believer in peace and was opposed to the holding of slaves, and so had been his father before him, manumitting a considerable number that he had inherited, and securing the freedom of many others that were illegally held in bondage. Neal Dow, too, was Quaker-born, was a strong Abolitionist, but was obviously not pronounced in his views upon the general practicability of peace. When his benevolent visitor called again some weeks later, the man who had been twice Mayor of Portland produced the copy of the testament which had been handed him, while he remarked: "Friend Crenshaw, it very much surprises me that a Quaker, and a man who preaches peace, should hand around a publication like that." Wondering at the meaning of this speech, Friend C. took the extended testament, and to his own surprise as well as exceeding mortification, saw that there had been inserted in the back part of it a leaflet which called upon its readers to remember their duty, to go into battle and fight for their country!

We step into a trolley car that passes by the door, while the historic figure, a little under medium size and slightly bent, with white locks about a cheery face, waves us a kindly farewell. Several days spent at North Conway, in the meadows of green between the imposing mass of Moat Mountain and symmetrical Kearsarge, and then we go down to Newburyport on the Merrimac, to be two days with friends Joseph and Gertrude Whittier Cartland, the relatives with whom the last months of Whittier's life were spent. Riding to the meeting at Amesbury (four and a half miles), we pass the home of the late James Parson, biographer of Greeley, Franklin and other eminent Americans, crossing the Merrimac by the chain bridge, whence we look down the last reach of the stream toward Salisbury's sands.

"The beaches glimmering in the sun,  
And the low-winded capes that run  
Into the sea-mist north and south;  
The sand-bluffs at the river's mouth;  
The swinging chain bridge, and afar,  
The foam-line of the harbor."

Here upon Deer Island (which is practically part of the bridge) with its native pine trees and wealth of shrubbery, herbage and clambering vines, lives Harriet Prescott Spofford. A friend of our entertainers and of Whittier, we made a brief call upon her a little later. Her personality is associated with that delightful poem, "The Captain's Well," of Whittier's later verse, the poet's introduction to it saying: "The story of the shipwreck of Captain Valentine Bagley, on the coast of Arabia, and his sufferings in the desert, has been familiar from my childhood. It has been partially told in the singularly beautiful lines of my friend, Harriet Prescott Spofford, on the occasion of a public celebration at the Newburyport Library." On the right hand side of the road, going into Ames-

bury, we passed the well itself. It is just within the paling of a good-sized grassy lot, and but a step or two from the porch of the house to which it belongs. It is uncovered and unadorned; better so than to be grandly marked by memorial blocks of polished granite, and yet (presuming that the water supply has not failed) there would be a fitness in making it accessible to the wayfarer, honoring thereby the intimation contained in the last lines of the poem:

"And when a wayfarer, weary and hot,  
Kept to the mid-road, pausing not  
For the well's refreshing, he shook his head;  
If he don't know the value of water," he said;  
'Had he prayed for a drop, as I have done,  
In the desert circle of sand and sun,  
He would drink and rest, and go home to tell  
That God's best gift is the wayside well!"

On the same side of the way was passed the Old Ladies' Home, to which Whittier left a large bequest. The house in Amesbury, where Whittier wrote "Snow Bound" and many others of his poems is only a short distance from the meeting-house. Returning from attendance at the latter, we stopped at the burying ground. The family lot, surrounded by a hedge of low arbor-vitae, was nearly as we had seen it ten years before, with the addition of the plain marble slab showing where the poet had been laid, and giving simply the name and year of birth and of death, and, on the back, Holmes' line, "Here lies Whittier."

It may be appropriate to correct here a misstatement appearing in the *Local News* not long ago, and also, I think, in the *Public Ledger*, that the writing even of excellent poetry had not much to show for it, as illustrated in the case of Whittier, whose estate had not realized more than the sum of five thousand dollars. Twice that amount having gone to the Old Ladies' Home, already referred to, I have no doubt that the other legatees received their due portions.

Not caring to indulge in what might seem like sight-seeing on the first day of the week, we deferred our visit to the old Whittier homestead until the following day. Whittier sold the place, which is of forty acres, five miles beyond Amesbury and three from Haverhill, before the works of his pen had brought him any money return. After "Snow Bound" was published in 1866, he was desirous of buying back the possession that had been that of his forefathers of several generations, but the new owner had placed such an extravagant price upon it that Whittier declined to pay it. Since his death, however, the place has been secured by an association, and a further fund is being slowly raised, the interest of which is to maintain the property in good condition. The house, barn and outbuildings have been put in good repair. The large living room, with iron pot, kettle, etc., hanging in the ample fire place, also two other rooms on the first floor are open to the inspection of visitors. Some Lombardy poplars which had stood in front of the house, having disappeared, their places have been supplied by new ones. The farmer's boy obtained for us a few red-streaked apples from the thrifty orchard. One of them, upon my library table where I write, while extending a little the fragrant memory of our visit, brings brightly to view the winter evening's ingleside picture in "Snow Bound."

"And for the winter fireside meet,  
Between the andirons' straddling feet,  
The mug of cider simmered slow,

The apples sputtered in a row,  
And, close at hand, the basket stood,  
With outs from brown October's wood."

JOSEPH W. LELAND,  
Revere, Mass., Eighth Month 1-16, 1896.

### Natural History, Science, etc.

*Rivers after Dry Seasons.*—For many months the beds of the rivers are dry, and the sand and shingle are exposed to the heat of the fierce sun; when the first deluge of water comes down and flows over this hot bed it naturally becomes warm. I have often seen the water coming down after a dry season, and it is a very curious sight; quite a wave of water seems to come along, and it is quickly absorbed by the hot sand, and a cloud of steam arises into the air. Anyone who has not seen a river commencing business after a long drought would find this hard to believe; but they must bear in mind the fact that, where this is observable, the sun is shining brightly, and the rays are probably more powerful than at any other period of the season. The water that is coming down has been produced by heavy local storms, perhaps many miles distant. The amount of water that must be absorbed in the hot sandy beds of the rivers before they commence to flow must be enormous. Long after the rivers cease running one can generally find water by digging a few feet deep in the sandy bed.—*Bicknell's Queenland.*

*The Wingless Bird of New Zealand.*—E. Harrow, an Englishman, who has lived in New Zealand for the last fourteen years, arrived on the Mariposa with a fine specimen of the apteryx, or kiwi, the wingless night bird found only in New Zealand.

The strange looking creature is about the size of a domestic fowl, and is covered with what is apparently a hairy coat of mottled brown. This apteryx probably has the honor of being the first one of its kind that has ever breathed the air of America, though live kiwis have been obtained for botanical and zoological gardens in Europe. If there was ever any foundation in fact for the notorious filly-egg bird, the kiwi must have furnished the suggestion.

It is most active at night, and then it goes about rapidly thrusting its long, slender bill into the earth in search of worms, on which it feeds. While thus hunting it keeps up a continuous audible sniffing, its nostrils being situated very near the end of the upper mandible. The kiwi, for by this name it is best known in New Zealand, is sluggish in the daytime, and seems to have great difficulty in seeing. At night it often catches the large, luminous fire-worms, crushes them against the ground, and swallows them. During the operation the phosphorescent particles adhere to the beak, and the hermitlike bird can be seen in the darkness continuing its search for food. A remarkable thing about the kiwi, in addition to the absence of wings and regular feathers, is the great size of the egg it lays. The kiwi egg weighs over twelve ounces, or a quarter of the bulk of the bird itself.

This kiwi, E. Harrow had long ago accustomed to a meat diet, and that is the reason he has got it here alive. He hoped to dispose of it for twenty-five dollars to the park commissioners, but was told they would willingly accept it for nothing.—*The San Francisco Call.*

—The ways of the heathen cow are "pecu-

liar." She seems incapable of complete domestication, retaining many of her wild habits. She yields milk only while rearing her young. If her offspring be taken from her, the milk-flow ceases. The attempt to milk her in the absence of her calf involves almost as much danger as will the endeavor to milk a giraffe, with its famel hoof power. One morning the *guala* (cowherd) informed that one of the calves had died in the night, and that the mother refused to allow herself to be milked. He explained elaborately that if the calf's skin should be stuffed and set up before the cow at milking time, she would continue to give milk and would allow the milk to be taken. He insinuatingly suggested that I should give him certain rupees for the purchase of materials he would stuff the skin. This story seemed to me not only improbable, but *very*. In America I had milked more than one kicking cow. Calmly not to say loftily, requesting the *guala* to bring his pail, I marched down to the cow house, inwardly resolved to see the reason why that cow should not be milked—meaning to show him that what an Indian could not do an American could.

Outside the cowshed, under the trees, the zebras were tethered in a row. They paid no attention to the half-naked, brown *guala*; but at my approach each, with wild eyes and up-lifted head, snorting and trembling, seemed, but for the restraining tether rope, about to bound away into her native jungle. The *guala* called a second man to his aid. With a new rope they lassoed the bereaveful's hinder legs, holding them in a slipnoose. One man held the end of the rope while the other with the pail cautiously approached the zebu. In a twinkling the pail was a rod away, the man with the rope was pulling as for his life, the man with the pail was with it still, I was gasping to regain my breath, while that zebu was kicking as nothing unpossessed could kick. She appeared utterly indifferent as to whether there were ground under her, as all four feet seemed continuously in the air.

Thankful that my valorous resolutions had been mental, later I meekly gave the *guala* exactly one-third the amount he had requested, and directed him to stuff the calf's skin. This having been accomplished, I was again summoned to the scene of action. Though no abnormal development of either quills or ears was discernible, there stood that remarkable cow contentedly licking and fondling her offspring, occasionally lurching scantly upon the hay stuffing which protruded through the rudely sewed seams of her progeny's hide, while the native merrily milked away, sitting as is customary, on the wrong side.—*Effie Hallock Brad-dock in The Independent.*

**SUSTAINED IN DEATH.**—To one who observed Archbishop Whately's sufferings and asked him if he suffered much pain, during his last hours on earth, he said, "Some time ago I should have thought it great pain, but now I am enabled to bear it." His intellect was unclouded by illness. He could think and speak. Some one said to him, "You are dying, as you have lived, great to the last." The reply was, "I am dying, as I have lived, in the faith of Jesus." Another said, "What a blessing your glorious intellect is unimpaired." He answered, "Do not call intellect glorious. There is nothing glorious out of Christ." Another said, "The great fortitude of your character supports you." "No, it is not the fortitude of my character which

supports me, but my faith in Christ." With such a witness on his lips and in his acts, Archbishop Whately passed away.—*Christian Herald.*

### Converts from Hinduism.

Some years ago I was out on a Gospel preaching tour in the Telugu country, in regions away from any of our Christian congregations. I had my travelling dispensary with me. There came to my tent one day an educated Hindu gentleman, high in office, in caste and in social position. He had previously sent, asking if I would see him privately, in my tent and prescribe for him for a physical ailment. I found that that was a simple matter, dispatched with a few words. He had merely used that as a cover to secure a conversation with me privately, Nicodemus-like, on religious matters. He, himself, introduced the subject. We talked for some time on the character and the claims of Jesus of Nazareth to be the Saviour of the world. At length, in a very earnest, feeling manner he spoke substantially as follows: "Sir, I am not a Christian, I am still regarded as a devout Hindu, but in my heart I dare not deny the claims of the Bible. I see the power of Jesus Christ in the lives of his followers so distinctly, that I cannot deny his divinity. He must be Divine, or He could not work such a change as I see in the lives of those who become his disciples. He is not yet my Saviour. Caste, wealth, position, family, all hold me back; but even now I never allow Him to be spoken against in my presence. I have long been reading the Bible in secret. The more I read of Christ and ponder over his life and teachings, and the power to conquer sin that comes from embracing his religion, the more do I feel that in the end I shall have to accept Him, at any cost, as my personal Saviour."

As compared with this in what a night of darkness does Hinduism leave even its most earnest devotees.

Never shall I forget an interview that I had over thirty years ago, with a venerable Brahmin pilgrim, an earnest seeker after relief from the burden of sin.

It was in February, 1861, that two of us missionaries were out on a preaching tour in a part of the Telugu country lying on the edge of the Mysore Kingdom, a region in which the Gospel of salvation through Jesus Christ had so far never yet been proclaimed.

Our tent was pitched under the spreading banyan tree. We had been there for several days, and had preached in all the villages and hamlets within three miles of our camp. That morning we had left our tent before sunrise, and gone out several miles to preach in a cluster of villages nestled in among the hills. In each village, after the oral proclamation, we had offered gospels and tracts in their own tongue to the people who had listened; but only a few would receive them, so suspicious were they at that time of everything new.

We returned to our tent weary with our morning work. The burden of our thoughts was, "Lord, who hath believed our report, and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?"

As we came near we saw a venerable, gray-haired Brahmin engaged in his devotions on a large stone platform around the central trunk of an adjacent banyan tree, where there was a small shrine. Slowly, with beads in hand, he performed his circumambulations, keeping his face toward the shrine, reciting his *mantras*, his prayers, his petitions. Each time that he

came in front of the shrine he fell prostrate upon the ground, performing the *Sashthangam* of the Hindus, and then, sliding one bead on his rosary, he would slowly and reverently go around the tree again.

Much struck by his reverent demeanor and evident earnestness, we watched him through the corded meshes of our tent window; and when he had finished his devotions, and had sat down to rest, we went out and, courteously addressing him, asked him what he sought by these prayers and circumambulations.

"Oh, sirs," said he, in a tone that struck us as one of intense earnestness, "I am seeking to get rid of the burden of sin. All my life I have been seeking it; but each effort that I make is as unsuccessful as the one before, and still the burden is here. My pilgrimages and prayers and penances for sixty years have all been in vain. Alas! I know not how my desire can be accomplished."

Then, in answer to our inquiries, he gave us the story of his life. He told us how, in early life, he had been sorely troubled by the thought of his unexpiated sins; that his parents had both died when he was seventeen years of age, leaving him an only child, sole heir of their wealth; that the priests whom he consulted told him that if he would give all his property to endow a temple the burden of sin would be removed.

He gave his property, all of it. He endowed a temple; but the burden of sin was no lighter. His mind was not at peace. Obedient to further advice from the priests, his counselors, he made the pilgrimage on foot all the long way to Benares, the holy city. He spent two years in the precincts of the temples in worship. He spent two years bathing in the Holy Ganges. "But," said he, "the Ganges waters washed the foulness from my skin, not the foulness from my soul, and still the old burden was there, un eased." He told us how he had gone from thence, on foot, all the way to Raméswaram; begging his food all the two thousand miles; for he had given all his money to the temple, and thence again to Srirangam, and thence to other Holy places. He told us how he had spent his whole life in these pilgrimages, and in penances, and in desert wanderings, apart from his kind, living on roots and nuts and jungle fruits, remaining for years at a time in the forest jungles, in the vain search for relief from the burden of sin.

"And now, sirs," said he, "my life is almost gone; my hair is thin and white; my eyes are dim; my teeth are gone; my cheeks are sunken; my body is wasted; I am an old, old man; and yet, sirs, the burden of sin is just as heavy as when, a young man, I started in pursuit of deliverance. Oh, sirs, does your Vêla tell how I can get rid of this burden and be at peace? Our Vêlas have not shown me how."

"How gladly did we tell him of our gracious 'burden bearer,' and of his loving call, 'Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' How eagerly did he listen as we told him of Jesus Christ, the God-man, the Saviour of the world, and told him what He had done for our salvation. How gladly did he pore over the Gospels we gave him, and what earnest questions did he ask during the day as to points in their teachings which he did not quite understand. During that night he left and went upon his way, taking the Gospels with him, and we never again saw him.

Though so many years have intervened, his earnest, reverent countenance remains photo-

graphed on my memory, and I shall look for him up there among the redeemed; for I believe that he was in earnest in seeking deliverance from the burden of sin; in vain, indeed, as he said, through Hinduis; I trust not in vain through the Gospel of Jesus Christ.—*I. Chamberlain in The Independent.*

FROM "THE INDEPENDENT."

### A Remarkable Scenic Region.

It will doubtless be a long time before Americans cease to find surprising and wonderful natural scenery in this great country of ours. The mountain regions of the West abound in exhibitions of beauty and grandeur. Some of them have already been discovered and have become celebrated, while many others unquestionably are yet to be found. The Great Northern Railway, youngest of our transcontinental lines, which was completed to the Pacific coast in 1893, passes directly through, or at least reaches the threshold of, several regions of remarkable scenic and scientific interest. Especially in crossing the Cascade and Rocky Ranges, the road passes close to many beautiful scenes of the aesthetic richness and instructive details of which but little is yet known.

In June, 1895, a small party of enthusiastic adventurers, of which the writer was a member, in penetrating the main range of the Rockies, north of Lake MacDonald, Mont., reached an enclosed valley or basin which exhibits exceedingly interesting scenic and geologic features. This newly discovered valley our party named Avalanche Basin. It might with propriety be called the Northern Yosemite, for in many of its features it reminds one of that famous valley.

Avalanche Basin is, approximately, the shape of an ox-bow. It is about seven miles in length, and averages a little over a mile in width. Beautifully nestled in the eastern part of the floor of the basin, near its head, is a charming little lake, only a trifle less than a mile in length by half a mile in width. During the summer season this lake is fed by a number of torrent streams of pure, cold water, fresh from the melting snow-fields, which lie a few thousand feet above the floor of the basin. The number of the streams at any given time depends upon the temperature on the mountain heights and the consequent rapidity of the melting of the snow which gathers on the summits in great abundance each winter.

The outlet of Avalanche Lake is a tumultuous, rollicking stream, which, flowing into MacDonald Creek, descends nearly five hundred feet in less than five miles, and in its course has cut some beautiful gorges and carved for itself many delightful cascades.

The buttressed walls which form the rim of Avalanche Basin rise precipitously to altitudes ranging from twenty-five hundred feet to forty-five hundred feet. So steep and smooth are the enclosing cliffs that the snow finds it difficult to cling to the slopes. Consequently, during the early part of the summer, avalanches are of frequent occurrence. Their startling crash, terrific rush and sullen roar may be heard daily, and on unusually warm days almost hourly, during the months of May and June. Later in the season, the greater part of the snow having been swept into the valley and melted, avalanches become infrequent, and finally cease. But the numerous streams, cascades and cataracts formed by the melting of the perpetual snow-fields which nestle higher upon the more level and distant heights are a source of delight to those who are

so fortunate as to visit this spot in midsummer. The floor of Avalanche Basin is neither so wide nor so level as that of the Yosemite, but probably quite as much water pours through it during the summer months as is discharged through the world-famed Yosemite Valley during the same time. The streams which empty into this remarkable northern valley are more numerous than the tributaries of the Merced, and the flow of water in each stream is swifter than the currents in the Yosemite.

The more prominent peaks and ridges which immediately surround Avalanche Basin are as lofty and interesting as those which enclose the Yosemite, but most of them will long remain inaccessible to man, for it will require much hard labor to make trails which will enable tourists to reach the summits.

The shores of Avalanche Lake are closely skirted by timber, most of which is balsam fir. The shore line is almost destitute of sand and fine gravel, because the lake is so closely shut in by the surrounding mountain walls and so carefully guarded by the dense growth of forest trees that its surface is seldom, if ever, lashed into waves powerful enough to break up the rocky fragments which have tumbled from the frothing heights to the water's edge.—*L. B. Sperry.*

### Redona Beach, California.

Starting from Pasadena early in the morning we drove four miles through beautiful vineyards and orange groves to the foot of the burro trail to Wilson's peak. Leaving our teams at the foot with a good supply of feed we were soon ascending the trail, the women on burros and the men walking.

A few minutes travel brought us to a place where the trail is cut in the face of an almost perpendicular cliff where my wife's sister spurring the use of the burro on such dizzy heights dismounted and walked the remainder of the way up and back, a distance of twenty miles. It was cloudy and drizzling when we started, and we were soon up in the clouds. The mist wet our clothing through and dripped from our hat rims.

In about two hours we passed what is called the half-way house, a small house in a beautiful shady camping ground on the north side of the mountain. Strange plants, ferns and menziesia wood abound, making it a fine field for the botanist or collector.

The Mt. Wilson trail is safe and well made and the grade is easy, making a trip above the clouds by this route a pure delight, unalloyed by the excessive fatigue of the usual mountain climb, yet for miles at a stretch the trail is cut in the face of the most precipitous places on the mountain side. In some places four or five parts of the trail that has just been passed may be seen below, rounding turn after turn till the senses are giddy and reel at the novel and inspiring spectacle below us, while great cliffs and crags of granite tower above our heads in the most menacing attitudes.

We reached the summit just at twelve o'clock, and a grander view never met our eyes, two thousand feet below a sheet of clouds of snowy whiteness surrounded us as the water surrounds an island in the sea, while above the sun shone with that peculiar tint and brightness unknown in lower altitudes. Our horizon was the meeting of a silvery sea with the blue expanse above, broken in a few places by mountain peaks which reared their bald heads above the rolling clouds while their bases are bathed for thousands of feet in the rain mist below. Not a spot

could be seen of the hills, valley or ocean, for the clouds were as impenetrable to the eye as the earth itself, and a thrill of surprise came over us all when we heard the whistle of an engine coming ringing up the side of the mountain and we realized that our friends below were actually living in that apparent sea. About one o'clock the sea breeze came in and began to dispel the clouds. Immense white columns would roll up to a great height and topple over on the mass below. The turmoil kept on increasing till the whole cloud was so broken up that we could see the greater portion of the valley through it, seven thousand feet below us.

A rustic pavilion made of logs and surrounded by huge pine timber adorns the summit and provides a place of amusement for the crowds that repair to this mountain retreat in the summer months to avoid the excessive heat in the valley.

We ate our dinner in the shade of pines at a lovely spot in a canon on the north side of the peak, a beautiful stream of pure cold water came sparkling from the granite walls of the canon and rippled and tossed over the rocky bottom. The little stream was bordered with such a dense growth of ferns that for a long distance we could not reach the edge of the water.

We returned in about two hours, less time than it took to go up, reaching the foot of the trail none too soon as it was getting dark and some of the most dangerous places on the trail are near the foot of it.

A. J. SMITH.

WHERE can we find a name so holy that we may surrender our whole souls to it, before which obedience, reverence without measure, intense humility, most unreserved adoration, may all be duly rendered? One name there is, and one alone; one alone in heaven and earth—not truth, not justice, not benevolence, not Christ's mother, not his holiest servants, not his blessed sacraments, nor his very mystical body, the Church, but himself only who died for us, and rose again, Jesus Christ, both God and man.—*Dr. Arnold.*

### SUMMARY OF EVENTS.

UNITED STATES.—From official Treasury figures the receipts of the Government during Eighth Month, in round numbers, were \$25,500,000, and the expenditures \$26,000,000, making the deficit for the month \$500,000. For the fiscal year the receipts have been \$74,501,000, and the expenditures \$78,001,000, making the deficit for the year to date \$23,498,000.

The Treasury gold reserve at the close of business on the 31st ult., had increased to \$104,526,653, the result of the deposit of recently imported foreign gold.

As far as Treasury advice goes, the total of gold ordered abroad for export to the United States aggregates \$138,504,000, all of which is expected to find its way into the Treasury.

The Weather Bureau of the Department of Agriculture is sending from Washington to all the hospitals of the large cities for a tabulated statement of heat cases, prostrations and deaths. An inquiry is also made as to the extent of the alcohol habit among the patients of this kind.

Over 40,000,000 franked envelopes have been ordered to the present time for political uses in this campaign.

Less than one-seventh of the silver coined is in actual circulation.

Cal. game Anderson, Superintendent of the Yellowstone National Park, in his annual report recommends an annual appropriation of \$100,000 until the road system of the park is completed.

A report of the Tuskegee (Ala.) Institute for Colored Boys and Girls, just issued, says: "A boy in the cotton field earns 10 cents a day. He graduates from the school and earns at his trade, or as a school teacher, \$1.50 a day, a gain of \$1.10 a day, or for a year,





# THE FRIEND.

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ary and Letters of Deborah Brooks Webb.

(Continued from page 56.)

[Some words have local meanings, and it may be proper in explanation of the word "wicked," as used by our dear friend, D. B. Webb, to say that in New England, where she came from, it not only used to express the committing of innumerable crimes, but, as defined by Webster, in small edition, it is also used for "Evil, sinful, evading from the Divine law. A word of light blame." The compilers of the extracts have thought best to use her own words.]

1854. Third Month 5th.—Dear — at our meeting and spoke. "The foundation of God standeth sure, having this seal, the Lord knoweth them that are his," encouraging us to believe that he Almighty's watchful eye is over all his workmanship, that in all our afflictions he is afflicted and will satisfy those whose expectation is from Him. He had been impressed with the history of Joseph, how he was separated from father, mother, brothers and sisters, and was alone; yet his Heavenly Father was with him and brought him through difficulties with honor, to his own gain, and caused him to be a blessing to them.

20th.—Dear — here at our meeting, he quoted, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest," and "ake my yoke upon you and learn of me for I am meek and lowly in heart and ye shall find rest unto your souls." Am not I one who longs for an assurance that my sins are blotted out, and for the more full enjoyment of his sweet presence in my heart? Have I not been like Zaccheus of old, climbing up high to see, or letting my imagination soar on high to find Him? Instead of seeking inward and waiting there to find his good presence? I have often felt that my heart is too poor, too base and sinful to think of his entering thus, but He assures us that He ate with publicans and sinners. He looked on Zaccheus' heart and said, "this day has salvation come to thy house."

Do I not feel some of his good presence and how thankful I am, that He enables me in some degree to obey. I know my sins are great, very great, oh! most merciful Saviour be pleased to forgive me, though I feel so unworthy of any pity for my long resistance. — said if we

were humble enough He would give us of his good Spirit to comfort us at times here, and at last would lead us safely through the valley of death to the glorious regions above.

Fourth Month 2nd.—What a favored meeting. Dear H. Gibbons spoke first, "Except ye abide in the vine," etc., encouraging us to look to the Saviour and to bow low before Him, to walk in the strait and narrow path, to cease from our own strength, and watch and pray to be found faithful.

"Renounce all strength, but strength Divine, And peace shall be forever thine."

Then — spoke first of faith and addressed the audience so well, and then so kindly reasoning with them of another state of existence, mentioning Lazarus and the rich man; going through the whole account. Spoke of the other world, and of the state of punishment; that if we were not of those who were abiding and living with our Saviour, we must be of the other class, there were but two alternatives, to be with Him, or in the bottomless pit. Towards the last addressed the young, saying, let none be presuming that because some are visited and revisited all their lives long, that it will be the case with all. The day of visitation may go by, we may become as the heath in the desert, not knowing when good comes; "where much is given, much will be required."

We have had line upon line and precept upon precept, some have been designed to be polished shafts in his quiver, and to be messengers unto others. These would have baptism and they would love to be alone and pour out their souls in prayer, "sitting alone and keeping silence, if so be there may be hope." "When their tongue cleaveth to the roof of their mouth for thirst of God, He would open to them streams in high places and fountains in the midst of the valleys." Oh! it was a humbling time to me.

On Fourth-day was Monthly Meeting at Birmingham. Dear Phebe W. Roberts was there. Dear P. spoke so encouragingly, "Fear not little flock, it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." "Fear not, be not dismayed," etc., then speaking to the young, encouraging them to choose who they would serve — endeavor to be dedicated to be willing even to become fools for his sake. Oh! I thought I never would disobey again, but now, I feel that I did fret that evening; I hope to be forgiven. Then dear — spoke, "Some men labor and lay up substance of this world's goods, not taking care for the future life." The Lord's poor never know what may be their lot; to-day they may be exalted and honored and the next have to sit like supplicants at the gate, like Mordecai, one day honored the next low, but how greatly to be preferred is the latter state; closing with "How awful must the summons be oh death, to him who is at ease in his possessions."

Dear Phebe stood with us that night, it is so pleasant to me to see the Lord's servants. When I left her in the morning for school she encouraged me to hope that my labors would be of use to the children—but poor me, I feel if I could

only wholly obey I should be enabled to do my whole duty in school. Oh! my merciful Saviour, be pleased to enable me to do what and all that I feel is right. Be pleased to grant me strength; Thou art ever worthy to be served.

9th.—Surely the Lord is very good; how much comfort and satisfaction He makes me feel, who have been such a hesitating and halting one against his commands. Oh! that I may obey in meekness and nothingness of self. How has way been made for me at this time to go to Parkerville and there to see A-seneth Hall.\* I sincerely hope she may be led along the slippery path safely and be enabled to put her trust in Him, who certainly helped me who am so unworthy.

Last Fifth-day — was at this meeting again, to our mutual satisfaction and comfort. Dear H. Gibbons spoke first so comforting, so encouraging to the younger members. Will He be strength in weakness to me? Will He not quench the smoking flax? Is his grace sufficient for poor me? Oh! that I might be girt with holy armor to stand against my cruel enemy. Oh! send out thy light and thy truth, let them lead me, let them bring me unto thy Holy Hill and to thy tabernacle. Then dear — spoke so well to the young, unfolding the reason and utility of being plain and using the plain language, "Stand ye in the ways and see and ask for the old paths, where is the good way and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls."

23rd.—Just returned from attending Yearly Meeting. Oh! it has been a strengthening time to me.

First-day morning, went to North Meeting. W. Kennard from the West spoke so solemnly. Oh! I felt that I was one, wandering in the barren mountains of Gilboa, where there "was neither rain nor dew," and I felt bowed down and willing to be as clay in the hands of the Potter, desiring to come unto One, who will receive those who are weary and heavy laden, and who is so merciful and long suffering.

I did try to come to Him and in the afternoon meeting I did pray that I might so walk as not to be left without heavenly "rain or dew." Shortly after W. Kennard knelt in supplication for mercy to be shown—"Be pleased to forgive our iniquities, and blot out all our transgressions." Oh! I feel so thankful and could adopt part of it myself. May I be faithful, seeing my Heavenly Father makes a way for me, where there seems to be no way at all; wherein I am resigned. He makes the hills and mountains of opposition skip like lambs and rams. I was thankful for this day.

Second-day, commenced Yearly Meeting. Representatives were called, epistles read, some so very good; committee on treasurer appointed. One spoke, then dear A. W. said it was a fearful thing to say, "Albeit the Lord said it, when He hath not said it." The whole of the meetings have been so good to me. I think it was such a privilege to attend them.

\* Teacher at Parkerville.

On Fifth-day morning attended North Meeting, where W. K. B. Hoyle and — spoke, to our strengthening and encouragement; also a young man spoke, and P. W. Roberts appeared in supplication. Oh! it was so good, his mercy is so great, his arm is not shortened that it cannot save, nor his ear grown heavy that He cannot hear. After all the good advice we had in the Yearly Meeting, I hope to be obedient and not consult with flesh and blood. I fear so much for myself. Be pleased Heavenly Father to help me. The testimony concerning Hinchman Haines was read, showing how the Lord whom he trusted, and whom he tried to serve had supported and preserved him all his life through.

Fifth Month 7th.—One week ago was sad indeed to us. Dear Anne is so stripped, dear friend Jeffers was taken from us at half-past twelve on Fourth Month 30th. I had just returned from meeting and assisted Anne to do some things for her, when she went into a sweet sleep and never awoke in this world again. Dear woman, I believe she has entered that Heavenly City where there is "no need of the light of the sun, nor of the moon, for the Lord God and the Lamb are the light thereof." Oh! I mean to try to obey my Heavenly Father in everything, then it seems He will, in his great mercy, let me go there too.

Last First-day dear Benjamin Hoyle was at our meeting. He commenced with When the Son of man cometh shall He find faith on the earth? Spoke much about faith. "Hast thou faith? have it to thyself." "He that cometh to God must believe that He is, and that He is a rewarder of all them that diligently seek Him." "Without faith it is impossible to please Him." "He knoweth our frame, He remembereth we are dust." It seems to me I am too young to think about faith, as possessing it myself. He said, if we had it, we should be enabled to say, "I leadeth me beside the still waters," etc., and though "I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil." I felt unworthy of hearing this comforting language.

He appeared in supplication to the Father of mercies, that He would enable us to walk free from sin and transgression. Oh! this is my desire and prayer. In the evening he came round here, and after a pause spoke to the dear children, whose parent had just been taken from them, that it was his intention to draw them nearer to himself. After a little, said again, that it was not the design of the Great Head of the Church to rob it of its ornaments, but that He was willing to pour out of his Spirit and raise up others. I did not speak to him, but was thankful to be in the room.

On Third-day the funeral took place; dear friend she was a tender succorer of me. I miss her very much and it is my earnest desire to do all I can for the comfort of dear Anne. She feels much stripped. Dear P. W. R. and Wm. Scattergood bore testimony to the worth of the departed, of her faith and zeal. "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints."

On Fourth-day morning dear P. W. R. had a sweet little communication of encouragement. "The Master calleth thee," desiring to impress upon our minds the importance of obedience to the heavenly call. Oh! I try to exercise faith, it seems to me I feel his presence when I try.

(To be continued.)

I HAVE no doubt that shrinking from required duty, leading into darkness as it does, is often, very often, the beginning of a course which eventually leads down to the chambers of death.—Peleg Mitchell.

Friends in Westphalia.

(Continued from page 52.)

On that account the government first of all gave the civil officer Mueller, of Klausberg, the charge under the date of twenty-third of February, 1796, to gather further information on the behavior of the brothers Reckeffuss and of the hiring (tenant) Koenig and to give notice of it within eight days, but particularly to give information first once, whether the one or the other also tried to persuade several persons to embrace their enthusiasm and then and above all, whether they had tried to mislead other subjects to do the conveyances required in war. And the accounts given by Mueller according to this order are now worthy of notice in my respects. Above all he sees himself obliged to give the three defendants accused by Mumfern a testimony that might be absolutely acknowledged in regard to their morals.

In regard to the religion the farmer Christopher Reckeffuss has indeed got eccentric ideas and has fallen into a kind of enthusiasm, joining with not any Christian church, and living in a connection with a woman already these ten years without being married with her. The other reports of the pastor of Berg are also confirmed in this regard. He has not christened the two children, which he has got with that person and not till now (hitherto) sent them to any school. He and his wife also abstain from the Lord's supper, and he pretends that he does it on that account, because they are always obliged to pay (give money) for the performance of these actions every time, which is sinful according to his persuasion; the minister being obliged to work himself. And even from thence Mueller adds, it also proceeds that he refuses from time to time to give the clergyman the tithes belonging to them. On the other hand he is a very good and industrious landlord who keeps three horses for the field, and everything (all) on his farm is also in good, prosperous condition. He has especially got a good stock of cattle and he annually pays duly the royal duties and those relating to the lord of the manor, so that nothing disadvantageous may be said of him in this respect. And likewise also the tenant Reckeffuss, the husband of the woman Corders, only that he carries further his enthusiasm than his brother, because he has let grow his beard these two years, and if anybody converses with him he always speaks of the Bible, and especially (particularly) of the revelation of John. Mueller then reports still more of him, that he has put into his head some years ago that he must (should) go to Jerusalem, and that he having walked from one place to another had always had the Bible in his arm, but they have made no attempts of proselytism. They are for the most part at their residences at work and only from time to time they go on a journey, particularly the tenant Reckeffuss, and indeed sometimes to Pymont, where (also) some that have similar principles live and by whom they perhaps sometimes are visited. But in other respects they are peaceful and also have not tried to induce other subjects not to do the conveyances required in war. The farmer Reckeffuss (has) refused only at the very beginning to give his horses and carriages for the conveyances required in war, because he, as he said, waged war neither with the French nor with the King of Prussia. Nevertheless, he has given later, also given his horses, when the administration of justice of Vlotho ordered the conveyances required in war to be done by others, immediately in the first case of refusal

at his expenses and had then, because he would not pay, taken away from him and sold as many goods as were sufficient to the payment.

Under these circumstances the local government again applied for advice to the general government, and at the same time forwarded a new charge—which was that the peasant Reckeffuss had lost his youngest child by death, and had publicly buried it in his garden in the presence of many Quakers who assembled on the occasion, thus declining to pay to the official pastor the church-dues to which he was entitled.

The Ecclesiastical Consistory evidently felt itself at a loss how to deal with such refractory people, who while paying their taxes and conducting as honest and peaceable subjects, were yet unbending in their opposition to whatever came in conflict with their religious convictions. Some correspondence followed with the Lord of Woellner, the prime minister, who laid the matter before the King, and obtained a decree that Reckeffuss' child should be disinterred from its father's garden and placed in the public cemetery, and that the tithes and usual fees should be paid to the clergyman, and that the three Quaker families should be separated from each other. The authorities at Minden reported that there were inseparable difficulties in the way of carrying out the separation of the Quakers.

In 1797 a royal rescript was obtained which forbid the Quakers the public and private exercise of their faith, but nothing further is said of the manner of marriage of the brothers Reckeffuss, who were no further molested on that account by the authorities.

Soon after this the Friends residing in Minden were exposed to renewed persecution owing to the magistracy prohibiting their religious meetings. This drew forth an appeal to the government in which they plead the merits of their case and ask for the granting to them of the same privileges as had been confirmed to the Mennonites and other sects. The government professed to allow religious liberty and freedom of conscience to the people, but it objected to some of its practical results. Such as the refusal to aid in the military matters, or to take oaths when required by the civil law, or to contribute to the expenses or submit to the requirements of the ecclesiastical department. The magistrates hoped that the Quakers would become weary of paying the fine of ten thalers for meeting for worship and gradually disband.

The persecuted Friends further prosecuted their case by sending a petition to the King of Prussia himself.

It commences with a grateful acknowledgment of the King's declaration in that the liberty of conscience of every one of his subjects is inviolable. It goes on to say, that this declaration given to us by thy own royal hand still seems to be misunderstood by the magistracy of Minden, because it continues in persecuting us and forbidding our Christian meetings for worshipping God, by fine of ten dollars. This vigorous manner of proceeding must be the more conspicuous to us as to all tolerantly disposed observers near and far, since it is evidently at variance with the before-mentioned solemn declaration bearing not any doubt, that the worship of the Almighty is merely a matter of conscience and of faith, which has nothing in common with civil regulations and duties, and it is impossible that it can be injurious to the state that a society of quiet, peaceful and industrious subjects are permitted to serve God and worship Him in such a manner as it thinks the most

acceptable to Him, and to which it thinks to be obliged by its conscience.

We feel ourselves absolutely obliged to worship the Father in spirit and in truth, according to the teachings of our Redeemer Jesus Christ, and hold, as we believe, our Divine service with that simplicity which was customary among the apostles and first Christians, and agrees with the Holy Scriptures. If we be deprived of this liberty, our liberty of conscience will be entirely destroyed, for we cannot then serve God according to our conscience. And here, as we are convinced in our hearts, that vain faith without practice is only dead and useless, and in order to have peace with God in his mind, a man has to obey the conviction of his good Spirit and to that account a man has to hearken unto Him more than unto men in matters of faith and of conscience. We do not see before our face anything else but the certain loss of our income and fortune and the impoverishment of our families, by which we all be disabled at the same time and in the end to come to perform our duties as subjects, if we cannot make up our mind to the unprofitable choice of fleeing from the country and leaving our relatives, nor the king be pleased to give his words such a force so that the persecution be checked thereby and the liberty of conscience of his subjects be protected.

This petition was brought before the Council of State of the whole Ministry, and the final decree was that the Quakers must observe the civil order and perform the civil duties like their subjects and there the matter might rest.

The author of the narrative says, "Reckless we kept his convictions and had here and there a silent follower in the country and in the foreign country, to wit (viz.), in the country of Lippe and of Schaumburg, whom he, their patriarch, off and on visited; a figure, also still, as able to make an impression in its plain appearance and scriptural knowledge, always ready to debate. The people, although they hold a variety of absurdities, had still a certain respect for him: yea, it was, what always does not lose its impression, the wisdom (knowledge) of the word of God, which often enough spoke out of him."

WHAT is the basis of all honest commercial transactions? It is not gold or silver or Government notes or real estate; it is *personal integrity*. Banish that, and the business community would discover the difference as soon as you or I would detect the difference if every inch of pure air were withdrawn from our dwellings. Take conscience out of Broadway, or Wall Street, or South Street, and men of business would no sooner dare to trade there than they would dare to walk there if every foot of the pavements were mined underneath with dynamite.

What is true in commercial affairs is equally true in civil affairs. The life of our beloved country does not depend upon its statute-books, but upon the public sentiment behind the statutes. In a republic every voter is a ruler; and he only solid basis of good government is the *individual conscience* which seeks to know what is right and dares to do it. The ballot is infinitely more than a privilege; it is a solemn trust; and the man who uses it carelessly or corruptly or wickedly, is guilty of treason to his country.

One of the most prevalent and serious dangers is the tendency of so many people to divorce their religion from their politics. Their moral

make-up seems to be divided into two separate compartments; in one they put their religion, in the other they put their citizenship. On Sunday they worship God in their church; during the week they worship a party-creed, however bad, and for personal or party aggrandizement are not ashamed to buy votes, or cheat in a caucus. Politics is not to them a matter of sacred duty; it is a game to be played at, and conscience goes under the table. To-day a man is wearing a striped jacket in Sing Sing prison who at the time of his conviction for outrageous political frauds was a prominent member of an Evangelical Church and the superintendent of a Sabbath-school!—*The Independent*.

FOR "THE FRIEND."

Radnor Monthly Meeting.

BY GEORGE VAUX.

At the time of the separation in 1827 Radnor Monthly Meeting consisted of five particular meetings—Merion, Haverford, Radnor, the Valley, and Charlestown, near Phoenixville. It had a membership of four hundred and forty-five, but of these only seventy remained with Friends. Nearly if not quite all the latter resided within a circle of about five miles radius, taking Haverford College as the centre. Only two of our meetings survived the separation, and all the meeting-houses passed into the hands of those who separated. One of these meetings was held in a school-house a little above Hestonville, which was afterwards known as Blockley Meeting. The other has for many years been held in a modern meeting-house near Haverford College, built about 1857. The organization of the Monthly Meeting was continued until 1865, when its members were joined to Philadelphia Monthly Meeting for the Western District. Both of the particular meetings for worship were continued, but that near Hestonville was laid down some years since, the one near Haverford College alone remaining. Almost the whole of the records of this Monthly Meeting fell into the hands of the separatists, but a few years since, the Western District Monthly Meeting was afforded the opportunity of having them copied, which was done so far as they were then known to be in existence. The work was completed after several years' labor, in a number of large volumes, embracing Minutes of the Monthly Meeting, records of births, marriages and deaths, certificates of removal, and some other matters, all type-written, paged and indexed. These volumes are deposited in the Record Room at Friends' Library. It is a source of much regret that the minutes from Ninth Month, 1686, to Fifth Mo., 1693, and from Ninth Month, 1704, to Eleventh Month, 1712, could not be found. The first volume of copies has to a large extent furnished the material from which this article has been prepared. The district embraced within Radnor Monthly Meeting was mainly that known as the Welsh Tract. The great immigration of Welsh Friends concerning which it has been justly said that Wales emptied its Quakers into Pennsylvania, caused the establishment of the Monthly Meeting.

A recent writer has said "Quakerism has been a great power in many parts of Wales, where by this time, the very name of the Friends has been almost forgotten among the peasantry. A solitary burial-place in the mountains, a tradition of much suffering, the name of a rough stone pulpit, these are the only memorials of the men and women who taught the high ideals of honesty and peace during times of religious

indifference and of religious fervor alike."

There is, however, one ancient meeting-house still standing in Merionethshire, in about the same condition, apart from a new roof and windows, that it was two centuries ago, though no longer owned by Friends. It was sold to the Congregationalists about fifty years since. Here many of the early Welsh Friends who emigrated worshipped before they came to America.

The original meetings of Merion, Haverford, and Radnor, appear to have been established about the same time, and very early after the first influx of settlers. The other meetings were of later date as will hereafter appear.

The first minute appears to be that dated Second Mo. 10th, 1684, and is in the following words: "At the men's meeting held at Thomas Duckett's house the tenth day of the Second Month, 1684."

Thomas Duckett's name is a familiar one to those who are acquainted with Friends' Records. He was in America before William Penn and is spoken of in the minutes of the city meetings as living "the other side of Schuylkill."

At this first meeting two couples passed. No meeting-houses having then been built, the Monthly Meetings were held at private houses. Each meeting seems to have designated where the next one was to be held. The second meeting was held at the house of William Warner, and the third at that of Hugh Roberts.

Hugh Roberts was an early settler. He was a minister, and is described as having been a serviceable instrument in the Church of Christ. His religious labors were mostly confined to the neighborhood where he lived, though he appears to have been twice in his native land, and travelled somewhat in different parts of America. He died in 1702.

The necessity of providing burial places was one of the first subjects which claimed attention, and it is noted in the Ninth Month, 1684, that such burial places had been set out both for Haverford and Merion. At the same time week-day meetings were established to be held at Thomas Duckett's house on Third-day, at Haverford on Fourth-day, and at Merion on Sixth-day.

John Bevan's name early appears. He was born about 1646 and came to Pennsylvania soon after William Penn, probably in 1684. He was a minister. After spending about twenty years in this country, he returned to his former home at Trevekyricke in Wales, where he died in 1710. Owing to a storm he was unable to board the vessel which he first took passage in, a providential circumstance, for it was captured by pirates. Of impending danger to that ship he seems to have had a clear intimation.

All of his children remained in America (they having married here), except his youngest daughter the saintly Barbara Bevan, who was a diligent attendant of meetings from her sixth year. At the age of sixteen her religious character developed, and a gift in the ministry was conferred upon her. She travelled on religious service extensively both in America and in Wales and laid down her armor and sweetly passed from works to rewards in 1705, at the early age of twenty-three, having been a minister seven years. Her last hours were marked by loving expressions towards her relatives and friends.

John German or Jarman is also referred to about the same time. He came from Llangery, Montgomeryshire, in 1683. He settled close to where the present Radnor Meeting-house stands, was an able minister and instrumental in build-

ing upon the meeting held at that place. He died in 1697. A memorial of him was probably prepared, but it does not appear to have been recorded.

In the early part of 1693 a statement is recorded of the concern of the meeting, on account of the tendency to follow the vain customs of the world "contrary to the express testimony of the Scriptures of Truth," and "the testimony of many ancient Friends," and a committee of several Friends was appointed for each of the meetings of Haverford, Merion and Radnor, to have inspection over those that profess truth, "that they may be prevented of going on in that broad way that leads to destruction."

From the Fifth Month, 1693, until the Second Month, 1698, the Monthly Meeting was held at Haverford. At that time it was concluded to hold it in course alternately at Haverford, Merion and Radnor.

In the Eighth Month, 1693, reference is made to a tax having been levied of "one shilling per hundred, toward the taking of wolves," and on the tenth of Eleventh Month, 1694, it is noted that a committee was appointed "to get a stable made adjoining to this meeting-house," showing that some kind of a building for meeting purposes existed at Haverford at that early day.

The name of Rees Thomas first appears on the tenth of Third Month, 1694. He was from Caernarvonshire, and came to America in 1691 in the same ship with his affianced, Martha Awbrey. He is described in his certificate as having been of a meek and quiet disposition, and well beloved of all sorts, descended of a good family, and "had been very serviceable upon the account of truth in all honest designs," and "one that walked according to the order of truth from his first conviction." It is further naively remarked "as far as we do understand he is not clear from Martha Awbrey, one of the passengers, wherein we have nothing to say against them in the least, the which we thought fit to acquaint you as our incumbent duty."

Martha Awbrey was a sister of William Awbrey, who married William Penn's daughter "Tische." She was descended from an ancient and honorable Welsh family, seated for many generations at Llanelw in Brecknockshire. Her character has been given in a few terse words—"Her life was exemplary, and her memory precious to all acquainted with her. It was a monitor, whether she was considered as a wife, a mother, an elder in the church, a mistress, a neighbor or a friend. As her life was righteous, so her death was sweet."

Rees Thomas and Martha Awbrey were married at Haverford in 1692, soon after their arrival in Pennsylvania. They settled on a tract of land on part of which Bryn Mawr College stands. Their dwelling house was close to the present Rosemont Station. The writer well remembers this ancient dwelling, which only disappeared within the last twenty-five years. It is said to have been one of the first, if not the very first building constructed of stone to the west of the river Schuylkill. The sash, which were imported from England, were of lead, and the floor boards were fastened to the joist with wooden pegs instead of nails. Straw was used in the plaster for want of hair. It contained a huge fire-place, on either side of which were benches capable of seating several persons.

The marriage certificate of this couple is a curiosity. Rees promised Martha "to be true, loving and faithful to her, and to behave him-

self as would be a man to behave himself to his wife," while Martha promised Rees that she would "love him and make much of him." But perhaps there was more in these quaint promises than is often the case with the formal words used in the present day.

On the eleventh of Eighth Month, 1694, we find that a committee was appointed "to draw a testimony in the behalf of the meeting concerning the godly, grave, and orderly life and conversation and comfortable end of our dear friend, Thomas Lloyd, lately deceased."

Thomas Lloyd was one of the most prominent and influential men connected with the early history of Pennsylvania. He was born at Dolobran, Montgomerieshire, Wales, about 1640. Descended from royal stock, possessing superior natural parts, highly educated and of considerable estate, his favor was sought and preferments offered by many who were of account in the world. He, however, refused worldly advancement, and joining the Society of Friends, became an able minister of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, suffering imprisonments and much loss of outward substance in the maintenance of his principles. He came to Pennsylvania with his family the year after William Penn, and for some years was Deputy Governor. He died in 1694 at the early age of forty-five, from an illness supposed to have been occasioned by the griefs and sorrows brought upon him by the apostasy of George Keith and the abuse which he suffered from his followers. His life was innocent, and he left behind a meek spirit which lived with his friends who survived.

(To be continued.)

#### FOR "THE FRIEND."

### The Banks of the Pensaukin.

On the nineteenth of Eighth Month, in company with two or three young friends, I set out to examine a part of the banks of the Pensaukin, along which I had never before travelled. We left the cars at Maple Shade Station. As we traversed an open field near by, one of our company found a young garter snake, about a foot in length. This harmless snake may be readily recognized by the stripes down its back and sides. The scales are not smooth like those of the Blacksnake, but have a little prominence or keel, which renders them rough to the touch.

The peculiar gliding motion of these animals is effected by the combined action of the ribs and the broad scales on the under side of the body. The hinder edges of these scales rest on the ground, and resting on these the body is pushed or drawn forwards. Most of our snakes are oviparous—the eggs being laid where the heat of the sun will mature them. They feed on insects and small animals, and the teeth are small, sharp and pointed backward, so as to prevent their prey from slipping out. The bones of the jaws are more or less movable, so that the throat can be distended so as to swallow comparatively large animals.

In poisonous snakes there are in the upper jaw two teeth or fangs, which are curved and hollow, connected with a poison-bag, so that when the animal strikes with them the poison is forced into the wound. There are over one hundred and thirty species of snakes in North America, north of Mexico, but of these there are very few poisonous ones. In the State of New Jersey only two venomous kinds are known—the Rattlesnake and the Copperhead. Comparatively few persons are familiar enough with the appearance of different snakes to be certain that one they meet with is harmless, and as the

consequences of a bite from a venomous snake are so dangerous, they think it safest to avoid contact with any.

We met during the course of the day with a much larger snake than the little garter—a well grown blacksnake, which when touched with a stick darted into the creek.

An interesting object was a large and beautiful Garden Spider, which had constructed a net among the bushes, with radiating lines or spokes, and a spirally concentric line crossing and supported by these. If this spiral line touched by the finger it will adhere to it, and will stretch when the finger is withdrawn to several times its original length. The spiral line bears numerous bead-like drops of sticky material. Near the end of the abdomen of the spider are situated the spinning organs which are two or three pairs of appendages each ending in numerous small tubes from which the silk issues in a liquid state, but immediately hardens on coming into the air. Ordinarily the tips of these spinnerets are brought together, so that all the fibres of the silk are joined into one thread, but sometimes the spider will spread its spinnerets apart, so as to spin a broad, ribbon-like band. Our spider had spun such a ribbon, perhaps three inches long and one-fourth of an inch wide, near the centre of its web, probably to stiffen and strengthen it. It resembled a narrow ribbon with the threads traversing it in a zig zag fashion, and was quite a pretty object.

Among the insects which attracted our notice was the common White Cabbage Butterfly. This seemed to be quite attracted to the bunches of Purple Boneset, (*Eupatorium purpureum*) fluttering about it in groups of a dozen or so. The larvæ of this insect is a pale green worm which feeds on cabbage and similar plants, and is sometimes quite destructive. In some part of the creek, the water for large spaces was closely covered with a very small floating plant with rootlets hanging down in the water. I was the Duckweat (*Lemna polyrrhiza*), of Linneus. This plant is common in ponds and pools throughout North America, but is very rarely seen either in fruit or flower. It propagates itself by forming new plants, from a cleft in the edge of the frond, and also by minute fronds or bulblets which sink to the bottom, but rise and vegetate in the spring.

Running over the bushes and trees on the steep bank of the creek were several vines of the Fox Grape (*Vitis labrusca*), and my young companions seemed to appreciate the opportunity of feasting on the large, purple grape which it produces. It reminded me of the day of early boyhood, when I too enjoyed this with other wild fruits. It has a musky flavor, and is believed to have been the parent from which have originated the Isabella, Catawba, Concord and other grapes.

Creeping in the mud were patches of a low herb, with round or kidney shaped leaves—the Mud Plantain (*Heteranthera reniformis*). The flowers had disappeared.

Near the edge of the water we espied some plants with a spike of beautiful intensely red flowers, a foot or more in length, and at once recognized the Cardinal Flower (*Loelia cardinalis*), one of the most showy of our native flowers.

We saw several clusters of much branched herbs, with bright orange-colored flowers, thickly spotted with reddish-brown dots, hanging gracefully down on slender stalks. As the seed-pod ripen the valves which compose them coil elastic

ically, until the tension bursts them loose from each other, and the seed are scattered by a sort of explosion. This habit gives the plant its common name of 'Touch-me-not (*Impatiens fulva*). There is another species with rather larger flowers of a pale yellow color called *Impatiens pallida*, which is not so common as the *I. fulva*, but I think more abundant on the other side of the Delaware than in New Jersey.

There is a genus of plants in which the calyx is a helmet-shaped appendage on the upper lip, from which is derived its common name *Scutellaria*, and its common appellation of Skull-cap. There are several species of this genus, and one of them we met with in our walk. It is a much branched, with small violet-purple flowers. Some years ago it was spoken of as a sovereign remedy for hydrophobia, and from his got its distinctive name of Mad-dog Skull-cap, but it has fallen into deserved obscurity as a specific for that disease.

Growing in the water were plants of the Arrow Head (*Sagittaria sagittifolia*), so called from the shape of its leaves, which however vary very much in width and outline. Some leaves are as broad as long; others are reduced to a simple leaf-stem, without any expansion of leaf-tissue. I have found such in our pine barren districts. Gray, in his botany, adopts the specific name of *Variabilis*, given to this species by Dr. Engelmann.

One of our company found a caterpillar of an inch or more in length, whose body was closely studded with little white oblong bodies, which were the cocoons of a species of ichneumon fly. The ichneumon flies appear to be designed to keep in check the increase of insects which may be hurtful to the farmer. The parent fly pierces the body of the caterpillar and deposits its eggs within the body, where they hatch and feed on the blood and substance of their unwilling host, which finally perishes from the loss of its substance. Just before this takes place the young ichneumons emerge and spin their cocoons on the outside of the body. The adult parasite cuts a neat little lid at the upper end of its case, from which it thus makes its escape. J. W.

**LINCOLN AND THE CHILDREN.**—The very children knew him [Lincoln], for there was not one of them for whom he had not done some kind deed. "My first strong impression of Mr. Lincoln," says a lady at Springfield, "was made by one of his kind deeds. I was going with a little friend for my first trip alone on the railroad cars. It was an epoch of my life. I had planned for it and dreamed of it for weeks. The day I was to go came, but as the hour of the train approached, the hackman, through some neglect, failed to call for my trunk. As the minutes went on, I realized, in a panic of grief, that I should miss the train. I was standing by the gate, my hat and gloves on, sobbing as if my heart would break, when Mr. Lincoln came by.

"Why, what's the matter?" he asked, and I poured out all my story.

"How big's the trunk? There's still time, if it isn't too big." And he pushed through the gate and up to the door. My mother and I took him up to my room, where my little old-fashioned trunk stood, locked and tied. "Oh, ho," he cried; "wipe your eyes, and come on quick." And before I knew what he was going to do, he had shouldered the trunk, was downstairs, and striding out of the yard. Down the street he went, fast as his long legs could carry

him, I trotting behind, drying my tears as I went. We reached the station in time. Mr. Lincoln put me on the train, kissed me good-bye, and told me to have a good time. It was just like him."—*Ira M. Turbell, in McClure's Magazine.*

FROM THE "LEISURE HOUR."

The Persian Poet's Farewell.

The following poem is taken from a prose translation of the original, given in "Palgrave's Travels in Western Arabia." The sentiments are rather those of a Christian sage than of one unacquainted with the light of revelation, and it is difficult to understand how the writer could have attained such views of the character of God, and the immortality of the soul of man, without the aid of Christian teaching. All that we are told of Ahmed el Ghazalib is that he was the most famous sage and poet of his day, and that he lived at Toos, in Persia, during the eleventh century. His farewell to his disciples is prefaced by an introduction to the following effect.

Ahmed el Ghazalib, the greatest of the sages of Persia, said to his disciples, "Fetch me white garments, for I must appear to-night in the presence of my king." His disciples hastened to fulfill his command, but great was their dismay when on returning with white garments they found their master dead. Lying on the ground beside him, they discovered a scroll, on which was written his farewell message.

"Tell thou to my friends, when weeping,

They my words desery,  
Here you find my body sleeping,  
But it is not I;  
Now in life immortal hovering,  
Far away I roam,  
This was but my house, my covering,  
'Tis no more my home.

"This was as the cage that bound me;  
I the bird, have flown;  
This was but the shell around me;  
I the pearl, am gone!  
Over me as o'er a treasure,  
Had a spell been cast,  
God has spoken at his pleasure,  
I am free at last!

"Thanks and praise to Him he given  
Who hath set me free,  
Now forevermore in heaven  
Shall my dwelling be,  
There I stand his face beholding,  
With the saints in light,  
Present, future, past unfolding  
In this mirror bright.

"Tolling through the plain I leave you,  
I have journeyed on,  
From your tents why should it grieve you,  
Friends, to find me gone?  
Let the house forsaken perish!  
Let the shell decay!  
Break the cage, destroy the garment,  
I am far away!

"Call not this my death, I pray you,  
'Tis my life of life;  
God of all my weary longings,  
End of all my strife,  
Think of God with love forever;  
Know his name is love!  
Come to Him, distrust Him never;  
He rewards above.

"I beheld each dauntless spirit,  
All your ways I view;  
Lo, the portion I inherit  
Is reserved for you."

BEAR IN MIND that you should seek first (not last) the kingdom of God and his righteousness.

FOR "THE FRIEND."  
A LESSON FROM THE WEEDS.  
JOHN MARSH FITZ.

What constitutes a weed? 'Tis surely not  
Its commonness or its growth alone,  
Its being seen by the matron, growing wild,  
Or sprung, unseeded far and unvisited,  
(Except by insects, such as know its worth),  
These qualities, though paradoxical,  
Are those which prove its great pre-eminence  
And warrant its survival, these avow  
That 'tis a child of God, much more indeed  
Than all the frail domesticities of man,  
No human arrogance: a weed's a flower  
Unfitted to its sphere; perchance a gem  
Considered in itself, but in the way  
Or out of harmony with other flowers:  
Indeed, what beauty can exist apart  
From fitness, system and utility?  
Throughout all Nature nothing can be found  
Which could be designated beautiful  
Unless with purpose linked; no organ, part,  
Or particle, which either is not now,  
Or never was of service to the race.  
No plume is but for show, though many parts  
Are useful, spite of ugliness.— This is  
Because that beauty has not least to admire  
The commonplace and ordinary thing.  
True Beauty lurks in everything around,  
But lacks the kind, appreciative eye,  
'Tis artificial man who breaks the spell,  
Who sets up standards false to judge things by:  
In dress and language and in countless arts  
He wishes that he were not least to admire  
He helps not on the chariot of God,  
His organs function not; he is a weed—  
Yea rubbish "matter out of place,"  
A hindrance to the progress of the world.  
Despise not then the insignificant,  
The humble creature, or the person hid—  
True beauty quite lies where least perceived—  
If they perform their little part aright  
They shine, deserving of our greatest praise.

Viceroy Li and Christian Missions in China.

BY ISAAC PEARSON.

The central figure in China is Viceroy Li Hung Chang. He has by far excelled all others now upon the stage of action in great services to the State, and he has won for himself the enviable reputation of continuous success in war, and far-reaching statesmanship in peace. He sought to avoid war with Japan, and for so doing was partially deposed from office and honors during its continuance; and so the very defeat of the Chinese armies turned out to his credit. When the war had run its course no other statesman was equal to the task of making peace with the conquerors, and so he was restored to all his former dignities and emoluments. His name has been associated with all the modern enterprises that have advanced China in material well being. The Imperial Telegraph, the China Merchants' Steamship Company, and the railroads that are creeping into the country, and arsenals and forts by land, and gunboats by sea, and Anglo-Chinese schools in several places, all owe much to his skillful leading and his patriotic determination.

Among these varied interests and activities there is one which our people know but little about, and that is his relation to missionary enterprise.

Li is a Confucian and thoroughly imbued with all the teachings of the Chinese sages; but he has come into peculiar contact with Christianity, and by that contact he has come to know and acknowledge the power of Christianity for good to his people. Prior to 1879 the Viceroy had looked upon Christianity as something outside of himself and having no relation to any private interests of his.

In the fall of 1878, or in the early spring of 1879, a missionary physician, named J. Kenneth

Mackenzie, came from Hankow on the Yangtzu River, to reside at Tientsin. There was no established medical work awaiting him, but there was a great field in which to inaugurate such a work. He was a member of the London Mission, and, according to the established custom of that society, any medical work which he might undertake must be at the expense of other parties than the mission. Dr. Mackenzie desired to establish a free dispensary, hoping in time to develop it into a hospital with the full swing of an earnest and useful medical work.

To make a beginning a subscription paper was drawn up, and on the 15th Vice Consul, Wm. E. Pethick, entering heartily into the plan, undertook to secure from the Viceroy the first contribution. A letter was written on elegant red paper with proper care for titles and compliments, and W. Pethick, being in intimate relations with the Viceroy, presented it in person. The Viceroy received it with courtesy, and, having no knowledge of "Western medical science," or the good it promised to his people, quietly pigeon-holed it.

Many weeks went by and no reply came from the Viceroy, and the hope of recognition or help from him began to be at an end. But at midsummer a crisis came. Lady Li was taken seriously sick, and, despite the best medical aid of all the native doctors in Tientsin, she grew daily worse. One day it happened that a Secretary of the British Legation called upon Li at his yamen, and, having completed his business with him, he asked the meaning of the many sedan chairs in and about the reception court. He was informed that Lady Li was lying very low and likely to die, and that many of his friends (all high officials), were calling that day to express to him their sympathy in his expected bereavement. The secretary joined in sympathy, but, in Christian fashion, asked carefully if all had been done to relieve and save her. The Viceroy replied that she had been treated by all the noted physicians of Tientsin and taken a dose of his most efficient medicine at the hand of each, but with no avail; and that now a long list of medicines was being repeated, and she only grew worse. "And is there no hope?" the secretary asked. "None at all," replied the Viceroy; "all has been done that can be done. She must die." The secretary answered: "And have you tried the foreign doctors? If the native doctors can give no hope, and she is sure to die, you can lose nothing by trying them, and who knows but they may bring her help." The argument was sound, and the long delayed petition came to mind. Dr. Mackenzie's office was two or three miles distant, and a quick rider was dispatched with message and extra horses. Dr. Mackenzie being out of his office at the time the messenger brought Dr. Irwin, the popular physician of the foreign community; but ere he reached the yamen Dr. Mackenzie overtook him.

The two doctors quickly discovered the nature of the disease, and applied remedies to abate the immediate trouble; and at their suggestion a fleet courier was soon despatched for Peking, eighty miles northward. He bore request from the Viceroy to Miss Howard, M. D. (now Mrs. King), of the American Methodist Mission. His steam yacht met her half way between Peking and Tientsin, and in two days she was at the bedside of Lady Li and able to give her the needed treatment. The result was, her life was spared for many years, and a strong and lasting attachment was established between Lady Li and her deliverer.

Those days were memorable days at the great yamen. Each day, by invitation, the two doctors visited it and consulted with Dr. Howard, who had taken up her residence with Lady Li and dispensed medical and surgical treatment to the many sufferers who were admitted to the yamen and treated in the presence of the Viceroy. One day a chair carrier was brought in who had a heavy tumor upon his neck, larger than his head. Under anesthetics the man slept and the tumor was removed. This capped the climax. The yamen was full of guests, great and small, and the ladies and their attendants and their guests occupied a portion of the court. All gazed in astonishment at the wonderful sight, and the Viceroy with unbounded enthusiasm acted as chief attendant with sponges and water.

Next day commissions were issued and presented to the two gentlemen, and I think also to the lady physician, to become physicians to the Viceroy's family and attendants.

Dr. Mackenzie accepted the responsibility but declined the financial reward, while he renewed his request for help in establishing his dispensary and hospital. Thus the long-sought door was flung wide open. The Viceroy entered heartily into the project. He set apart a yard and many rooms in the chief Temple of Tientsin. He appointed attendants and an officer of rank to assist the doctor. He bade the latter buy whatever medicines and instruments he needed, and with his own hand wrote a great proclamation, as large as a door, to be posted at the gate of the temple, informing the multitude that they might come to be healed of every disease and infirmity.

The work thus begun settled down into a great hospital plant and efficient service for men and a second hospital for women, with the Viceroy as the chief patron of the one, and Lady Li as that of the other.

The influence of this work, continued now for seventeen years, and the known sympathy of the great Viceroy have been far-reaching throughout North China, and have been a very important factor in bringing all the work of Protestant missions into repute with the highest officials of the Empire.

## THE FRIEND.

NINTH MONTH 12, 1896.

In the columns of THE FRIEND more than twenty years ago, our late valued friend, Dr. Charles Evans, published an article on the condition of things in the Society of Friends, which it may be profitable to reproduce at this time.

After speaking of some of the evidences of declension which had taken place among our people, he says:

"Most of the views alluded to as recently inculcated in the Society, are similar to those held by many of the religious denominations, when Friends first came forth. Friends then declared that they, and the religion to which they belong, were outward and unscriptural; that they stopped short of the requirements of the Gospel, which is not the mere record of the blessed truths in the New Testament, but the power of God unto salvation itself, and that not in-living on 'the washing of regeneration' by the baptism of the 'Holy Ghost and fire,' they left the man of sin in possession of his goods in the heart.

"Can their dissemination and adoption have any other effect than to lead our own members back to many of the same things Friends were raised up to witness against, to the outer court of the temple, whence they were commanded to depart? Look at the effects already developed. In many places our meeting-houses are thrown open for ministers of other religious societies to promulgate the opinions they hold. Silent meetings are declared to be unsuited for mixed assemblies, and reading the Scriptures is introduced into meetings for worship, and music into 'Sabbath schools.' Missionaries are sent out under the authority of associations of our members, and who stand in distant lands as representatives of Friends, some of whom have no scruples against participating with others in bread and wine as the Lord's supper, or in giving out hymns to be sung by a mixed assembly. Some resort to the rite of water baptism, and are held up as examples of Christian attainment, while others approve the use of other outward elements, as giving spiritual benefit. Members occupy the position of ministers and travel abroad, accredited by meetings, who give no evidence of being Friends by their language, dress or manners, and who occasionally join with ministers of other denominations in religious exercises. In England the testimony against tithes—for which the early Friends suffered so much, some of them even unto death—is very much given up. With the language and manners of the world, its changeable fashions and dissipating amusements are largely introduced among our members, even among those who occupy conspicuous stations; and in many places the assimilation with other professors has left but few distinctive characteristics of Friends.

"We are not impugning the sincerity or the desire to do good, of those within the Society who are teaching and acting as we have indicated. They may be teaching, so far as they know, and acting in accordance with the religious understanding to which they have attained, and to their own master they must stand or fall. But there are many of their fellow-members who, esteeming the doctrines and testimonies of the Gospel as set forth by the founders of the Society, to be unchangeable and beyond all price; believe that those who have introduced, and those who sanction these changes, are not Friends in the long-known sense of that appellation; that they and their influence are subverting the faith of Friends and the cause Friends are bound to support. They, therefore, cannot acknowledge their labors nor give them, while thus doing, the right hand of fellowship.

"The reiterated assertion that those members who speak disparagingly of the 'peculiarities' of Friends, have got deeper than that state which requires their observance, and are too busy spreading the Gospel net to pay attention to such small matters; the glowing accounts given of the extraordinary evidence of 'the demonstration of the Spirit and of power, at tending the preaching of that class of ministers suggestively described by one of their admirers in a laudatory published letter, as 'emancipated from the dominion of red tape; the narrative of the large numbers who, under the contagious excitement produced in protracted meetings and the urgent solicitation of speakers, make public confession of 'having found Jesus, and who are then considered 'converted,' all force the consideration on those who love and adhere to old-fashioned Quakerism and are longing to

in proof, of what is the prevailing type of the evil said to be going on in the Society? They are fully aware that love of the world and unwillingness to wear the yoke of Christ, have for years produced coldness, indifference and deadness among very many of its members; and they are waiting and hoping to see some blessed, all-powerful means—attention and obedience to the Light of Christ in the soul—which convinced the early Friends and gathered them into a Society, bringing forth the same blessed fruits. They look to see whether the promulgators of, and the converts to, this modern Quakerism, are led in the same way as were those who have heretofore been brought under 'convincement' and 'conversion.' Do he converts now, as formerly, under the galling arrow accompanying repentance and condemnation for past sins, put their mouths in the dust? If so be, there may be hope. Do they sit alone and keep silence because they are learning to bear the yoke upon them? Is there manifested a humble, self renouncing, teachable frame, an operative faith in Christ, not only as He wrought for man's redemption, when in the flesh, but as He appears the second time to the soul, to purge it from the power of sin and perfect the work of salvation? And are they thus made willing to become fools for his sake, and to show to all around them by their garb, their language, their renunciation of the world, that they are true Friends, not ashamed of their religion and its requisitions? They think answers are given in the increase of departures from the primitive faith and practice of which we have spoken; and the rapid approach to the standard of other professors saddens their hearts with fear that the Society may be swept altogether from its nothings.

"We need not shut our eyes, then, to the contrary in belief and its results, existing in the Society; the consequent lack of unity and harmony among the members, and the failure, more or less apparent or felt, in the objects for which they were originally, and ought still to be associated together as a body of Christian believers—building each other up on the most holy faith, and advancing the spiritual government of the crucified Redeemer, by lives consistent with the straight and narrow way He opened and trod for his disciples. It is vain to suppose that these deplorable evils can be eradicated or smoothed over by the Society sanctioning the system of *comprehensiveness* advocated by some. However such a compact may suit a national or "broad" church," which embraces every shade of belief, from "high church ritualism" to bald unitarianism, or however successfully it may exist in civil or political communities, where the heterogeneous elements are kept together and in their respective places by force of law, it is opposed to, and would be subversive of, the constitutional principles of the Society of Friends, and would hardly be broached, except in times of defection and by those who are willing to say, 'We will eat our own bread and wear our own apparel, only let us be called by thy name to take away our reproach.'

"Truth is not a mere matter of opinion, nor are the doctrines of the Gospel uncertain or undefined. To prevent the Society from entirely deserting the advanced position assigned it by the Head of the Church, there must be a limit to its members' right to promulgate whatever opinions they may choose and to make whatever changes in practice may suit their modified Quakerism. Unless this is insisted

on, diversity of religious opinion and disunity in feeling will go on increasing; for we believe there still are, and will continue to be, very many who will not allow these novelties in the Society to supplant their belief in and love for its ancient faith and usages. These cannot but continue their testimony against the religion of sentiment and excitement which, in their view, is undermining that, which ought to be maintained by the Society and experienced by its members individually. They cannot harmonize with others, however bold or popular, who seem bent on reasoning away any requisitions of duty in what they deem "small things," on disesteeming the belief that obedience in these is essential to greater attainments, and on leading our members to suppose they are true believers in Christ, justified by his blood and saved by his imputed righteousness, because they confess acceptance of the truths recorded in the Holy Scriptures, though they may give no evidence of having been washed, sanctified and justified in the name (or power) of the Lord Jesus and by the spirit of our God. This testimony must be maintained, not by public affidavits, but by patient continuance in well-doing, by prayer and supplication to Him who watcheth over his Church by night and by day, and by advocating truth and pointing out error in the meekness of wisdom. Notwithstanding the changed and degenerate condition of the Society, we believe the Lord is waiting to do it good; that He remembers the kindness of her youth, the love of her espousals, when she went after him in the wilderness, in a land that was not sown; when she was holiness unto the Lord and the first fruits of his increase; and that He will, in his own time, 'Turn to the people a pure language, that they may call upon the name of the Lord, to serve Him with one consent.' May He hasten the day!"

Items.

*Slavery in Zanzibar.*—In the account published in the *London Friend* of London Meeting for Sufferings, it is stated that the British Government seem thoroughly in earnest in the intention of liberating the slaves in Zanzibar and Pemba on the east coast of Africa. There are eighty-seven thousand slaves on the island of Pemba, and it was felt that there was an urgent need for some large-hearted, capable persons to go there and help the people when set free. After some discussion the Anti-Slavery Committee was encouraged to bring to a future meeting, suggestions of a more definite character as to the practical steps to be taken.

—From observations made by Hugh D. Vail, of Santa Barbara, California, it appears that the mean temperature of that place during the Sixth Month was 64.3°. The highest temperature during the month was 89°, and the lowest 47°. There was no regular rainfall, but the precipitation from two or three heavy fogs or mists amounted about 0.05 in. The average rainfall in the Sixth Month, in twenty-eight years is 0.10 inches, and the extremes 1.64 inches in 1884, and none in nineteen different years. During the month there were twenty-three clear days, two fair and five cloudy. The prevailing wind was east and the total movement during the month 8,192 miles, or about 4.4 miles an hour.

HAVING met with the following observations on Meetings for Discipline, I felt a desire that they might have a place in the columns of THE FRIEND if thought proper.

Isaac Penington, in speaking in reference to giving his sentiment in meetings of this kind, makes the following remarks: "When I have given my sentiment on a subject before the meeting, I must remember that other Friends

have a sense of Truth upon their spirits as well as myself, and if their sentiment does not accord with mine, it is then for me to retire and fear before the Lord lest I have made a mistake."

"The meek will He guide in judgment, and the meek will He teach his way."

J. S. F.

WEST CHESTER, Pa., Eighth Month 7th, '66.

SUMMARY OF EVENTS.

UNITED STATES.—Dr. Theodore BARTH, leader of the Liberal Party in the German Reichstag, arrived in New York on the 3rd inst. He has come to study the political conditions in this country. He says, "I regard the attempt at bimetalism by any single nation as absolutely impracticable, and I doubt if all the great commercial nations together could succeed."

Viceroy LI HUNG CHANG, the Special Ambassador of the Emperor of China, spent six hours in Philadelphia on the 3rd inst. He was met at Germantown Junction by the Mayor and a reception committee. LI HUNG CHANG said, before leaving New York, "I have no complaint to make of my reception in this country. I don't think I could say anything very bad of you, unless it were that you have too many political parties."

Departure from the Vermont election, held on the 1st inst., indicate a Republican plurality of 38,000 for the State ticket.

The election in Arkansas on the 7th inst. resulted in a majority for the Democratic ticket of about 55,000.

The Samuel Money Democratic Convention at Indianapolis on the 3rd inst. nominated Senator JOHN M. PALMER, of Illinois, for President, and General SIMON B. BUCKNER, of Kentucky, for Vice President. Senator PALMER was nominated on the first ballot and General BUCKNER was nominated by acclamation. The platform adopted denounces the free exchange of silver and the maintenance of the gold standard.

It is reported that a white whale was seen recently in Long Island Sound. This animal is rarely found outside the Arctic regions.

Eastern Texas has within a year set up an important trade in timber with South Africa. This long-range trade is the outcome of the improvement of the Sabine Pass water way that the United States engineers have been dredging for years. When the timber agents of Mobile, Pensacola and other Gulf ports discovered the possibilities of the timber trade through Sabine Pass they began to make contracts for timber in southeastern Texas and to ship the product to South Africa, where the activities of a rapidly growing population in a region almost bare of trees created a demand for timber. The timber belt of Texas is a region of about 20,000 square miles. The timber is transported partly by water, being floated down the streams, and partly by rail.

There is conclusive evidence within the past half century that volcanic action of great violence in the western part of the country, formed as they were by the piling up of volcanic matter, cannot be numbered yet among the wholly extinct volcanoes. North of Mount Hood, in the State of Washington, are the great peaks of Baker, Rainier and St. Helena, all of them very mildly active. Several eruptions of Mount Baker, which is situated in the State of Washington, were covered the western slopes. St. Helena has often clouded the skies of Washington with dry, volcanic ashes, but it is otherwise quiet and peaceable. This mountain, however, has in recent years given more signs of a little activity than any of the others. Mount Rainier it is thus called in the Government publications, is the most recent of the last of the great volcanoes that Tacoma is its proper name; sometimes emits steam and smoke from its great crater.

Superintendent Linden, of this city, said last Friday that speak-easies were springing up like daisies throughout the small street-up town, in the mill district, owing to the shutting down of the mills, and the consequent idleness of the men, and that his work, therefore, had been greatly increased. He was insisting on having the names of the brewers and bottlers which were found on the vessels captured in the police raids put on memoranda, for future reference when the License Court reconvened. He said he hoped that the Legislature would make an act a lawness of "sinking up" the speak-easies would be reached, but at present they cannot be.

Deaths in this city last week numbered 362, which is 6 more than the previous week and 7 more than the corresponding week of 1895. Of the whole number 192 were males and 170 females; 44 died of consumption; 33 of marasmus; 23 of pneumonia; 22 of heart disease; 15 of old age; 15 from casualty; 14 of pneumonia; 14 of inflammation of the stomach and bowels; 13 of diphtheria; 11 of apoplexy; 10 of cancer; 10 of inflammation of the brain; 10 of inanition; 10 of nephritis, and 9 of convulsions.

**MARKETS.**—C. S. 28, 32, 34; 48, reg. 105 1/2; 100, reg. 107 1/2; 110, reg. 110 1/2; 115, a 110 1/2; 115, a 111; currency 68, 100 a 105.

**COTTON.**—Prices ruled steady on a basis of 8 1/2c. per pound for middling uplands.

**FEEB.**—Winter bran in bulk, quoted \$9.00 to \$10.00, and spring do., in sacks, at \$9.00 a \$9.75 per ton.

**FLOUR.**—Winter super, \$3.25 a 3 1/2c.; extra, \$2.75 a 3.25; do., straight, \$3.00 a 3 1/2c.; do., do., straight, \$3.00 a \$3.25; Western winter, clear, \$2.75 a \$3.00; do., do., straight, \$3.00 a \$3.25; do., do., patent, \$3.35 a \$3.55; spring, clear, \$2.50 a \$2.75; do., straight, \$3.00 a \$3.25; do., patent, \$3.55 a \$3.85; do., favorite brands, higher. City mills, extra, \$3.50 a \$3.75; do., clear, \$3.75 a \$3.95; do., straight, \$3.00 a \$3.25; do., patent, \$3.40 a \$3.75. **RYE FLOUR.**—\$2.40 per barrel for choice Pennsylvania.

**GRAIN.**—No. 2 red wheat, 60 a 61c.  
No. 2 mixed corn, 25 a 26c.  
No. 2 white oats, 23 1/2 a 24c.

**BEEF CATTLE.**—Extra, 4 1/2 a 5; good, 4 1/4 a 4 1/2c.; medium, 4 a 4 1/2c.

**SHEEP AND LAMBS.**—Extra, 4 1/2; good, 3 1/2 a 3 1/2c.; medium, 3 a 3 1/2c.; common, 2 1/2 a 2 1/2c.; culls, 1 a 2c.; lambs, 3 a 5c.

**HOGS.**—Western, 5 1/2 a 5 1/2c.; State, 5 a 5 1/2c.

**FOREIGN.**—Queen Victoria has signified her willingness to receive a petition protesting against the traffic in opium and spirituous liquors, to which document are appended 7,000,000 signatures. The names were collected by the Women's Christian Temperance Union. Frances E. Willard, President of the World's Women's Christian Temperance Union, and Lady Henry Somerset, President of the British Women's Christian Temperance Association, headed the list.

No-leath warrant has been signed by a sovereign of Great Britain during the last 150 years.

As a result of the establishment of creameries in Ireland, one railway company alone has carried to Cork and Dublin for export nearly a thousand tons more butter during the last six months.

Ireland has had a year of unexampled prosperity, if the deposits in the banks are any indication, the increase in those in joint stock banks being over 26,000,000, and in savings banks also over 86,000,000. The traffic receipts on the Irish railroads, too, were the largest on record.

It is estimated that the Egyptian cotton crop will amount to 570,000,000 pounds; the largest ever raised.

The conferences between the Kaiser and the Czar at Breslau are now reported to have taken the character of initiating a new concert of the Powers which is to have a bearing upon future events in Turkey. It is said to be well understood that family influences upon the Czar and Kaiser are being brought to bear upon the Kaiser at Breslau, having become insistent beyond precedent in favor of an effective stoppage of the horrors in Turkey, and these influences may have determined the two Emperors upon the course it is now proposed to pursue.

The Porte has replied to the collective note from the Powers relating to the Armenian question. The Government throws all the blame for the recent rioting upon the Armenians, whose misdeeds are fully recited. The embassies have declined to discuss the reply.

Clara Barton, part of the American Red Cross Society, has left New York in a steamer, sailed for New York on board the Cunard Line steamer *Umbra* on the 5th instant.

The Chinese Government is disposed to agree to Lord Salisbury's proposition, that in exchange for the increase of tariff by China that Government shall concede the abolition of transit dues and permit free traffic with the British Empire.

A despatch dated the 5th instant from Yokohama, says: "Reports have been received here that a great earthquake ravaged the northeast provinces of Japan on Monday night, destroying the town of Rokugo and other towns in that section. The numbers of persons are believed to have been killed are not yet ascertained, while the damage to property is incalculable."

On the same day of the earthquake in the north of Japan, the southern coasts of the country were swept by a ty-

phoon, which destroyed a vast amount of property and caused the loss of many lives."

Horace Sarasin has recently explored the southeast arm of the island of Celebes, in the Moluccas, and have discovered there a new genus of animals and Towati, at a height of 400 and 350 meters respectively above sea level. In the former a sounding of 480 meters was made without finding bottom. Remains of a pre-historic village built on piles, but now submerged, were discovered, the bronze and pottery found being very like that obtained in similar villages in Europe.

The Mexican Government has announced its patent law so that an inventor, in order to keep a patent in his possession, has to pay a tax of \$50 for the first five years, \$75 for the second five years and \$100 for the third. Mexico does not believe in encouraging invention.

The submarine mountain range has been discovered in the southern part of Davis Strait by the Danish steamer Ingolf, which has been cruising on deep-sea explorations on the Iceland and Greenland coasts for the past two years.

#### RECEIPTS.

Unless otherwise specified, two dollars have been received from each person, paying for vol. 70.

Anna Spencer, Gt.; K. L. Roberts, N. J.; Beniah Palmer and for T. C. Palmer, Pa.; Edwin Fogg, O. J.; John Geeg, N. J.; H. Mary S. Taylor, Pa.; Sallie A. Armor, Del.; John S. Fowler, Agent, Pa., \$34 for Mary E. Forsythe, vol. 69; Marshall Fell, Isaac Evans, Sibylla Starr Cope, Jesse H. Garrett, Joshua R. Howell, Joseph E. Hoopes, J. Edwin James, J. Jones McFadden, Eva H. Kerr, George B. Mellor, Edith S. Cheyne, Albert P. Hall, George Rhoads, Anna M. Thomas, Sidney Temple and Mary E. Webb, No. 13, vol. 71; Charles Ballinger and Mark B. Wills, N. J., per Samuel L. Moore; Hannah E. Sheppard, Phila.; Benj. Pickett, Kans., 45, vols. 69 and 70; G. W. Mott, Agent, Ia., for Joseph Armstrong; Rowland J. Driscoll, N. J.; John W. Hilyard, N. J.; Mary H. Gration, Phila., and for Ann Harner, N. J.; William James, N. J.; Homer Child, Ia.; Mattie M. Johns, Ia.; Sarah B. Deaton, N. J.; James Eckert for Jos. Gibbons, O.; Wm. B. Hockett, Agent, for Jesse D. Hockett, N. C.; Wm. C. Allen, N. J.; Charles B. Dickinson, N. J.; T. K. Wilbur, Agent, Mass., for John Southton Wright, to No. 39, vol. 70; Parker Hall, Agent, Pa.; J. H. Jones, N. J.; J. H. Jones, N. J.; Thomas and Ellwood D. Whiting, Jr., for J. H. Jones, N. J.; Leah J. Paxson, Ia.; E. H. Ritchie, N. J.; Charles DeCeu, N. J.; Levi I. Hoopes, Pa.; J. Albin Thorp, Pa.; Thomas H. Whitson, Pa.; Morris Linton, N. J.; Edwin James and for John M. James and Edwin S. James, Pa.; Ole T. Sawyer, Ia., \$12 for himself; John Jones, N. J.; Sigmund L. Rosdale Malinda Thompson and Anna T. Twyman.

Remittances received after Third-day evening will not appear in the Receipts until the following week.

#### NOTICES.

FRIENDS' SELECT SOCIETY will re-open Ninth Mo. 21st. The Superintendent will be at his office to receive applications or to confer with patrons each day during the two weeks preceding the opening, from 10 o'clock until one o'clock. For information by mail address J. HENRY BARTLETT, *Sup't.*, 140 N. sixteenth st.

HADSDONFIELD QUARTERLY MEETING is held at Medford on the 17th instant. Friends from Philadelphia may take the 8.30 A. M. train from foot of Market Street to Mount Holly, from which point a special car will be run to Medford in time to reach the meeting-house before 10 o'clock. Returning from Medford at 4.30 P. M. to Mount Holly, connect with train west, arriving in Philadelphia at 5.30 P. M. Through tickets to Medford and return may be procured at Station foot of Market Street, specifying via Mount Holly.

A meeting appointed by Concord Quarterly Meeting for our young Friends will be held at Malvern on Third-day, the fifteenth of Ninth Month, at 11 o'clock.

Reduced rates to Ohio Valley Meeting, via Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. Friends desiring to attend Ohio Yearly Meeting can go and return for one fare and a third, or \$13.47. Tickets sold from Ninth Month 11th to Ninth Month 30th, inclusive, and will be good until Tenth Month 15th, 1896, inclusive. For tickets call at 333 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa. For further information call on

THOMAS C. HOOPER,  
West Chester, Pa.

DIED, at her home in Barnesville, Ohio, on the twenty-seventh of Fourth Month, 1896, ABIGAIL SCOFFIELD, wife of Jonathan T. Scofield, in the 75th year of her age. She was a member of Stillwater Monthly and Barnesville Preparative Meeting. A faithful true wife for more than forty-seven years, an loving, careful mother. She is gone to her reward. She was of a generous and hospitable disposition, ever ready as she was able to relieve the needy and distressed. From the beginning of her decline, near the close of her life, she was a patient and patient, and sometimes spoke of earnestly interceding with her Saviour for ability and patience to endure whatever might come upon her. The calm, sweet composure and resignation with which she awaited the final summons was comforting evidence to those about her of a peaceful close, and we humbly trust and earnestly pray that her soul may be numbered with the ransomed and redeemed.

—, at her residence, near Springville, Linn Co., Iowa, on the twentieth of Seventh Month, 1896, HULDAH HOAG, in the seventy-eighth year of her age, a member and minister of West Branch Monthly and Particular Meeting of Conservative Friends, having been acknowledged a minister when about her thirty-second year. Her life was a life of prayer and patience, often expressing a desire that it might be shown her if anything remained to hinder a peaceful close. She was firmly attached to the principles of Friends, as upheld and promulgated by the founders of our Society, bearing a faithful testimony against those who, in the modern innovations, denied the testimony of the Bible, and the principles of the opposite extreme, set at naught the divinity of Christ, and the efficacy of his Atonement, saying, a few days before her death, that it would be awful to die in such a faith. Her friends and relatives have the comforting hope that, through releasing love and mercy, she has been gathered with the just of all generations.

—, in North Dartmouth, Mass., Eighth Month 9th, 1896, ELIZABETH H. GEIGER, widow of George L. Eldy and daughter of the late Sarah and Mary Deaton, in the seventy-seventh year of her age. A valued member and elder of Dartmouth Monthly Meeting of Friends. This dear Friend, through life, both by precept and example, endeavored to uphold and maintain the principles and testimonies of the Society in the midst of a world of opposition and persecutions, and which, in riper years, she embraced by conviction. She did not deem these principles of such trivial importance that they could be laid aside to find an easier way into the kingdom, but by an upright and consistent daily walk, she sought to hold them as a sacred trust. Faithful in the attendance of meetings, and in the discharge of her duties, with a mind of unusual force and clearness, and being concerned for the right ordering of the affairs of the Church, she was very serviceable in Meetings for Discipline, and acceptably served the Yearly Meeting as Clerk upon several occasions. A faithful and devoted wife and mother, she endured the sad bereavement of the death of her child seven times, and was permitted, but with patience and Christian composure, submitted to her Heavenly Father's will. The last years of her life she was, through ill health, unable to be much from home, and for a few months before her decease, on account of a stroke of paralysis, she was able to converse but little with her friends. Still her pleasant and animated conversation, when her visits were always welcome. Thus, having endeavored in a good degree to fulfill the various duties in her family and in the Society of which she was a member, and to keep a conscience void of offence toward God and toward men, her friends have the comforting assurance that she has found a place of peaceful rest in one of those heavenly mansions which Christ hath prepared for them that love Him.

—, on the eleventh of Eighth Month, 1896, at her home in Philadelphia, LYDIA A. GEIGER, widow of Kenzie Geiger, aged seventy-two years. A member of the Monthly Meeting of Friends of Philadelphia for the Northern District. This dear Friend was a devoted wife and mother, and suffering illness with great patience and fortitude. Her husband's death brought me I give to out of the tree of life, which is in the midst of the paradise of God."

—, Eighth Month 23rd, 1896, at the residence of his parents, Media, Pa., JAMES CONARD FORSTHEE, son of Isaac and Sarah G. Forsythe, aged seven years, seven months and ten days.

WILLIAM H. PILE'S SONS, PRINTERS,  
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# THE FRIEND.

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## Diary and Letters of Deborah Brooks Webb.

(Continued from page 58.)

1854.—Fifth Month 14th.—Last Third-day was Quarterly Meeting. Dear A. Williams first expressed a desire which she felt that we might not be fed by any bread but what immediately proceeds from Jesus.

Soon another woman Friend spoke of our all sitting on the ground as the multitude did, waiting lowly before Him. Dear P. W. Roberts said that some of the young would experience Him to turn the water into wine, if there was an obeying of his voice. "Whosoever your Lord and Master bids you do, that do."

David Cope spoke so feelingly to the young, that it had been made manifest to us what He was requiring at our hands, but in prosperity we were apt to think, "Surely He does not require these hard things of us." He has shown me what is right, and I do not think Him a hard Master. Oh, no! So merciful to me, so gracious and long suffering. Be pleased to help me, thou to whom belongeth strength!

Y. Warner was recommended (as a minister). He spoke from the text, "Whosoever shall be ashamed of me," etc.; also, "He that knew his Lord's will, and prepared not himself, neither did according to his will, shall be beaten with many stripes," etc.

T. S. (who dined here) told me that he saw brother J. a short time since, and was pleased to meet with him. I am glad if dear, Dear brother would only make a nice Friend. He is so kind.

Fifth Month 21st.—Last Fifth-day dear A. Williams came over to our meeting, and went with Anne, or she would have felt her lonely walk. She spoke of the ark. We are commanded to build an ark, even to build on our Saviour. He would enable us to overcome all our spiritual enemies. Rising again shortly after, she said, "Have I not seen the bow of the covenant between me and thee."

Dear Jane Trimble was lying very ill. Oh, that I may walk in the path pointed out to me, so that the day's work may keep pace with the day, and that when death comes I may have nothing to do but to die. I do feel willing to do all that my Heavenly Father wants me to do, if He will only grant me strength. Make me a faithful child of thine, most merciful Sa-

viour. Wash my sins away in thy blood. Oh, blot out all my transgressions. Thou hast said, "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." I thought of it in meeting this morning and that "the Lord taketh pleasure in them that fear Him, in those that hope in His mercy." Be merciful yet longer, I beseech of thee, and cut me not down like the fruitless "fig tree."

Monthly Meeting day. Oh, I find I can do nothing only as I keep close to Him who is strength. "Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ" was the language uttered by dear friend Gibbons this day. She said, "He was strength in weakness," encouraged us not to think there were "yet four months, and then cometh harvest." We know not that we shall live another day, much less that we shall live four months. There is great need of obeying his leadings. We have faith to believe that He will enable us to overcome.

Dear Aunt Mary (Kite) spoke of the deceased ones, and wanted us all to be doing our work, that there might be no idlers amongst us.

Sixth Month 4th.—Oh! Lord God Almighty be pleased to enable me to walk in the way of thy requiring. How I desire to be thankful unto thee for showing me thy cross again this day, and not leaving me to wander from thee. Dear Hannah Rhoads at our meeting to-day, but silent.

12th.—Oh, poor miserable me. Will not my Heavenly Father come, looking for fruit on the vine upon which He has bestowed so much cultivation, and, not finding any, cut it down? How I desire to thank thee for letting me see myself as I am, still a poor sinner, standing out against obeying thee. Oh, be pleased to forgive me and wipe my sins away, and I will try to retire inward and seek strength of thee often, for I see I cannot do anything myself.

Dear Friend G. said to-day, "Paul may plant and Apollus water, but God giveth the increase." Look inward, not outward. Many lose the good intended, by looking outward instead of inward. Bow low before Him, come unto Him as little children, be humble and lowly. He will strengthen. The Apostle Paul said, "The good I would do, I do not; and that which I would not, that I do. Look inward to the gift of grace. I came not to call the righteous, but sinners, to repentance. I have many things to say unto you, but ye cannot hear them now." He will strengthen against our soul's enemies. She supplicated for us to be preserved to have faith in his all-sustaining arm for those who have not obeyed, to come, like the prodigal, to be received; that we may all be prepared at last to receive the white robes.

25th.—Dear S. Hillman at our meeting. Called here last evening, with Martha Wister and Joel

\* It was said of our late highly esteemed friend, Thomas Evans, that, upon his safe arrival at his destination after a journey, it was his practice to return thanks to his Heavenly Father for his preservation from accidents, etc.

Evans. I felt so glad to see her. Sweet and lovely she seems to be—so sanctified. And the comfort is that we can all become sanctified and pure if we seek and obey Him who is all strength. Oh, I am a poor sin-sick soul. I do want peace, and it may be I can take to myself what dear S. said to-day, viz: That there were some who might feel that their rest had been broken up, all their pleasant pictures spoiled, but they wanted peace. These must come unto the Saviour. "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Then they will be able to say, "The Lord is my Shepherd, and I shall not want." They will experience peace and joy unspeakable. She supplicated for those to be helped who were standing inquiring the way; that our Heavenly Father would draw us to the dear Saviour, for no man cometh unto Him, except the Father draw him. She said He was a God of great mercies and long suffering. Have I not found Him so? Oh, Heavenly Father, increase my knowledge of my dear Saviour, I beseech thee, and make me obedient. "When the disciples were assembled for fear of the Jews, He came and said unto them, 'Peace be unto you.'"

Seventh Month 2nd.—The first part of Monthly Meeting was silent, but dear H. Gibbons said a little in the second so encouragingly, "As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, oh, God!" We must wait upon Him inwardly and frequently—wait solemnly upon Him in patience—patiently wait and quietly hope. As our concern is to walk as He would have us. He would direct our ways. Oh, that thou wouldst direct my ways and lead me in the path towards everlasting peace. Be pleased to be with me in this journey, and keep me in thy fear and in steady obedience to thy cross.

16th.—Here I am in Woodstown. Had a silent meeting here to-day. We all went, looking up the house. It was pleasant to be all together. I feel discouraged and sad on some accounts, but this passage has occurred frequently, "Cast thy bread upon the waters, and it shall be found after many days." Oh, if I could do any good, but I am so erring myself, I feel that I love my Saviour. "Because of the savor of the good ointment, therefore do the virgins love thee?" "Thy name is as ointment poured forth." Oh, preserve me. I feel as though I was walking on a sea of glass. Thou knowest, oh, Lord, that I am trying to obey thee! Oh, help me to walk through this trouble.

Eighth Month 20th.—How glad I am that I am enabled to get along more peacefully. This day dear Sarah Hillman was at our meeting. She spoke encouragingly, pressing the necessity of waiting, patiently waiting, for the appearance of our Lord inwardly. "Seek and ye shall find," etc.; "The poor ye have always with you, but me ye have not always."

To-morrow I start on a journey towards the East. I do hope to be preserved in this fear, to be enabled to keep little, low and meek. While I was riding home from West Chester

in the car, I saw an old man standing with a sickle in his hand. Immediately thought of the reaper, Death. It made me feel solemnly for a while, knowing that my journey would lead me through cities where the cholera was raging to some extent. Shortly after I thought, as he was not using the sickle, I might not expect to be taken. Then, he was looking for high grass to cut, and if I kept lowly and humble I might be saved from the disease.

26th.—This has been a day of favor to me. When shall I ever overcome? Dear Samuel Cope at our meeting and spoke, "What lack I yet?" Oh, I must, and will, in his strength, try to walk silently and watchfully along in the cross. Dear H. G. said:

"Renounce all strength but strength Divine, And peace shall be forever thine."

What a comfort, I wish I could do it. Times and visitations are not at our command, and may be, if I do not walk in the cross, which I feel is right, I shall not be spared to do it again. "His mercies are new every morning." Every visitation is like a new morning to us. Surely his mercies have been very great to me, so many times told and so many times halting! Oh, be pleased to cut me not off, but bow my heart to thee in everything. Create in me a clean heart, oh, God, and renew a right spirit within me.

29th.—Dear Phebe Roberts at our Monthly Meeting. Said, the Lord had brought some one from a miry place and set their feet upon a rock. Ah, but this did not feel like my situation. I was like one not fully given up and resigned to do all the Lord's will. I wish I could feel meek and lowly all the time. She sined here. Dear H. Gibbons spoke to the young, desiring conflicting minds to give up entirely.

Ninth Month 17th.—Dear H. Gibbons spoke. "The heart of man is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked." I did think that I was trying to serve God and waiting upon Him and giving myself wholly to Him, and these thoughts were passing through my mind when she arose and quoted the above text. Am I to be disappointed. Do I not walk in the cross somewhat? I do feel discouraged, but if I am deceiving myself how merciful is my Heavenly Father to show me my secret sins.

22nd.—Preparative Meeting. Dear H. Gibbons spoke, "When Samuel was sent to anoint one of the sons of Jesse to be King of Israel, he was commanded not to look upon his countenance, but when the right one passed before him, he was told, to 'arise and anoint him, for this is he.'" The text had arisen in her mind, "Why sayest thou, oh, Jacob, and speakest, oh, Israel. My way is hid from the Lord, and my judgment is passed over from my God." We ought to live to the glory of the Lord.

Tenth Month 1st.—Thos. Gould at our meeting, from the smaller body in New England. He said, "There is nothing saved by the multitude of an host, a mighty man is not delivered by much strength. A horse is a vain thing for safety, neither shall he deliver any by his great strength." "Behold the eye of the Lord is upon them that fear Him, upon them that hope in his mercy." But he felt much weakness. The Lord's strength is made perfect in weakness. If all were engaged to wait upon the true Minister of the Sanctuary, there would not be so much need of other ministry. "Hearken diligently, and not to offer the sacrifice of fools." Do not I need this? To hearken when I try to wait upon Him? Oh, if I were only to obey, I

should feel his presence with me, I should know Him, should be able to receive Him into my heart. Would it not be true joy? Be merciful yet longer to me, and subdue all the stubbornness in me, I beseech of thee.

Eleventh Month 18th.—We have had silent meetings for many weeks past.  
(To be continued.)

Out of Eden, and Back Again.

The late S. J. May, used to relate that, when he was quite young, an event occurred which served to throw a flood of light on the account in Genesis of at least one of the immediate consequences of the disobedience of our first parents,—the shame of sin.

S. J. May had been very carefully and religiously educated. From his earliest recollection he had been conscientious and truthful. But one day, when eight or nine years of age, he saw at a toy-shop a doll which he was sure would greatly please his younger sister Eliza, to whom he was greatly attached. Unfortunately, however, he did not possess money enough to purchase the coveted toy, and while pondering in his mind how he might gratify his dear sister and himself, he went with his mother to spend the afternoon, and to take tea, with an aunt. Going about the house in search of amusement, he chanced to find, in the chamber of the maid-servant, just the little sum of money needed. The temptation was so strong that he took it, and got away from the house without detection. Of course, he knew he had done wrong. His primary motive, to be sure, was good; but he was already old enough to know that it was never lawful to do evil that good might come.

The next day, after school, he ran to the toy-shop, purchased the doll, carried it home, and gave it, somewhat clandestinely, to his sister. Of course, it soon became known throughout the house that Eliza had a new doll, and that it was given her by her loving brother. But then, alas! the question arose, how did he obtain it? It was bought at Mrs. —'s shop. Yes, but where did he procure money enough to pay for it? He had not thought far enough to anticipate these difficulties. He had found it, or somebody had presented it to him. In some way he managed to extemporize answers that satisfied the first inquiries for the moment.

But he soon found himself involved in the necessity of inventing yet other falsehoods to conceal the first; so true is it that one false step leads on to another. The boy's predicament was a new one, and his perplexity was increasingly distressing. It is always so much easier to get into trouble than to get out. Meantime, as much as possible he avoided the members of the family, especially his parents. Their eyes seemed to penetrate and read his guilty secret. His soul seemed naked before them, and he began to be overwhelmed with shame. When alone he was scarcely more at ease. An all-seeing Eye seemed to pursue him. Nothing amused him, nothing beguiled him of himself.

"The midsummer sun shone but dim,  
And the flowers strove in vain to be gay."

Even music, of which he was very fond, failed to quiet him. All about him was changed. The usually pleasant parlor was dreary, and the home itself a doleful place.

"Sweet birds, sweet prospects, and sweet flowers,  
Had lost all their sweetness for him."

Alas! he was out of Eden. He had sinned, and his expulsion from the garden of delights followed.

This misery, however, could not always be endured. Somehow a way out of it must be found. Any punishment was preferable to the torture of these wretched days and sleepless nights. He realized that the short and only direct way out of his trouble was through a hearty confession of his fault. After a few days, he summoned up the courage necessary to go to his parents and make a clean breast of the whole matter, confessing his sin and telling the whole truth. Sadly shocked and grieved at what they heard, the latter yet, while fully exposing the wickedness, and pointing out to him all the evils of a thievish disposition and of the habit of untruthfulness, made haste tenderly to commiserate their child in his sorrow and shame, and to express their great gratification that his was a conscience too tender and sensitive and too well instructed to admit of his long carrying such a burden of guilt, and that of his own accord he had come to them and confessed his wrong doing. Money was now furnished him at once with which to restore the maid-servant what he had so wrongfully taken from her. He also explicitly confessed to her his fault, and humbly implored forgiveness. Doubtless the boy also confessed his sin to his Maker, and obtained full pardon at his hand.

Meantime the reader needs not to be informed that, once all this had been done, our young friend experienced a mighty sense of relief, felt like a new creature. Never before had sung the birds so sweetly, or shone the sun so brightly. He was encompassed with a new heaven and a new earth. Conscience approved. The Lord had lifted upon him the light of his reconciled countenance. His lost Paradise was regained, and it was full of incense, melody and joy.—*R. H. Howard in S. S. Times.*

"THE PACE THAT KILLS;" "TOO LATE."  
—The *Ram's Horn* of Fifth and Sixth Months has on the first page of the cover two of the strongest cartoons from the pencil of Frank Beard, illustrating the consequences and end of a life of dissipation and vice. The first represents a tally-ho, called Society, being driven at great speed. A cloud of dust behind it represents Scandal. The tally-ho is drawn by the fleet horses of Extravagance and Dissipation, and driven by a gayly dressed woman named Fashion, who stands, while her lover by her side looks on admiringly. Behind them sits a similar pair, the girl with her pet dog in her arms. Beneath the hind wheels lie the prostrate and bruised forms of Religion and Love, and beneath the hoofs of the horses are Innocence and Home Ties.

The second is even more striking. It represents a cemetery surrounded by a high fence, at the gate of which there is a pillar on which is inscribed the word "Eternity," and beneath it a hand pointing inward. Against this pillar leans a young woman, drawing away with a horrified countenance from Satan, dressed in the gay attire of a cavalier. The expression on the woman's face is appalling, but not unnatural under the circumstances. Beneath this picture are these words:

"TOO LATE."

"Thank you, sir; you have made my life journey very gay, but you must go no farther."  
"You are quite mistaken, madam; we cannot part company now. I am your companion for Eternity."

BEAR in mind that your sin will surely find you out.

**Rador Monthly Meeting.**

(Continued from page 64.)

The disorder at funerals claimed the attention of the meeting in 1695. They appear to have been marked by immoderate speaking and want of seriousness and gravity. Friends are advised that their remissness in the past might be redressed, and in the future a good example set to others.

Reference is again made to the meeting-house at Haverford, in the Eleventh Month, 1695, when a committee was appointed to inspect and consider what way will be most convenient to build or repair it, and what charges there will be to do it, but the minutes do not disclose any report from this committee. Two years after it is noted that five pounds had been received, part of a legacy bequeathed by Margaret Howell towards repairing or rebuilding this house. The following year there was much concern in consequence of a certain David Howell having posted on the meeting-house over certain accusations against other Friends before they were dealt with according to Gospel order, which seems to indicate that it was the practice at that time to place testimonies of denial in prominent positions at the meetings, as well as to read them at the close of meetings for worship.

In the Eleventh Month, 1696, "Wm. Lewis and some other Friends having proposed to the meeting to settle a meeting at Newtown, they were left to their freedom therein." This was to doubt the germ of Newtown meeting.

Nearly a year later the meeting decided to buy a book in which "to enter testimonies concerning the life and conversation of faithful Friends as a memorial of their service and faithfulness in their day and for the benefit of posterity."

In the year 1698 it appears that there were meeting-houses both at Merion and Rador as well as at Haverford, as mentioned heretofore, but the minutes do not seem to contain any information as to when they were built. Probably all that may have been mentioned in the issuing minutes.

On the twelfth of Sixth Month, 1697, "The certificate of Rowland Ellis and his wife was read in this meeting and ordered to be recorded." Rowland Ellis was born in Merionethshire, North Wales, in 1650. At twenty-two he was convinced of the Truth as held by Friends and suffered cruel persecution including several years imprisonment for constancy to his religious principles. The judge who sentenced him threatened that he and others should be hanged and quartered. He was an approved minister, though his appearances were not frequent. In 1686 he came to America to prepare a place of settlement for himself and family, returning to Wales soon after. His estate in Wales was called Brynmawr, upon which the mansion had been built by Rhys Lewis in 1617. An inscription to this effect is engraved in Welsh on one of the ceilings of the building. This house still remains substantially in the same condition as it was when occupied by Rowland Ellis. Before leaving Wales the last time he sold Brynmawr to Lewis and Humphrey Owen. In 1686 he again came to Pennsylvania with his family and settled upon the plantation now known as Harrison. Here in 1704 he built the mansion house (which is still standing), upon the same plan as that which he had occupied in his native country. He continued to reside upon this estate until 1719, when he sold it to Richard Harrison and removed to Plymouth (receiving a certificate of removal in

the Sixth Month, 1721), where he died in the Seventh Month, 1729. A meeting was established at his house in the Ninth Month, 1713, and sometimes marriages were solemnized there. This meeting appears to have been held in the winter season only.

A minute made in the Sixth Month, 1698, refers to the fact that some Welsh Friends lived within the limits of Chester County, and that they notwithstanding continued their attachment to the meetings in Philadelphia (of which Merion was then a part). This gave dissatisfaction to the Quarterly Meeting in Chester County, but the Monthly Meeting decided to insist upon a previously made arrangement that such Friends should not be disturbed in their place of membership, and appointed a committee to inform that Quarterly Meeting of its decision. This judgment was not satisfactory to Chester County Friends, who appear to have appointed a committee to visit Rador Monthly Meeting on account of it. The subject was in consequence laid before Philadelphia Quarterly Meeting for its judgment, and in the Seventh Month, 1700, the representatives produced a copy of a minute of that meeting as follows: "The Friends from Haverford Meeting report that the Quarterly Meeting of Chester County have sent some of their members to their Monthly Meeting, signifying the mind of their meeting that the said Monthly Meeting being in the County of Chester ought to be joined to theirs, which this meeting having weighed and considered the same, came to this agreement—That whereas Haverford Meeting had belonged to this Quarterly Meeting from the first settlement and for several other reasons this meeting unanimously desires that the Monthly Meeting of Haverford may not be separated from this our Quarterly Meeting." The following month a paper addressed to the Quarterly Meeting in Chester County was adopted by the Monthly Meeting, commencing with the words, "In the truth of God our salutation is unto you, desiring we may be one in it forever," in which the judgment above named is embodied.

In the Eleventh Month 1698, the following minute appears. "Friends of the upper end of Merion having acquainted this meeting that they live remote from the settled weekly meetings, proposed to this meeting to have a weekly meeting settled among themselves, and this meeting approved of the same. That they keep it every Third-day of the week." Apparently this was the inception of the Valley Meeting. In the First Month, 1699, a committee was appointed to get subscriptions "to assist Haverford Friends to build their meeting-house," and the following month a different committee was appointed "to consider what charges the building of the meeting-house at Haverford in every respect shall come to and bring an account thereof in writing against the next meeting." This committee reported at the time designated that the cost would amount at least to the sum of one hundred and fifty-eight pounds, and another committee was appointed to bring the subscription of Merion and Rador Friends for that purpose to the next Monthly Meeting.

These Friends attended to their duties, and in the Fourth Month following reported contributions as follows:

Rador	£ 5 12 0
Newtown	8 0 0
Merion	32 10 0
Upper End Merion	9 10 0
Total	£55 12 0

The subscription from Merion was subse-

quently increased to thirty-three pounds sixteen shillings and twopence, as appears from a minute of eleventh of Seventh Month, 1701.

In addition to the report of subscriptions for building Haverford Meeting-house, the minutes of the Fourth Month, 1700, refer to two other subjects of interest. One of these is the report of a committee to visit families, in which it is stated that "they felt the Lord with them, strengthening, comforting and refreshing them in the service, and that they found tenderness and openness in many places and no opposition." The other is an account of the reception of a paper of acknowledgment from a certain Wm. Cerdens who had taken part in George Keith's separation. In this paper he acknowledged "the Lord's mercy unto him in visiting him and making him sensible of his goodness and drawing him again to his people."

In the Second Month, 1701, we are informed that "the days now growing long, Friends made known their intention to keep afternoon meetings," which was approved, the arrangement being as follows: Newtown Friends at Lewis Lewis' house; Haverford Friends at their meeting-house; and at Rees Thomas' and Ellis Pugh's; Merion Friends at their meeting-house, and at John Bevan's and Cadwalader Morgan's house; Gaynedd Friends at their meeting-house, and Hugh Griffith's house.

Ellis Pugh was born in Dolgelly, Wales, in 1656. He was convinced when about eighteen years old under the preaching of John ap John. Though a man of moderate abilities Ellis Pugh, possessed a large gift in the ministry, and is described as having been of a meek and quiet spirit and of good report among all people. He came to Pennsylvania in 1686, subsequently visited his native land on religious service, and died in 1718. His descendants are still found in Pennsylvania.

John ap John under whose ministry Ellis Pugh was convinced, was a yeoman residing on his ancestral estate at Plas Iff, near the vale of Llangollen in Wales, and had once been a preacher in Beaumaris. He and another person were sent by Morgan Floyd, the priest at Wuxlum to "trie the Quakers" in the North of England and bring back an account of them. But they brought back quite a different account from what the priest desired, for both ap John and his companion embraced Quakerism though the latter subsequently fell away. John ap John became an eminent minister and accompanied George Fox on a number of his journeys through Wales. An extended conviction throughout the country followed, largely among the oldest and best families.

John ap John did not emigrate to America. He died at the house of his son-in-law, John Miller, at Whiteguy, England, Ninth Month 16th, 1697, and was buried at Basford, a hamlet adjoining Whiteguy. Many years after, in 1712, London Yearly Meeting desired Friends in North Wales to collect information relative to the services of "our ancient and faithful friend John ap John," but so far as appears no memorial was prepared.

On the eleventh of Fourth Month, 1702, the meeting was informed that assistance was required toward finishing the meeting-house at Haverford, and it was decided to lend a legacy of ten pounds left by "John Humphrey towards the printing of the sons of Jacob in Welsh," for that purpose, to be returned when desired. This indicates that Haverford Meeting-house was approaching completion at that time.

In the First Month, 1699, we have the commencement of Gwynedd Meeting in the following minute: "There is a general meeting appointed at Gwynedd the second weekly Third-day of every month at the desire of Friends there, beginning the next month." North Wales Friends were authorized to keep a Preparative Meeting among themselves at the Monthly Meeting held in the Sixth Month, 1702, which was to be held after their week-day meeting; the Third-day next before the Monthly Meeting, and the following month it was decided to ask the Quarterly Meeting to establish a First-day morning and a Fifth-day meeting at Plymouth, to be kept alternately at several Friends' houses.

In the Sixth Month, 1714, Gwynedd Friends suggested a Monthly Meeting to be held at Plymouth, which subject was referred three months later to the favorable consideration of the Quarterly Meeting. The latter approved the plan, but the place of meeting seems to have been changed to Gwynedd where it was opened on the twenty-second of Twelfth Month, 1714-15. This Monthly Meeting afterwards became a part of Abington Quarterly Meeting.

A break occurs in the minutes covering the period from Ninth Month, 1704, to Eleventh Month, 1712, which has already been alluded to. We have, however, a few minutes of Merion Preparative Meeting from Twelfth Month, 1701, to Fifth Month, 1705, which in a slight degree fill a small part of the blank. They contain a number of interesting references, a synopsis of which is now given.

At this time the practice of having bound servants prevailed, and Friends were concerned on their account. It was advised by the meeting that when the term of service of such expired, their masters should furnish them with certificates signifying their behavior "according to their deserts." Also that all should be cautious not to encourage such servants to buy their time by lending them money or being bound for them without the consent of their masters. Also that "if masters deal hard with their servants that such be dealt with." It was also recommended that when servants received certificates they should be brought to the Preparative Meeting and read therein, and instances of this are recorded. In one case a certain Ellis Roberts had served twelve years.

(To be continued.)

FOR "THE FRIEND."

Friends Contributions to Clara Barton's Relief Work in Turkey.

Having recently returned to my home after some months spent in dispensing relief amongst the needy in Turkey in Asia, it seems right to acknowledge the generous gifts of money and sympathy offered by Friends in America. In a word, it may be stated that all the funds sent to me and to my friend Asa S. Wing, and by him remitted to Clara Barton at Constantinople, were promptly forwarded to me while in the interior of Asia Minor. The funds in United States money amounted to two thousand eight hundred and twenty-three dollars and thirteen cents.

Of this, two hundred Turkish liras, equal to about nine hundred dollars, was used in co-operation with Corinna Shattuch, the American missionary, in her heroic efforts for the people at Orfa. During the twelve days spent at Orfa preliminary arrangements for the manufacture of a supply of household utensils, were made. These seemed to be sorely needed, and have been greatly appreciated by the families

who have since received them, they having been entirely bereft of all such articles and without any means whatever of replacing those lost.

This operation commended itself as giving work to a considerable number of efficient workmen, who were found destitute of any mode of earning a livelihood, and because the product gave relief of a permanent character.

Since leaving Orfa reports of the success of this effort have come from time to time, and give satisfaction.

The balance of the fund (except a few dollars in hand), was forwarded to meet me upon my arrival, some weeks later, at Harpoot, and was dispensed in the desolate and thoroughly plundered Armenian villages of the district known as the Char Lajack.

Nearly a month of active work was devoted to this section, lying one or two days' journey to the north, and northeast of Harpoot amongst the mountains. Effort was made to get people at work and as far as possible to restore normal conditions. All the money, much of it in very small sums, was paid out by me in person. It reached its intended goal; in bread, clothing, raw cotton, agricultural implements, grain for food and for seed, work animals and a variety of tools and small sums to start handicrafts and in wages paid for the hand-made products which in turn were distributed to the needy for food, raiment and other equipment. Cattle and tools were branded.

A general condensed report, together with complete cash account, was handed to my valued friend Clara Barton before-departure from Turkey at Constantinople and is subject to her wishes.

In closing it may be properly recalled that the writer has been greatly aided in his undertaking by the warm sympathy of many Friends in America and in London. There have been many times during the past winter and the following months, when this sympathy has been keenly felt and appreciated in its helpfulness. The guidance and protection of the Unseen Hand never failed, and seem to have been most fully realized when most needed.

EDWARD M. WISTAR,

OAK LANE, Phila., Eighth Month 31st, 1896.

Chinese Ancestral Worship.

In a general and broad sense all their worship is ancestral, as their gods are the deified spirits of some of the distinguished dead. But the worship of their gods is not the real religion of the Chinese; the idol-shrine is not their most holy place. Their real religion is the worship of their ancestors, their real idol the ancestral tablet. The worship of ancestors is certainly of very ancient date, and was sanctioned by the Chinese sage Confucius. Their doctrine is that each man has three souls. At death one soul goes into the unseen world of spirits, the second goes down into the grave, and the third hovers about the old homestead. For the first the priest is responsible. The second and third claim the services of living relatives, the grave being tended for the one, while the other is invited to take up its abode in a tablet of wood; and from that hour the ancestral tablet becomes the most sacred thing in the possession of the family. It is simply a narrow piece of wood, about a foot long, two or three inches wide, and half an inch thick, set in a low pedestal, and on one side are inscribed ancestral names. The eldest son has

charge of the tablet and its worship. It is placed in the main hall of the house, offerings are presented before it, and incense burned to it every day. The son regards that tablet as in very truth the abode of a personal being who is far more to him for weal or woe than all the gods of the empire. The gods are to be feared, and their favor is to be propitiated; but ancestors are loved and their needs in the spirit-world generously supplied. The heathen Chinese have no knowledge of the "Father's house of many mansions," where "they hung no more, neither thirst any more." To them the dead are dependent on their living relatives, and should they be neglected they would become beggar spirits, hungry, naked, penniless, with will and power to punish their undutiful offspring for their neglect. Food must therefore be offered before the tablet, to satisfy the hunger of the spirit; paper clothing must be burned to hide its nakedness, and paper money to give it independence in the world of shades. *G. L. Mackay's Formosa.*

FOR "THE FRIEND."

The following extracts are taken from a lecture of Charles G. Finney, President of Oberlin College, Ohio, from 1852 to 1866. The lecture treats upon "Conformity to the World," in business, fashion and politics. A part of the same, in regard to fashion, I will copy for the columns of THE FRIEND:

"Objection 1st. 'Is it best for Christians to be singular?'"

"Certainly. Christians are bound to be singular. Christ says, 'I have chosen you out of the world' (John xv: 19). They are called to be a peculiar people—that is, a singular people, essentially different from the rest of mankind. To maintain that we are not to be singular, is the same as to maintain that we are to be conformed to the world.

"Be not singular," that is, be like the world. In other words, 'Be ye conformed to the world.' This is the direct opposite to the command in the text. But the question now regards fashion in dress, equipage and so on. And here I will confess that I was formerly, myself, in error. I believed and taught that the best way for Christians to pursue was to dress so as not to be noticed, to follow the fashions and changes as so not to appear singular, and that nobody would be led to think of their being different from others in these particulars. But I have seen my error, and now wonder greatly at my former blindness. It is your duty to dress as plain as to show to the world that you place no sort of reliance in the things of fashion and set no value at all on them, but despise and neglect them altogether. But unless you are singular, unless you separate yourselves from the fashions of the world, you show that you do value them. There is no way in which you can bear a proper testimony by your lives against the fashions of the world but by dressing plain. I do not mean that you should study singularity, but that you should consult God's word and your own convenience and economy, though it may be singular.

"Objection 2nd. 'But if we dress plain, the attention of people will be taken with it.'"

"The reason of it is this: So few do it that it is a novelty, and everybody stares when they see a professing Christian so strict as to disregard the fashions. Let them all do it, and the only thing you show by it is that you are a Christian, and do not wish to be confounded with the ungodly. Would it not tell on the

vide of the world if all the Christians in it were united in bearing a practical testimony against its vain show? But dress to please God yourself, whether others do or not.

"Objection 3rd. 'But in this way you carry eligion too far away from the world.'

"The direct reverse of this is true. The nearer you bring the Church to the world, the more you annihilate the reason that ought to stand out in view of the world, for their changing sides and coming over to the Church. Unless you go right out from them, and show that you are not of them in any respect, and carry the Church so far as to have a broad interval between saints and sinners, how can you make he ungodly feel that so great a change is necessary? But this change which is necessary is a change of heart. True; but will not a change of heart produce a change of life?

"Objection 4th. 'You will throw obstacles in the way of persons becoming Christians. Many respectable people will become disgusted with religion, and if they cannot be allowed to dress well and be Christians, they will take to the world altogether.'

"This is just about as reasonable as it would be for a temperance man to think he must get drunk now and then, to avoid disgusting the intemperate and to retain his influence over them. The truth is, that persons ought to know, and ought to see in the lives of professing Christians, that if they embrace religion they must be weaned from the world, and must give up the love of the world and its pride and show and folly, and live a holy life, in watchfulness and self-denial and active benevolence.

"Objection 5th. 'Is it not better for us to disregard this altogether, and not pay any attention to such little things and let them take their course; let the milliner and mantua-maker do as they please, and follow the usages of the society in which we live and the circle in which we move?'

"Is this the way to show contempt for the fashions of the world? Do people ordinarily take this course of showing contempt for a thing, to practice it? Why, the way to show your abhorrence of the world is to follow along in the customs and the fashions of the world? Precious reasoning this!

"Objection 6th. 'No matter how we dress, if our hearts are right.'

"Your heart right! Then your heart may be right when your conduct is all wrong. Just as well might the profane swearer say, 'No matter what words I speak, if my heart is right.' No; your heart is not right, unless your conduct is right. What is outward conduct but the acting out of the heart? If your heart was right you would not wish to follow the fashions of the world.

"Objection 7th. 'What is the standard of dress? I do not see the use of all your preaching and laying down rules about the plain dress, unless you give us a standard?'

"This is a mighty stumbling-block with many, but to my mind the matter is extremely simple. The whole can be comprised in two simple rules. One is: Be sure, in all your equipage and dress and furniture, to show that you have no fellowship with the designs and principles of those who are aiming to set off themselves and to gain the applause of men. The other is: Let economy be first consulted, and then convenience. Follow Christian economy—that is, save all you can for Christ's service—and then let things be as convenient as Christian economy will admit.

"Objection 8th. 'Would you have us all turn Quakers or Methodists?'

"Who does not know that the plain dress of the Quakers has won for them the respect of all the thinking part of the ungodly in the community? And if all Christians would imitate them in their plain dress (I do not mean the precise cut and fashion of their dress, but in a plain dress, throwing contempt upon the fashions of the world), who can doubt that they would have a far greater influence over the world for their good? Who does not know that the Methodists, when they were noted for their plain dress and for renouncing the fashions and show of the world, used to have power with God in prayer, and that they had the universal respect of the world as sincere Christians? And who does not know that since they have laid aside this peculiarity and conformed to the world in dress and other things, and seemed to be trying to lift themselves up as a denomination and gain influence with the world, they are losing the power of prayer? Would to God they had never thrown down this wall! It was one of the leading excellencies of Wesley's system to have his followers distinguished from others by a plain dress.

"Objection 9th. 'But if we dress so we shall be called fanatics.'

"Whatever the ungodly may call you, fanatics, Methodists or anything, you will be known as Christians, and in the secret consciences of men will be acknowledged as such. It is not in the power of unbelievers to pour contempt on a holy Church, that is separated from the world. How was it with the early Christians? They lived separate from the world, and it made such an impression that even infidel writers say of them, 'These men win the hearts of the mass of the people, because they give themselves up to deeds of charity and pour contempt on the world.'

"Objection 10th. 'We may be proud of a plain dress, as well as of a fashionable one?'

"Possibly some may be, but it is neither natural nor common for man to be proud of that which brings contempt from the mass around him. If there is danger here, it is a danger that has not once been pointed out in the Scriptures. But it is always the policy of the devil to make men believe 'there is a lion in the way' that leads to life everlasting, so as to frighten men from it, if possible, and have them take the broad way. Men are not very likely to become proud in sincerely trying to escape pride. . . . Is it not time for something to be done? Is it not time that the Church struck out a path that should not be conformed to the world, but should be according to the example and Spirit of Christ? You profess that you want to have sinners converted. But what avails it if they sink right back again into conformity with the world by joining you? Brethren, I confess I am filled with pain, in view of the conduct of the Church!

Where shall I look, where shall the Lord look, for a Church like the first Church, that will come out from the world and be separate, and give themselves up to serve God? Oh, if this Church would do so! But it is of little use to make Christians, if they are not better. Do not understand me as saying that the converts made in our revivals are spurious. But they live so as to be a disgrace to religion. They are so stumbled by old professors that many of them do more hurt than good. The more there are of them, the more occasion infidelity seems to find for her jeers and scoffs.

"Now, do you believe that God commands you not to be conformed to the world? Do you believe it? And dare you obey it, let people say what they will about you? Dare you now separate yourself from the world, and never again be controlled by its maxims, and never again copy its practices, and never again be whiffled here and there by its fashions? I know a man that lives so. I could mention his name. He pays no attention to the customs of the world in this respect, and what is the result? Wherever that man goes he leaves the impression behind him that he is a Christian. Oh, if one church would do so, and would engage in it with all their energy that men of the world engage in their business, they would turn the world upside down.

"Will you do so? Will you break off from the world now, and enter into covenant with God, and declare that you will dare to be singular enough to be separate from the world, and from this time set your faces as a flint to obey God, let the world say what they will? Dare you do it? Will you do it?"

PASADENA, Eighth Month 10th, 1896.

COL. JOHN F. HOBBS, a native of Lexington County, S. C., later of Sydney, Australia, and now of Ilka, where he enjoys the distinction of being the "King of the Cannibal Islands," has just arrived in New York. His kingdom is one of the islands of the New Hebrides group, about twelve hundred miles east of Australia. He happened upon the throne in this way: In 1890 he was sent out by the Australian Government to see that the contract laborers from the neighboring islands who worked in the sugar fields were properly returned to their native land when their period of service had ended. On one of these returning expeditions he was shipwrecked about twenty miles off the Ilka Islands, and was saved by some native fishermen. If he had landed by himself, he said, he would surely have been eaten alive; but when the King, before whom he was brought, saw that he was a white man and had come "over a hill of water," he announced that Hobbs was a great spirit. Hobbs won for himself the regard of the King and the people. About nine months after his arrival on the islands the King died, leaving no heir. A convention was called. There were two candidates for ruler. If either were elected, however, civil strife would follow. So they hit upon the happy expedient of making Hobbs their *Oumden*, or ruler. J. Hobbs says his subjects are a "fine, honest, manly race, with many virtues," and selfishness they consider the most heinous sin. Furthermore, he expects to return to the island with a wife, whom he is in this country now to marry. He doubts not that the natives will worship her even more than himself; for bright red is a most sacred color to them, and the future Queen's hair is of that hue.—*S. Letted*.

THE late Dr. Howard Crosby, with his own hands arrested a thief whom he caught in his house, took him to the station, was present and testified against him, and when he was convicted, sentenced, and entered upon his term, called upon him and said, "My friend, I have no malice toward you. You were performing a desperate deed, you deserve your punishment; but now I say to you I am ready to help you to begin a new life." While in prison he visited him, encouraged, and led him to become a Christian. When his time expired he used his influence to secure him a way of earning an honest living. The man entirely reformed, married

a respectable woman in the West, and maintained a grateful correspondence with Dr. Crosby until the latter's death. We consider the Christianity of the doctor in pursuing that course as far above that of the pusillanimous and weak person who would say of such a criminal, "Poor fellow, let him go," as manhood is above childishness. Such an act as the latter is but one grade higher than that of sending roses to condemned murderers.—*Christian Advocate.*

### The Kroo Mark.

The people on the coast of Liberia have an ancient custom of putting a mark on the middle of the forehead. It is not for decoration, as similar marks are with many heathen peoples. Among uncivilized peoples who wear no clothes it is a very general custom to tattoo their bodies. Some of our African people, indeed—especially those who are not very black and on whom the mark shows well—have their bodies elaborately decorated, and some of our young men who have worked for Europeans, and received an English name, have this name tattooed upon their chests.

But the mark on the forehead is known by all the European traders as the "Kroo" mark, and when they find a man with this mark they know he is from the Kroo coast. This custom has grown out of slavery and is a sign that these people are not slaves, but free, and were born in a free country.

This indelible mark is made, in early childhood, by cutting several gashes with a knife in the skin until it bleeds well, and then rubbing into it a mixture of oil and pot soot. When it heals it is black and cannot be washed off. I think it a very good thing in that land, where slavery is so common, and where the people mix with all kinds of strangers, and it has been the means of saving some of them from being carried away into slavery.

Some time before I arrived at Yarroway, a number of these Kroo boys had gone down the coast to work. One of them, named Tubbah, had been sent in a surf-boat, with some other boys, to a distant place. While on their way, they got into a quarrel, and the others threatened the life of this young man. Having none to befriend him, he jumped into the sea and swam ashore, and the people on the beach seized him and sold him to a slave-holder in the far interior.

His wife and friends at Yarroway waited anxiously for some word from him, but heard nothing, until after several years they gave up all hopes of ever seeing him again, and mourned for him as dead. His wife was given to another man.

After six years had passed, word came home that Tubbah was still alive and would soon return. His master had kept him away from the coast all these years, fearing lest he should be recognized by his Kroo mark. But at this time he had to come down for some purpose, and thought it would be safe to bring Tubbah along.

While they were on the coast an English gentleman saw him, and asked him where he came from, who he was and how he came to be there, with that mark upon his face. Tubbah told his story. The Englishman then sent for his master, and told him that he could not take a free man home with him, that Tubbah was his own Kroo boy and he knew where his home was and was going to take him to his own people. The master could make no reply, for he knew that he had en-slaved a free man.

So the Englishman kept Tubbah and sent

him home to Yarroway by the next steamer. I saw him as he walked up the little road that went past our house into the town, with the people crowding around to welcome him home again. He spent several days among them. Soon he learned that his wife had been given to another man, and was living in another town twenty miles distant.

After a short time he went to see her. It is not a custom in Africa to rap on the door before entering, but, without an invitation, the visitor walks in and sits down. She and her present husband were astonished to see one whom they had believed to be dead, but Tubbah was very pleasant, and thanked the man for being kind to his wife and taking care of her in his absence. Then he turned to his wife and said, "Dwady, I have come for you. Come on and let us go home."

She was quite cross with him at first, and acted as if very much vexed at her old husband for coming after her. But in a few days she said to her second husband, "Well, I have made up my mind to go back to Tubbah, and I shall have to say, good-bye to you." So she took her son and started off to her old husband.

Tubbah, of course, was very glad and the other man, very sorry, for he had but one wife. He urged her to stay, but she said she must go. "Is it possible," he said, "my good wife is going to leave me?" and sat down and cried when she departed. I have visited Tubbah and his wife since they commenced keeping house again. They are living very happily in one of our towns.—*Agnes McAlister.*

HEAT-STROKES are not infrequent accidents in our large cities during the heated season, and there is no emergency in which the employment of prompt treatment is of greater advantage or easier application. Due to the action of excessive heat upon a system usually debilitated by fatigue, disease or dissipation, the subject falls insensible, with face fiery red and heavy breathing, skin excessively dry and hot and the pupils of the eye contracted to a point. Sometimes he feels a dizzy sensation, sometimes a pain in his head, like the child of the Shunammite, but more frequently the first sign of the attack is the sudden insensibility. The important point in the treatment of these cases is to relieve the burning heat of the body, and this can be done most readily, as a rule, by drenching it with cold water—the colder the better. It is not sufficient to dab the unfortunate victim with a damp handkerchief—he must be drenched, and the water should not be applied gently, for benefit is to be expected from the shock of pouring the water from some distance. Remembering that delay is dangerous, do not attempt to carry the patient home, do not go for the doctor—send, if a messenger is available—but fly for the nearest cold water. If an ice-tank is at hand, carry a basin of its contents to the patient at once, and pour it upon his head from the height of four or five feet. Then, as soon as possible, loosen his clothing, and repeat the douche of cold water. Don't carry the water in a tea-cup. If no other sufficiently capacious receptacle is available, use a hat. After thoroughly drenching the head with the cold water, the process should be continued with the rest of the body. The cold applications should be persevered with in this manner until the patient becomes conscious, or until the responsibility of the case can be transferred by the arrival of a physician. Prompt action of this kind may often save a life that would otherwise be lost.

FOR "THE FRIEND."

### Reminiscences.

It is now near fifty years since we received word that at about ten o'clock that night there would be due at our station, five or seven (my memory doesn't serve me clearly which) fugitives.

We mustered up all the horses we could, but were one short, but concluded that in that number there would most likely be one or more small ones, so that two might be carried by one of the pack animals. But, to our surprise, they were all large men and women, and such a valuable lot that no delay must be allowed, for it was presumed that their pursuers were already across the Ohio River. My young friend that had come to assist was well used to driving a four-horse team, and had happened to bring a span that he was used to working in the lead.

In our extremity he made the proclamation that if a wagon and wheel-horses could be furnished, he would drive them to the next station. The outfit was soon in readiness, and he mounted on the near-side wheel horse, gave the signal to the well-trained leaders by a peculiar "Get up" that put all in motion. The writer was already seated in his saddle on a trust-worthy nag, provided with an old fashioned tin lantern and tallow candles, to show the driver, as best could be done, how to cross the deep and dangerous ford, but both he and I were well used to it, and so was our team, and it was not considered necessary that the gentry who were our passengers should be informed of what they were likely to meet with. By making all the speed possible we reached the home of a Friend whose obituary may be found in the Philadelphia FRIEND, volume 33, page 320, 1860.

It was a serious question for our friends to decide. Daylight was upon us, our rig would attract attention. We must necessarily be relieved, and they had children that were too young to be let into such important matters. But they concluded that the strangers could be taken in, ere the little ones awakened, and conducted to the upper rooms, and none of the children be allowed up there.

Prudence dictated that our return should be deferred until common business hours. The wagon was placed out of view, the team put in the stable, and the morning meal partaken of, and the adventurers returned without molestation or inquiry.

Not many years since, the writer visited a son of the worthy host and hostess that took us in. The circumstance was spoken of, but he informed me that it was several years after ere he was made acquainted with that happening, being at the time one of the juniors of their household. My partner, or he that acted so nobly the part of teamster, has been many years dead, and I only am left to tell the story of those sad and by-gone days.

FOR "THE FRIEND."

I believe in a meeting for Discipline rightly gathered and rightly preserved, the united exercise of living members is that Truth may prevail over all. To a meeting thus circumstanced, I believe at times, a very precious sensibility is vouchsafed, and Friends travel in on the simplicity of filial fear and reverence; and when a nomination is depending, Friends become, at times constrained, at other times feel a tender, brotherly, sensible, freedom to mention a name, without daring to stamp it high; but in resignation, leaving it to make its way or otherwise, as the Master pleases. . . . Thus Friends feel one for another,

and the bond of tender Gospel affection is preserved; and the travail of the cause is maintained and its prosperity sought beyond all other considerations. Oh! one can seem to conceive what a precious thing it is, when Friends in their meetings for Discipline can rightly bow under the solemnizing influence; not stamping anything heavy do high; but fearing in the least degree, beyond the precious cause, or contribute to disperse the precious solemnity either by speaking or by withholding. I speak not, very, very far from it, as one that has attained, but as a believer in the validity of these things; and in the favored condition of rightly gathered and rightly preserved meetings for Discipline.

WILLIAM GROVER.

1815.

FROM "OUR DUMB ANIMALS,"  
Humble Heroism.

Negroes frequently exhibit a wonderful heroism in times of danger. An incident of this I witnessed in the spring of 1886, when a freshet in the Alabama River caused the country on each side to be overflowed by water for many miles.

The negroes on the river plantations were the greatest sufferers. Their cabins would be under water almost before they knew that danger threatened them, and hundreds of them were sometimes found huddled together on some knoll sufficiently elevated to be above the water. Here they often remained two or three days and nights without food, and exposed to a soaking rain. Fortunately the weather was not cold.

Many relief expeditions were sent out from neighboring towns to rescue them. These consisted of one or more boats, manned by expert oarsmen and swimmers and filled with oiled provisions, blankets, etc. One day the news came that the negroes on a certain plantation had sought refuge upon a corn barn, around which the water was rapidly rising, and rendering their condition exceedingly precarious. Two boats started out at once to their assistance. In one of these I went, accompanied by another white man and a negro. Just before dark we sighted the corn barn, upon which a pack of black humanity clustered like a swarm of bees. A heavy rain was now falling, and daylight beginning to fade away. Their condition became almost distressing as they sat in perfect silence waiting our approach.

But we did not appreciate their extreme peril until the boat struck against the frail log building which was in the water to the edges of the roof, and visibly shook and tottered. The poor creatures commenced to clamber hurriedly down to the boat.

"Stop!" I cried. "The women and children first."

The men obediently resumed their seats. We took in first the children and then the women, and were about to push off, telling the men we would hurry back for them as quickly as possible or send the first boat we met, when a very old woman (I noticed she was the last to get in the boat and had done so reluctantly), seized the corner of the house, and looking anxiously into my face, said:

"Marster, ain't you gwine to take my old man?"

"No, auntie," I answered, "the boat is too full now. He must wait till we come back."

The words were hardly out of my mouth, when with a sudden spring she was up and on the roof again. It shook as she scrambled on

it, and took her seat by a little, withered old black man whose hand she seized and held as if she was afraid we would tear her away from him.

"Come, auntie," I cried, "this won't do. We can't leave you here, and we can't wait any longer on you."

"Go on, marster," she answered, "I thank yer, en I pray de good Lawd to fetch you all safe home; but I am gwine to stay wid my ole man. Ef Simon got to git drowneded, Lighty gwine git drowneded too. We dun bin together too long to part now." And we had to leave her, after throwing some blankets and a lot of provisions to them.

As we rowed off in the rain and night a high falsetto voice, tremulous with age, came across the waters from the crib, where we left the almost certainly doomed group in the blackness of darkness. They dared not have a light for fear of setting fire to their frail support. We stopped our oars to listen to the song. It came clear and distinct. First Lyddy's trembling voice and then a chorus of a dozen or more of the deep bass voices of the men:

"We're a cingin' to de ark,  
Take us in, take us in,  
Fur de watah's deep en dark,  
Take us in, take us in;  
De de flesh is pe'ten seek,  
Take us in, take us in,  
'Tis de Lawd we gwinter seek,  
Take us in, take us in;  
Den Lawd, hole out dy han',  
Take us in, take us in,  
Draw de sinnahts to de lan',  
Take us in, take us in."

We could wait and listen no longer to the weird sounds, but struck our oars in the water and hurried away.

Most fortunately we came across a boat bent upon the same errand as ourselves, which went immediately to the barn and saved all of its living freight. The building had been apparently held down by their weight, for as the last one left it turned over and floated away to the gulf.

The rescuers told us afterwards that as they neared it the first sound they heard was an old woman's voice singing:

"De Lawd is gwyah'd our cry,"

Answered by the men:

"Take us in, take us in,  
En He'll save us by en by,  
Take us in, take us in."

A BLOODLESS ENGLISH CONQUEST.—The rate at which the English language is making conquest is a constant source of astonishment. It is not a great many years since the French language was dominant, and was exalted and entrenched in the traditions of nations by being employed exclusively as the "court" language. But French has had its day, and has gone down before the world-conquering English. These significant facts are furnished by "The Educational News."

"Three centuries ago it was employed by less than 3,000,000 people; to-day it is spoken by over 115,000,000 people in all parts of the globe, and is constantly increasing, both as to population and territory. At present it is distributed as follows: United States, 65,000,000; British Islands, 38,000,000; Canada, exclusive of the French Canadians, 4,000,000; West Indies, British Guiana, etc., 1,500,000; Australasia, 4,000,000; South Africa, India, and other colonies, 2,500,000. This includes only those whose mother tongue is English, no account being taken of the vast number who speak English,

but who have another tongue. The increase of English speakers is calculated to be fully 2,000,000 annually. No other language of modern times has made such rapid progress. Three hundred years ago the 3,000,000 people who spoke English resided principally on the British Isles. Now it is spoken more or less in nearly every country on the face of the earth. It is a remarkable fact that while the English in their colonies and offshoots have absorbed millions of aliens, there is no record of any great body of English speakers having become absorbed by any other race. In the United States there are millions of Germans and other foreigners who have become merged with the English in a single generation, they losing even their family names; and the children in many cases do not understand their parent's language."

THE STANDARD CURS.—There is only one way that furnishes any prospect of overcoming consumption when once started in the system: life in the open air, with a proper amount of exercise and special lung exercise, whether by climbing mountains, deep inhalations without the assistance of an instrument to make them easy, or by the aid of such instrument. Alleviating medicines and, in certain stages, tonics may be helpful; but an economy of vital force, together with a return to primitive simplicity in living, is the essential.

While we have seen scores wasting their time with specifics, neglecting the simple principles herein stated, and dying after a succession of experiments, we have met but few men who, beginning to fight for life before they were obviously doomed to die speedily, have taken up an out-door life and systematic deep breathing, who have not entirely shaken off the incubus or indefinitely prolonged their lives. Conventionalities of society and domestic cares make it far more difficult for women to avail themselves of nature's help, except in climates where the inclemency of the weather is not a factor in human deterioration. But many of them, even where their ancestors or husbands had succumbed to the disease, have fought it off by hygienic methods.—*Christian Advocate.*

THE FRIEND.

SIXTH MONTH 19, 1896.

The principal object of THE FRIEND is the religious and literary improvement of its readers. It has generally avoided what is commonly understood by "political" discussions, although its editors have not been ignorant that sound politics and religious interests are often closely connected. Hence it has not hesitated to bear an open testimony against military measures and the oppressions of slavery, as being out of harmony with the spirit of Christianity.

At the present time an unusual degree of interest is felt in the approaching Presidential election, mainly on account of conflicting views entertained on financial questions by the two leading parties; and earnest efforts are being made to influence the public mind in favor of one or the other. It does not seem to be our place to take a public part in this contest, but we have felt a strong conviction of the pernicious character of the speeches and arguments of some engaged in this dispute, which tend to stir up feelings of animosity between different classes in society, and to teach the people that the rich and the poor are enemies to each other—that the one class are oppressors and the other oppressed—

instead of their being, as is really the case, co-workers in carrying on the business of the nation.

When a poor man takes up government land, or buys at a low price unimproved lands in a thinly settled section of the country, if he has no surplus capital, he must needs borrow of one that has the means that will enable him to cultivate the soil and to maintain his family until he can raise a crop. He who in such a condition comes to his relief is not an oppressor, but a helper and a benefactor, who is justly entitled to a fair interest on the money advanced. A similar remark applies in thousands of cases to those engaged in mercantile and manufacturing concerns, where the success is dependent on the labor and intelligence of the operator and on the means of the capitalist. He is an enemy to his country who seeks to disturb the harmonious relation between these classes and to teach them to look with ill-will on each other.

We have received a communication from a friend, whose interest appears to be awakened in the neglected children in the southern part of our city who are deprived of many of the comforts and advantages which fall to the lot of those more favorably circumstanced. He mentions that the Board of Education have opened twelve of the school yards in the thickly populated districts for the use of the little children residing near them, and furnishes a trained kindergarten for each yard from nine o'clock to one, who teaches the children games and preserves order. A janitor is also employed, who is on duty all day from nine to six, and has entire control in the afternoons. The yards are each supplied with a heap of sand and buckets and shovels, and with toys, etc.

Our correspondent raises the question whether the yard attached to Friends' Meeting-house at Seventh and Orange Streets might not profitably be similarly opened for the use of those living in its vicinity?

That there are practical difficulties in the way of carrying out this scheme is evident enough, and in addition, there is the doubt which many feel as to the propriety of using our meeting-house premises for objects not included in their original purchase.

#### SUMMARY OF EVENTS.

**UNITED STATES.**—The election in Maine on the 14th instant resulted in a sweeping Republican victory. Llewellyn Powers, its candidate for Governor receiving about 50,000 pluralities. Thomas B. Reed and N. Dingley received 11,000 and 14,000 plurality respectively.

The N. Y. correspondent of the *Public Ledger* under date of the 14th instant, writes: "Because of the free silver agitation 13,000 children were unable to attend the public schools to-day. This may seem far-fetched, and yet the connection is real. The free silver agitation in the business depression of the country, and the business depression prevented the city from selling its bonds. This caused a lack of funds to pay the contractors who are building new schools and repairing old ones. As a consequence twelve schools were made to open to-day, most of them for the reason given, and 13,000 children were prevented from obtaining instruction. Just when the schools can be opened is problematical. When the school year, which began to-day, gets in full operation, there will be 156 school buildings, divided into 256 departments, with 4,500 teachers and about 150,000 children."

The Treasury gold reserve at the close of business on the 14th instant, stood at \$12,375,289.

Women constitute two-thirds of all the church members in the United States, but only one-thirteenth of all the criminals. Men make up twelve-thirteenths of the criminals, and only one-third of the church members.

Ballington Booth, of the "Volunteers," has been ordained as a presbyter by a Reformed Episcopal bishop

This is a radical departure from the Salvation Army law.

A new movement has been set on foot to organize the holders of Virginia deferred debt certificates, with a view to re-opening negotiations for a settlement of that part of the debt which was assigned to West Virginia on the division of the territory of Virginia.

General O. O. Howard, Cyrus Kehr, of Chicago, and others are planning to establish at Cumberland Gap, Tenn., an institution to be known as the "Lincoln Memorial University," in honor of Abraham Lincoln. In addition to this regular college course, it will have a complete technical school.

The rice receipts at Savannah are reported to be quite large for this season of the year. The crop is said to be a month earlier than last year.

Dennis Brown, of Lancaster, Ky., may be the oldest colored man in the country. He claims to be 115, and still works a shoemaker.

Deaths in this city last week numbered 385, which is 23 more than the previous week and 13 less than the corresponding week of 1895. Of the whole number 201 were males and 184 females; 43 died of consumption; 40 of pneumonia; 31 of marasmus; 24 of heart disease; 18 of cholera infantum; 17 of influenza; 17 of the stomach and bowels; 16 of inflammation of the brain; 15 of diphtheria; 14 of inanition; 13 from casualties; 12 of nephritis; 12 of old age; 10 of cancer, and 10 of convulsions.

**Markets, &c.**—U. S. 2s, 91 a 93; 4s, reg, 106 a 107; coupon, 107 a 108; new, 115 1/2 a 116; 5s, 110 a 111; current, 97, 100 a 105.

COTTON was weak, and official quotations were reduced 1/4c to 3/8c per pound for middling uplands.

**FEED.**—Winter bran in bulk, quoted \$7.50 a \$9.50, and spring do, in sacks, at \$8.25 a \$9.50 per ton.

**FLOUR.**—Winter super, \$1.90 a \$2.15; do, extras, \$2.15 a \$2.30; Pennsylvania roller, clear, \$2.75 a \$3.00; do, do, straight, \$3.00 a \$3.25; Western winter, clear, \$2.75 a \$3.00; do, straight, \$3.00 a \$3.25; do, patent, \$3.35 a \$3.55; spring, clear, \$2.50 a \$2.75; do, straight, \$3.00 a \$3.25; do, patent, \$3.35 a \$3.55; do, favorite brands, higher. City mills, extra, \$2.00 a \$2.25; do, clear, \$2.75 a \$3.00; do, straight, \$3.00 a \$3.25; do, patent, \$3.35 a \$3.55. **WY. FLOUR.**—\$2.25 to 2.40 per barrel for choice Pennsylvania.

**GRAIN.**—No. 2 red wheat, 62 a 62 1/2c.  
No. 2 mixed corn, 25 1/2 a 26c.  
No. 2 white oats, 23 a 24c.

**BEEF CATTLE.**—Extra, 41 a 42c; good, 41 a 42c; medium, 41 a 42c; common, 31 a 32c.

**8 HEAD CATTLE.**—Extra, 34 a 35c; good, 31 a 32c; medium, 21 a 32c; common, 21 a 22c; lams, 3 a 5c.

**HOGS.**—Western, 51 a 51c; State, 41 a 5c.

**FOREIGN.**—P. J. Tynan, the notorious "No. 1" of the Irish Invincibles, who was so frequently mentioned during the trial of the persons charged with the Phoenix Park murders, was arrested in Belgium, France, on the 13th inst. The warrant was issued in 1882. Tynan is also charged with being concerned in the manufacture of dynamite bombs for use in England.

A London dispatch to the *Ledger* of the 14, says, "Tonight a story is made public which lays bare one of the darkest conspiracies ever entered into by civilized beings. The actual arrests of Tynan in Boulogne, Bell in Glasgow and Haines and Kearney in Antwerp, merely raises the curtain on the first act of the startling drama of attempted wholesale murder. It can be stated positively that the police are already in possession of information showing that the plans of the conspirators included the murder of Queen Victoria and the Czar at Balmoral, and the destruction of the public buildings at London, Paris and Liverpool."

"A new branch of jurisprudence," says the *London Telegraph*, "is arising out of the bicycle boom, dealing with collisions of velocipedists between themselves and animals or other creatures." It is reported that the Czar at Balmoral, and the destruction of the public buildings at London, Paris and Liverpool."

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Twenty-five thousand additional men are to be organized in Spain for service in Cuba, in addition to

the 40,000 troops to be embarked for that island about Ninth Month.

Dr. Nansen and his Arctic exploring party on the Fram were given a national reception upon their return to Christians on the 8th instant. King Oscar conferred upon Dr. Nansen the decoration of the Grand Cross of St. Olaf.

Luigi Palmieri, the Italian meteorologist, is dead aged eighty-nine years.

It is stated that developments of the most acute nature are near at hand in Turkey, but that they are not likely to manifest themselves until the Czar's return to St. Petersburg.

An Athens dispatch says that, in consequence of the receipt of a pre-emptory British note, the Sultan of Turkey has issued an irade ordering that the expulsion of Armenians from Constantinople be stopped.

According to a Constantinople dispatch of the 11th inst., a Russian factory was discovered by the police the previous day located underneath the Armenian Church, near the Kassin Pasha Cemetery. From the factory a long tunnel had been excavated in the direction of the Government powder magazine the intention obviously having been to undermine the magazine and blow it up.

Argentina means to get ahead of the European Powers in taking possession of the South Shetland Islands, on the edge of the Antarctic Continent. An expedition will be sent out for the purpose in Twelfth Month next. The islands may possibly be of some use as a sealing and whaling station.

A Vancouver dispatch says a company has been organized in that city with a capital of \$50,000, to build a marine railway and carry on a ship-building yard in Vancouver.

#### RECEIPTS.

Unless otherwise specified, two dollars have been received from each person, paying for vol. 70.

Thomas S. Pike, N. J.; Henry B. Leeds, Agent, N. J.; for William B. Haines, Margaret C. Venable, Ann Amos Ashed; Joseph Pennell, an Elizabeth C. Yarnall, Pa.; Susanna E. Chambers, Pa.; to \$2, 27, 50, 17, James Davis, Pa.; Edward Abbott, Mich.; Sam and W. Moore, (Mrs.) Lindley H. Bedell, Phila.; A. J. Smith, Agent, Kansas; for Andrew Hinshaw; Ann P. Sharpless, M. D., Phila.; Wm. C. Ivins and George Lewis, Tot.; N. J.; Thomas A. Wood, Agent, Ohio, for himself, Jonathan Brown and Joseph Vaughn Parker Hall, Agent, Ohio; for William Atkinson Emma Jones, Phila.; Rowland L. Moore, Pa.; Ed. Sear, Pa.; Anna Eastburn Willis, N. J.; Eli Haines, Pa.; Hannah B. Horn, Ind.; Rezin Thomp son, Ia.; J. W. Garwood, Agent, Ia.; for John Williams; Susan J. Paxson, Pa.; Jane G. Smedley, Pa Sarah C. Roberts, Pa.; Emilie E. Lippincott, N. J. Jonathan Eldridge, Pa.; and for Mary Eldridge, \$3, No. 27, vol. 70; Samuel L. Moore, Phila.; Joseph Cartland, Mass.; George Schill, Pa.; Francis Wood N. J.; to No. 9, vol. 71; William Kite, Gen, and for William Kite, Jr.; John E. Darnell, N. J.

**REMITTANCES received after Third-day evening not appear in the Receipts until the following week.**

#### NOTICES.

**FRIENDS' SELECT SCHOOL** will re-open NINTH Mo. 21st. The Superintendent will be at his office to receive applications or to confer with patrons &c. during the two weeks preceding the opening, from ten until one o'clock. For information by mail address J. HENRY BARTLETT, Supl., 140 N. Sixteenth St.

Reduced rates to Ohio Yearly Meeting, via Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. Friends desiring to attend Ohio Yearly Meeting can go and return for one fare and a third, or \$15.47. Tickets sold from NINTH Month 11th to NINTH Month 30th, inclusive, and will be good until Tenth Month 16th, 1896, inclusive. For tickets call at 833 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pa. For further information call or address

THOMAS C. HIGGUE,  
West Chester, Pa.

DIED, at her home, near Mount Gilead, Morro County, Ohio, after one week's illness, ELIZA STORR in her eighty-seventh year, a member of Middlelet Monthly Meeting, Columbia County. She was firm and consistent Friend, and we believe her era was to peace.

WILLIAM H. FILE'S SONS, PRINTERS,  
No. 42 Walnut Street.



# THE FRIEND.

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Prayers and Letters of Deborah Brooks Webb.

(Continued from page 66.)

1854.—Eleventh Mo. 18th.—Last Third-day as Quarterly Meeting at Concord. John W. Atum first spoke: "Oh, wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death." We must come unto our Saviour by faith and be willing to say, "Here am I, do unto me as seemest thee good; form and fashion according to thy will." Dear H. Warner said, "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him," addressing a mind that felt the weight of sins and transgressions, as I think could, resting upon them, saying, "My sins are more than I can number," but leading him to look to the Saviour: "Though your sins are as scarlet they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be white as wool." Then dear Abigail Williams said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not." Let none do anything to hinder his great work, which is begun in the hearts of these little ones. The language in my ear was, "go and sin no more, lest a worse thing come unto thee," and how, oh, my soul, hast thou kept thyself since, unspotted? No, surely I have sinned, but I mean to try.

Eleventh Month 26th.—Thou, oh, Heavenly Father, hast begun the work in my heart, and so carry it on. Be pleased to do it, through the merits of thy dear Son; be pleased to enable me sometimes to sing on the banks of deliverance from all my sins; enable me to take up my daily cross. Oh! be pleased to hear dear H. Gibbons' prayer offered to-day and answer it. Be pleased to grant strength and lead me to the Saviour, I beseech of thee, most merciful Heavenly Father.

Twelfth Month 3rd.—Last Fourth-day was Monthly Meeting at Birmingham. Walked part of the way. First meeting silent; in the last dear Hannah Gibbons quoted the text: "Then they that feared the Lord spoke often one to another, and the Lord hearkened and heard it, and a book of remembrance was written before him for those that feared the Lord and thought upon his name," desiring her young friends might be of those who loved to think upon his name. Then dear Mary Kite spoke of the death of M. Parke, quoting the passage, "Be

ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh."

17th.—Was at our meeting and spoke, "If in this world only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable." We must be obedient to the intouching voice in order to become fit for a better state of existence. Be born again, regenerated. I felt I was indeed yet a child of wrath instead of a child of God. Oh! most merciful Saviour, how long shall I offend against my God. Oh! strengthen me to give up. I almost despair of ever doing it. Be-pleased to forgive my past disobedience, and strengthen me this week to live more in the cross.

31st.—This is the last day of the old year, and sad indeed it feels to think I have made so little progress in the Christian's highway. Oh, that the following year may be marked with greater dedication to the best and most merciful of Masters. He is worthy; He is so merciful and forgiving to poor sinful me. Have I lived any better this past week. I think a little more giving up; for this little I thank thee, Heavenly Father, and wilt thou be pleased, for the sake of thy dear Son, to grant me strength to resist temptation the coming week. We had a silent meeting to-day, but on Fourth-day was our Monthly Meeting; Samuel Cope and Elizabeth and Hannah Warner were there. H. W. spoke first, encouraging to trust and rely upon our Saviour; then S. C. quoted "Have said to yourselves, and be at peace one with another. Have his grace to rule in us. It was so good; all things are possible with God. In the second meeting, H. Warner again spoke to the young, desiring that some in an especial manner might be willing to appear as fools in the eyes of the world.

1855.—First Month 14th.—The fruits of the spirit are love, joy, peace, long suffering, meekness, gentleness, temperance; now in which of these am I perfect? None. I must try more to submit to the cross of Christ, which will make me humble; then I can feel joy and peace; then my heart will not have cross feelings to contend with but love and kindness to all. Am I as patient and long suffering as I should be, in school. Oh that I could be faithful there. I try, but I know I cannot do as much good as if I did more entirely live under the cross, under the quickening influence of the Good Spirit. One week ago last Fifth-day, Samuel Bettle, Jr., was at our meeting and spoke, commencing with "Come and see a man who told me all things that ever I did," recommending us to wait solemnly before the Lord, particularly when humbled under a sense of our manifold transgressions; it was through his continual mercy that we were enabled to see our sins. He, by his spirit, sets them in the light before us, and knows when we have only strength to say, "God be merciful to me, a sinner."

To-day — commenced with "I trembled with him to revive the salutary caution, "A croe with thine adversary quickly, while thou art in the way with him, lest at any time the adversary

deliver thee to the judge, and the judge deliver thee to the officer, and thou be cast into prison," tating it first in a worldly view, seeing how many estates were wasted or want of a little acknowledgment on the part of one, a little owning of a fault; then in a spiritual sense, saying that though our Saviour might not be called an adversary, yet as long as we remained in a state of sin, He was more so to us. We should lamade ourselves and rebuked by our sins to Him, first He might be satisfied in our Heavenly Father, and we might have peace and union with Him. For God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself. The day of visitation had long been extended to some of us, but we must not presume upon his mercy, we know not how long our time here might be. Be humble enough to confess our sins to Him, and ask for forgiveness and give diligence to make our calling and election sure. That when called to render up our accounts we may do it "with joy and not with grief."

Second Month 4th.—Two weeks ago last Fifth-day, dear friend Gibbons spoke to the comforting of some conflicting minds. "He never said to the wrestling seed of Jacob, seek my face in vain." Last Fourth-day was our Monthly Meeting at Birmingham. A. Williams and W. Scattergood were there. First William spoke very excellently, I thought. His mind was often bowed in mourning for the trials and besetments of our poor Society, and he doubted not, there were many present who were often bowed down in mourning over their own and the Church's deficiencies. These he would encourage, "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted." Some were tried with a sense of desertion of the Holy Spirit, others were disappointed in their pursuits in life, but it was all for our good to bring us low, that we might tell of his merciful dealings to others. Closing with, "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled." This last is so sweet to think of. Abby commenced with, "Arise and eat, because the journey is too great for thee." Though we might have much trouble, even floods of affliction, yet we must be encouraged.

18th.—Last First-day dear aunt Mary Kite came up here to see Anne with N. K's wife, also A. and S. Sharpless. In a little quiet sitting she spoke so kindly to Anne, and then a few words to poor undervalving me, to follow in the way east up before me, looking unto Jesus the Author and Finisher of the soul's salvation. Oh! if I only could deny myself.

Last Third-day was our Quarterly Meeting; so good to me. First Wm. Kite spoke, more lengthy than usual, speaking of the prodigal son; next William Scattergood, much in the same way very feelingly. Some were enabled to see the beauty of holiness, and earnestly desired peace and happiness, but the hard conflicts ahead almost caused them to dread to commence in the narrow way. Jesus will strengthen and help if we come unto Him. In the last meeting dear A. Williams said, "Except

your younger brother be with you, ye shall not see my face," referring it to the young people, they were keeping back something. "Bring all the tithes into the store-house, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith saith the Lord of Hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it." Oh, that I could have the Lord's blessing; a covering of his Spirit.

To-day — spoke so kindly. Oh! if I were only one of the sincere, seeking ones, that I could take encouragement, and believe that I shall ever be safe from my sins. "We must believe and be baptized," he baptized with fire. "Whose fan is in hand," etc. He would change our sinful hearts, not sprinkling with water, but cleansing the act-ions. "Not the putting away the filth of the flesh, but the answer of a good conscience toward God." If ye then being evil know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more will your Heavenly Father give his Holy Spirit to them that ask Him. By submitting to this baptism, we may be cleansed, we can be enabled to feel joy and peace; we can sing on the banks of deliverance. Be pleased, Heavenly Father, for the sake of Jesus, thy precious Son, to strengthen me to resist temptation. "Looking unto Jesus, the Author and Finisher of the saint's faith."

25th. — spoke. It is expressly said in Holy Writ, "The soul that sins shall be cut off, the wages of sin is death," cut off from spiritual communion with God. Our first parents sinned and were driven out of the garden, and cherubims and a flaming sword kept the way, so that they could not enter, and through them we all have a propensity to sin; but God loved the world so much that He sent his Son, and if we follow his teachings, this bar or hindrance to spiritual communion, the flaming sword, and the cherubims will be removed, and we can enjoy eating of the tree of life, for it is said, "Him that overcometh shall have a right to the tree of life." If we do not follow the prescription of the Great Physician we must not expect to be cured of our spiritual maladies. I will try to follow Him with a dedicated heart.

Third Month 18th. — Last Fifth-day dear H. G. supplicated so kindly for us, "As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth our souls after thee, oh God." Then for the young, that He would enable them, with Holy magnanimity to say, "Be thou the potter and we the clay; form and fashion us according to thy will, that so there may be testimony bearers raised up in this place."

To-day, dear — said, "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but cannot tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth." So is every one that is born of the Spirit. The Christian has seasons of spiritual desertion. Our Saviour cried out on the cross, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" The messenger whom ye seek shall suddenly come into his Holy temple, even the messenger of the covenant of peace whom your souls delight in. "I was afraid this was not for me, but if I can only walk free from sin how glad I shall be."

To be continued.

A REMARKABLE SEA-WEED.—One of the most remarkable sea-weeds is the *Nereocystis*, the stem of which occasionally attains a length of three hundred feet, though extremely slender, even at the top, where it is surmounted by a large floating bladder, six or seven feet in

length, that affords a favorite resting-place to the sea-otter. This plant is found on the north-west coast of America and the opposite shores of Asia. The filiform stem, which is about as thick as pack-thread, suddenly swells above, when two or three feet long, into a globe bladder, from the top of which springs a tuft of germinate leaves, mostly rising on five petioles. As the plant grows older, the stem increases enormously in length, but only slightly in thickness. The globe bladder swells into a turnip-shaped or retort-like cylinder six feet long and four feet six inches or more in diameter in the widest part, the lower extremity gradually passing into the stem. The leaves, which at first were marked with a few faint nerves, split in the direction of the latter, cover a wide space by their entangled mass, and attain a length of thirty feet or more. When the plant grows in any quantity it forms large floating islands, and the surface of the sea becomes impassable to boats. The stem, when dry, is employed by the Aleutians for fishing-lines, some of which have a length of forty or more fathoms. The large bladders are used by the same people as syphons for jumping water out of their boats.—*Fishing Gazette*.

### Radnor Monthly Meeting.

(Concluded from page 18.)

In a number of cases mention is made of different members of the meeting bringing to it for record, accounts of their birth-places and conviction and other remarkable passages of their lives. This also extended to their children, servants and families, and was done in accordance with the advice of the Preparative Meeting.

Frequent references are made to repairing the meeting-house at Merion. In the Twelfth Month, 1763, mention is made of a subscription "towards building the addition to the meeting-house," and there are a number of minutes referring to the digging of stone "to build a meeting-house."

In connection with Merion meeting-house, it seems suitable here to refer to the existence of a document preserved in the Record Room of Friends' Library, which has an important bearing upon the date at which the present building was erected, or at least when a very extensive addition was made to it, if it was not all erected at one time. This is a paper which appears to be the original accounts kept by John Roberts of subscriptions toward the building and sums paid for workman-hip and materials. The earliest date is 1742-43, and the latest Fourth Month 10th, 1747. The document is in a dilapidated condition, having four large holes burnt in it and some of the edges torn. This makes it impossible to obtain from it all the information it originally contained, but the most important points can be clearly made out.

On Sixth Month 6th, 1743, the contributions toward the construction of the building amounted to £179 15s. of which £36 19s. 7d. was unpaid. The different contributions are given in detail. Thus Haverford Meeting gave £16 2s.; Robert Evan, 49 10s.; Robert David, £4 4s.; John Roberts, £5. There is one subscription of £9 18s. and another of £17 8s., but the names of the donors are burnt out, and there are many subscriptions of smaller sums. The payments for construction include £47 10s. 7d. to John Knowles for carpenter work, £27 8s. 10d. to Richard Jones for sawing, £11 16s. 2d. for nails, £25 10s. 2d. to Edward Rees for sundries, 14s.

8d. for hinges, and many other items of various amounts.

We now return to the minutes of the Month Meeting. In the Eighth Month, 1743, the following minute appears: "Merion Friends having proposed to have some money that was formerly lent to Rees Howell, which is £5, of currency. Four pounds thereof belonged to Merion Friends, Also £10 that was lent to Joseph Evans, which is now at interest. This meeting agrees that Merion Friends shall have money lent to Rees Howell and Joseph Evan towards finishing their meeting-house."

The age of the ancient meeting-house at Merion has been the subject of much inquiry. It is in one end a stone placed there in 1828, o which is the date 1695. It is possible a part of the building may have been erected as early as that, but the probabilities are that it was built in two sections, one of them in 1703 and the other about 1713.

In 1717 a curious case came before the Month Meeting in relation to proposal of marriage b Hugh Eran and Lowrey Loyd, which was objected to by some Friends, on the ground of being "of too near affinity." The relationship given was "a deceased wife's mother's sister daughter." In other words, a deceased wife's first cousin. The objection was certainly far fetched. It is perhaps needless to add that although the case went to the Quarterly Meeting, the marriage was allowed.

A movement toward building a new meeting house at Radnor is interestingly referred to in the following minute of the Monthly Meeting held tenth of Eighth Month, 1717: "A letter from our friend Benjamin Holme to this meeting, recommending to their consideration the stirring up of Friends in the building of their meeting-house at Radnor, and with desire that we should be concerned for the prosperity of Truth, was read in this meeting and approved. Likewise, this meeting, pursuant to Radnor Friends' desires, acquiesce with them in building a new meeting-house, and this meeting appoints David Morris [and others] to assist in the contrivance of the building thereof."

The month following the subject is further referred to. "Some of the friends of those appointed to assist Radnor Friends in the contrivance of a new meeting-house there, give account that they have accordingly met and given them their thoughts as to the bigness and form thereof, to which Radnor Friends there present seemed generally to agree with. This meeting-house was partially constructed in the Ninth Month, 1718, but the work appeared to have lagged, for it was not entirely finished as late as the Fourth Month, 1721, or at least not paid for, as a committee was then appointed to obtain contributions for the work. Some indeliberate still remained as late as the Fifth Month, 1723.

At the Month Meeting in the Ninth Month 1717, a minute was adopted indicating that the solemnization of marriages at private houses was a common occurrence, and that it was necessary to have some regulations relative thereto. It says, "Pursuant to a certain advice of the Yearly Meeting, it is by this meeting reminded and advised that no marriages be accomplished in any other place than at the meeting-house without first letting the Monthly Meeting where in the parties have their liberty of proceeding, know thereof, and such to do according to their order, and not otherwise. That all inconvenience at any time arising from such marriage performed in private houses may be avoided.

The following interesting minute occurs under date of fourteenth of Fifth Month, 1720. Whereas, it having been heretofore signified to the respective Monthly Meetings of Averford and Gwynedd that our deceased friend, Ellis Pugh, in the time of his long sickness, had composed divers religious poems contained in a few sheets accommodated to the understanding of illiterate, mean people, which we earnestly desired might be published in the Irish tongue and sent to his native country, Friends might see service. And twelve friends of each meeting having been appointed peruse and consider the contents of the said sheets, did report their unity and satisfaction therewith. Therefore, they are recommended your consideration, earnestly requesting that the same may be printed, with what explication you may think fit."

An evidence of the struggle with the difficulties in marriage arrangements which has marked many periods of the Society's history is found in a minute of the Fifth Month, 1722, when the representatives to the Quarterly Meeting were instructed to report that the meeting was "under a concern that our discipline may be kept," and that they propose to the said meeting whether it is necessary to disown such persons as go to the priest to marry, or only advise them, and that their going out to marry is sufficient to declare them out of unity."

It would appear that it was the practice in its Monthly Meeting to send pecuniary aid to their meetings for building meeting-houses, but we have references about this time, to contributions being given toward such buildings at Shrewsbury and Horsham.

Some difficulties appear to have existed in the Monthly Meeting in 1726, as the representatives to the Quarterly Meeting were instructed to report "That things amongst us is not as well as we could desire, but a remnant hopes to obtain the victory." The character of these difficulties is not mentioned, but they probably were due to some dispute which had occurred between two of its members, in which the Monthly Meeting interfered. It ultimately reached the Quarterly Meeting, which decided that it was of a case in which the former meeting had any right to meddle.

In the Eleventh Month, 1729, we have the following minute, "Richard Harrison's certificate from the Monthly Meeting of Friends on the Cliffs in Maryland, indorsed by the Monthly Meeting of Philadelphia, the twenty-eighth of Ninth Month last" [was received]. As has heretofore been stated, Richard Harrison had, in 1719, purchased Rowland Ellis' plantation in Merion, and he must have been a long time resident there when his certificate was received. He married Hannah Norris, a daughter of Isaac Norris, and grand-daughter of Governor Lloyd. Born in Maryland, in the midst of an tobacco-raising country, he had been an extensive planter there, owning many slaves. Upon his removal to Pennsylvania, he brought his slaves with him, and resumed the cultivation of tobacco, which was sent to the Philadelphia market in hogsheads. Through the connection of an axle was placed, and to the projecting ends shafts were attached, and thus the hogsheads themselves took the place of wheels. This primitive method of transportation is said still to be in use in some parts of Maryland.

Richard Harrison's wife was a minister. She brought her certificate to Radnor Monthly Meeting in the Eleventh Month, 1733. Richard died in 1747. One of his daughters married

Charles Thomson, Secretary of the Continental Congress.

Richard Harrison, soon after his removal to Merion, established a family burying-ground on his plantation, and erected a school-house adjoining. The burial-ground known as Harrison Family Cemetery still exists. It is enclosed with a stone wall. The school-house disappeared many years since, though its foundation can still be traced. This interesting spot, surrounded by aged forest trees, is about half a mile from Bryn Mawr Station, on the Pennsylvania Railroad.

The following minute appears under date of Eleventh Month 14th, 1730. "It is proposed, on behalf of Richard Harrison and some other Friends, that they have liberty to keep a meeting on the First days, for this winter season, at the said Richard's School-house, which this meeting allows them until the next spring Yearly Meeting." Further permission for this meeting was subsequently given, and in the First Month, 1732, the meeting took additional action, which is thus recorded, "Richard Harrison and some other Friends signified to this meeting in writing that the meeting appointed last Seventh Month to be kept at the said Richard Harrison's school-house, was duly and religiously kept, and further requesting to be admitted to keep an afternoon meeting in the said place, from the spring meeting in this month until the Yearly Meeting in the Seventh Month next, which is allowed of and to begin at four o'clock."

As late as 1759, a committee was appointed to make inquiry into the circumstances of the meeting at Harrison's. This committee reported that some Friends dissent, and that the widow Harrison seemed desirous to have it continued. This was granted, and the meeting was thereafter held at four o'clock in the afternoon. The Harrison family, however, removed from the neighborhood soon afterwards, and the meeting was finally discontinued.

In the Eleventh and Twelfth Month, 1730, committees were appointed to meet with the Valley Friends, "in order to pitch upon a convenient place to build a meeting-house," and in the First Month following it was decided "to build a meeting-house for religious worship at the graveyard near Lewis Walker, deceased, which was left by the said Lewis, by his last will, for that purpose."

I have embraced in this paper the most interesting circumstances disclosed in the early minutes of the meetings within the limits of Radnor Monthly Meeting, adding some facts from other sources. After about 1730, the minutes become more common place, and do not furnish incidents of much historical interest.

A SEVERE BUT JUST SENTENCE.—There seems to be a disposition on the part of the officials in charge to tone up the morality of the marine service of the government. Some time ago, the captain of one of the revenue cutters was charged with drunkenness by his brother officers and placed on trial. The report of the Trial Board, which has just been made known, recommends that the offending officer, who has been in the service thirty years, "be dropped to the foot of the list of captains of the revenue cutter service, and that he retain that place hereafter, he be suspended from rank and reprimanded by the reading of this order on board all vessels of the revenue cutter service by the commanding officer of each at a muster of the commissioned officers, and admonished that, if

again found guilty of the excessive use of intoxicants during the term of his sentence or thereafter, whether afloat or ashore, he will be summarily dismissed from the service.

FROM "THE ASSAULTS UPON FAITH."

Our religious principles are not based on George Fox, though he expounded them, nor on Robert Barclay, though he systematized them, and defended them, but on Jesus Christ our Lord, and on his inspired Apostles, whose teaching and testimony are left for our instruction and guidance in the New Testament. We find ourselves separatists, not because we wish to dissociate or to be singular, but because we find the great bulk of professing Christians have built up a religious system by gradual accretions in the third, fourth and fifth centuries of our era and later on, which is a strange mixture of the old dispensation and the new dispensation, of Christianity and Judaism. While nominally the foundation is Christ, the expounders of his teaching are "the early fathers," rather than the Apostles. And in this way and by this means, we are presented with a profession of Christianity which is not the Christianity of the New Testament which we read and accept, in its purity and simplicity, but a sacerdotal system, the origin and defence of which must be looked for in the writings of the so-called "fathers." We have, therefore, in the Christian Church the contradiction of white-robed priests, professing to dispense spiritual gifts, acting as mediators between God and man, and in these capacities receiving confessions and pronouncing absolutions. We have outward ordinances and dead formalisms. And though the more enlightened of our fellow-Christians reject much of this mixture of Judaism and Christianity, they are mostly entangled with ordinances and with the dictum of Church councils, or prelates, that war and oaths are lawful for the Christian, though contrary to the spirit and the teaching of Christ and his Apostles. Making "the word of God of none effect through their traditions."

"We as a religious people, are only nicknamed Quakers. We might correctly be called 'New Covenanters.' Aiming to live under, and in genuine accordance with, the spirit of that new dispensation, to supersede the old, which our Saviour called the kingdom of God, the kingdom of righteousness and peace, which He promised should come, and which did come, at the day of Pentecost, by the endowment of power from on high. As Friends, there is no mystery about our religious profession. George Fox brought in nothing new, he pretended to nothing new, but under the enlightening power of the Holy Spirit, his mind swept away the accumulated rubbish that had gathered and been heaped on spiritual religion, and he went straight back to the bed-rock of a living Christianity divested of priestly pretensions, of typical rites and of ceremonies, of man-made inventions and man-made doctrines. He and the early Friends would have none of them. They knew where they came from, and by whom they were conceived and promulgated. And they knew for what end—to bring the so-called "holy" into spiritual bondage.

"The fundamental principle of all true religion is that 'God is a Spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth'—in reality. The spirit of a man needs as the all-essential thing, union with, and communion with, the Spirit of his God and Father, through Christ, the way. Types-symbolic performances

and outward ordinances are beside the mark. They are out of court. A man may attend to, or perform all such things and gain nothing. The Holy Spirit of God, through Christ, the one only Mediator, operates on the spirit of man, and he is changed, saved, restored to his Father's house, to the enjoyment of his Father's love. This is spiritual religion, this is genuine Christianity. And herein is all the mystery there is in the religion of the Friends."

### Lights and Shadows of Port Royal.

A few miles westward from the city of Paris "on the road to Chevrense," as the chronicles say, lies a certain valley, in which two centuries ago occurred some of the most interesting events in the annals of the Church. It is a spot celebrated in religious history as having been the earthly "zion" of a people whose faith is compared to "a fountain of sweet waters in the midst of a brackish sea," whose memory is declared to be "in benediction," and whose work is "everlasting remembrance." This place was once known as Port Royal; and its monastic community of both men and women obtained, during the seventeenth century, a fame throughout France, not only for purity of life and devotion to religion, but for a fearless and steadfast adherence to the rights of conscience when those rights were invaded by the unscrupulous tyranny of the Jesuits and of the Romish See. So conspicuous was this perseverance among the Port Royal women, that it obtained for them from Péréfixe, the persecuting Archbishop of Paris, the ejaculation—"Pure as angels, and proud as devils!"

As a preliminary to the further study of Port Royal, its history may be briefly outlined as follows: The monastery was founded early in the thirteenth century by Mathilde de Garlande (wife of a crusader of the house of Montmorency), aided by her kinsman, the Bishop of Paris. The community of women soon established there, belonged to the Cistercian order, and followed the "rule" of St. Bernard. The name of Port Royal was probably derived from *Porrois*, which means a low, marshy, brambly ground; and such appears to have been the place chosen for the location of this monastery.

There seems to be little in its history to claim our time and interest before the early part of the seventeenth century, when the justly famed and honorable abbess, Angélique Arnauld, began her vigorous and effective reform there. We say "reform" because by that time Port Royal, in common with other monasteries in France, had not only relaxed its primitive simplicity and austerity, but had become positively worldly though in a less reprehensible manner and degree than some others. Under the wise and conscientious government of Angélique Arnauld Port Royal became the home of a pious and devoted band, diligently occupied with works of benevolence and usefulness, and with the practice of their religious ceremonies. A company of men, similarly engaged, occupied (during part of the time) a farm-house and some other buildings near by; but the two companies had little communication with each other, except by letters, some of which are amongst the most beautiful specimens of religious literature.

About the middle of the seventeenth century Port Royal became the object of persecution on a count of its sympathy with Cornelius Jansen, whose works had been pronounced heretical. This persecution continued at intervals throughout that century and until the year 1709, when the community was finally dis-

persed. A few years later the buildings were torn down and the very graveyard desecrated, to satisfy the fury of Jesuitic hatred and revenge.

Having this hasty sketch before us, it now remains to look more into the details of the history, and to glance somewhat at the remarkable characters known as the Port Royalists. It need be said by some one that he who knew not Port Royal, knew not humanity; but in these latter days, when the world is over-full of literature, and when books of every description are constantly before our eyes, it is small wonder that the attention of young students and readers is not directed to this part of human history in particular, and that Port Royal is somewhat out of fashion. It formed a part of the culture of an earlier generation; yet even young readers can hardly have failed to become acquainted with the names of Pascal, the mathematician and scientist; Racine, the poet, dramatist and courtier; the Duchesse de Longueville perhaps, and others of the time of Louis XIII and Louis XIV, who figure more or less frequently in the annals of Port Royal. Of equal fame at that time was the family of Arnauld, of whom no less than eighteen were connected with the Port Royal houses, and whose gifts of heart and mind were among the chief ornaments of that illustrious community. Those eighteen were composed of Angélique and five of her sisters (one of whom was M<sup>me</sup>. Le Maitre, a widow), her two brothers D'Andilly and Antoine, and her mother also after she became a widow; six daughters of D'Andilly, and the three sons of M<sup>me</sup>. Le Maitre. These last were known as "Le Maitre the orator, De Sericourt the soldier, and De Sacy the priest." De Sacy was for years the confessor and director of Port Royal, and was known for his translation of the Scriptures. There were also one or two other persons connected with the family and of a later generation, who joined the Port Royalists.

In those days two avenues were open to women of some social rank in France—marriage and the convent. If a man had more daughters than he could comfortably endow with a marriage portion, some way of disposal other than marriage must be found for part of the number, and this way—as in the case of Angélique and her sister Agnes—was found in the monastic life. To Agnes, who had a contemplative and rather mystically disposed mind, this imposition brought less hardship; but Angélique, with her strong, decisive, rational character, would have fled in early life from her honors and her obligations, had not integrity and high moral sense prevailed over the choice of nature.

Some of her ancestors and near relatives were noted advocates and orators of that period, and of good rank also as citizens, though not above intrigues, as appears by the facts that "forged certificates" concerning the age of Angélique were sent to Rome by her maternal grandfather (and probably with the knowledge and assistance of her father in order to secure for her the government of Port Royal, while Agnes was placed in charge of St. Cyr. At this so-called "pious fraud," we are told, "the court of France was much amused, and the court of Rome not greatly shocked." When Angélique had grown to womanhood, the duplicity of this dealing (albeit she had had no part in it) troubled her sensitive mind, and she realized that under the constitution of the Cistercian order she was not entitled to the honors thus thrust upon her. At length, to the relief of her conscience

she succeeded (though not until near 1630) in making the office of abbess subject to triennial elections. By the choice of the sisterhood Angélique was at different times placed in that position, and whether nominally holding it or not, she was (with a single painful exception yet to be explained) always the guiding spirit, the recognized leader and head of the house. Hers was a nature that ruled from the simple fact of superiority in intellect, tact and judgment; to which were added integrity, humility, generosity, tenderness, and unbounded religious faith. Her biographers and all the historians of Port Royal recognize her breadth and depth of character, and her "largeness of heart," as Guizot says; so that there has come down to us one noted and notable saying of Angélique Arnauld—"I am of the order of all the saints and all the saints are of my order." What generosity of spirit, what understanding of fellowship, are set forth in these, "I am of the order of all the saints, and all the saints are of my order!" And what experience of Christian love in the words that follow: "All good men and good women are my brother and sisters, and it is my highest pleasure to love and serve them." How far this sentiment would have carried her beyond the pale of the Romish church, or whether at all, one cannot say; for we know the teaching of Rome on that subject is to the last degree uncharitable. But we may believe with Frances Martin that Angélique Arnauld "was of the order of all the saints," whether or not she might have acknowledged in Barclay and Penington what they perhaps would have felt and owned in her.

The monastic system was probably never more favorably represented than at Port Royal and yet one cannot read its history, nor pursue the life of the instrument of its reform, without a sense of the fruitfulness of that system. The impulses of the heart must be stayed; the natural gifts and affections mortified; all earthly pleasures despised; yet we have the satisfaction of beholding many times in the lives of the Port Royalists a practical contradiction of their theory, for their treatment of one another was marked by strong and noticeable affection. Whoever reads those records—even the friend and lover of Port Royal—will find his admiration and sympathy having high and low tides. When we read their encouraging and spiritual counsels to one another, and their vigorous appeals in defense of their consciences; when we contemplate their industry and self-sacrifice their perseverance and uprightness, then it is high tide. But when we read of their petty rules and humiliations; when we find that they saluted the image of the "Blessed Virgin" that the mother of the Arnaulds must reverence her daughters as abbesses; that M<sup>me</sup>. Le Maitre went to confession to her own son that there were solemn ceremonies and a procession in honor of the "Holy Thorn," and ever a miracle imputed to its virtue—then indeed it is low tide. But their vision, it seems to me, though the figure may not be an original one, was as when one looks through the fogs or mist of the morning. Some things are wholly obscured; some are feebly discerned, but here and there shining a rift in the clouds, is the whole shining beauty of the landscape.

In those days, it need scarcely be remarked the general influences were unfavorable to religious growth. Extravagance and profligacy abounded in royal circles; pride, presumptuous and worldly ambition among ecclesiastics; if religion in disguise throughout the church: so

hat near the close of her eventful, earnest life, the mother Angelique exclaimed, "I can scarcely bear myself or others. There is none that seeketh after God." In this, however, Juliet saw she was unjust to her age and to her friends.

We have seen that Angelique entered upon her life-work unwillingly. She had come to her office while yet a child, and there were many longings after the liberty of the outside world, up to the period of her conversion, which began when she was about seventeen years of age. Her awakening came in part by the preaching of Father Basil, a Capuchin friar, who not long afterwards became a Protestant, but not until after he had stimulated and intensified Angelique's desire for monastic reform, and hence increased those tendencies to austerity of life, in which she for a time indulged. When her judgment became more mature, however, she not only relinquished some of those asceticities herself, but discouraged them in others; agreeing with St. Cyrán that to attempt great things in that line is no mark of humility. Concerning retirement from the world she says: "It is a pity to force the fruits of the Spirit by those unnatural, painful processes. But it is a greater pity still not to cultivate the fruits of the Spirit at all, and in our liberty to forget the very object of that liberty."

(To be continued.)

**Extract from Yearly Meeting Minutes of 1805.**  
"The Yearly Meeting in 1701, under a weighty concern respecting the ministry, agreed that there be a meeting of ministering Friends, men and women, to be held in Philadelphia weekly on Seventh-day about noon, and Quarterly in the respective counties, at such time and place as Friends immediately concerned may conclude on."

"In 1714, on a proposal from two of the Quarters concerning the appointment of Elders, they further agreed 'that the Quarterly Meetings do recommend to each Monthly Meeting within their respective limits, that they choose two or more Friends out of each Monthly Meeting, where meetings of ministers are or shall be held, to sit with the ministers in their meetings; taking care that the Friends chosen for that service be prudent, solid Friends,' etc.

From the year 1721, it appears that the Select Meetings are styled Meetings of Ministers and Elders, and it is remarked on the minutes that "Friends found it expedient and necessary to add a competent number of judicious and faithful elders, men and women, to sit as assistants with ministers in their Select Meetings, who might better advise, caution and admonish ministers than each other."

And in 1740, the Yearly Meeting, in order to remove any doubt respecting the intention of the minute of 1714, about the appointment of elders to sit with ministers in their meetings, declares it in their opinion that it ought to be considered to extend to the appointment of prudent, solid women Friends to that service, as well as of men.

[Taken from a report to the Yearly Meeting on the continuance of the Second-day morning Meeting of Ministers and Elders].

In 1806, it was concluded to discontinue the Second-day morning meeting.

In 1693, in Ireland, it was desired that the elders and such as were thought fit by the Province or other meetings to be concerned, may examine among themselves how far they are qualified for that service, and whether they are

clear and exemplary in themselves, and have a right concern on their spirits for the service and propagation of the blessed Truth.

### North Carolina Yearly Meeting, 1896.

"Stand in awe and sin not, commune with your own heart and be still."

North Carolina Representative Meeting was held at High Point, on Thursday, the fourth of Eighth Month, at eleven A. M. After a time of quiet, the Clerk, F. S. Blair, opened the meeting and read the minutes since last Year. A plan for a new house to be built convenient to the meeting-house was submitted, to consist of three rooms for the use of committees during the Yearly Meeting, the cost to be less than two hundred dollars. One of the committee offered to furnish one room. It was suggested afterwards that the money might be had from the Charleston Fund.

At three P. M. the meeting of ministry and oversight assembled, and after several addresses and prayers the name of L. L. Hobbs was proposed to act as Clerk, the proper one being absent, which being united with, the business proceeded, and Friends who had minutes handed them in, amongst them there was one for A. Hussey, Ohio, to which objection being made because he had gone back to the ordinances, three Friends were appointed to confer with him, and they reported that he withdrew his minute, after which he stood up and read from the Bible some texts on persecution, evidently not bearing on the subject matter at all of which he was told in open meeting. He also continued to read the Bible and speak in meetings as if in unity with us. At an adjourned sitting of this meeting the names of two women Friends were proposed as Clerk and united with. The condition of Rich Square Monthly Meeting was irregularly entered on, and the name and doings of a prominent minister there spoken about, and a proposal made for a Committee to be appointed to visit the meeting, but a Friend from Tennessee brought up the result of such a proceeding in that Quarter years ago, resulting in the loss of a Quarterly Meeting and five hundred to six hundred members. Several other Friends objected, so the complaint fell through, and Friends concluded to issue a minute of advice, which can be seen in the printed minutes.

Eighth Month 5th at ten A. M., the Yearly Meeting commenced in joint session, credentials were read from visiting ministers and elders present, and one for an overseer from south of England. The Clerk proposed that it be left to the Representatives to appoint one man and one woman Friend from each Quarter to act as a standing committee to submit the names of Friends for appointments as required by the Yearly Meeting, which being united with, was carried out, and proved satisfactory, it gives time to consider names which is not afforded in the open meeting. The London General Epistle was read, and a few others, addressed to men and women jointly. At three P. M. Meeting for Worship, and it may be remarked of this and the other meetings held during the Yearly Meeting, for worship and devotion, that the general character did not come up to the long established and proved practice of gathering in silence to wait on the Lord. The singing of hymns by many in the body of the meeting, joined in by and sometimes called for by some in the minister's gallery, the reading and preaching from the open Bible with notes, the calling on the audience to hold up hands if they desired to be saved, and pressing on those present

to stand up in response to queries about their condition, and to come towards the gallery called altar or minister's bench, there to kneel, repeat words as bidden, or be prayed for by others who leave their seats and put their hands on them, in different parts of the house, causes quite a commotion. It looks as if ministers who do so are not willing to leave the results of their labor to God, but want and are eager for apparent returns. Few have courage to keep seated when told by man to rise, and fewer still the intrepidity and true Christian principle to stand up and speak at the call for service, if it be to swim against the current. Conscience is a jewel.

The Discipline of Indiana Yearly Meeting, published in 1856, to which admission was made in one of our meetings, reads thus: "Our ministers, even those who have an acknowledged gift, cannot engage beforehand to preach on any particular subject, nor to present at all unless they feel the power and help of the Holy Spirit moving them thereto at the time, and then they should speak as if by the Spirit, giving them utterance. Whatsoever good thing is given forth of the good word of life is a free gift of the Spirit, should be freely dispensed to the people, hence our ministers can receive no payment or salary for their ministerial services. Friends were reminded of the Apostle's charge to provide things honest in the sight of all men, and that those who did not had defiled the faith, etc. Also, that when we departed from a waiting worship and a waiting ministry, we ought look for the handwriting on the wall. How can we reconcile the high and holy principles of direct Divine inspirations and teaching which we profess, with the practice of substituting hymns and tunes learned beforehand, to be reproduced whenever called for by man, endeavoring to control our assemblies, to be construed as worship. Our President is the Lord Jesus, to whom every knee must bow whether in mercy or in judgment."

On the sixth, the Yearly Meeting again assembled at ten A. M. in joint session. One of the Representatives reported the names agreed on, viz: L. L. Hobbs for Presiding Clerk, with C. Tomlinson for Writing Clerk, and G. W. White for Reading Clerk, which being united with they proceeded to read the Queries and Answers received from the Quarterly Meetings, by which it appears we had not improved much since last year, and had gone back, in tobacco, over fifteen hundred members reported as delinquents, and about sixty in the use of intoxicants, which sad state of things elicited some good counsel.

At two P. M. R. P. King gave a short account of his visit to Great Britain and Ireland, South of France, and part of Italy, to the Vaudois, and his return minute in French was read in English. He particularly alluded to Irish Friends in an encouraging manner, especially to the young. The report of the evangelistic work, so called, was read, no account being furnished of the expenditure of money, over one thousand dollars having passed through their hands during the year. They asked for an appropriation of two hundred dollars for the coming year, which against some protest was granted.

Eighth Mo. 7th, ten A. M.—Joint session.—A minute was read from New Garden Quarter on the better development of the ministry, few of the young are coming forward, and it looks like a famine of the Word; the harvest truly is plentiful, but the laborers are few. It was quoted what Jesus told his disciples to pray to the Lord of the harvest that He would send forth laborers,

we cannot command the influences of the Holy Spirit, when reverently waited for and obeyed if faithful in the little we shall be made rulers over more. A letter was read from Timothy Nicholson, requesting to have an appointment made of Friends to attend a conference in 1897. It was objected to; some Friends were willing to have four names; it was pointed out that our members were not sufficiently qualified to enter the intellectual arena to contend for novelties, and the query, What good our Yearly Meeting had derived from the attendance of a favored few, and three hundred and fifty dollars expenditure for their costs and books; for which a debt had to be contracted. However, a committee was appointed, and they brought in eleven names with a strong proviso that the meeting was not to furnish any money. Out of meeting the appointment met little favor. At two P. M. a letter was read from the Secretary of the Board of State charities as to criminals in jail, etc., offering an opportunity for concerned Friends to labor, which met full response.

The ninth annual report of the Blue Ridge Mission reported favorably of it, and asked for two hundred dollars to help for next year. Remarks were made as to the large amount of labor and expenditure made in the locality; in other parts of the State, presumably as needy, with members, many of whom were as badly off, no share of the liberality or nursing care was extended. Time was spent urgently soliciting money in the face of the meeting, several collections from time to time disturb the solemnity and dignity of our meetings, and one aged Friend remarked one day that she thought she had had enough. At a subsequent sitting the springing applications for money and other things on the Yearly Meeting was objected to, and it was recommended in future that all such should be well considered in Quarterly Meetings, and approved of before being introduced to the Yearly Meeting, also that if a better way could not be found, to have one sitting for collections to which Friends could bring their spare money.

Dr. Weeks, the author of "Southern Quakers and Slavery," made an interesting and instructive address on the subject, and though not a member, he hit off pretty closely our present condition, when he said that the fast element might add to our numbers, but the tired and burdened souls required substantial solid food like old-fashioned Quakerism offered, and commended Rich Square Friends. He spoke of Governor Archdale as the equal if not the superior in some things to William Penn and that our members did not know what their predecessors had been.

Eighth Month 8th.—Met at usual hour in joint session, when the Fourth Annual report of the orphanage was considered, and a very lively address given by Charles Jessup, with feeling remarks by the matron, followed by a considerable collection and a grant of one hundred and fifty dollars from the meeting.

At two P. M. the reports of Guilford College, with full particulars as to the state of the funds from the Trustee, and of Income and Expenditure at the College were read, followed by words of approval, the net gain for the year was four hundred dollars. About sixty of the scholars were Friends and one hundred not. It was recommended to the faculty to instruct the pupils in Friend's Literature, Sewall's and Gough's History, Jaiffries' Diary, Barclay's Apology, History of Friends in America, and other writ-

ings, so that they might know what Friends were, and of their faithfulness under cruel sufferings by which liberty had been won for themselves and others.

The financial report submitted by the Representatives showed that some Quarters were further in arrear, that the outstanding debt had been reduced two hundred dollars, and agreed that one thousand dollars should be assessed for the ensuing year to meet current expenses, and two hundred dollars to reduce our debt.

On First-day there was a large attendance in the meeting-house, with a tent and other meetings on the grounds in the grove, held simultaneously, four meetings at each place during the day.

Eighth Month 10th, Second-day at ten A. M., an Epistle to all the Yearly Meetings with which we correspond was read and approved and directed to be type-written, signed and forwarded; Indian affairs also heard of, and in the afternoon all unfinished business was transacted, having been favored to get thro' one day sooner than usual, and though a difference in sentiment was apparent in several matters, yet love, the evidence of true discipleship, prevailed. Let love through all your actions run, let all your words be kind, "be pitiful, be courteous."

During Yearly Meeting week we had two lectures kindly given us by J. Walter Malone of Cleveland, Ohio, free, on the "Ages of the World," for which he had prepared a large map appended to the wall, his remarks were interesting and instructive, and he appears to have given much attention to the subject, though we may not be willing to follow him in all that he said, yet of one thing we may be certain, if we would flee from the wrath to come, viz: to embrace now the offers of redeeming love and mercy, to turn unto the Lord Most High with full purpose of heart to serve and obey Him, to believe in and follow the Lord Jesus Christ, and while we have light to believe in the light that we may be the children of the Light, which is Christ the true Light that enlighteneth every man that cometh into the world, and to which J. Walter Malone testified.

A. FISHER.

MEGESSA, N. C., Ninth Month 3th, 1896.

A REMARKABLE ENCOUNTER.—HOBLY JONES, of Black Duck, is dying of injuries sustained in a fight between himself and his dog on one side, and a large rookery of blue cranes that congregated in large numbers every summer in a spruce grove in a swamp in the southwestern part of Beltrami County. James' dog was killed, and he himself was just able to crawl away from the birds, only to fall exhausted in a well-beaten trail, where he was found by the rest of the party. James says he was attracted by the yelping of his dog, some distance in advance, and at the same time the air seemed to be alive with cranes. The dog ran toward James, pursued by scores of the birds, which, when James came in view, attacked him, too. His gun was of little use, for the birds were too numerous, and flanked him on every side. He was struck in the back of the neck by the beak of the cranes and knocked down. The blood spurted from a wound like that made by a sharp knife. The blow was probably all that saved James from instant death. The cranes could fight to advantage only from the air, and, as James recovered his wits, he intuitively reached for his gun and opened fire on the birds, keeping it up as long as the supply of cartridges lasted. In the meantime the dog, on reaching

his master, had turned and shown fight, and had been killed. James took the first chance of crawling away in the dense brush. The next morning William Hines and two others went to the rookery, and, being forewarned, were enabled to shoot four of the birds. One of them stood seven feet eight inches high and measured eight feet four inches across the wings.—*Minneapolis Journal.*

## CONVALESCENCE

MARY B. DODGE.

I said: "I cannot wait.  
I seek to do Thy will, but waiting, Lord,  
Is wearier far than working; let Thy word  
Remove from me this fate."

I said: "My heart has faded  
Remembering all the burdens I have borne,  
And how at last I watched, thinking the dawn  
Was near to make me glad.

"I wait to do Thy will.  
I seek no selfish end. I want Thy strength  
To follow and uphold, until at length  
The power to do is still.

"But wait I cannot, Lord;  
For thought and soul and will all burn to do,  
And folded hands seem mockery. Even through  
My pain let me be heard."

And then the answer fell,  
Faintly, yet clear: "O troubled heart, be still,  
And know thy work is but to wait My will  
Till thou art sure 'tis well."

"Poor eager heart and brain,  
Put by all longings, and let patience still  
And faith and quietness thy spirit fill,  
Taking away thy pain."

And so I wait to-day,  
And every day, praying that love divine  
To dwell within and overcome be mine,  
My comfort and sure stay.

And as I wait 'tis here!  
Saviour and Lord, on weary heart and brain  
Falls soft the touch of healing, (ill all pain  
Ends because Thou art near.

Thy love is mine; and now  
Abide with me, my Lord, and I will wait  
Patient and standing still without the gate.  
To Thy sweet will I bow.

—*Christian Advocate.*

## FALTER NOT.

Brother, why art thou despairing,  
Why to phantoms bend the knee,  
Know'st thou not 'tis death to falter  
On the verge of victory?

Then wilt seek in vain for succor  
If thine own arms gather rust;  
'Tis the brave alone who conquer—  
Towards grove in the dust.

Think not Wisdom's golden showers  
Fall by chance, now here, now there;  
Few there be who win her favors,  
Free from toil and studios care;

But with firm and strong endeavor  
All may hope to call her "Friend,"  
Courage thou, she yet may greet thee,  
Ere the march of life shall end.

What if obstacles unnumbered  
Vulture-like, dispute the way?  
Struggle on! above their talons  
Thou canst rise and win the day.

Be thy motto "Forward ever!"  
Till thy standard crowns the height.  
Then, when death bids thee "surrender,"  
God will find thine armor bright.

JOHN FORD.

## Chinese Festival.

I once attended an immense gathering in honor of the God of Medicine, when an offering of two hundred hogs was made. It was on the birthday of the god, and in a grass hut on a mild plateau five miles north of Tamsui the idol was seated. In front of the god, pork, fowl, rice, fish, eggs, tea and spirituous liquors were set. A Taoist priest performed incantations, bowing, chanting and beseeching the god to be favorable, and to partake of the feast provided. Fragrant incense-sticks were burned, and at intervals mock money was offered. Outside the hut men were busy preparing the great feast for the god. Two hundred dressed hogs, on frames prepared for the purpose, were ranged all around in rows, an orange in the mouth of each, and a large knife stuck in the back of the neck. These hogs varied in weight from fifty to four hundred and eighty pounds. Fully four thousand men, women and children were present, each family displaying its own articles to the best advantage. In the evening torches, music and theatrical performances added to the honor of the poor camphor-wood god in the grass hut.

The most elaborate and hideous scene I ever witnessed was the "Seventh Moon Feast." The Seventh Month was the time for making offerings to all departed spirits. It was a time of great festivity and excitement. The custom prevailed in all the cities and towns in North Formosa of erecting in an open space of several acres, great cone-like structures of bamboo poles, from five to ten feet in diameter at the base, and sometimes fifty or sixty feet high. Around these cones, from bottom to top, innumerable quantities of food, offered to the spirits, were laid in rows. There were ducks and small-pow, dead and alive, pork, fish, cakes, fruit, bananas, pineapples, and all manner of delicacies in season; and fastened everywhere in the mass were hundreds of huge fire-crackers. On one occasion I saw fifty such cones at a feast at Cank-kah. It was a gruesome sight. When night came on and the time for summoning the spirits approached, the cones were illuminated by dozens of lighted candles. Then the priests took up their position on a raised platform, and by clapping their hands and sounding a large brass gong they called the spirits of all the departed to come and feast on the food provided.

"Out of the night and the other world," the lead were given time to come and to gorge themselves on the "spiritual" part of the feast, he essence, that was suited to their ethereal requirements. Meanwhile a very unspiritual mob, thousands and thousands of hungry beggars, rags, blackless, desperadoes of all sorts, from the country towns, the city slums, or venturing under cover of the night from their hiding-places among the hills—surged and swelled in every part of the open space, impatiently waiting their turn at the feast. When the spirits had consumed the "spiritual" part, the "carnal" was the property of the mob, and the mob quite approved of this division. But the time seemed long. At length the spirits were satisfied, and the gong was sounded once more. That was the signal for the mob; and scarcely had the first stroke fallen when that whole scene was one mass of arms and legs and tongues. Screaming, cursing, howling like demons of the pit, they all joined in the onset. A rush was made for the cones, and those nearest seized the little ones, who came to us in their hour of trouble and fear, and how tenderly we gather them in our arms and comfort them with our words of love and cheer.

to the ground. Then it was every man for himself. In one wild scurrying, groaning, and yelling all the while, trampling on those who had lost their footing or were smothered by the falling cones, fighting and tearing one another like mad dogs, they all made for the coveted food. It was a very hellum, and the wildness of the scene was enhanced by the irregular explosion of the fire-crackers, and the death groan of some one worsted in the fray. As each sensed what he could carry, he tried to extricate himself from the mob, hoisting fast the treasures for which he had fought, and of which the less successful in the outskirts of the crowd would vainly plunder him. Escaping the mob, he hurried to his home, expecting every moment to be attacked by those who thought it easier to waylay and rob the solitary sportsman than to join in the general scramble on the plain.

One cannot estimate the demoralizing effects of such feasts; and it is to the credit of that progressive reformer, Liu Ming Chuan, that the barbarities of the "Seventh Moon Feast," have been entirely abolished in Formosa. Such a sight as has been described will never again be witnessed there.

## "As One Whom His Mother Comforteth."

At a summer resort, not long since, a clergyman and a lady sat on the piazza of the hotel. The lady's heart was heavily burdened, and she talked of her sorrows to the aged minister, who tried to lead her in her hour of need to the Great Comforter.

His efforts seemed to be in vain. The lady had heard all her life of the promise that if a tired soul casts its burdens on the Lord it will be sustained, no matter how heavy that burden may be, but she seemed to lack the faith to cast herself upon the Lord.

A half-hour later a severe thunder-storm came up in the western sky. With the first flash of lightning, the mother jumped out of her chair and ran up and down the piazza, exclaiming, "Where is Freddie? Where is Freddie? He is so terribly frightened in a thunder-storm I don't know what he will do without me."

In a few moments afterward her boy came running up the walk, almost breathless and his face plainly showing the great fear that was in his heart. "Oh, mother," he exclaimed, "I was so frightened, I ran just as fast as ever I could to get to you!" The mother sat down and took the frightened child into her arms. She allayed his fear and quieted him until his head rested calmly on her loving heart.

The good minister stepped up gently, and putting his hand on the mother's shoulder, he whispered, "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you" (Isaiah, lxxvi: 13).

"I understand it now," she replied, as she looked up with tearful face. "I did not trust Him as my boy trusts me, but now I will throw myself into his arms as a little child, and remember his promise, 'As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you.' I never felt the depth of Divine love as shown in that promise before."

May we not all, as mothers, learn the meaning of this precious promise? We know how full our hearts are of love and sympathy for the little ones, who come to us in their hour of trouble and fear, and how tenderly we gather them in our arms and comfort them with our words of love and cheer.

Is it not strange that, with this sweet, practical demonstration of truth in our daily lives

with our children, we so often forget the precious promise, and try to struggle on alone with our burdens of sorrow and fear?

"As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you; and ye shall be comforted in Jerusalem."—Isaiah lxxvi: 13.—*School.*

Edward Baileys, in replying to one who had brought slanderous accusations against Friends, thus describes their views as to the value of learning and the expounding of Scriptures:

"Learning in itself is a gift of God, and is not profane, though, as to the knowledge of God and the things of his Kingdom, learning in tongues and languages is little available; for it is the Spirit of God that teaches the things of God and reveals all the things of his Kingdom, and none can know God but as the Spirit of God discover Him; for the disciples, who were some of them unlearned men, and books and letters, had the knowledge of the matters of God's Kingdom taught them by the Holy Spirit. And such as have the gift of the Spirit of God, he they poor or rich, are fitted to expound and understand the Scriptures; for none can understand the Scriptures nor the things therein declared, out by the Spirit of God that gave forth the Scriptures, and it is not Latin, Greek nor Hebrew that teacheth to understand the Scriptures; out it is the Spirit of God, and to whomsoever that spirit is given, and God gives it to whom He pleaseth, they only are fit to declare the things of God unto others, and to expound Scriptures, and none else; but them who have experience of the operation of the Spirit in their own hearts. And this we hold and believe."

"THE LORD IS CAST INTO THE LAMP: BUT THE WHOLE DISPOSING THEREOF IS OF THE LORD."—We know here the true reason for the almost universal appeal to the learning Eastern peoples. They wish to have decisions free from all the suspicious influences to which the delicacies of men, on a liberal education and past, in bias and prejudice, have given so much food. To this day the A. B. degree is a certificate of learning, not clear which way a right to make, with happy confidence, with its staff and scepter, and follows the direction in which the Lord will, as the power by the finger of God.—*Sunday School Times.*

## THE FRIEND

NINTH MONTH 26, 1896

The action of our paper seems to be pressing through a process of stripping, as one after another is removed from our those who by submission to Divine truth had become useful instruments in upbuilding sound doctrines, in spreading a knowledge of the principles of the Gospel, and in contending against those things which prey on the spiritual life of the community. It is natural for the concerned members to lament over this removal of veteran warriors, and to adopt the plaintive language, "By whom shall Justice arise?"

But it is well to remember that it was by the operation of the grace of God that these were prepared for usefulness in the Church and in the world; and that the same Divine power is able to qualify others and make of them instruments equally valuable, if they will yield themselves thoroughly to the disposal of their Father in heaven.

Many of those whom we can recall as dignified instruments of good, were trained up in families where self-denial was inculcated, and the welfare of the Church was a prominent consideration. By their fruits shall ye know them. It speaks well for Friends of a past generation, that those brought up under their influence became such noble and dignified servants of the Lord as were many whom we have known. In many families of Friends of the present day indulgences and liberties are allowed which would not have been permitted among their worthy predecessors; and there is a danger that the children will come to think of pleasures and amusements as the chief end of life. It would be marvellous indeed, if such a training should produce a generation of unworthy men and women, devoted to the cause of Christ, and to the welfare of their fellow-beings.

The Meeting for Sufferings of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting have just issued a new edition of the Memoirs of "Stephen Grellet." These Memoirs are principally from his own hand, and relate the remarkable circumstances attending his early conversion and conversion, and his subsequent history, which was a very unusual one. In the exercise of his gift as a minister of the Gospel, he labored extensively in Canada, the United States and the West Indies; and also in Great Britain and the continent of Europe. He was preserved among many dangers by remarkable manifestations of the superintending care and guidance of the Divine Power which sent him forth; and was enabled to proclaim the Divine messages with acceptance in many of the courts of Europe, to princes and kings, as well as to many of their subjects. The book is a very instructive one, illustrating as it does with much clearness the fundamental principles of Christianity, as ever held by the Society of Friends. We regard it as a work well calculated for circulation outside of our membership as well as among our own people, conveying clear doctrinal instruction, and many practical illustrations of the manner in which the Head of the Church leads and preserves his servants.

This edition differs from the original one edited by Benjamin Seeborn, principally in the omission of much of the correspondence appended by him to the Journal, in the insertion of parts of the Memorial of S. Grellet prepared by Burlington Monthly Meeting, and in the addition of an Index.

The book forms one volume of nine hundred and thirty-eight pages octavo, and is sold in cloth binding at one dollar and a half per copy; bound in half-morocco at two dollars. It can be obtained of Joseph Hall at Friends' Book Store, 304 Arch Street, Philadelphia. If sent by mail, the postage will be twenty-three cents additional.

#### SUMMARY OF EVENTS.

**UNITED STATES.**—The *Baldwin Locomotive Works* in this city has received an order for eight locomotives for the Imperial Railway of China, the only railroad in the Chinese Empire.

The *Board of General Council* has enacted a law declaring all discoveries of coal, minerals and other things of value made by citizens of the Christian Nation to be the property of the discoverers, and their heirs or assigns, if they are citizens of the Nation.

**South County, Kansas,** has an unparalleled crop, some fields yielding an average of seventy-five bushels to the acre, and a heavy one falling below that figure.

The buckwheat crop in the blue mountains of Ore-

gon is enormous this year. Every bush is loaded, and the berries are said to be so thick on Black Mountain that the cattle that range are all stained purple from walking through and lying down in the patches.

The grape-growers of Northern Ohio are afflicted with a big crop. The vines are black with the fruit, which is selling at five cents a basket of ten pounds in the vineyards. There is no profit in such a price. Many of the vines are so much rotted and the picking as much more. It is said that no more grapes will be sent to market, but that the remainder of the crop would be sold to winemakers. This year's crop is the heaviest ever known in that section of the country.

The only gold-bearing mines of importance in this country are located in Southern California.

Enoch Pratt, the distinguished banker, merchant and philanthropist, died on the evening of the 17th instant, at his country residence, near Baltimore, aged eighty-eight years.

Florida's last-number number two hundred and sixteen, more than half of them being in three counties. The State's revenue from them is \$10,000.

On the 21st instant, Governor Hastings of Pennsylvania, seized the prison of John Bardsley, and he was released on the 22nd. It is said Bardsley suffered a stroke of paralysis last week, and this hastened the Governor's action.

The following table last week numbered 427, which is 42 more than the previous week and 61 more than the corresponding week of 1849. Of the whole number 214 were males and 213 females; 37 died of pneumonia; 36 of consumption; 26 of heart disease; 26 of cholera in infancy; 19 of inflammation of the brain; 19 of cancer; 17 of convulsions; 17 of apoplexy; 16 of diphtheria; 14 of measles; 14 of marasmus; 13 of nephritis; 12 of old age; and 10 of typhoid fever.

**MARKETS.**—W. M. S. 2 1/4; A. 93; 4's, reg. 106 1/2; com'n, 107 1/4; 1848; 4's, new, 115 1/4; 115; 5's, 110 1/4; currency, 6% 100 a 105.

**COTTON.**—Midling uplands, 8 1/2c. per pound.

**FEED.**—Winter horn in bulk, quoted \$8 25 to \$9 50, and spring do., in sacks, at \$8 25 to \$9 50 per ton.

**FRATS.**—Winter super, 8 1/2c. to \$2 15; extra, 8 1/2c. to \$2 15; Pennsylvania roller, clear, \$2 90 a \$3 10; do., do., straight, \$3 15 a \$3 40; Western winter, clear, \$2 90 a \$3 10; do., do., do., straight, \$3 15 a \$3 40; do., do., patent, \$3 40 a \$3 60; spring, clear, \$2 50 a \$2 75; do., straight, \$2 50 a \$3 40; do., patent, \$3 40 a \$3 60; do., do., do., extra, \$3 15 a \$3 40; do., do., do., \$2 25 to \$3, clear, \$2 15 a \$3 10; do., do., do., \$3 25 to \$3 45; do., patent, \$3 50 a \$3 75. **RYE FLOUR.**—\$2 25 to 2 35 per barrel for fair to choice Pennsylvania.

**GRAIN.**—No. 2 red wheat, 64 a 6 1/4c.

No. 2 mixed corn, 25 a 2 1/2c.

No. 2 white oats, 24 a 2 1/4c.

**BEEF CATTLE.**—Extra, 4 1/4 a 4 1/2; good, 4 1/4 a 4 1/2; medium, 3 1/4 a 4; common, 3 1/4 a 3 1/2.

**SHEEP AND LAMBS.**—Extra, 3 1/4; good, 3 1/4; medium, 2 1/2 a 2 1/2; common, 2 1/2; colts, 1 1/4; lambs, 3 a 5c.

**HOGS.**—Western, 5 1/2 a 5 1/2c. State, 4 1/2c.

**FOREIGN.**—A dispatch dated the 21st instant, from London, says: "A meeting held to-night in Shore-ditch to protest against the massacre of Christians by Turks, a most important announcement was made, which, it is believed, puts an end to all conjecture regarding the action that might be taken by the British Government in the direction of putting an end to the massacres by force or depositing the Sultan. The statement was made by Mr. John Lewis, member of the House of Commons for the Haggerston district of Shore-ditch. He said that if England had a free hand in the matter, very few days would elapse before there would be a change in Turkey. He then added that he was authorized by the Foreign Office to say that Great Britain was confirmed in an agreement between the British Powers, that if she attacked Turkey on any excuse or pretext she would have to face that combination. If she fired a single shot, or took action alone, it would mean that at that moment there would be a European war."

"The whole English nation," observes the London edition of the *New York Tribune*, "is united in a deep feeling of abhorrence to the crime and the outrage of Turkey. Neither leaders nor mass meetings are needed to express this righteous feeling. It is the strongest in the north of England, Wales and Scotland, but is a weak or uncertain anywhere. The 'unspeakable Turk' has no friend in England, except, possibly, the few who are absorbed in the English people's unanimous in desiring the deposition of the Sultan and the abolition of massacre and outrage,

and the Government of the day is not arrayed against this policy. It is Russia this time that condones assassination, arbitrary or arbitrary execution, and the Continental Powers are unwilling to be convinced that England is sincere and disinterested."

The Porte has received an official report stating that six hundred persons were killed by Kurds in the recent disturbances at Egoin. It is feared that massacres will soon take place in other districts of Asia Minor.

A dispatch from Constantinople of the 18th instant states that a number of Sofias (theological students) and members of the Young Turkey party had a desperate fight in Galata on Fourth-day. Fifteen of the combatants were killed. The dispatch adds that many of the archives of the British Embassy have been destroyed, and the safety of the British garrison in the Bosphorus.

A telegram from London says: "It begins to appear as though Tynan had purchased his freedom by divulging the details of the conspiracy. It is now thought that he will not be extradited, chiefly because the English authorities do not want to push the case against him."

According to the official reports of the Japanese Government, the Island Empire contains 62,520 teachers.

Owing to the orders of the Spanish Government in relation to the issue of paper money, business in Havana is said to be paralyzed. The civil government requested the Spanish Government to enforce acceptance of said money, but the refusal to make any transaction.

It is stated that, among other measures which General Weyler thinks of adopting as a prelude to the campaign in Cuba, is a revocation of the edict of pardon, and the obliging of families having connections in the ranks of the rebels to move into other provinces, and making also the concentration in villages obligatory, considering all persons found in the country enemies or supporters of the enemy.

The new law requiring the use of the metric system of weights and measures is now being enacted in Mexico.

#### RECEIPTS.

Unless otherwise specified, two dollars have been received from each person, paying for vol. 70.

Sallie T. Hoopes, Pa., Charles Strokes, Agent, N. J., for Richard Haines; Maria S. Reeve, N. J., and for Richardson S. Reeve, Phila.; Chas. Wright, Jr., N. Y.; James Jones, Pa.; Sarah A. Allen, Phila.; Samuel Williams, N. J.; Ezra N. Angle, N. J.; and Joseph P. Engle; Jonathan Chace, N. J.; Levi S. Thomas, John G. Haines and Thomas W. Fisher, Pa.; Henry Bell, Agent, Ireland, £9 12s, being 10s. each for himself, John Adair, Daniel Alsbury, Wm. Boncher, John Douglas, John Dognid, Scotland, Forster Green, James Green, John H. Green, Susanna Grob, T. M. Houghton, James Hudson, Henry A. Uppichard, Susan Williams, William White, Thos. R. White, Charles F. Wakefield, and £1 for Charles Elcock and 2s. for Thomas W. Barnes, Anstralia; Wilson Hodgkin, Ia.; David Heston, Phila., and for Charles B. Heston; Norris J. Scott, Agent, Pa., and for Elizabeth Jones, Wm. Trumble, and Wm. Pratt, to No. 13, vol. 71; Merry W. Allen, N. J.; Wm. H. Moon, Pa.; Jas. M. Moon, Pa.; Philena Y. Smedley, Pa.; Wm. Stanton, Agent, for Jas. Henderson, O.; A. J. Smith, Agent, for Hannah Hinshaw, Kan.; Anne E. Howell, Gtn., and for Aubrey Howell; Arnold Haight, Canada, and for Lydia Clayton, Sebun Frances Jones, Wm. Jones, Jr., N. Y.; Mrs. E. J. Mills, Ia.; Sarah L. Evans, N. J., and for Clayton L. Evans, Cal.; Seth Shaw, Agent, O., for Jesse Edger-ton and W. M. Hall; Henry B. Leeds, Agent, N. Y., for Daniel G. Garwood and Abbie M. Garwood; Mary Ann Jones, Gtn., for Arthur Leeds Nicholson, N. Y., and Elijah Johnston, N. C.; Miriam Treuch, O., per Stephen D. Holgate, Anna H. H. Pa.

*Remittances received after Third-day evening will not appear in the Receipts until the following week.*

#### NOTICES.

A Friend wishes a position as housekeeper, companion, or assistant, either in household duties or office work. Address B. M., office of THE FRIEND.

DEAD at her home in Woodbury, N. J., on Eighth Month 13th, 1850, in her eightieth year, SARAH M. TATUM, widow of Wm. R. Tatum, an elder of Woodbury Monthly Meeting. "And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: yea, saith the Spirit, that they shall rest from their labors; and their works do follow them."



# THE FRIEND.

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## Prayer and Letters of Deborah Brooks Webb.

(Continued from page 74.)

1855.—Fourth Month 1st.—First-day. Silent meeting. Last Fourth-day was Monthly Meeting at Birmingham. Oh! it was a favored time. Dear friend H. Gibbons quoted the passage where the disciples queried, while Jesus was in the hinder part of the vessel asleep, "Lord, arrest thou not that we perish?" Said much that was encouraging, closing with, "He hears the secret supplication of the contrite soul." He shortly afterwards rose again, addressing the young encouragingly. Next, P. W. Roberts rose, saying, "The Lord is good," etc. Then dear ——— said he believed there were some who would have to acknowledge that the Lord had not dealt with them according to their deserts, but according to his great mercy, they have been watered and dug about from time to time; still the husbandman would listen to the request to let them stand, and would chastise or lig about them still longer. He quoted the passage, "I heard Ephraim bemoaning himself, 'Thou hast chastened me, and I was chastised, as a bullock unaccustomed to the yoke,' recommending the prayer, 'Turn thou me, and I shall be turned.' Oh! I need it and did try in meeting to-day to use it; and to say, behold he clay, be thou the potter. It did seem to me, that I did feel the good presence, poor and unworthy, but I have done one thing wrong since meeting. I wish I could cease from reasoning. Shortly after, P. W. R. appeared in supplication for us, again quoting the language, 'Turn us, and we shall be turned.' In the last meeting friend Gibbons spoke again to the young, saying, "She felt there had been a fresh renewal of heavenly visitation, and encouraged us to treasure these feelings.

8th.—Dear ——— spoke, saying "That many of us feel that the Almighty is very powerful, that He is clothed with honor and majesty, that He covereth himself with light as with a garment; who stretcheth out the heavens like a curtain; who layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters, who maketh the clouds his chariots, who walketh upon the wings of the wind, who maketh his angels spirits and his ministers a flame of fire," and that feeling so, we might be ready to query, "Wherewith shall I come

before the Lord, or bow myself before the high God?" "Shall I come before Him with burnt offerings," etc. These are not wanted, but a contrite heart will be heard. To this man will I look, even to him that is of a contrite spirit, and trembleth at my word. "Cease from man whose breath is in his nostrils, for wherein is he to be accounted of?" Oh, I was trying to petition my God to save me and cast me off, for the sake of his dear Son, whose Spirit strived with me, while I resist so long. I am glad that I can have a quiet mind with the approaching Yearly Meeting. Some say that there will be a separation, and oh, if I can only be of the little lowly, meek and humble company who walk in the daily cross, in the Spirit and power of Christ, this is all I ask, for if we follow Him as He leads, He will surely receive us when we die.

16th.—Yesterday I was at the North Meeting. It was so good to me.

In the morning Morris Cope spoke first, "When the poor and needy seek water and there is none, and their tongue faileth for thirst, I the Lord will hear them, I the Lord of Israel will not forsake them," that He who was with Daniel in the lion's den, and with the three children in the fiery furnace, would be with those who were his. Then Enos Lee asked why we did not turn our minds inward and there seek for that which would be a comfort to us now, and would go with us to our homes. Seek, seek earnestly. Soon dear E. Pittfield knelt, "Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me."

In the afternoon meeting I did try to turn inward and repent, and it was brought before me, that I ought to take up the cross in some points, and I was fearing for my strength to do it when dear Abigail Williams rose, saying, "She felt it right to say to a deeply exercised, tried and discouraged mind present, that the good things promised them would be received."

Next Enos Lee so encouragingly said, "it was such a great favor that we could have the spirit within to teach us what we ought to do, and that we did not have to go to an outward teacher, and more that was so good to me, about our dear Saviour who is willing to save, and his strength for us all.

Then dear Phebe W. Roberts said, "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble." "Put on strength and journey forward; thou hast encompassed this mountain long enough." I felt this last and could take it, for I know that I have felt that there was a mountain in the way, that I ought to go over, taking up my cross, it is full time.

Second-day morning, we had a quiet, comfortable meeting, but the men had difficulty about reading the Ohio and Baltimore epistles, and did not get out until about half-past three o'clock. On Third-day morning we had a good meeting. Dear Sarah Hillman spoke, urging us to inwardly search ourselves, using the language, "Wash me, cleanse me," Oh! I needed to use it. Then Hannah Haines spoke of the

woman that was healed by touching the hem of the Saviour's garment, if we only come unto Him, He would heal us from sin. Dear P. W. Roberts said addressing the young, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." Dear Lydia Kite spoke about superfluities, and having daguerotypes taken, after E. Evans had said something of the kind so excellently. On Fifth-day I attended the North Meeting. I feel myself to be so unworthy and so mercifully dealt with.

This was my birth-day, twenty-five years old. How little we have I been of to my Heavenly Father during all my life. Oh, I do desire to take up the cross. I am afraid I shall be lost at last.

First, Morris Cope spoke encouragingly, next ——— desiring us to pray for the peace of our spiritual Zion and say, "Here am I, send me," recommending the same language to the young, "Thou hast chastised me, and I was chastised, turn thou me, and I shall be turned, for thou art the Lord my God."

Enos Lee spoke of the prophet Isaiah refusing to go as the Lord commanded, hoping that none of us might be plucked into the like distress by disobeying my Heavenly Father. H. Warrington spoke of our being purified as silver, all the dross and reprobate silver to be consumed.

Dear H. Gibbons spoke encouragingly to the young, and on the last day of the meeting dear Phebe Roberts supplicated for us, that those whom He had laid his hand upon might be strengthened.

22nd.—Dear ——— spoke in our meeting of the "leaven which a woman took and hid in three measures of meal till the whole was leavened," carrying the similitude farther than I ever heard before—that after being put into the meal it has to be kneaded and watched; so our Heavenly Father watches over and corrects us, watches when we are in a proper state to be put into the oven. Be willing to go into the oven, even if it seemed to be heated seven times hotter than usual, for that which is continually worked without baking becomes sour. He addressed the young, desiring us to give up, "No chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous," "Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth and scourgeth, every one whom He receiveth." Some will have to acknowledge they have not been dealt with after their deserts. We have had line upon line, and precept upon precept.

29th.—One year ago dear friend Jelfers was very ill and on First-day she quietly departed. It is a sad anniversary, particularly to Anne. We had such a favored meeting to-day. Dear Hannah Gibbons said, "Ye cannot serve God and mammon, encouraging to greater dedication, giving the whole heart. God is very powerful. He will strengthen. Apply to Him daily for strength, to enable us to keep covenant with Him. Walk in the narrow way, the way of the cross. Pray unto Him for strength, for He has said, "To this man will I look, even

to him that is poor and of a contrite spirit, and trembleth at my word." Soon after dear — appeared in fervent supplication, "Paul may plant and Apollus water, but God alone giveth the increase." He petitioned for us to be strengthened, shielded from the fiery dart of the enemy, and for the church to be restored. Answer his petition, Most Holy Father, and grant strength unto me, if I resist after so great mercies, how shall I escape. Look prayerfully unto God and my Saviour every day. Turn my back upon the world.

Fifth Month 7th.—Silent meeting to-day. I did try to walk in the fear of the Lord, the first part of the week; the fear of being singular, thus shunning the cross, brought darkening trouble and anguish upon me. I tried to wait upon my Heavenly Father in the first part of the meeting, but He seemed a great way off from me. In great mercy He humbled me to resolve to follow his leadings and then drew nearer to me. Oh, that I may not sin again in any way.

15th.—We sat in silence a long time, and then a Friend spoke to some not in membership with us, addressing them particularly. Said it was a plain way; our Heavenly Father was nearer to us than many of us could think; the Holy Spirit would show us how sinful we were, and when we hungered and thirsted we would be given the righteousness of faith. There was more very applicable, but this part I felt that I wanted to help me along to greater dedication.

This afternoon in reading the prayer of Jabez it seemed to be one that I could adopt, "Oh that thou wouldst bless me indeed and enlarge my coast, and that thy hand might be with me and that thou wouldst keep me from evil, that it may not grieve me." And God granted him that which he requested. John said, "The word is nigh thee in thy heart and in thy mouth, this word of faith which we preach." The Light shineth in darkness, and the darkness comprehendeth it not." George Fox said, That light brought sight, and sight brought a knowledge of sin. Oh, that I may feel God near me.

20th.—Silent meeting. I tried to beg of my Heavenly Father to make me what He would have me to be. I am so prone to sin. On Third-day was our Quarterly Meeting. It was so good to me. Wm. and Elizabeth Evans were there. Elizabeth Evans spoke first, "If ye then being evil, know how to give good things to your children, how much more shall your Heavenly Father give his Holy Spirit to them that ask Him." She spoke so encouragingly to the young. Believe in Him and obey Him; He is very near to such, though their language may be, "Carest thou not that we perish?" We could feel his presence, but our sins separate us from our God as a thick cloud.

William Evans said, "The salvation of our souls was as dear to our Heavenly Father as ever it was. We must obey the Light within or else it will be withdrawn from us, and we will be left to go from sin to sin; if we obey it, it will increase. For what we give up in this world, He will give us himself, and we shall feel joy in his presence." I beseech of thee, Heavenly Father, make me what thou wouldst have me to be, and give me an obedient heart. Oh, grant me thy good spirit.

In the last meeting dear Phebe W. Roberts spoke of a vine, which had been planted and watered by our Heavenly Father, but when He came to look for fruit it yielded none, then it was laid open to the attacks of its enemies, and cared for no more. She hoped this would

not be the case with any of her young friends. If we will obey and bring all the tithes into his store house, "He will open you the windows of heaven and pour you out a blessing that there shall not be room enough to receive it. There was another class to whom she wished to say "That though their beloved seemed absent from them, yet if they will abide in the patience, He will come unto them in his own good time.

Sixth Month 3rd.—Silent Meeting. Anne Sheppard went away on a journey last Fifth-day. Now we are alone, I do want to resist temptation and walk with a dedicated heart before thee, Oh, Lord.

(To be continued.)

### Warned in a Dream.

Both Scripture and experience teach us that though "a dream cometh through the multitude of business," and is often but the broken minglings of fantastic fancies, yet there are times when men are warned of God in dreams, as in the case of Joseph, and to disregard such warnings is dangerous in the extreme. The eminent English evangelist, William Haslam, relates the following instance, which occurred within his own circle of acquaintance:

"A careless, worldly man in my parish dreamt one night that he was in the market-hall of a certain town. He was surprised to see in a wall a doorway which he had never noticed before, so much so that he went forward to examine it, and found that it really was a door, and that it opened to his touch. He went inside, and there he saw an impressive and strange scene. There were a number of men and women walking about, who appeared to be very woful and in great agony of pain. They were too distressed to speak, but he recognized most of them as persons who had been dead some time. They looked mournfully at him, as if sorry he had come there, but did not speak. He was much alarmed, and made his way back to the door to escape, but he was stopped by a stern, sullen-looking porter, who said, in a sepulchral voice, 'You cannot pass.' He said, 'I came in this way, and I want to go out.' 'You cannot,' said, the solemn voice. 'Look, the door only opens one way; you may come in by it, but you cannot go out.' It was so, and his heart sank within him as he looked at that mysterious portal. At last the porter relented, and as a special favor let him go forth for eight days. He was so glad at his release that he awoke.

"When he told me the dream I warned him and begged him to give his heart to God. 'You may die,' I said, 'before the eighth day.' He laughed at the idea, and said he was 'not going to be frightened by a dream.' 'When I am converted,' he continued, 'I hope I shall be able to say that I was drawn by love, not driven by fear.' 'But what,' I said, 'if you have been neglecting and slighting God's love for a long time, and he is now moving you with fear to return to Him?' 'Nothing would do, he turned a deaf ear to every entreaty. When the eighth day arrived, being market-day, he went to the hall as usual, and looked at the wall of which he had dreamed, with particular interest, but seeing no door there, he exclaimed, 'It's all right; now I will go and have a good dinner over it, with a bottle of wine!'

"Whether he stopped at one bottle or not I cannot tell, but late on Saturday night, as he was going home, he was thrown from his horse and killed. This was the end of the eighth day."—*The Christian*.

FOR "THE FRIEND."

### The Atlantic Mail Service.

Couriers for conveyance of letters for kings and princes are as old as kingdoms themselves, for it became necessary to carry the decrees of rulers to the distant province with the utmost speed. The Romans were the first among the ancients to establish a post-office system, and hence the "royal ways" were established, all leading to Rome, from the most distant provinces, on which letters could be transferred at a rate of one hundred and sixty miles per day. As the Roman power declined, the roads became deserted, and the Dark Ages finally removed the last vestiges of Roman civilization. The universities which sprung up had at an early date rudimentary postal establishments.

England at an early day established postal stations for the transportation of mail to the Continent and the infant colonies beyond the sea. As early as 1639 it was "ordered that at Richard Fairbank's, in Boston, is the place appointed for all letters which are brought from beyond the sea or are to be sent thither, to be left with him. He is allowed for each letter a penny, and must answer all miscarriages through his own neglect." The colonial law of Virginia, in 1657, required every planter to provide a messenger to convey dispatches, as they arrived, to the next planter, on pain of forfeiting a hog-head of tobacco in default.

Benjamin Franklin did more for the postal service in this country than any other man, having been connected with the postal work for forty years, and it was due to his untiring energy, in a great measure, that the Atlantic mail service was established; however, only with small beginnings. The person who now crosses in one of the Atlantic mail liners will be surprised at the amount of mail carried, and the perfection with which the complicated system works.

When one receives a letter from across the waters, he will be puzzled many times at various markings there are on a letter—every black mark having some hidden meaning. "London and Holyhead, T. P. O., U. S. Mail," is often seen stamped on a letter. "London and Holyhead" simply means that the letter was sent by rail from Euston Station, London, to Holyhead, in Wales, while "T. P. O." is a short way of expressing "Travelling Post Office;" while another, expressing "Posted Without Late Fee," means that the sender of the letter was too late to catch the last American mail at the post office and came to the station to post the letter, and forgot to place a two-penny stamp upon the envelope, to pay the extra government fee. In this country, posting a letter on trains does not cost anything extra. "Tax" simply means that the sender did not put enough postage on, and the receiver in America must pay the extra amount on account of his friends' forgetfulness on the other side.

It is well known that a great deal of rivalry exists between English and American steamship companies about the carrying of mail, for the company which has the contract gets a handsome subsidy from the government. Nearly all the mail from America to England is at present carried by the American Line, while the English mail for America is mostly carried by the Cunard and White Star Lines. On account of this rivalry, we have this constant racing across the Atlantic, in order to see which line can carry the mail to its destination in the shortest possible time.

The regular mail from Great Britain for

America leaves London on Fourth and Seventh-ays, by special train for Holyhead, via St. George's Channel for Dublin, and from there, by train, for Queenstown, to board a Cunard or White Star steamer stopping for mail on their way to New York. Mails are also forwarded from Southampton, by the American and North German Lloyd Lines, on the same days, but letters intended for these lines must be marked by the sender, "via Southampton," or else they will be carried by the English liners. If a letter is marked "By S. S. St. Paul," "St. Louis," &c., the letter must be carried by that boat, although it may lay in dock for a week, and not be able to sail on schedule time. The scene at New York, Southampton, Queenstown or London, on the day of departing and arriving of the transatlantic mail, is one of intense activity, and long to be remembered by one unaccustomed to such excitement. In New York harbor, on the morning of the sailing, the excitement is intense while it lasts, and in a few minutes four or five hundred large bags are loaded without much ceremony or noise. In London it is different in the afternoons on the days named. About four o'clock in the afternoon, red vans without number roll noisily into the Euston Square Station from various parts of the vast city, with American mail, just in time to reach the fast mail for Holyhead. As the mail is unloaded, persons from various strata of society come running along, with letters in their hands, and line up in front of an office for a pay an extra two-pence into the so-called "Late-fee Box," before the letters will be accepted. At just four o'clock Greenwich time, he "Late-fee Office" closes, regardless of the number of delinquents ready to avail themselves of the opportunity of even paying for being late. However, the late-comer is given yet another opportunity, for he now can approach the train where a bag is hung direct to the train, where the letters are dropped till the very last minute of the departure of the train. Officers of various descriptions parade the walks and give commands. Just at the very last minute, an officer high in rank makes his appearance, and officers and workmen give him room, on entering the train, without any questioning. He is the messenger from the Colonial Office, with the latest decrees, instructions, etc., from the Home Office to the Colonial Secretaries in the various parts of the British possessions in the Western world. A receipt is given for these documents, and when he is done the train pulls out of the station and on to Holyhead, some two hundred and sixty miles distant, without delay. The mail clerks begin their work on leaving London, and are hardly through with it on reaching Holyhead. They must stamp, weigh, sort several thousand letters and packages, and must be as familiar with every city in the United States and Canada as the average politician with the wards of his town. After sorting, the wrapping up begins, and when they are marked the work of the postal clerks for that trip is ended. All letters to Chicago, St. Louis or Montreal are marked for those places, and will go direct. Others again are marked "Chicago, forward," which means that the mail in that package shall be opened in Chicago and sent to the various places within a radius of a hundred miles or more of that city. It would be an impossibility to sort all the mail for all the cities in the country. Thus, a letter addressed to Ohio or Indiana will be carried to Chicago and then back again to the place of destination. At Holyhead the mail has been placed in leather

bags, and in a few minutes put on board a packet steamer. Officers have numbers of all letters, numbers of bags, the delays along the way and reasons for same. The packet speeds across the Channel for Dublin, and the mail is placed on a train, which carries the load of mail at a fast rate to Queenstown. As the train whistles for the station, the large Cunarder lies waiting in the beautiful harbor, whistling now and then, to urge the fast-moving train to still greater speed. A tender lies ready to receive the precious cargo, and a score or more of Erin's sons are hard at work running with the mail-bags from the train for the tender, and when the last bag is on board, the little steamer glides swiftly towards the larger liner, a gangway is thrown out, and the chief postal mail officer is the first one on board, who brings the latest dispatches from the British Government, and for which the captain must give a personal receipt that he has received the same, and promising that he will carry the same safely to their destination. In a few minutes the mail is on board, the great steamer gives a final whistle, its huge engines are set in motion, and across the Atlantic speeds the vessel, with tons of mail for the American people. The scene on arrival in Southampton is equally interesting. As soon as Lizard's Head is sighted, a telegram is sent by the light-house officials to London. The London banker and merchant are busy figuring and planning what news will be brought of their investments in the Far West, while the London rag-picker, unknown to the world, wonders when that son will write of his successes and disasters in the mining camps of the West. And perhaps that very ship carries a kindly letter and a check from the son and pre-paid tickets, that the family shall come on the next steamer, for he has struck it rich, and will support them all. Before the Needles are reached, the sailors have gotten all the mail on deck, ready for delivery, and on landing at the pier at Southampton the mail is carried into the train standing in waiting. In fifteen minutes five or six hundred bags have been placed on the train, and it speeds away to London, without stop, with all the mail for Great Britain, Scandinavia, Russia, Finland and Iceland, and from those points it is sent to the various countries.

With the increase of amount of mail, the cost of transportation has become correspondingly cheaper. From one to two dollars was paid for the carrying of a letter from America to the European countries. In 1865 the postage was fixed at twenty-four cents from America to England, which was thought very cheap, while if the letter should be carried to the Continent, twice that amount was charged. Even at that rate six million letters were sent in 1865. In 1874, the International Postal Union was formed, making the rate five cents per half ounce to any part of the world included in the Union, and in that year twenty million letters were transported across the seas, and the trans-Atlantic mail has gradually increased since then. By the report of 1890, the United States alone sent to foreign countries, 41,273,312 pieces, letters, parcels, etc., weighing 3,950,791 pounds, while the amount of postage paid was \$1,819,143.24, and it is estimated in England that twenty-three per cent. of the letters received from abroad come from the United States, while twenty per cent. of all mail sent from Old England is addressed to this country. Hence the amount and the importance of our Atlantic mail.

Time was when a letter would not reach England in less than three weeks. Now the distance between New York and Southampton can be made in six days, while a letter can be sent from New York via London and the Continent, and will return by way of San Francisco in forty-four days.

Out of this mass of mail very little is lost. Thousands upon thousands of dollars in money-orders and checks are sent to and from these two worlds every few months. Addresses are often defective, and although the letters are written in all hand writings and the addresses are spelled in all languages under the sun, still the tried and trusted mail clerks on both sides of the Atlantic have, by long experience, been able to cipher out the meaning and direct the welcome letter, containing both money and good cheer, to the old folks across the sea, who, perhaps, have waited and waited for glad tidings from their children out here in the West.

B. L. WICK.

CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA.

### The Cultivation of Tobacco and Morals.

Connecticut has long been noted for raising marketable tobacco. The business is now spreading in Massachusetts, and *The Boston Journal* describes the great tobacco plain as extending through Hatfield, North Hatfield, Whately, South Deerfield, and Deerfield, and says that there are a thousand acres of tobacco to be harvested in that valley this summer. Most of the farmers in that region invest in this as practically the only crop. Men, boys, and in some instances women are hurrying the harvest.

A number of years ago it came in our way to inquire carefully as to the moral effect of cultivating tobacco in the Connecticut regions, and we found it to be what it generally is everywhere, and what the carrying on of any such business, as the cultivation of hops entirely devoted to the manufacture of beer, is not contributing directly to immorality, but lowering the moral tone of the community, and diminishing its responsiveness to appeals upon the higher questions of morality and religion. The root of this effect, particularly in the matter of tobacco, is that the Christian man who engages in it cannot feel that his business is a benefit to mankind. The highest opinion he can form of it, and that would not bear very close inspection from an enlightened and sensitive conscience, is that it is not as harmful as many forms of business which would be demanded if that did not exist. On the whole the family and the individual deteriorate when engaged in a business where the article cultivated, manufactured, or sold is not a positive beneficent quality. And the more nearly a man comes to giving up his entire farm to tobacco or hops, the more obvious becomes the decline of Christian sensitiveness.

This principle cannot be applied arbitrarily to all individuals. Conscience does not report upon the quantity of an article, except in perfectly conspicuous cases, until the judgment is convinced. And in the sphere of judgment particular individuals have become convinced that certain things are right which others think wrong; but on the principle of induction the number of particular cases that illustrate the tendency to which attention is herein directed would be sufficient, in any scientific investigation, to demonstrate a general law of deterioration of moral and religious tone.—*Christian Advocate*.

FOR "THE FRIEND."

## Reminiscences.

The article "Friendly Conversations," in No. 51 of THE FRIEND, 1896, attracted the attention of the writer, partly because it was so completely in keeping with his own feelings about that time. Realizing that a group of fellow-professors, at least one thousand miles away, were like-minded, ministered encouragement; and partly because the names of these worthies, the Copes and Bettles, were familiar from having been accustomed to hear them spoken of as worthy of double honor, by my revered parents and their associates.

After 1816, my mother never visited her native place, Chester County, Pa., but once, which might have been in 1835. But my father canvassed that part several times. The last was in 1839, as companion to the late Joseph Edgerton. I cannot omit the following incident, showing the high esteem in which my mother held her friend, Samuel Cope. In my early manhood a report was circulated derogatory to the character of that worthy man, the which, when we heard it in our family, was very afflictive, and my mother, to give us children an idea of her disapproval of it, said to us, "I can no more believe the like of Samuel Cope than you could believe it of Joseph Edgerton or William Kennard," they being Friends in high esteem in our family. Many years ago, my mother and Samuel Cope met each other at Ohio Yearly Meeting, each so nearly blind that they could not tell each other by sight. But I have been told by those who had the privilege of being with them, that it was very interesting and instructive to see and hear the dear old Christians in conversation, they being near one age, I think, at that time, about eighty years old.

That the Cope brothers were a remarkable trio there is no doubt. But I confess that my feelings were not so closely in touch with the young man who expressed it "a pity that such an one could not live to the age of two or three hundred years," as they would have been if he had said, "Is it not a pity that all men do not submit to the influence of Divine grace upon the heart, that they, too, might be as lights in the world, and useful in their day and generation?" for this is, in the opinion of the writer, what made them what they were, and not the number of days and years they lived. Three score years and ten being allotted to man, it is no pity that he lives not longer.

The story of the boy that sold the buttons also attracted attention, being, in its nature, so near of kin to the following incident, in which the writer was, many years since, a participant. While engaged in farming, we went to the harvest field one morning to cut grain awhile before meeting, as in our country the hour for that was eleven o'clock. Myself and son were managing the machinery. The elder of the employes stood in the relation of father, brother or uncle to all the crowd who, with his wife, had been reared up in the Society of Friends, and well used to going to all their meetings. But for reasons best known to themselves, had sacrificed their birth-rights, and were living what they evidently regarded as good, moral lives, making the attendance of meeting a secondary thing. It had evidently been pre-arranged by the hands that they would not go to meeting, for when the proprietor announced that all were at liberty to attend meeting, the ready answer was, "We are not going to-day." My own little boys imperturbed for the privilege of

staying in the field, advising that it looked not well for us all to go and leave uncles and cousins in the field at work. They were admonished that there was no reason why we should not go to meeting with the Eternal One. "Come, boys," and to meeting we went. On our return, dinner was made ready as soon as convenient. When all were seated at the table, the elder of those that had remained at work broke the silence by remarking that he felt bound to endeavor to make us, his employers, realize the fact that, on our leaving the field, his mind at once was so overcome with the consideration of the responsibility that he had assumed in setting the example to the junior members of the family, that he had had no peace, and felt that he could do no other than ask our forgiveness, and promise too that, as long as memory held her throne, the like should never happen. Some of us mingled our tears with our meal. It was very interesting to the writer and his wife to meet that brother and his family the next meeting-day at our place of worship, and it was not many months till request was made for their reception into membership, which was hailed by the church with a proportionate degree of approbation, and it is presumed that those parents have not missed a meeting-day since, without good and sufficient cause.

This has always been a pleasant subject to dwell upon in meditation, but never more so than the past summer. The aged sire, being no longer able, by reason of age, to lead the van in the harvest field, has recently taken much comfort in sitting in the shade of the trees in the doorway, and seeing his sons, that were the little boys that imperturbed for the privilege of staying in the field, the third of a century ago, now, having their own sons as assistants, working over the identical territory, and stopping the machinery promptly at the hour, and repairing to the place of worship.

## Scripture Illustration.

BY WILLIAM EWING.

"THE HEART OF THE WISE INSTRUCTETH HIS MOUTH."—This form of speech is quite common among the Arabs. That which a man knows by nature, his heart gets credit for teaching him. It takes the place, pretty well, assigned by us to instinct. A man from the wilderness, in presence of his superiors, judge or governor, will often comport himself with a respectful dignity which contrasted most favorably with the bearing of the more educated townsman. In this regard it is said of him, *Kalbo yu'llimo* ("his heart instructs him"). Many of these children of the wilds have a perfect genius for direction and locality. Give one of them an idea of the "lie" of a certain place. He may never have been there before, and may know nothing of the intervening country, but he will set out thither with cheery confidence. The windings and contortions of the valleys, the multitudinous labyrinthine pathways, which are the despair of the Western traveller, do not cause him a moment's anxiety. With wonderful precision he chooses his way, and duly reaches his destination. In this his brethren say of him "*Kalbo yudillo*" ("His heart guides him").

"PLEASANT WORDS ARE AN HONEY-COME."—The frequent mention of honey in the Scriptures is evidence of how plentiful it was, and how popular as an article of diet. "A land flowing with milk and honey" was the description of the country which so powerfully attracted the emancipated slaves from Egypt. It must

have more than realized their expectations. To this day honey gathered by the wild bees and treasured in crevices of the rocks, is found in great quantities by the experienced Arab. In the tents of the Bed'wy there is no more common dish than honey. With bread and milk, or with fresh butter in season, it is one of the most highly prized articles of diet. Even now, when sugar is neither dear nor difficult to obtain, the Syrians often use honey, especially to sweeten their pastry—an article of diet much too sickly sweet for the Western palate. Honey is often eaten in strange combinations.

## Power of a Little Thing.

Not long ago the engineers in charge of the mechanical department of one of the leading railways of Germany had a peculiar problem presented to them. For a long time this problem baffled their efforts at solution. At one particular point on the line a series of disasters had taken place. For these there seemed to be no apparent cause. In spite of the most careful investigation the engineers were unable to determine why these wrecks should take place further than that the rails appeared to be affected in some way so that they were easily broken.

At length the matter became so serious that the government, which in Germany controls all railways, appointed a commission made up of expert engineers to inquire into the difficulty and find out, if possible, the secret of these repeated disasters. This commission made the most thorough examination it could, and even then seemed on the point of failure, when, after nearly six months of careful investigation, it was discovered all at once that the outside of the rails seemed to be rotting. Breaking one of them, the astonishing fact was brought to light that the inside had been eaten as if by an acid, so that its strength was almost entirely destroyed. Following up this clue, the engineers found that the cause of this destruction was a tiny worm of a gray color, almost like a thread in appearance. The head of this peculiar insect was furnished with two minute glands which had the power of secreting a liquid of a wonderfully acid nature. This the worm threw out every few minutes in a tiny spray. So destructive was this acid that after a time it made the hard iron soft and like a sponge, so that it could be easily eaten by the worm. Thus weakened, the rail could not resist the shock brought upon it by the heavy trains passing over it, and soon crumbled under the weight, sending the engine and its load down to destruction.

Those who have worked in stone quarries or who have made a study of the rocks have often found some which have been destroyed by minute creatures boring through them until they were soft and honeycombed, the formation being so weakened that the stone was wholly useless. Such stones are never put into buildings when strength is required.

By the putting on of layer after layer the greatest rock formations are produced. Thus was the rock of Gibraltar made. Grain by grain the sands were deposited one upon another year after year the heat and cold cemented these particles; century after century the water has worn their sides away, and even yet the work of change goes on. So great is the power of these tiny forces. Little by little they do their work, and at last the great result appears.—*Edgar L. Vincent in Christian Advocate*.

Lights and Shadows of Port Royal.

(Continued from page 77.)

Little by little the magnetic influence of abbesse Angélique spread throughout the convent, until the old rules of the order were re-established; and though the elder nuns did not always give more than outward acquiescence, the novices responded with earnestness and sympathy, and Port Royal became in a few years a model house. Self-denial was not only inculcated in the teachings of Angélique Arnauld; it was strikingly exemplified in her practice. The restrictions in diet were not imposed upon the nuns until she had first tested their effects upon herself. She reserved nothing for herself or better for herself than others received, and a careful consideration for others was manifested in every particular. Coupled with this was a certain gravity of manner which helped to offset the hard things that her government required or circumstances necessitated. An incident comes to mind which may be in place here: A nun was suffering greatly from a sore hand, so much that she screamed with the pain. Angélique was afraid that her complaints would disturb the other sisters' rest; so she took her to her own room, and then said to her, "Cry out, daughter, cry out! Do not try to restrain yourself. I brought you here to cry out."

Her confidence in the provisions of the Divine Providence is brought to notice in the following anecdote. A wealthy gentleman was looking about for a suitable investment of some of his means, and Port Royal was in need of money. The gentleman inquired of the Mère Angélique what security she could give for the payment of the loan. She replied that she could give the lands of the abbey, which were small, and the Providence of God, which was great. The gentleman accepted the security, and we may believe, had no cause to regret his confidence.

About 1625, the health of the nuns suffered greatly from the unsanitary condition of the house and grounds. Deaths were frequent and "the infirmary was always full." The nuns were disposed to look upon these things as signal evidences of Divine regard; but some of their friends, taking a more rational view of the matter, insisted upon a change. Accordingly a house in Paris was purchased and endowed, and thither the community removed.

When the fame of Angélique's reformation of Port Royal began to spread, she was called upon to do the like good office for the convent of Maubuisson. But here her way was much harder than at Port Royal, and her right was disputed at every step. The older nuns could never be won over entirely; but a band of novices then at Maubuisson, felt the influence of her upright spirit, and became her friends and supporters. Finally, when Angélique was released from Maubuisson, these novices accompanied her to Port Royal. But an unpleasant page of the history comes in shortly after this. Through the high-handed proceeding and impertinent counsels of the Bishop of Langres (then a confessor at Port Royal), another abbesse was elected, and a wholly unworthy and unsuitable woman. "Madame de Pontcarré," gained great influence and liberty in the community, while some of Angélique's best friends were stationed in another convent. Then followed years of persecution and shameful humiliations for Angélique, out of which her strong, pure nature rose unharmed and unchained. This dispensation passed away, and there was "a restoration," not only of the former inhabitants, but of the former spirit and practices of Port

Royal. Harmony, fellowship and devotion were again its attributes; industry, quietness and obedience once more prevailed.

Meanwhile there was growing up in Paris, in the lodge built in the court of the Abbot of St. Cyran's house, the nucleus of another illustrious company, afterwards known as the recluses of Port Royal. These were at first composed of the Abbé Singlin (afterwards a confessor at Port Royal), Lancelot, and the two brothers, De Sericourt and De Saci. In the year 1637, they, with a few others, removed to the deserted building of Port Royal des Champs, where they were presently joined by the elder Le Maître, Antoine Arnauld and others. They improved the buildings, and drained and beautified the grounds; they cultivated fine fruits, made wine, and carried on other occupations. But particularly famous were the Port Royal schools, far outstripping in educational value the schools of the Jesuits, while the Port Royal text-books were long in vogue in France and in England. Pascal, who was often in the Port Royal community, so far anticipated the educational reform of recent times, as to adopt or invent a plan for teaching children to read without the previous learning of the alphabet, and we find his sister Jacqueline writing to him for information as to his methods in that particular.

Some allusion has already been made to St. Cyran, as he is called, but whose real name was Jean Duvergier de Hauranne. He was for some years a great spiritual force among the Port Royalists, and his influence probably never disappeared from the lives of most of those members of the community who had partaken of his counsel and sat under his teaching. This influence must have been due chiefly to his superior integrity and discernment; for the style of his address seems to have been severe, and his doctrines not very easy to the natural man. But he was remarkable for his fearless uprightness and his apparent disinterestedness. It is admitted that the best features (if there are any good ones) of the confessional prerogatives were shown by St. Cyran. "You must examine yourself before God," said he, "whether you have really been that which you have made yourself appear. Sometimes extravagance hurries the mind to say what it does not believe, and to pursue what it does not approve." "Beware of exaggeration; there is most humility in a simple confession. One need not examine one's self to remember important sins; their impression is not effaced, for it belongs to the very immortality of the soul."

A controversy existed between St. Cyran and Cardinal Richelieu on doctrinal matters; and as the cardinal found that the abbot could neither be ruled out of his beliefs nor flattered out of his rectitude, he finally had him imprisoned in Vincennes, where he remained until after the cardinal's death in 1642. Closely coupled with the name of St. Cyran was that of Cornelius Jansen—or Jansenius—a member of a Dutch family of very humble rank. These two were students together at the university of Louvain; and afterwards pursued their studies together with extreme diligence and zeal at the home of Hauranne near Bayonne. Still later they began a careful investigation of the traditions and doctrines of the Romish Church, coming unitedly to the conviction that much of what was taught and believed was but the fanciful and deceitful work of the schoolmen, and had not the authority of the early fathers. St. Cyran indeed afterward boldly avowed that

there was at that time no church, and had been none for centuries. They went backward therefore in the history of the church for something more trustworthy to rest their faith upon, but unfortunately they stopped at Augustin. His expositions of doctrines seem to have been accepted in their entirety, and Jansenius set about the collating and reviewing of his works. After years of assiduous labor he put forth the fruits of it in a cumbersome Latin work known as the Augustinus. This was the source of a controversy which lasted the remainder of that century, and set in motion a wave of feeling which shook the church to its centre. We may believe the ecclesiastical powers to have been then in something of a quandary. They wished to suppress this work and also to preserve the traditions which had so much hold on the people's minds; but to condemn Jansen's book might be to condemn Augustine himself, which would lead to great embarrassment indeed. But Rome, never long at a loss for some device to bring about her own ends, finally succeeded in so constraining some things in Jansen's book, as to constitute a set of objectionable and heretical propositions, which were asserted to be in the book. It should have been stated that Jansen's great work was not published until after his death, which occurred in 1638. In his will he stated that though it would be difficult to alter anything as concerning his writings, still if the church wished any alteration he was her obedient son. His friends, however, suppressed the will and published the book. When it fell under the papal condemnation, Antoine Arnauld took up the defense, and the other Port Royalists espoused the cause. But such a community at such a time was not likely to remain long un-molested. The recluses were brought under ecclesiastical criticism, and it soon became necessary for Le Maître to issue a defense, from which the following is an extract:

"If for five or six to pray privately to God as they may chance to meet, and using none but the ordinary prayers of the church, be to form such a community as is interdicted by ordinances; if to eat in the same room be to constitute an illegal union; and to read pious books instead of entertaining ourselves with vain and useless talk, be to render those meals profane and illicit; if to live soberly and to make the church's fasts a little longer than common, . . . without in this respect compelling anyone to act thus, and being as far as possible from blaming those who act otherwise; if this be to set a bad example and one pernicious to decency of life, we must needs conclude that what St. Basil calls a more pure and exact profession of Christianity is forbidden in our day; that we are less at liberty to practise solid virtue than are the men of the world to abandon themselves to vice; and that a few persons cannot with impunity serve God, while so many more are permitted without restraint to serve the devil."

(To be continued.)

CATCHING MONKEYS IN SOUTH AFRICA.—The monkeys are considered a nuisance in South Africa because of their depredations on the vegetable gardens. One method of catching them is rather amusing. They are very fond of pumpkin seeds, so a pumpkin with a small hole cut in it is placed near their haunts. The monkey slips his hand in easily enough, grabs a good fistful of seeds, and tries to withdraw them. The hole is not big enough for the passage of his clenched hand, and he has not sense enough to reason this out; and so whilst

he is struggling with the pumpkin he is captured.—*E. Clairmonte's Africander.*

FOR "THE FRIEND."

### Lime Deposits of Southern New Jersey.

Southern New Jersey appears to the geologist an interesting and instructive field of inquiry into the changes which have been wrought on the earth's surface by the action of water. This is especially the case in the Marl region, which occupies a strip of country from six to fifteen miles in width, stretching from the ocean below Sandy Hook to Salem on the Delaware.

These marl beds consist of several well marked layers of marl, sand and shells, which lie on each other with much regularity—although the exposures are irregular, owing to the varying thickness of the materials lying above them. One of the most prominent ingredients is the green sand, which consists of small green grains, which were undoubtedly deposited in the ocean, as is shown by so many sea-shells and animals occurring in the deposit. The number of these shells is almost incalculable. For example, there is a bed of one kind—the *Terebratulina Harbani*—which is ninety miles long, and has proved to be at least a mile wide, and is from two to three feet thick. The whole bed is entirely made up of this species, and they are packed together just as close as they can lie.

Among the inhabitants of the ocean are various species of very minute animals forming calcareous shells. These shells are very small—many times smaller than the head of a pin, yet they have contributed largely to the formation of limestone strata. They consist of one or more cells, and the compound kinds present various fanciful shapes. The Green sand is supposed to receive its shape from having been moulded in these minute shells. The materials of which it is composed are dissolved in the sea-water, and they are combined by a chemical action—whether the grains are secreted by the living animals, or in what way they are formed, is not well known.

The same green earth has been found in the shells of recent animals; and there is reason to believe that in parts of the ocean, especially beneath the gulf stream, a deposit of this kind is now going on; so that it is not improbable that the present marl belt marks the course of an ancient current of warm water, the predecessor of the present gulf stream.

The history of the Marl deposit is an interesting illustration of the manner in which Divine wisdom uses the long confined agency of the very small among his created objects to accomplish wonderful changes in the earth's surface. From the regularity of the beds of the marl, it is probable that they were deposited in deep water, below the disturbing influence of surface agitations.

The marl beds contain layers of limestone and limesand; and a friend having offered to pilot the writer to some of these in the vicinity of Salem, the ninth of Ninth Month was selected for the excursion, and a small party of three took the cars on that day. Our stopping point was about four miles north of Salem, and not more than a mile from the locality we wished to visit. We followed the road till we came to a small stream of water that crossed it, and that flowed through a swampy meadow that skirted a steep bank in which the deposits we were seeking were located.

Below the surface of earth and sand the quarries had come to a strata of limesand, more or less mixed with the silicious sand common

to this section of country. Successive layers of the limesand were intermingled with the layers of limestone. We counted about half a dozen of these on the face of the perpendicular bank.

The geological report of New Jersey describes a layer of shells below these and underneath that, the Green Marl, but the excavations here had not been deep enough to reach these, if they existed. A person living in the neighborhood seemed pretty certain that there was no marl there, although it was found in a valley near by. A very large amount of stone had been quarried along the bank of this meadow. It was probably cheaper to follow the edge of the valley than to dig below the general level, or to go farther into the bank, at the cost of removing greater quantities of the overlying earth.

Large piles of the limesand had accumulated near the workings, and an examination of these furnished to our party a number of specimens of broken shells and other marine objects of various shapes, proving that the lime had its origin in the former inhabitants of the ocean. It had probably been deposited at a period when the water had become shallow, by a gradual rise of the land.

Along the low ground bordering the stream of water, there were numerous species of plants, some of them of considerable botanical interest. Among these was the Swamp Loosestrife (*Decodon verticillatus*), a shrub with bright purple flowers in the axils of its leaves; the Indian Rice or Water Oats (*Zizania aquatica*), erroneously spoken of in a previous article as *Phragmites communis*. *Lobelia inflata* or Indian tobacco, derives its specific name from the inflated seed-vessel. It is a poisonous plant, and some years ago was brought into notoriety by its use as a quack medicine. The delicate fern *Aspidium thelypteris* grew in the low ground. The fruit bearing fronds are remarkable for the extent to which the edges of the small divisions of the frond are rolled back—revolute. All along the stream grew a plant which is not very common in Southern New Jersey, the Scouring Rush (*Equisetum hyemale*). The cuticle of the plant abounds in silicious matter, which gives it a harsh feeling, and adapts it for scouring and polishing hardwood, metals, etc. The stems are simple and spear-like, and bear a terminal spike of fruit at their summit. These spikes had now disappeared. A large and very showy plant, with yellow flowers, proved to be the Sneezewort (*Helenium autumnale*). The rays of the corolla are reflexed, or bent backward, and the stem is winged with the apparent extension of the leaves downward. A bush of about six feet in height attracted our attention by the abundance of white fruit with which it was loaded. It proved to be the White or Pinnated Dog-wood (*Cornus paniculata*). Growing near it was another species of Dog-wood, the Red Osier (*Cornus stolonifera*). The small branches of these are red purple in color, and the fruit was a pale lead color. It extends itself by underground shoots, and thus forms broad clumps. We met with several of the Golden Rods—two of which, the *Solidago serotina*, and the *Solidago Canadensis* are quite similar to each other, but the stem of one is smooth and the other rough hairy. Another species of Golden Rod was the Blue-stemmed. It is well-marked by having the clusters of flowers placed in the axils of the leaves along the stem. The contrast between the bright yellow of the flowers and the green leaves renders it a beautiful species.

There were numerous other plants noticed—as our list amounted to about eighty species.

We had brought the materials for a lunch with us, and this was enjoyed, seated on the stones about the quarry. A neighboring farmer kindly informed us that his wife designed making some coffee for us—and this also was enjoyed in due time, on our return. The apples lying under the trees of his orchard looked attractive, but he said that after hand-picking them and carting four or five miles to Salem, he could obtain for them only five cents a basket.

The stones and the plants principally engaged our attention, but we saw one of the curious box tortoises which can shut themselves within their shells, and a few birds.

Our kind friend took us to view a fine spring two or three hundred yards from the house. In our walk we passed some chicken grape vines loaded with fruit, which cold weather would make very toothsome, but which as yet retained too much astringency to be very good; also some wild cherry trees with abundance of cherries upon them.

Within a few miles of the spot we were visiting, in digging for marl some years ago, the workmen came across the tusk of a mastodon. It was secured as a prize, but the following morning it was found that exposure to the air had caused it to crumble, so that its value as a specimen was lost. Sometime after, the skull of a mastodon was found in the same neighborhood, whether a remnant of the same animal or not, we do not know. The precaution was taken to coat this with some adhesive substance, which prevented its disintegration. I believe it is now in the State museum at Trenton. To preserve bones which have long been buried, it has been recommended to soak them in a weak solution of glue, which penetrates the pores of the bones and binds the particles together.

The bones of animals may be regarded as composed of cartilage, the basis of which is glue, in the cells of which are deposited mineral substances, mainly phosphate of lime, which give them their hardness and firmness. By long boiling and other means, the cartilage may be removed and the bone left in a chalky condition, so as to be easily broken up. This is what takes place in nature, when bones have long been buried in the earth. Soaking them in glue water in some measure restores them to their original condition.

One of our little party on this excursion has been familiar from childhood with the section of country through which we passed, and has furnished the writer with some details of interest respecting it.

Just north of Oldman's Creek was the home many years ago of a humble minded, consistent Friend named Thomas Lippincott. He never accumulated much property, and had but little education, but possessed considerable natural mathematical ability. His nephew, when a scholar at Wilmington, Delaware, finding his teachers puzzled over a difficult problem, sent it to Thomas Lippincott, and he returned it with the answer worked out by three different methods.

Near Woodstown was the home of that worthy minister, Rebecca Hubbs. She was weak mentally, but when spiritual subjects were introduced in conversation, she would speak as with the assurance of Divine revelation. Like James Simpson

"Filled by her Master, wondrously she shone,  
The emptied vessel scarce could stand alone."

Owing to her natural deficiency, Friends were in the way of managing her business, and

hen needing a new house they selected as they thought the proper place on her lot for it. She said "No," and chose another spot. As she was in her decision, the house was placed where she desired. When they came to dig the cellar they found a bed of ochre—a variety of iron ore—and enough of it was taken out to pay for building the simple home she needed.

The limestone outcrop we visited was upon a headwaters of Mannington Creek. A similar formation is found on the north fork of Big Timber Creek at Laurel Springs.

J. W.

### Baboons and Ostrich Eggs.

One morning at breakfast we were disturbed by a Kaffir herd, who ran in, calling out, "The baboons are stealing eggs!" Up we jumped, seized our rifles from the gun racks and ran down towards the ostrich camps. One side of the breeding birds' paddocks was bounded by a river, and the baboons had crossed it to the rocky hill on the opposite side. So Barker, je baas, who was a crack shot, crossed over to intercept them, whilst we prepared to tackle them on our side. As usual, there was one eeping watch, and as soon as he caught sight of us he gave the alarm, and off they scampered in the direction of Barker, who was hiding in some bushes.

We fired a few shots, without any effect, and aused to watch the sport on the other side. The baboons, thinking they were safe, began to laugh-in, and their loud bark echoed down the hill-side. Presently a white puff of smoke rolled out of some bushes amongst the rocks, and we saw a large baboon tumble down the hill-side. Another puff—another—and the hole troop scampered up the steep hill at a wonderful pace, to disappear over the brow, joining home to finish our breakfast, we could hear their laughing behind us, as if in derision of our attempt to shoot them. Barker soon arrived with a Kaffir carrying the dead baboon, which was skinned to make whip-lashes for the rock whips.

These raids were becoming a great nuisance as well as a serious loss, for they destroyed quantities of ostrich eggs, which, at that time, were valued at five pounds each. We planned to hunt them the next day, with the assistance of our neighbors, who were also troubled by them. Messages were sent around, and next morning twelve of us breakfasted together, and started, with a dozen dogs, to scour the hills. They are such wary brutes that it takes considerable strategy to get near them.

Having lost our pack, we surrounded another ill, and, with the help of the dogs, succeeded in eeping them on the top. The dogs were amongst them before we arrived, and we could hear a eree fight above us. Scrambling up as fast as e could, we came right into the thick of it. he dog lay dead, and several were bleeding adly from severe wounds. We killed most of em before they could escape—the dogs had ot killed one. It would take a very large and owerful dog to master a baboon, and, in any ase, he would stand a poor chance. These ellows stand about four feet high, with power- ul jaws and arms that hang nearly to their eet. One of them would catch a small dog in ts strong grip, and inserting its teeth in a fleshy art, rip the unfortunate animal to pieces and row it aside. A Cape dog is strong and very game, and will nearly always kill a snake when e meets one. We had another skirmish with a small troop, with good results, and went home

satisfied that we would be left in peace for a time.

Baboon-killing is, to me, too unpleasant to be called sport. The resemblance to humanity, though unflattering, is too close. They are the only animals I know that meet one with a look in their eyes of positive, intelligent, human expression, and once, when a female baboon I had shot, put her little black finger in the wound, and drew it out, red with blood, showing it to me, with a piteous look in her eyes and a cry like a hurt child, it made me quite sick, and I felt a kind of pang of conscience.—*The Africana*.

### Natural History, Science, etc.

*Is Sulphur Fumigation of Much Use?—No*, says the *Lancet*, unless the articles are wet. Rather let rooms be well washed with corrosive sublimate, using one part by weight to 1,000 of water. Whatever will bear the treatment should be washed in boiling water. Carpets, blankets, etc., which cannot be wetted should be disinfected by dry steam. Corrosive sublimate (one teaspoonful dissolved in two quarts of boiling water) is now much used to prevent rugs, furs, etc., from clothes moths. Camphor is not only very dear now, but has no harmful effect on the grubs, if once the eggs are laid. It only acts by discouraging the curiosity of the egg-laying parent. Hang the articles to be treated on a line, and with a whisk dipped into the liquid and shaken free from excess of moisture brush them well over on both sides, enough slightly to dampen them. The liquid should not fall upon hands or face.

*A Mine a Mile Deep all but a Hundred Yards* is one of the latest big things. This depth has been reached in the Calumet and Hecla copper mine, the shaft being 224 ft. by 14 ft. in section, and divided into six compartments. It is worked by two pairs of triple expansion engines, of 6,000 horse-power in all. A ten-ton lead is hoisted up in rather less than a quarter of an hour. Few other mines exceed half a mile in depth, although in recent years two or three well-borings have exceeded a mile in depth.

The temperature of this mine has naturally been a matter of much interest, and has been found to be of exceptional character. In English and most other mines and borings there has been an increase of 1° F. for every 60 ft., or so of depth. Temperatures were taken at 165 ft., at 655 ft. (the level of Lake Superior), 1,257 ft., (the sea-level), and at four other depths to 4,580 ft. The utmost care was taken, as was natural in a mine belonging to the great naturalist, Alexander Agassiz. But instead of 60 ft., they find that 224 ft. are needed to give an increase of 1° F. This entirely modifies prevalent ideas as to the temperature of the crust. Obviously, the increase is less uniform than was supposed. If the rate here determined were kept up, the melting point of rocks would be reached at about eighty miles instead of twenty. The difference, perhaps, may be associated with the fact that previous observations have been made in much disturbed regions, like Great Britain, or else in delta regions, where great level changes have been going on. But in Michigan we are dealing with the Archaean or most ancient known sedimentary rock, which have been little disturbed since they were deposited.—*The London Friend*.

HOSEY BIRD.—Riding out one day with

Smith to collect some ostriches, we noticed a little brown bird, which kept chirping and flitting around us. Smith at once recognized it as the honey bird, and said that, if we were to follow it, it would lead us to a bees' nest. We reined in our horses, and the little bird took a short flight in one direction and back to us again. After it had repeated this manoeuvre several times, we proceeded to follow it; it led us up a *klouf*, and there, sure enough, in the hollow trunk of a *spilboon* tree, was a fine bees' nest. We smoked out the bees, and turning our soft felt hats inside out, put in the combs, and canteded home with them, not forgetting, however, to leave some for our feathered guide. This little bird is known to take hoop-ards, baboons and other animals to bees' nests, and it is said that not only do animals know the object of the bird, but they always leave it some honey, or allow it to eat with them.—*The Africana*.

## THE FRIEND.

TENTH MONTH 3, 1896.

When our Holy Redeemer was personally on earth, he exhorted his disciples "to seek first the kingdom of God," and He taught them, that the man who preferred anything before Him, was not worthy of Him. Indeed there are many texts in the Bible which warn the follower of Christ not to devote himself too exclusively to the accumulation of those riches which perish with the using, or which moth and rust can corrupt, or which may be stolen by thieves.

It is the duty of every one of us to love the Lord above all that He has created; and to seek to be conformed to his holy will so that we may be prepared to enjoy communion with Him in the world to come. We believe the cautions alluded to above refer not only to the accumulation of riches as commonly understood but may be wisely regarded by those whose main object in life seems to be the accumulation of literary and scientific knowledge, or the improvement of their own intellectual faculties. Not that these things are wrong in themselves, any more than the acquisition by honest methods of a reasonable amount of property; but every thing of a worldly or temporal nature must be subordinated to our spiritual interests. These things are useful to us in passing through life, and may enable us to help others in various ways; but they all pass away, and the language of our Saviour is very suggestive: "Many hath chosen the good part, which shall never be taken from her."

It is a common experience of those who live to advanced age, that their memory and other faculties gradually fail with the increase of years, so that even those who have been gifted more than the ordinary class of mortals become as weak in intellect as a child.

A few years ago we attended the funeral of an amiable friend to whom we felt attached, and who had accumulated an uncommon store of botanical knowledge, which he freely dispensed to others. As we sat with the company which assembled on this occasion, the thought presented itself, that with the close of life, his scientific attainments had disappeared, and that the one thing important that remained to him, was the degree in which he had submitted to the visitations of Divine grace, and thereby been brought into fellowship with his Lord and Sa-

vior, and prepared for an eternity of spiritual happiness.

It is found to be very helpful to those who are studying any particular branch of science to make collections of specimens which illustrate the facts they wish to remember. Hence we have collections of minerals, shells, animals and plants, which are of great interest and value; and we have no wish to discourage those thus employed. But it is an uncommon occurrence, as old age creeps on, to find such collections becoming a burthen to their possessors, and that relief is sought by donating their accumulations to societies or institutions of learning, where they will be properly cared for and made useful in the instruction of others.

We have no wish to discourage a reasonable pursuit of scientific knowledge, or collection of scientific objects, but in thinking of some of our younger Friends, whose tastes lead them in that direction, we have felt a concern that they may put everything in its proper place, and seek the kingdom of God *more earnestly* than any other acquisition; and be sufficiently impressed with the force of the query, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" When death comes, what advantage will it be to a man to have established a reputation for knowledge or ability?

("An flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death?")

In introducing to our pages the article on Westphalian Friends, it was stated that it had been translated from the German by our friend William Archut. This was an inference of the editor, arising from the fact that the copy was furnished by William Archut. We are informed that the translation was made by John F. Schnell.

#### SUMMARY OF EVENTS.

UNITED STATES.—On the 28th ult., the net gold in the United States Treasury at the close of business stood at \$122,045,550. The gold withdrawals at New York amounted to \$38,200. This was recalled at New York \$2,900,000 in gold in exchange for currency.

The bottom of the Pacific between Hawaii and California is said to be so level that a railroad could be laid for 500 miles without the grade anywhere. This fact was discovered by the United States surveying vessel engaged in making soundings with the view of laying a cable.

The meeting of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad Company and the Philadelphia and Reading Coal and Iron Company was sold at auction in this city on the 23d ult., under the decree of the United States Circuit Court in the foreclosure suit brought by the trustees of the general mortgage bonds. The total of the bids was \$295,000. The parties were the Philadelphia and Reading organization managers, represented by J. P. Morgan & Co. of New York, who were the only bidders.

Farmers about Ocoeeo, Mo., raise only corn and oats in large quantities, and the merchants in the place have to import potatoes, onion and other small vegetables; while over 100,000 in the neighborhood of Albia, Mo., on a farmer this season has raised 100,000 bushels of white onions, and sold them at 60 cents a bushel.

Piled up in the lumber yards of Marinette and Menominee, Mich., are at present 225,000,000 feet of lumber. Before the season is over the amount in the yards will be over 300,000,000 feet. The lumber is worth, at a conservative estimate, over \$5,000,000.

John Wamsucker has purchased the entire business establishment of the firm of Hilton, Hughes & Co., New York, the great dry goods house founded by A. T. Stewart & Co., and will conduct a store in the metropolis on the same premises that have made his Philadelphia house so successful.

Hundreds of millers flying about the electric power of the Pendleton, Ore., Light Company, entered the building through an open window one night, and being drawn by suction under a belt leading to the big dynamo, stopped the machinery and put out all the lights in town.

A despatch from Deadwood, South Dakota, says that the typhoid epidemic in Lead City increases. "Over 200 miners are laid off, and it is almost impossible to find men enough for the mines. Doctors and nurses are being hired in from outside, and still there are scarcely enough well people to care for the sick. The disease is of the most malignant type. A number of cases are reported in Deadwood."

A Springfield (Mass.) despatch says that Mount Holyoke College was entirely destroyed by fire on the night of the 27th ultimo. The main building, all the dormitories and gymnasium went to the ground. Loss, \$50,000 to \$75,000.

Deaths in this city last week numbered 319, which is 78 less than the previous week and 51 less than the corresponding week of 1895. Of the whole number 178 were males and 171 females; 50 died of consumption; 28 of pneumonia; 27 of heart disease; 21 of malarium; 15 of inflammation of the stomach and bowels; 13 of apoplexy; 12 of inflammation of the brain; 12 of cancer; 12 of convulsions; 11 of nephritis; 11 of old age; 10 of cholera infantum; 10 of diphtheria; 9 of inanition, and 8 from casualties.

Markets.—Cotton, 2½; 2½; 54; 48; reg, 100½; 100; 100; 100; 107½; 108½; 4; 8; 116; 110½; 58; 110½; 111; 109; 6½; 100; 105.

COTTON.—Prices ruled steady on a basis of 8½c. per pound for middling uplands.

FEED.—Winter bran in bulk, quoted \$9.00 a \$10.00, and spring do, in sacks, at \$8.50 a \$9.50 per ton.

WHEAT.—Winter sinner, \$3.40 a \$2.25; do, extra, \$2.25; do, extra, \$1.80; winter colder, clear, \$3.15 a \$2.90; do, do, straight, \$3.30 a \$3.60; Western winter, clear, \$3.10 a \$3.25; do, do, straight, \$3.30 a \$3.60; do, do, patent, \$3.70 a \$4.00; spring, clear, \$2.90 a \$3.15; do, straight, \$3.40 a \$3.60; do, patent, \$3.70 a \$4.00; do, favorite brands, higher. City mills, extra, \$2.25 a \$2.40; do, extra, \$2.30 a \$2.50; do, straight, \$3.40 a \$3.65; do, extra, \$3.50 a \$4.00. Flour, \$3.00 a \$3.50. Corn, quiet but firm at \$2.40 to \$2.40 for choice Penna.

GRAIN.—No. 2 red wheat, 65 a 65½c.  
No. 2 mixed corn, 27 a 27½c.  
No. 2 white oats, 25½ a 26½c.

BEEF CATTLE.—Extra, 4½ a 4½; good, 4 a 4½; medium, 4 a 4½; common, 3½ a 3½.  
SHEEP.—No. 1, 4½ a 4½; good, 4 a 4½; medium, 2½ a 2½; common, 2 a 2½; culls, 1 a 1½; lambs, 3 a 5½c.

HOGS.—Western, 5½ a 5½c. State, 4½c.

FOREIGN.—On the 24th of last month, Queen Victoria was congratulated upon having occupied the throne longer than any other sovereign in the world. In accordance with the desire of the Queen, the occasion will not be celebrated officially until 1897, when she will have completed the sixtieth year of her reign.

A despatch from London of the same date says: "John Lowles, member of the House of Commons for Haggerston Division of Shoreditch, has written a letter to the *Daily News*, in which he asserts that the remedy made in London at the meeting held in Shoreditch on the evening of the 21st instant to protest against the massacre of Christians by Turks, were incorrectly reported. Lowles declares that he did not state that he was authorized by the Foreign Office to say that Great Britain was confronted by an agreement between the three Powers that she should not attack Turkey upon any excuse or pretext, she would have to face that combination, and that if she fired a single shot or took action alone, it would mean that at that moment there would be a European war."

At a mass meeting on the 24th of last month, held in Liverpool under the auspices of the Liverpool Reform League, to protest against the rule of the sultan and Turkey at the massacres of Armenians in the Turkish Empire, W. Gladstone made a speech, in which he said: "England has a just right to coerce Turkey, and the first step must be the recall of our Ambassador to Constantinople, and the consequent dismissal of the Turkish Ambassador in London. The resolution which I have just proposed against the rule of the sultan, and does not require, even for the sake of a great end, that we place ourselves in state of war with united Europe. Let us restrict ourselves from our present ambiguous position. Let us renounce our neutrality. Let us, by loyally pronouncing her Majesty's Ministers our unending and enthusiastic support, induce them, and, if necessary, to show the determination of arms which may even yet come to such a depth of atrocity as has never yet been recorded in the deplorable history of human crime." Gladstone's anti-Turkish speech was wired to the Sultan. The press of Europe generally criticise it sharply.

There is high authority for stating that just prior to going to Balmoral, the Czar caused his Ambassador,

Nelidof, to report to him specially on the Sultan's moral and mental condition. At the time the order was given Nelidof was absent on leave from his post at Constantinople. The Czar's request points to a consideration of questions whether Abdul Hamid could be trusted to reign quietly under new conditions or must be deposed.

The Dervishes have evacuated the Province of Dongola. A number of Dervish Emirs have surrendered to the Egyptian troops.

Cavendish in the Philippine Islands, is occupied by 15,000 insurgents. Over a hundred monks have been murdered in the islands since the breaking out of the rebellion. Many were burned to death. They were fastened to trees, their clothing having been soaked with kerosene oil and then ignited.

The Spanish Government is making preparations to send 8,000 additional troops to the Philippine Islands at once, and also to increase the garrison on the island of Fernando Po.

A Hungarian named Hertz has patented in France a cheap electrical storage battery, in which the electricity is generated by the vibrations of the transverse rays disclosed by Roentgen's experiments under the presence of a vacuum. The apparatus consists of a caratium can keep twenty lamps of ten-candle power going for eight thousand hours.

By a despatch from San Francisco dated Ninth Mo. 23, it appears that Kobe in Japan was nearly wiped out by a destructive conflagration on Eighth Month, 20th, and floods, storms and earthquakes caused the loss of hundreds of lives. The destruction of millions of dollars' worth of property in Northern Japan. The steamer Doric, from the Orient, brought the news of another series of catastrophes that has befallen the Mikado's realm. In Gifu prefecture 400 houses were blown down, and along the Hiji-Gawa 4,900 persons lost their lives. The severest storms occurred on Eighth Month 30th, after the destruction of millions of lives were lost. At Kobe, after the fire had devastated the city, forty people were swept to their death by the flood. In other provinces the loss of life reached 2,500.

Advices from Jacmel, one of the principal ports of Haiti, which shows an extensive trade with the United States, have the effect that a conflagration that occurred there destroyed three-quarters of the town. The fire-appliances in the place were primitive, and little could be done to check the progress of the fire. Many persons have lost everything they possessed, and the suffering among them is very great. The city has a population of about 6,000.

#### RECEIPTS.

Unless otherwise specified, two dollars have been received from each person, paying for vol. 70.

W. T. Cooper, N. J.; Lloyd Balderston and George Balderston, Md.; A. F. Hinson, Pa., and for Elizabeth B. Calley; Mary Hasket, O.; James E. Armstrong, Pa. 84; Wm. M. Parker, and for Anna C. Worrell, Pa.; Anna M. C. Gifford, Pa.; Wm. C. K. K. 84; C. Miller, O.; Rachel E. Bell, N. J.; Ruth A. Crandall, E. L.; Benjamin Heritage, N. J.; To No. 13, vol. 71; Julianna Peele, N. C.; Casper T. Sharpless, N. J., and for Sarah T. Warrington; Alva J. Smith, Agent, for Sabina Hiatt, Kan.; Thos. E. Smith, Agent, Ia, 88; for John Q. Spencer, Wm. D. Smith, James L. White and Hannah W. Warner, Pa.; Sarah W. Bacon, N. J.; L. Cardine Ash, Pa., per Walter P. Ash.

Remittances received after Third-day evening will not appear in the Receipts until the following week.

#### NOTICES.

A Friend wishes a position as housekeeper, companion, or assistant, either in household duties or office work. Address B. M., office of THE FRIEND.

THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE CORPORATION OF HAYFORD COLLEGE will be held in the Committee Room of Arch Street Meeting-house, Philadelphia on Third-day, Tenth Month 13th, 1896, at 3 o'clock P. M. The charter requires an attendance of twenty members in person or by proxy. Friends are particularly requested to be present, if it is possible for them to do so.

That future notices may not be delayed, please notify the Secretary of any change in address.

GEORGE VANCE, Jr., Sec'y.

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# THE FRIEND.

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## Diary and Letters of Deborah Brooks Webb.

(Continued from page 82.)

1855.—Sixth Month 3rd.—I have just been looking over what I was a year ago, and see so little change for the better that I feel almost discouraged. I know sanctification is a gradual work and do sincerely desire that one year more may I have more dedication and obedience to be best of Masters.

Last Fourth-day was Monthly Meeting, Yardley Warner there and spoke. "He that loveth his life shall lose it, but he that hateth his life for my sake, shall keep it unto life eternal." H. spoke against having little idols.

Dear Hannah Gibbons has been very ill, but is now recovering, for which I am very glad and thankful.

Sixth Month 10th.—Dear — said, The consolation of man was almost in vain to soothe the afflicted. "Affliction cometh not forth of the dust, neither doth trouble spring out of the ground." It is sent for our good, to wean us from placing too much dependence upon our comforts in this world. "Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also." "Lay up for yourselves treasure in heaven." With holy confidence come unto Him and appeal as Hagar did. "Thou God seest me." In time we shall be enabled to see that affliction was for our good. "For all we bless thee most for the severe."

Yesterday was the funeral of a little babe. It being Seventh-day afternoon I could go. Went with Mary and Ann Evans, and to the ground with Phebe Howell; afterwards called to see dear H. Gibbons. She looked so pleasant, said there were three nights in which she did not expect to see the light of another day, but she tried to be resigned to being brought back to this world again. I was telling her that several of the scholars had inquired for her, and she said it was pleasant to be remembered by them. She said she remembered that when a young woman at home, a ministering Friend by the name of Simpson, was at their meeting at West Grove. Her mother did not get an opportunity to invite him home with her and she, but he came to

\* Hannah Gibbons lived scarcely thirteen years after this date, dying in her ninety-eighth year, truly green in old age.

see them the next day. Her mother said, I did not invite thee yesterday, but I thought thee knew where we lived and would come. He said, "Yes, but we like to know we are welcome." After that her mother took care to invite strangers and be polite to them, and she said it felt pleasant to know the children remembered her.

Sixth Month 17th.—Silent meeting. I try to think good thoughts, to thank my Heavenly Father for his continued mercy to me and to ask Him for his blessing. This promise came into my mind just at the close. "Bring all the tithes into the store-house," etc.

Last Fifth-day was Mary S. Parkers's wedding-day to S. Townsend Brown. The meeting-house was crowded at an early hour. A Friend spoke to them so well and to the young people generally, said our Saviour came unto his own and his own received Him not, that some kept Him out till his head was wet with the dew of the night. He explained the excellent way so well that I hoped some few in the curious crowd would be prevailed upon as he desired they should, to make covenant with our Saviour and to obey Him.

Seventh Month 8th.—James Emlen called to ask me a question. He said he thought the nearer we kept to the Divine influence within, the more we would be likely to be preserved; to look to Him who has the care of every thing. I hope he (J. E.) will be supported and sustained through the remainder of his useful life. He does much good, particularly by his example, though he has a very humble opinion of himself.

Eighth Month 19th.—On Fifth-day last was our Quarterly Meeting at Woodbury. It was so good. In the last meeting Ruth S. Abbott, who sat by my side, spoke a few words. I felt that this day's favor was another mercy vouchsafed to me.

19th.—Returned to West Chester, Pa.

26th.—Dear H. Gibbons spoke to day, saying she felt a renewed desire that we might all be working out our own salvation, whilst the day of visitation lasted, for we know not that another day would be ours. Seek earnestly, oftener than the morning, to know the will of our Heavenly Father, though under a feeling of great unworthiness, then He will show us his will and give strength to perform it. She desired those who felt as though it was near the eleventh hour, to remember that the mercy seat was over the judgment seat.

Ninth Month 2nd.—Our dear friends, William and Elizabeth Evans, at our meeting. William spoke so well, saying it was a great blessing that the Holy Spirit continued to strive with us and to show us ourselves just as we are, that we must keep on the watch and follow our Saviour faithfully, then we would grow in grace and have peace. Dear E. appeared in supplication for us. She had been reminded of the fruitless fig tree, and prayed that some might be left alone and be dug about one year longer, might be visited one year longer; they have

been transplanted into a garden enclosed, but had not produced fruit.

Ah, cast me not off, most merciful Heavenly Father, be pleased to break the temptations which so hold me; have mercy and I will obey.

Dear Phebe W. Roberts spoke at our Monthly Meeting on Fourth-day. "We none of us know how soon we may be called hence. As the tree falls so it must lie, as death leaves us judgment will find us, therefore it behooves us to be living as the Holy Spirit directs, that we may feel sweet peace and assurance when we come to die. How much more to be desired to live with saints and angels than to sink to a horror of wicked company and eternal misery."

18th.—Yesterday Rebecca Pike, of Woodbury, was buried, she was the daughter of Thomas Seatt-rgood.

30th.—At Birmingham Meeting. Dear Phebe W. Roberts there and spoke of faith; that Daniel in the lions' den had faith, he prayed three times a day with his windows open.

Tenth Month 7th.—Abigail Hutchins-on visiting meetings. Grace Evans and Jeremiah Hacker with her. She spoke of the prodigal. I feel that my Heavenly Father is very merciful to poor me.

30th.—I do wish I could be faithful entirely. Went to a lecture that was not useful. I am sorry.

Twelfth Month 6th.—Dear H. Gibbons spoke to the children in meeting; I think it a favor.

1856.—First Month 6th.—Monthly Meeting. Dear H. Gibbons spoke in the last meeting, quoting, "As the heart paneth after the water brooks, so paneth my soul after thee, oh God."

30th.—Monthly Meeting. So good. Dear H. Gibbons spoke. The business part of the meeting was very interesting indeed. Some had encouraged hiring industry; much good counsel was given, and overseers encouraged to do their duty.

Second Month 12th.—Quarterly Meeting. So good. Dear Phebe W. Roberts asked to have the shutters opened again, and a good meeting we had.

19th.—Water froze one half inch in the school-room by the stove.

29th.—"If you die in your sins, whither I go ye cannot come." I hope to know mine to go beforehand to judgment.

Third Month 2nd.—John W. Tatum spoke, "There is a river the streams whereof make glad the whole heritage of God."

Fourth Mo. 2nd.—Monthly Meeting; Yardley Warner liberated to visit families, I was very glad.

On the fifth, Y. W. with James Emlen, visited this family. Oh! I want to be pure, to be clothed with the white raiment.

19th.—My birth-day; twenty-six year.

Fourth Month 23rd.—Yearly Meeting commenced. Some difficulty about the epistles.

25th.—We had some difficulty, but Elizabeth Pitfield supplicated for us just then, and it was quieted.

Fifth Month 4th.—Dear Sarah Mott from

Ohio, at meeting. "Then they that feared the Lord spoke often one to another," etc., (was her text).

11th.—Such a good meeting. A friend spoke, and dear H. G. in supplication. "Oh Lord God, be pleased to help and strengthen me to become a fool for thy sake, that I may wear a white garment and go to heaven."

28th.—Monthly Meeting. Walked to Birmingham, had good, contrite feelings. I hope to be humble. "Build the wall over against our own house." "When my father and my mother forsake me, the Lord will take me up."

Sixth Mo. 29th.—Dear H. G. spoke, "When the poor and needy seek water and there is none, and their tongues faileth for thirst. I the Lord will hear them, I the God of Israel, will not forsake them." So good. Time is passing and I have a great many favors vouchsafed to me, but I am afraid I am not faithful. Oh! that I could be more obedient to my Heavenly Father, that I could watch every minute. I do want to take up the cross that I may feel favor and acceptance with Him who has a right to my whole heart.

Seventh Month 18th.—Closed school for six weeks. Came to town in the stage.

Ninth Month 5th.—J. G. and sister here to tea. When I hear persons making fun and laughing about others, I am sometimes strongly tempted to laugh or join in, but I hope I may be preserved from doing so, for I always feel so sad if I do. I wish I could have courage enough to bear the cross. Holy Saviour bear with me, forgive me and make me holy and thine.

I have been having a very pleasant time since coming back. School is satisfactory, but yesterday afternoon instead of thirty there were only three scholars. A great "Fremont" meeting carried them all to the woods.

One evening last week we were invited to E. Howell's to tea. They have a poor little colored girl who is far gone in consumption; they are so kind to her. We had a real pleasant, visit and rose home in the moonlight.

The next day we were invited to J. G.'s to spend the evening and to meet their minister (Episcopalian). They had often spoken to us of him and wanted us to see him. There were many others of their society present and when the evening ended in prayer, we felt a little by ourselves, for we could not do as they did. I almost always refuse to go there, if I can find any suitable excuse, but this time I could not. She is a very kind and pleasant woman, often wants me to come, more than I do, but there is not a congeniality of feeling. I will tell thee what I like best of all; to sit down in the corner and hear good old Friends talk; that is the best. They won't tempt me to run into the fashions and customs of the world. We cannot always have what we like though, for we have our duties to perform to everybody.\*

(To be continued.)

WHITE-NECKED CROW.—Another great pest is the bird which we call the White-necked Crow. This bird, which is much larger than the common crow, picks up a stone in its claws, and breaks the ostrich eggs by dropping it on them from a considerable height. It then flies down and devours the egg.

\*The late Eli K. Price, a prominent lawyer of Philadelphia, who lived to an advanced age, not long before his death, in speaking of the Society of Friends said, "Your safety lies in keeping to yourselves. If you mix with the world you will lose your strength with your distinctive peculiarities."

## Lights and Shadows of Port Royal.

(Continued from page 85.)

By the year 1648, the company of nuns having become too numerous for their accommodations in Paris, and Port Royal des Champs being by this time quite habitable again, Angélique led thither a joyful band, though leaving some sorrowing in the Paris house. The return to the valley was the occasion of great demonstration by the poor people to whom Angélique had dispensed alms in former years. The gentlemen then retired to Les Granges, a farm-house near by, and the two companies were practically cut off from each other. The recluses had this great advantage over the nuns (though the latter may not have recognized it); they were not bound by the regulations and limitations of any order, and they had imposed upon themselves no vows; but, actuated by a common interest and a unity of purpose, they lived together, retired from worldly scenes; practising penances and mortifications, cultivating the orchards, the gardens, and the vineyards with their hands, and doing battle for their faith with their pens. About the middle of that century, the inmates of the two establishments numbered, I believe, near three hundred, perhaps more.

The next year after the return of Angélique and her companions to Port Royal des Champs, the first of the wars of the Fronde broke forth, and the secluded monastery was by no means exempt from a participation in the horrors which they brought with them. The surrounding peasantry flocked to the convent. An extract from Angélique's letter to her sister will best describe the conditions and the events of that period. "Our wretchedness is very pitiful. War is a horrible scourge. It is a wonder that both human beings and animals have not perished through being shut up so long. We had horses, both in our chamber and over against us in the chapter-house; and there were some forty cows, which belonged to us and our poor people, in a cellar. The court was quite full of hens and turkeys, ducks and geese. Our church was so full of wheat, oats, peas and beans, of household utensils and all kinds of clothes, that we had to walk over them to get into the choir; the bottom of which was also filled with the books of our gentlemen. There were besides, ten or a dozen nuns which had taken refuge with us; all the female servants of the farms were inside, all the male laborers without; the farm buildings were full of wounded men, the press-room and the offices crowded with animals. In short, if it had not been for the great cold, I think we should have had the plague.

Everything here is beyond price, so great has been the pillage. In short, it is very pitiful to see the poor country. I did not intend to have told you all this, but I was quite full of pity and concern, and so I have said it insensibly."

But it was not alone for her friends that Angélique cared. Enemies also partook of her benevolence; and Charles Beard says, "The Christian precept to love one's enemies has rarely been more triumphantly vindicated."

At the time of the second Fronde most of the nuns retired to Paris for safety, and "the gentlemen" of Port Royal des Champs proceeded to fortify the place and drill themselves for warfare; but the calming and persuasive voice of De Lari prevailed in favor of non-defense. In 1655 the sisterhood returned to their country place, which by this time had been enlarged and improved. It was during the second conjuncture in Paris that Jacqueline Pascal joined the com-

munity as a permanent member, and no account of Port Royal would be complete without some portraiture of her character. Her life closed at thirty-six years, and she was for only a few years a part of this remarkable sisterhood, yet in that short life and in those few years she inscribed upon the tablet of history "a memorial and a name, better," it may be, "than of sons and of daughters." That cry of a besieged conscience, that agonized appeal in behalf of truth and liberty, embodied in her famous "Letter on the Formulary," remain to testify that the life which went out in suffering and sorrow, dispensed an influence like the savor of a sweet-smelling sacrifice. Her childhood was marked by precocity of intellect, with strong poetic tendencies; the evidences of which are still preserved in her biography. How much these poems have gained or lost by a change of tongue it is difficult to tell; but supposing even the sense only to be retained in the following extract from stanzas written on the death of a Hugonot lady, it may be taken as some indication of her depth of feeling and her charitable nature:

"Day by day her dearest care  
Was to serve the Lord by prayer.  
Could her faith so fruitful be  
If it were not given of thee?  
Shall the zeal thou didst bestow  
Sink her in eternal woe?"

In my dim and sinful state,  
Lord, I cannot penetrate  
Secrets that my wisdom hides,  
But thy goodness yet abides;  
And thine equitable will  
Is with mercy tempered still."

But it is not the precocious, poetic child, nor the mystic maiden seeking solitude; but the clear-headed, conscientious, courageous woman, that commands our admiration. Vinet, the Swiss Protestant, says that Madame Roland could have taught her nothing. She took her place at Port Royal at about the opening of that long period of persecution which has already been mentioned, and which may be further described now. Jansenism, as we have seen, was in favor with the theologians of Port Royal, although many—especially the women—of the community had not read the Augustinus. The Port Royalists were all, or nearly all, disciples of St. Cyran's school, and St. Cyran evidently accepted Jansen's interpretation of Augustine. The Jansenists maintained that the five condemned propositions were not to be found in the Augustinus in the sense understood, or professedly understood, by the court of Rome, but they were willing to condemn the doctrines taken in a heretical sense. They granted that the Pope could pronounce judgment as to the orthodoxy of a theological tenet, that being within his supposed pontifical function; but they claimed that a decision as to matters of fact, appealing to reason and intellectual knowledge only, was no part of that function exclusively. The king, Cardinal Richelieu and the Jesuits, were all on the side of the Pope and against the Jansenists. A formulary, condemning the said five propositions, was given to priests, nuns and schoolmasters to sign, under penalty of imprisonment and interdiction of the sacraments. Most of the nuns of Port Royal were uncompromising. They held it perjury to put their names to a paper which condemned a work they had never read, inasmuch as the condemnation contained a statement to the effect that the heresy was to be found in Jansen's work. One of their number, the Countess of Brégy, said, "The king cannot

ve us belief in a disputed fact. That is out "his province and beyond his power."

About the first move in the series of prosecutions against Port Royal was an order for the rearing up of the schools and the dispersion of the recalcitrants. The impending storm was for the most averted, however, by the occurrence of a peculiar circumstance known as the "miracle of the Holy Thorn." It was averred and devoutly believed that a little niece of Jacqueline Pascal, then at Port Royal, had been cured of serious disease of the eye by the application of the relic; and so confidently was this wonderful cure attested by physicians and others, that even some Protestants have seemed almost to tremble at it, though it is to be accounted for or has been in some degree (at least), on rational and physical grounds.

But the peace thus procured for Port Royal as only temporary, for the enmity of the Jesuits was not to be thus easily allayed. Antoine Arnould had written a book which cost him his face in the Sorbonne, and the publication of which was followed by what has been wittily called "a period of invisibility" on his part. Indeed, the well-known opposition of his family to the Jesuits has been termed the "original sin of the Arnoulds." It was at this juncture that the famous "Provincial Letters" of Pascal made their appearance; the first being in defense of Arnould, and others exposing the dissimulation and corrupt practices of the Jesuits. Amusement, astonishment, triumph and discomfiture, were the several effects of these letters. They were satires of the keenest and most effective kind, and formed a contribution to literature of no inconsiderable value. Macaulay accredited with saying that the Provincial Letters and the social letters of Madame de Sevigné were the only two "perfect pieces" of modern literature. The latter—contemporary with Pascal and a friend of the Port Royalists—warmly appreciated Pascal's "Letters." They were written, too, at a time when the French language had not reached its present development; yet Pascal's style was so pure and simple, that, it is said, there is not a word in the Provincial Letters that has since become obsolete. Concerning their literary value, Sir James Stephen went so far as to say that "in the whole compass of literature, ancient as well as modern, there is probably nothing of the same kind that will bear comparison with the Provincial Letters." As to their permanent effect upon the standing and influence of the Jesuits, there is not entire unity of opinion; at Father Hyacinthe, of the Free Catholic Church of France to-day, gratefully acknowledges the services of the Jansenists in overthrowing the power of the Jesuits at that time.

The letters were printed anonymously, but the authorship was soon suspected, and Pascal also had to "go into hiding." The lively, cutting irony of the Provincial Letters seems somewhat out of keeping with his serious and strongly poetic character, but a tendency to witicism was mainly a part of his nature. He has been called "an ingenious self-tormentor;" and indeed sufferings of one kind or another seem to have come thick and fast into his short life. Great physical pain, resulting from disease, he would not accept as sufficient chastisement, but must upon himself further penances of his own devising. Even his sister Jacqueline, nun that she was, was provoked by his monkish disregard for cleanliness to send him the following epistle. "I have been congratulated," said she, "upon the fervor of devotion which

has lifted you so far above the ordinary customs that you consider a house a superfluous piece of furniture. I think that for some months at least, you should try being as clean as you now are untidy, in order that you may show that you can succeed in humble and vigilant care of the body (which is your servant), as well as you have succeeded in humble negligence of it. After that, if you again find it glorious and edifying to others to be dirty, you can do so; especially if it be a means of holiness, which I very much doubt. St. Bernard did not think it was."

(To be concluded.)

FOR "THE FRIEND."

### Cultivating and Dealing in Tobacco.

Having twice seen very lately the printed statement that more than fifteen hundred members belonging to North Carolina Yearly Meeting are either engaged in raising or dealing in tobacco, or in its manufacture, or personally use it, I should have discredited the statement had it appeared in numerals, where the error of a single cipher might have augmented an intended total ten times. This desolating alliance I believe must be attended by much moral loss to the body attacked and cankered by it, if it be not soon broken away from.

It was a curious telegram from Reading, Pa., which was printed in a daily paper yesterday, that the principal of the High School in that city had had a conference with one hundred of the parents of his pupils, in the course of which he told them that they must assist him "in breaking up the wicked and nefarious habit of smoking cigarettes," which was killing their boys. He advised, however, that they should be urged to use cigars as a substitute, and, the despatch says, he had already made a beginning in smoking with the scholars! It is evident that his objection to the habit was grounded on no moral foundation.

Only yesterday I had an experience in this connection which I believe it will be proper for me to mention here. Some one had sent me awhile ago the business card of a city tobacco dealer, the language printed upon which was exceedingly vile. I had thought of simply sending the card with a letter of complaint to the Superintendent of Police, but finally concluded it would be my duty to go down to the store of the dealer, which I found to be far down in the southern part of the city, half a dozen squares below our county prison, known by the local Indian name of Moyamensing. In the show-window of the tobacconist, the vile picture cards which the heart of the manufacturer and the dealer in cigarettes so delight in, were to be seen, while within upon the walls were suspended scores if not hundreds of similar productions. One or two men in the back part of the store were engaged in rolling cigars or cigarettes. My attention, however, was particularly drawn to the two words in raised porcelain letters upon the glass of the bulk window—"Esterbrook's Pens." Ah, I thought, if the worthy elder whose name was so conspicuously blazoned there could have used the stout cane which was his so constant companion, in the way that he would have liked, how quickly he would have shattered the ignoble association!

Little more than a square away is a large public school-house. School children need pens, and the children's Economy often puts it into the hearts of very young children to hanker after cigarettes, and the dealer has his alluring pictorial poison bait to go with the packages of

these. I went at once to the school-house and had an interview with the principal, who, unexpectedly, I found to be a woman. Repeatedly the picture cards had been found in possession of the boys, and they had always been taken from them. This incident seems to be the complaint from all the public schools. The Superintendent of Police was then seen, and the matter placed in his hands, the proximity of the school-house to the source of baleful supply being especially noted.

I think it probable that not a child in that public school, or any child in the families of that immediate neighborhood was a Friend. But it is indeed occasion for great regret, knowing as most of our members must know, something concerning the immorality associated with the manufacture and general traffic in the weed, as well as the expensiveness of the habit of using it and the physically bad effects of the practice, that any of us should be found promoting the evil.

JOSIAH W. LEIDS.

FOR "THE FRIEND."

### Through Jungle and Desert.

This is the title of a book of travels in Eastern Africa recently issued from the press. The adventures whose experiences are recorded in it, were Wm. Astor Chanler, a young American, and Ludwig von Höhnel, an officer in the Austrian navy. Both had had previous experience in African exploration, and were animated by a singular zeal to extend the boundaries of civilized knowledge by penetrating into the regions south of Abyssinia, and to the north of the usual routes from Zanzibar to the great lakes which form the source of the Nile. They knew the hostile character of the Somali who inhabit much of that country, but believed they could succeed by approaching that land from the south. After making elaborate preparations, they selected the river Tana as the most desirable route. One of the great difficulties of African exploration is the transportation of the goods with which a caravan is furnished—such as ammunition, food and trading goods. For this purpose bearers are engaged at Zanzibar, who are mostly slaves to the Arabs residing there, and are paid so much a month from the time they are absent from home. They have certain peculiarities which render them unreliable and a sore trial to the patience of their employers. One of these is a tendency to desert, which our travellers often experienced, and which finally broke up the expedition—the bearers nearly all leaving in a body, when some hundred miles in the interior. Before this, von Höhnel had been badly wounded by a rhinoceros, and sent to the coast for medical treatment, and Chanler was compelled to destroy or leave behind about nine thousand dollars' worth of goods, and with a few men march back.

The personnel of the caravan consisted of one hundred and thirty bearers and a number of personal attendants, Swahili soldiers, two Somali who were to care for the camels, etc. Camels, donkeys, horses and cattle were purchased in aid in transporting baggage. But most of these soon perished from the poisonous bites of the tsetse fly.

The ascent of the Tana River was made tedious by the absence of any definite path, which often compelled them to cut their way through a thick growth of thorny bushes. On one such occasion, our author states that two of them, armed with knives, at the end of five hours' hard work, had proceeded less than half

a mile. "The growth through which we cut our path was the most tangled jungle imaginable, and armed at every point with sharp thorns. Added to this were innumerable red ants, called by the natives "boiling water." Before we had been in the jungle fifteen minutes, we were covered with them, and bitten from head to foot. It was dark before we gave up the attempt to cut the road."

A large amount of goods and provisions had been sent up in hired canoes to the head of navigation on the Tana River, at this post, a depot was made, and after a time of rest, the main body of the caravan continued its journey in a northern course. They met with much game, which furnished them with food in addition to the stores they carried with them. Elephants, hippopotamus, rhinoceros, antelope and giraffe were encountered. The caravan was frequently charged by rhinoceroses, and some of the party were often endangered by these angry animals. Chauler mentions a narrow escape he himself had. When endeavoring to stalk a small herd of zebra and giraffes, he noticed at a distance of two hundred yards a solitary rhinoceros placidly feeding, and went on without disturbing him. A shrill whistle from his men soon after aroused his attention. The animal on scenting him had started in pursuit, and the whistle warning Chauler of his danger, gave him just time to leap on one side and avoid the rush of the animal.

Of a forest of acacias, through which they past, he says, "It was literally alive with rhinoceroses which charged the caravan at almost every turn." Lieutenant von Hohnel did not escape so well as his fellow-traveller. When they were pursuing a herd of elephants, they were charged by a rhinoceros. Upon hearing it approach, Hohnel, who had his rifle in his hand, waited before firing, until the brute presented a fair mark; but as it approached, the men with him became nervous and ran across his line of fire, which prevented him from shooting. When the animal came to close quarters, he attempted to hide behind a tree, but found that two or three of his men had already taken possession. When he decided to fire, in raising his gun to his shoulder, it caught in the branch of a tree, and at that moment the nose of the rhinoceros struck him in the stomach, and bore him to the earth. The beast trampled upon him and struck him with his horn, making a ghastly wound in his thigh, and clipping off a bit of the thigh bone.

As soon as he was knocked down, the fox terriers that accompanied the party, ferociously attacked the rhinoceros, and diverted its attention to themselves, thus saving the life of their master. They were hundreds of miles from the coast and a doctor, but the wounded man was safely conveyed there, and ultimately recovered. Two others of the company were struck by these animals, one of whom survived, and the other died.

In the course of their march they came to an extinct crater, much visited by the natives for the sulphate of magnesia which it contained. Salt is a scarce article in many parts of Africa, and the longing for saline matter must be considerable, when it induces people to use Epsom-salt as a substitute.

One night the camp was alarmed by the outcries of the night-watch, who were startled by what they took to be a large body of men crawling towards the camp for the purpose of making an attack. The men sprang to their feet, loaded their rifles, and screamed with excitement. It

was found that the attacking party of savages consisted of a horde of apes, which had probably been attracted by the fires, but made off at once on hearing the uproar.

On reaching the country occupied by the Wamsara, they endeavored to trade with them for food. But these people, who had not long before cut off a caravan of Soudanese, seemed more disposed to get their goods by force than by traffic—and a running fight was kept up for several days, until they had passed through their territory. The next tribe was the Embe, who were more peaceably inclined.

The old men seemed to possess the principal authority among them. As an illustration of their judicial proceedings, a case is related in which a man who had a flock of ten goats was accused by a neighbor of having stolen two goats from him. The old men of the neighboring villages assembled to discuss the matter. They spent five days in considering the case, during which time two goats per day were needed for their subsistence—which were furnished by the defendant. When they found his stock had become exhausted, they adjudged the case in his favor, and forced the plaintiff to pay him two goats for having accused him falsely.

The unit of value among the Embe is a goat. For example, a donkey might be considered as worth six goats, and in trading for it, six small sticks would be produced, and as the value of each goat was tendered, whether in iron, wire, beads or cloth, they would put aside one of the sticks, and repeat this action until the full value of the donkey had been accounted for.

After passing the country of the Embe, our travellers pushed on till they met with the Rendile—a numerous and warlike tribe, who possessed large flocks of camels, donkeys and goats. They hoped to be able to purchase pack animals of them, which would enable them to explore the country still further. With their chiefs they went through the ceremony of making "blood brotherhood," but their efforts to trade were unavailing. Under these circumstances they resolved to make an effort to find another tribe of whom they could purchase beasts of burden, and retreated from the Rendile country to an oasis named Seran.

(To be continued.)

THE TESTIMONY OF EXETER MONTHLY MEETING CONCERNING OUR FRIEND SAMUEL EMBREE, SON OF MOSSES AND MARY EMBREE.

He was born at little Egzharbour the sixteenth of the Eighth Month, 1717, and brought by his Parents when young into Pennsylvania. He was educated in the Principles of Friends, but in his young years was given to Vanity, as himself hath several times related, but through the operation of Divine grace came to know a Victory over it, and about the forty-fourth year of his age found it his duty to teach others; his gift in the Ministry was not large, yet tended to Edification. [He] was concerned in visiting Families both at home and abroad, whose labour of Love we believe was Exceptionable. He was a diligent attender of meeting both for Worship and discipline when of ability of Body, and Exemplary in Humble waiting. A good Husband, a tender Father, an honest and peaceable man and well beloved by his Neighbours, and given to Hospitality. His last sickness, which continued some weeks, he bore with patience, expressing resignation to the will of the Lord, either in life or Death.

He departed this life the twenty-fourth, and

was buried at Reading the twenty-seventh of the second Month, 1777. Aged fifty-nine years and some months. A minister about fifteen years.

The Baby's Bank.

It was a little tin affair, which a relative of the family had given to a three-year-old girl in Montreal, and into it she had dropped her first savings. She was looking forward to Christmas, and thinking what beautiful things her pennies would purchase by and by. So one by one she dropped them in, until her bank seemed to her to treasure up untold wealth.

One day her father came in. He had been a respectable resident of the city, kind and loving, a good husband, a tender father, but he had looked upon the wine when it was red, he had fallen under the spell and curse of strong drink, and so one day he reached up and took down the little bank.

"Don't take my Kismas money, papa," pleaded the little child, with tears.

But in spite of her entreaties, the father robbed the little tin bank of the twenty-six cents the baby's little tin; and disregarding her tears and cries, he strolled away, independent and indifferent. An hour later his heavy-hearted wife found him in a neighboring saloon, roaring drunk on liquor bought with his baby girl's first Christmas money!

This is what drink does to fathers and mothers and children. This is the outcome of the "social glass," of the "good times" which men enjoy who "tarry long at the wine" and are "mighty to mix strong drink." "At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." It quenches the light of love, it stings the soul with remorse. It hardens the heart against all the tenderness of parental and filial and conjugal love. It makes man a savage, a brute, a demon, and turns him loose upon the world to crush and ravage and destroy. For drink a man will rob his child of her pennies, will steal his baby's shoes, will squander his household treasures, will break his wife's heart, will sink down into degradation and crime, and finally into "the blackness of darkness forever."

The safe thing to do is to "resist the beginnings of evil," to spurn the cup, to flee from the tempter, to cast down the deadly draught, and to seek in the fear of God, in sobriety and temperance and righteousness, to walk uprightly and escape the snares of Satan here, and the damnation of hell hereafter.

"Slavery and death the cup contains,  
Dish to the earth the poisoned bowl;  
Suffer that silk are iron chains  
Compared with those that chafe the soul!"  
Christian Safeguard.

The following thoughts from a tract written we know not by whom, but published by the Society of Friends, are worthy of consideration "Should I plead the example of good men under the shadowy dispensation of the law; for instrumental music, "We might on the same ground justify other practices not sanctioned by the Gospel. As it is our privilege to live under a more spiritual and perfect dispensation so it is our duty to look to Him who is the Christian's perfect pattern, and in his example o that of his apostles, we shall find no authority; for recreation or pastimes of a musical character. . . . Surely no one can seriously believe that the melodious sounds proceeding from an inanimate organ will be regarded as acceptable worship by Him, who delights in the sacrifice

broken hearts, and contrite spirits, even though uttered in the homely language of the poor publican. Then why is it introduced? Is it not to cleanse the itching ears of the superficial Christian professor? Music does not appear to have been in houses of worship until nearly midnight darkness had overspread the professing Church, when about the year 660 it was introduced by Pope Vitalian. It then became a component part of the half Jewish, half heathen robe of gorgeous and imposing ceremony with which the Church sought to adorn herself, when she had nearly lost the beautiful garments of purity, simplicity and spirituality in which she was originally arrayed by her Divine Founder.—*The Christian Advocate.*

**Belief in God Among the Africans.**

To believe that there is a God who has made all things, who gives us life and takes life away, we do not need to be educated. The heathen, who have no conception of education or theology, who do not even know one written sign from another, who have no characters to represent ideas, are quite convinced of his existence, although they call Him by as many different names as they speak languages. The natives of Liberia call God "Niswa." They believe He is ever near, and sees them and knows all they are doing.

They always call upon Him to witness when offering a sacrifice or judging a "palaver" (a dispute of any kind) or a trial. In case of trial by drinking "sawwood," the victim, before taking the poison, thus calls upon God, with eyes uplifted, to bear his solemn statement to the people, "God, thou knowest that I am not guilty. I have not committed this crime. Thou, who knowest the truth, knowest that I am not the guilty party. Therefore, I am not afraid to drink this 'sawwood.' I know that I might lie to this people and deceive them, but I could not deceive Thee, and if I were guilty this 'sawwood' would kill me." Thus they drink it, not fearing the deadly poison, but believing that the All-seeing God will prove their innocence, and make known the truth.

In case of sudden death or any terrifying calamity, the heathen call upon the unseen God, "Niswa," not upon their idols. The Scriptures truly say, "For God hath shown it unto them." I have come into direct contact with the heathen, and have observed how much confidence they place in the Almighty God. Although, in all their homes they have idols that they worship, and although all wear charms and trust in their *grues-grues*, yet when danger or trouble comes, they look to Him, believing that He alone can help them. This has given me new light on many passages in the Bible, and I have said of a truth, "God hath showed it unto them," for there was no other source whence they could have received such light and knowledge.—*Agnes McAllister.*

**HANDLING "CRACKED PLATES."**—Broken hearts get all too little sympathy from the busy world. It is so easy, when the "other fellow" is stricken, to make the blow heavier by untimely censure, by studied aloofness, or by evident lack of sympathy. It is so hard for some men to find time to be kindly and really sympathetic. The Jamaica negro, in abject sorrow, cries plaintively, "Put me down softly,—me a cracked plate!" And his cry is echoed by many a broken heart very near us, yet far off and sorrowing the more because of our heedlessness to its long cry.—*Late Paper.*

FOR "THE FRIEND,"  
**"HE GIVETH RICHLY."**

O Lord, how perfect are Thy gifts divine,  
That speak of thee to every listening soul!  
How wondrously the ordered seasons roll!  
What beauty overflows this world of Thine,  
At noon, and noon, and eve, of shade and shine!  
What hues and tints, of sky, and leaves, and flowers!  
What stars, and tender moon, for midnight hours!  
What answering chords, within this heart of mine,  
Stirring to beauty's undertone, to song,  
Of every sensate creature Thou hast made,  
To voice of wind, and ocean's chorus strong,  
And silver streamlet, babbling in the shade,  
Oh may thy praise my choicest powers employ!  
Thou "givest richly all things to enjoy."

L. P.

**SPIN CHEERFULLY.**

Spin cheerfully,  
Not tearfully,  
Though wearily you plod;  
Spin carefully,  
Spin prayerfully;  
But leave the thread with God.  
The shuttles of his purpose move  
To carry out his own design.  
Seek not too soon to disapprove  
His work, nor yet to assign.  
Dark motives, when with silent tread,  
You view each sinner fold;  
For, lo, within each darker thread  
There twines a thread of gold.

Spin cheerfully,  
Not tearfully,  
He knows the way you plod;  
Spin carefully,  
Spin prayerfully,  
But leave the thread with God.

—Unidentified.

FOR "THE FRIEND."

**A Short Account of John Graham**

WHO DIED AT BIRMINGHAM, ENGLAND, ON THE TWENTY-SEVENTH OF NINTH MONTH, 1867.

Although nearly thirty years have passed away since the death of this dear Friend, in the prime of his days, yet his memory is blessed to not a few who knew him and loved him, and it is believed that a short notice of his quiet, watchful life and triumphant close may prove instructive to the readers of THE FRIEND. The preparation for the service of his Lord and Master was evident, in the latter part of his life, to those with whom he was most nearly associated, and the close exercises of his mind on his own account and on that of the Church, found expression during his last illness, and might be called messages of interest and of warning to the religious Society of which he was a thoughtful and observant member.

John Graham was born at Brileleik, near Cockermonth, Cumberland, on the twenty-eighth of Tenth Month, 1830. His father soon afterwards moved to another farm a few miles further north, near Wigton. Both these early homes were situated on the high ground which rises from the river Cocker on one side, and from the Solway Firth on the other; a fine prospect of Skiddaw and other mountains belonging to the English lake district, being visible on the south, and on the north the view is far-reaching, of Criffell and many ranges of hills in the Scottish lowlands.

It may be that this early was engendered and fostered that love of nature in her gentler and sterner moods which was afterwards a pleasing characteristic; and hill and valley, mountain and moor, fern and flower, had each lessons for him of the power and goodness of their Almighty Creator.

After spending two or three years at the

Friend's School at Wigton, in Cumberland, where he made the most of the opportunities at his disposal, he lived for a few years at Birmingham, where he learned the business of a grocer with his elder brother. Here he improved his mind in his leisure hours, and studied botany and other branches of science—the self-culture thus commenced only ending with his life. In the summer of 1853 he joined another brother as partner in a business at Preston, in Lancashire, one of the centres of the cotton industry, and here he resided for the next thirteen years. He evinced much interest in the mill operatives, and his sympathies were much called forth by their distress during the cotton famine in 1863. For some time he taught a class in the First-day school, and, with three other teachers, compiled a selection of religious poetry, that the scholars might have suitable pieces to recite, and with his characteristic care, exerted his influence that none should be admitted that were not sound in sentiment. During his last illness, he remarked that he had long striven as a First-day school teacher to understand the Bible, but that it was alone, at his place of business, where the early hours of the morning were generally spent, that the true meaning of the Scriptures was often unfolded to him, and the fulfilment of the promise respecting the Comforter known, "He shall take of mine, and shall show it unto you."

He frequently wrote descriptions of natural scenery and other interesting information he gained whilst travelling, to his younger relatives, and extracts from these letters show the thoughtful and reflective character of his mind. During a journey in North Lancashire, not far from Uverstone and Swarthmore, he writes, "I went to see Furness Abbey about three weeks since. It is now a beautiful pile of ruins and must have been a very splendid building when in its glory, about six hundred years ago. I think it was founded by King Stephen before he was made king of England. The monastery was endowed with great power by him and filled with monks, who led very austere lives. It is situated in a vale called B-kaungstill, which means the glen of deadly night-bade, which, however, is a very pretty place, although it has such an ugly name."

In 1854, he describes some of his experiences on the Cumberland Mountains: "I reached Windermere about eleven o'clock on Sunday, the thirty-first ult. I went direct to Bowness, a village on the banks of Windermere Lake, went on board a steam yacht, and sailed up the lake to Waterhead, near Ambleside, from which town (after I had dined) I set off on a mountain tour, with a walking-stick in my hand, a map, compass and glass in my pocket. I was soon toiling up the steep sides of Nabsar, immediately behind the house in which Wordsworth lived and died. The first picture which presented from the breast of the mountain was the beautiful vale of Rydal, endowing its lake and smiling with unusual freshness, for it had that morning been well watered with showers. As I advanced, Windermere Vale, with its lake (the largest in England) began to open out. The lake is ten miles in length, on it are several beautiful islands, and on one of the islands a house is built. Before I had gained the top, Garsmere Vale, with its lovely lake, in which is one small island, spread out beneath me. A hut has been built on this island among a clump of trees. I think it was L. P. Sigourney, who, in writing of it, makes a beautiful comparison:

"Which, like an emerald chasped  
In crystal sleeps."

"The morning had been showery and overcast, now the sun had broken out, and the clouds were gathered into white patches, as we frequently see them in sultry weather. It was very hot, so I pulled off my coat, and wound my way upwards, sometimes on smooth ground, sometimes among crags, often stopping to gather the 'heather,' which was 'bonnie wi' bloom,' or scramble up a rocky precipice for some curious fern. Fairly at the top, the prospect was splendid.

"But the top of Nabscar did not satisfy me. Fairfield, rising still higher, was before me. He had 'doff' the cloudy cap which shrouded his head when I saw it last from Ambleside—or rather when I saw its position, for I could not see his head through the cloud. Towards Fairfield, I turned, and soon reached the top, sometimes disturbing the sheep, which, with their lambs, grazed among the crags, where their food is much more scanty than on the lower parts of the mountain—but they are fond of being high up. 'Fairfield Man' is, I believe, 2,950 feet above the level of the sea. The 'Man' is the highest point of the mountain, and a pile of stones, supporting, in its centre, an upright post, marks its position. The 'Man' is to be found on nearly all the fells in this district.

"I followed the connecting ridge along 'Seat Sandal,' 'Dolly-waggon-pike,' and across the foot of Grisedale Tarn, its dark, still waters stretching along the mountain pass between Patterdale and Wythburn. I was now upon the breast of the 'mighty Helvellyn,' but I must turn back for I am not quite done with 'Dolly-waggon-pike' and its connecting ridge.

"Once, on descending into a little vale near the top of the mountain, I heard in the distance the tinkling of a solitary sheep-bell. All else around was silence, perfect silence, such as can only be understood in such a position. There is great solemnity in the stillness of the higher mountains, 'shut out from all the world' and surrounded by mountain peaks, we sometimes hear the 'solemn bleat' of

"A lamb left somewhere to itself,  
The plaintive spirit of the solitude."

"As I was walking along and looking down into a deep glen on my right, I heard an unusual whistling sound come from an opposite direction. The sound increased in distinctness, and turning around, I saw, at the distance of ten or a dozen yards, that the soft grass was all in motion, as if it had taken life, although there was scarcely a breath of air stirring. I observed that this motion advanced towards me. Instantly perceiving that this was a whirlwind, I fell prostrate and clung to the earth. It carried in its grasp bits of dead grass and sticks, which it whirled quickly around, bearing its burden immediately over me, and, with a whistle and a rush, it passed into the glen. I was glad to witness such a phenomenon, and also thankful that it was not more powerful than it was, else it might have taken me with it. I recollect reading an account of a shepherd and his son being overtaken by a strong whirlwind on Langdale Pikes, when the son was torn from his hold and carried headlong to destruction.

"On Helvellyn, I fell in with a shepherd who was gathering his flock. It was not necessary for him to move in doing this. He directed his dog by words, signs and whistles, and the animal, as if it had understood English, obeyed his commands, and gathered the flock in admirable

order. I queried of him if I could not get to Wythburn in that direction, pointing to where I knew it lay. He answered, 'Aye; sure. But don't gae ower far that way.' I thanked him, took the bearings of his walking stick, and plodded onward, over some very soft and treacherous ground, where it is necessary to keep a lookout, or the traveller may be plunged into a quagmire. I descended Whiteside (part of Helvellyn), and came down nearly opposite to where William Ball (a Friend who lives at 'Glen Rothay,' in Rydal) has erected a tombstone in memory of his horse, which died there and is buried in the ditch. It is dated Ninth Month 30th, 1833.

"Crossing 'Dunmail Raise,' where there is a pile of stones, underneath which, tradition says, the remains of Dunmail, the last king of Cumberland, lie buried. I reached the Horse's Head Inn, Wythburn. As I was sitting down to tea the coach which was to convey me to Ambleside came up. Opposite the inn is the parish church. It is the smallest in England. Wordsworth says:

"Wythburn's modest house of prayer,  
As lowly as the lowliest dwelling!"

"Rode to Ambleside, walked towards Windermere, had a splendid view of the sun setting behind a mountain. I then walked about a quarter of a mile to Stockgill Force, a picturesque waterfall. Next returned to my lodging, almost tired out, having seen, in my rambles, ten lakes, several taras, and the sea at Morecamb, and had been

"Alang o'er monie a mountain tap,  
Alang thro' haudie a glen,  
Wi' nature hailing fellowship,  
I'd journeyed far frae me."

"Next morning, taking the coach, I rode to Cockermonth through a very romantic country. A few miles on this side of Keswick, we look up St. John's Vale. I returned on Fifth-day to Grasmere."

Early in Fifth Month, 1836, he attended the Yearly Meeting in Dublin, and, after returning home, he wrote: "Was at Bray three or four hours one day. This is a pretty watering-place, ten or twelve miles south of Dublin, in the county of Wicklow. I walked a mile in the direction of the town of Wicklow, and fell in with the smallest cabin I saw in Ireland, under a high rock on the sea-coast. It was inhabited by a poor woman, who told me she had been a widow for several years. Two of the walls were built of clay, the other two were a rock, against which a roof of brackens and boards was cast. The doorway (there was no door) was formed by two strong branches, placed so as to support each other, in the form of an acute angle. The window-hole (there was no window) was near the doorway, and in the corner, nearly underneath, was the bed. The fire-place, made of sods and sticks, was at the opposite end of the cabin, on the ground, the smoke creeping up a kind of chimney, also out at several holes in the roof. The old lady was very civil, and placed me a stool to sit on, which brought me very near the ground. She chatted very cheerfully, and brought me a delicious glass of water from a spring about a yard from her door. She was not alone, but had two visitors with her when I called. They were neighbors who had come to see how she did. Three extra guests and herself nearly filled the vacant room in the cabin. Poor as she appeared to be, she seemed happy, and I left her with the feeling that 'a little with contentment is great gain.'

"I left Dublin on Sixth-day by rail from Belfast, had a peep at Lough Neagh, near Moira, and reached Belfast about noon on Seventh-day. I ascended the Cave Mountain, two miles north of Belfast, and had a good view of the surrounding country from the top. There are three curious caves, cut out of the solid rock near the top of this mountain."

(To be continued.)

### A Baby Among the Slain.

An American officer writes of one of the conflicts in the Civil War:

Darkness had come at last, and the roar of battle had died away to a low growl. Grant had failed to drive Lee. We knew that from flank to flank. If he could not force a passage through those gray lines, he could flank them. Before the sun went down we knew that he would do it. It was not yet night when the movement began, but my division would be one of the last to move, and we must hold our ground and prevent the Confederates from discovering what was taking place. It was a curious coincidence of war that Lee was also moving by the flank, both armies marching in parallel lines from a battle-field that had yielded neither victory nor defeat to either side.

Post No. 7 was under a large tree on the edge of a thicket. To the south, there was a strip of open ground, then a thicket, then an old field, in which stood a log cabin. It was a lonely place, well away from the camps, the dead and the dying, but I was glad to be alone. All along the lines there was a growling of musketry; but this was but a bluff—a bit of acting to cover the real design. I had been nearly an hour on the post without anything happening to alarm me, when I heard a movement in the thicket across the open strip.

Was it a person? Riderless horses had galloped about that day almost without number; this might be one which had found shelter in that thicket.

Rustle! rustle! Step! step! It was a cautious movement. Whoever it was, hoped to reach me without discovery, but there were dead leaves underfoot and the thicket was dense. A hare could not have moved without betraying its presence.

Rustle! rustle! Kneeling down, so as to see under the darkness, as it were, I suddenly made out a black object against the dark background. It is neither horse nor mule, it is a human being. A scout from the enemy's picket post, only a quarter of a mile away? A wounded man hobbling about to find succor? One of our own scouts returning? "Who comes here?" There is silence for fifteen seconds, and then a woman's voice answers: "I can't find the place! It's so dark I can't find the place!"

Aye! it was a woman's voice, and it had a sob in it, too. A woman there in the darkness between the hostile lines—with powder smoke in the air, and stray bullets darting through the thickets with a whizz, as of some great insect stirred to anger!

"Who comes here?" "I wish it wasn't so dark! I am so tired—so tired!" And then she came to the open strip toward me, making no stop, never hesitating, walking straight up to me, as if she could see as well by night as in the sunshine of day. "I can't find the place," she sobbed, as she came to a stop within arm's length. "Good woman! but what are you doing here?" I gasped, almost terrified at her presence. "See! see!" she replied, holding a bundle out towards me. "One time I saw a

cautiful spot in the woods, and said to myself that if he died I would bury him there, but I can't find it—I can't find it!" "What is it, 'oman? What have you got there?" "See! Don't be afraid. He's dead. He can't speak or move. Take him!"

She put a bundle into my arms and I cried out and let fall my musket. It was the body of a baby about a year and a half old. Dead? 'es! Dead from a cruel bullet which had pierced its little body and left a great wound which looked horrible to me in the dim light! Dead and cold and bathed in its own blood—dead for hours! And when I reached out and touched the shawl worn by the mother, my fingers burned at the feel of blood! "I have carried him such a long, long way," she moaned, and I have seen so many dead men and heard so many guns! You'll help me, won't you—help me to find the place and bury poor baby?" Was it your baby? Did you live in the cabin beyond the thicket? I asked, still holding the little corpse. "He was so happy!" she said, and she tossed the little bare head with a motherly rapture. "And I was so happy, too! He won't ever laugh and crow again, will he? I've got to find that beautiful place and bury him, haven't I? And you'll help me; yes, I know you will, for you don't swear and curse at me."

She had lost her mind. Think of it—an insane mother wandering over a bloody battlefield, with her dead child in her arms! She had not one idea—to bury it in a dell which she had once visited and remarked its beauty—a dell in which the Federals or Confederates were faultless then burying their own dead. I knew not what to do. I could not leave my post, and I did not want her to go wandering further. I was trying to soothe and quiet the woman when she suddenly cried out, "Ah! it is not so dark now and I can find the place. I'll go on ahead and dig the grave, and do you follow on with baby. Poor baby! He won't know that he is buried, will he? I can find the place and you!"—"Come back! Come back!" I called to her as she fled away in the darkness, but she was two hundred feet away as she answered me: "I'll find the place! Poor, poor baby!"

And when the relief came, I told the story and pointed to the bundle resting on the ground beside me. "God pity her!" whispered the sergeant, as he lifted his cap. "God pity her!" [choed all the others, as they stood uncovered round the poor little corpse. Time meant no man lives that night. Grant was moving by the flank; Lee was moving by the flank to catch him. The morrow was to witness more slaughter—make thousands of other widows and orphans. "Dig here!" said the sergeant, and with our bayonets we scooped out a shallow grave in scarcely more than a minute's time. Carefully now! Poor little thing! Now fill it! That will do. Fall in—forward, march!"

And yet men write of the glory of war!—*Herald of Peace.*

### Ohio Yearly Meeting.

At the Select Meeting, Sixth-day, Ninth Mo. 5th, Jonathan E. Rhoads was present, with a minute liberating him to attend Ohio Yearly Meeting and a few of its meetings. John S. and Esther Fowler, and Anna Crawford, were present, but without minutes.

The Meeting for Sufferings met at three p. m. A memorial prepared in 1894, and presented to be General Assembly, had been slightly changed or adapted it for general circulation. An edition of five thousand copies was directed to be printed,

and the committee directed to give it general circulation. An essay by T. C. Battey was presented, and a committee appointed to examine it and report their judgment to a future meeting. The essay was on "Christian Ethics, as Applied to Morality, and as Applied to Laws."

Seventh-day, 26th.—The meeting for business convened with a good attendance. After a time of silence Peter N. Dyre quoted, "Here is the fire and here is the wood, but where is the burnt sacrifice." He spoke of our responsibility as supporters of the doctrines and testimonies delivered us by our forefathers. Elwood Conrad appeared in supplication.

The representatives were all present. A minute liberating Jonathan E. Rhoads to attend the Yearly Meeting and a few of its meetings, was read, and satisfaction with his company, and also that of other Friends without minutes, was expressed by numerous Friends, and the Clerk was directed to insert it in his minutes.

The Epistles from New England, Canada, Western, Iowa and Kansas, were read. Much satisfaction was expressed at the comfortable feeling accompanying their reading, and a committee was appointed to prepare replies. An extract from the will of Robert Miller was read, making a bequest to the Yearly Meeting for the education of children in limited circumstances. The bequest was estimated to reach about eight thousand dollars. A committee was appointed to nominate trustees. A committee was appointed to settle with the treasurer and name a Friend for that service, and revise the apportionment between the Quarters. The representatives were requested to bring forward names for Clerk and Assistant, and messengers to women's meeting, also two Friends for correspondents in place of Jacob Holloway and Aaron Frame, deceased. Then adjourned to eleven o'clock on Second-day morning.

First-day, a large meeting, the house being crowded; it holds fifteen hundred. After a time of silence, Anna Crawford appeared in supplication. Mary Test followed her in an impressive communication. George Mott spoke of Naaman and the little maid who was the instrument of Naaman's cure. Thought there were some there who felt little in their own eyes, as the little maid, who would, if faithful, be made helpers to others. Hannah Stratton followed in a lively testimony. Jonathan E. Rhoads spoke with much feeling, urging the necessity of having the new birth brought about by submitting to the operation of the Spirit of Christ. Anna Crawford spoke, and Jacob Maule in supplication. It was a favored meeting, the various exercises all tending to enforce the necessity of obedience to the Spirit of Christ. Afternoon, Joshua Smith, Esther Fowler, Elwood Conrad, Anna Crawford, Jonathan E. Rhoads, Jacob Maule, A. Crawford in prayer, and W. C. Cowperthwait.

Second-day.—The representatives proposed Barclay Smith for Clerk, and William L. Ashton for assistant, George Blackburn and Aaron Dewees for messengers, and William L. Ashton and James Walton correspondents. The Queries and Answers were read and summaries adopted. Some very suitable counsel on several subjects was offered. The names of ministers and elders deceased, were read.

Third-day.—The school reports were read, and the enumeration of the families and parts of families and number of members. The minutes of Meeting for Sufferings were read. The memorial on Capital Punishment presented to the Legislature in 1894, having been slightly

altered to adapt it for general circulation was adopted, and an edition of five thousand copies ordered printed. Charles Livezey, Elisha B. Steer and Dilwyn Stratton were appointed Trustees of the bequest of Robert Miller. Thos. Stanley was appointed correspondent of Springfield Monthly Meeting, Iowa. It was concluded to reappoint the present Boarding School Committee for another three years. Jacob Maule laid before Friends a concern for a meeting for the younger part of those in attendance, to be held at three p. m., on Fourth-day afternoon, which being united with by men's and women's meetings was accordingly appointed. Twelve hundred copies of minutes ordered printed.

Fourth-day.—Peter N. Dyre, Joshua Smith, Mary Test, Esther Fowler and Anna Crawford, spoke. Jonathan E. Rhoads addressed those who had a gift of government in the Church, quoting, "Unto where ye have attained walk by the same rule," to be in spirit of love. At the afternoon appointed meeting, in spite of the rain, a goodly number assembled. Jacob Maule arose with "It became Him, for whom are all things, and by whom are all things, in bringing many sons unto glory, to make the Captain of their salvation perfect through sufferings." He spoke to those who were just commencing this heavenward journey, those who had made some progress, and those who had not taken any steps, and gave counsel suited to each. That the only way to become perfect was through sufferings. He also prayed for those.

Fifth-day.—The report of the Boarding School was read. The electric light and other improvements had caused a debt of over five hundred dollars. An appropriation of four hundred dollars was ordered towards it. The Indian Committee made a satisfactory report. The committee to distribute the approved writings of Friends reported, and asked for another appropriation, which was granted. A Friend spoke to the young on plain apparel and language, Jonathan E. Rhoads spoke briefly, and George Mott returned thanks for favors bestowed, and craved preservation in returning to their homes.

Epistles to New England, Canada, Western, Iowa and Kansas were read, approved and ordered sent.

After an impressive silence the meeting concluded.

## THE FRIEND.

TENTH MONTH 10, 1896.

The Society of Friends has ever believed in the reality and safety of the Divine guidance of the Spirit of Christ. True religion is the result of the work on the soul of that Eternal Power by which, in the beginning, all things were made; and, as William Grover states, "It begins frequently with a little light or manifestation of the Divine will as to some point or part of duty. And as obedience is yielded to this small manifestation, greater and greater degrees of light and of strength are afforded to follow on to know more and more of the Divine will and of Divine things." Thus there is a blessed increase in religious knowledge and experience, and in Divine communion and fellowship. Such obedient ones witness the truth of the Apostle's testimony, "If we walk in the light, as God is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanse us from all sin."

It is a Scripture injunction that, whether or

eat or whether we drink, or whatsoever we do, we do all to the glory of God. From this it may fairly be inferred that all of our actions—the general course of our lives—have a religious bearing, and may promote the cause of righteousness, if we dwell under the fear of the Lord. It is especially desirable that in laboring to promote moral reforms, or in other ways to advance the work of righteousness in the earth, the duties we undertake should be as acts of obedience to the light of the Spirit of God.

But if Friends, in these undertakings, join with others who do not recognize the need of any higher principle than their own natural faculties, but trust to their own understanding, they will be in great danger of ceasing to maintain a state of humble dependence upon the Gospel power and of departing from the principles and testimonies upheld by our predecessors, who believed that the influence of the Divine Spirit was a necessary qualification for every good work.

#### SUMMARY OF EVENTS.

UNITED STATES.—The United States Treasury receipts for Ninth Month aggregate \$24,500,000, or \$3,000,000 less than Ninth Month, 1895. The expenditures foot up \$26,000,000, or nearly \$2,000,000 more than for Ninth Month, 1895. The deficit for Ninth Month, 1896, is \$1,806,034, and for the fiscal year to date, \$24,200,000. Total cash in the Treasury, \$849,612,772.

The United States Treasury gold balances at the close of business on the 5th instant stood at \$125,400,896. The day's withdrawals at N. Y. were \$122,900. The Secretary of the Treasury has ordered the discontinuance of three houses of refuge on the eastern coast of Florida, viz: Chester Shoons, Bilber Creek, Orange Grove. These houses were established years ago when the coast was practically uninhabited.

The Court of Appeals of the District of Columbia has affirmed the decree of the Commissioner of Patents in the case of Daniel Drawbaugh, whose application for alleged improvements in telephone transmitters was refused. The Court held that Drawbaugh was not the inventor of the telephone.

The gold fields in Paulding County, Georgia, are being developed, and have proved quite productive. Over fifty carloads of blueberries were shipped from Petaloe, N. B., this season, principally to Boston.

On the 29th ultimo the city of Savannah, Ga., was struck by what was thought to be a West India hurricane. Nearly every building in the city was damaged, and the property loss will go largely above \$1,000,000. The lives lost number at least eleven. In Brunswick the damage to property is placed at \$500,000.

The same day Cedar Keys, Florida, was nearly destroyed by a tidal wave and storm which passed across the State into Florida. The path of the storm seems to have been about forty miles wide. The heaviest losses in Florida are the turpentine manufacturers. Those heard from report a total loss, and say they will be compelled to go out of business. Large numbers of cattle were killed. The loss of life is heavier than the first reports indicated. The Sea Islands of South Carolina were again visited with destruction, and the people will again need the help of the benevolent to save them from serious sufferings.

In Washington the destruction of public and private property is estimated at half a million dollars. Twenty-four persons were seriously injured by falling trees and in other ways, and in Alexandria two men were killed. In Baltimore the great damage was sustained along the waterfront.

Deaths in this city last week numbered 401, which is 52 more than the previous week and 64 more than the corresponding week of 1895. Of the whole number 209 were males and 192 females; 66 died of consumption; 27 of heart disease; 15 of pneumonia; 21 of influenza; 15 of diphtheria; 15 of cholera; 15 of convulsions; 13 of cholera infantum; 13 of nephritis; 13 of apoplexy; 11 of paralysis, and 9 of cancer. *Markets.*—U. S. 2 1/2, 93 1/4; 4's, 107 1/2; 1895, 116 1/2; 1897, 5, 115 1/2; currency 65, 100 a 105.

Exchange.—Prices ruled steady on a basis of 8 1/2c per pound for middling uplands. *FLOUR.*—Winter bran in bulk, quoted \$3.50 a \$4.00, and spring do., in sacks, at \$8.75 a \$9.50 per ton.

*FLOUR.*—Winter super, \$2.90 a \$2.60; do., extras, \$2.60 a \$2.50; Pennsylvania roller, clear \$3.25 a \$3.50; do., straight, \$3.50 a \$3.75; Western winter, clear, \$3.25 a \$3.50; do., do., straight, \$3.50 a \$3.75; do., do., patent, \$3.85 a \$4.10; spring, clear, \$3.00 a \$3.30; do., straight, \$3.50 a \$3.75; do., patent, \$3.85 a \$4.10; do., favorite brands, higher. City mills, extra, \$2.50 a \$2.80; do., clear, \$3.25 a \$3.50; do., straight, \$3.50 a \$3.75; do., patent, \$3.85 a \$4.10; do., for choice Penna. *BUCKWHEAT FLOUR.*—\$1.40 a \$1.60 per 100 pounds for new, as to quality.

*GRAIN.*—No. 2 red wheat, 69 1/2 c. No. 2 mixed corn, 28 1/2 a 30c. No. 2 white oats, 25 1/2 a 26c.

*BEEF CATTLE.*—Extra, 41 a 45; good, 41 a 41c; medium, 31 a 4c; common, 31 a 31c. *SHEEP AND LAMBS.*—Extra, 31 a 31c; good, 3a 31c; medium, 21 a 21c; common, 2 a 21c; culls, 1 a 1c. lambs, 3a 5c.

*HOGS.*—Western, 5 a 5 1/2c. State, 4 1/2 a 5c.

*FOREIGN.*—William Morris, the celebrated English poet, died on the third instant, aged sixty-two years. He was born at Walthamton, and graduated at Oxford in 1857. Of late years he was a Socialist in principle.

The London representative of the *New York Tribune*, says: "There are some signs of improvement in the relations of the two countries, but the press of the Russian press is not only less hostile, but even positively friendly to England. The French Ambassador at Constantinople has taken the initiative of warning the Sultan that the collective note of the Powers cannot be disregarded like previous European remonstrances. This action is in accord with Lord Salisbury's policy, and implies co-operation with him. Moreover, the English Government have gone out of their way to ally French sensitiveness by proclaiming that the Nile expedition will halt at Dongola, at least for this season. These facts point remotely in the direction of a coalition of Russia with the two Western Powers which attacked her in the Crimea, but which is positive evidence that the Emperor's visit to Balaclava has been the turning-point in the history of the Eastern question. He has been amusing himself in the braising air of the Highlands, and is now journeying toward France, where he will be received like a conqueror, for the success of Europe has persisted in outraging the moral sense of Sultan with interest in the Russo-French alliance, and there are few victors. It has contravened the Triple Alliance, humiliated England, established Russian ascendancy at Constantinople and greatly increased French prestige in Europe."

The Spanish Government is taking energetic measures to stop the emigration of lower and middle classes to the United States, by having a reliable military service. The Government has learned that several thousand young men have gone to South America, France and Algeria because they were unable to pay the \$100 necessary to redeem themselves from serving with the army in Cuba. Eighteen thousand out of 80,000 men bought immunity in 1895, and the Government has to pay as many per-purchased exemption thus far this year.

Five new asteroids were discovered on photographs of the heavens one evening recently by Dr. Max Wolf, of Heidelberg. This brings the number of minor planets up to 423.

Large and rich gold fields have been discovered by German surveyors on the east coast of Siberia, bordering on the Sea of Okhotsk.

Letters received in Constantinople on the 2nd inst. from Kharput give terrible details of the massacre which recently occurred at Eguin, in the Kharput District, in which, the letters allege, 2,000 persons were killed. The scenes, according to the letters, were similar to those of the former massacres in Anatolia.

Karathodor Pasha, formerly Governor of Crete and the Turkish Plenipotentiary at the Berlin Congress of 1878, has been appointed First Translator to the Sultan, and it is understood that hereafter he will direct the foreign politics of the Turkish Empire.

Khalid, who proclaimed himself Sultan of Zanzibar after the death of Sultan Hamid Bin Thwain, and took refuge in the German Consulate after the bombardment and destruction of the palace by British warships, has been placed on a German warship. A vigorous protest has been made by the letters, were similar to those of the former massacres in Anatolia.

Advices which have reached London from Merv, Turkistan, show that an epidemic of fever has been

raging throughout the Turcomans for some time. During the past two months nearly 10,000 have died.

A dispatch from Bombay says the drought continued in Northern and Central India, where there has been no rain for many weeks. The crops in those sections have utterly failed, and grain riots have occurred in many a place as the result of the scarcity of cereals.

China has again refused to sign the Convention with Great Northern Manchuria, but retains the right of pre-emption in thirty years.

Captain General Weyler's plan to trap Maceo and defeat and drive him east has failed. General Melquillo, who led the Spanish troops, has been defeated in three successive engagements with Maceo in the mountains of Pinar del Rio. The Spanish loss is said to have been very heavy.

From an Indian official report it is learned that, in the year 1895, 2,895 persons lost their lives through tigers, panthers, bears, elephants and other wild beasts; 21,538 died from serpent bites, three-fourths of which were caused by cobras. Quite 37,000 domestic animals were killed by tigers, panthers and serpents.

Mahogany sells at Minatitlan, Vera Cruz, at from \$35 to \$45 a ton for large timber, and one large dealer there sells 1,000 tons a year to New York and European buyers. On a visit to Mexico City lately, he said that, although the stock had run out in some quantities of Huanuco Tehuantepec, there were inexhaustible supplies still in the central portous and also in parts of Vera Cruz.

#### RECEIPTS.

Unless otherwise specified, two dollars have been received from each person, paying for vol. 70.

John S. Fowler, Agent, Pa., for Aaron Davis and Benjamin Hayes; Susan E. Dickinson, Pa.; Sarah Elizabeth of Hiram, N. Y.; George C. Francis, Warrington, and for T. Francis Warrington and Elizabeth L. Warrington, Pa.; Archibald Crosbie, Agent, Ia., \$24, for Archibald Henderson, Joseph Henderson, Daniel J. Peckham, Lorenzo Rockwell, Franklin Rockwell, Hubert Rockwell, Lewis L. Rockwell, Harry W. Rockwell, S. Dak.; Ole P. Fossum, Christian Thomson, Sverre E. Eide, N. Y.; Hannah F. Smedley, Pa.; T. E. Mott, Ia.; Abram Stratton, Pa.; Emma H. Brown, Pa.; J. H. Dewees, Penna.; Wm. Stanton, Agent, for William Hoyle, G.; Henrietta R. Willis, N. J.; Lydia A. Haines, Gt.; Joshua Brantling, Am. Agent, O., \$8.40, for Griffith Dewees, John Oliphant, William D. Oliphant, Lydia Warrington, Pa.; L. E. De No. 1, 1895.

Receipts received after Third-day evening will not appear in the Receipts until the following week.

#### NOTICES.

THE PHILADELPHIA AUXILIARY BIBLE ASSOCIATION OF FRIENDS.—The Sixty-sixth Annual Meeting of the Association will be held at Friends' Institute No. 20 South Twelfth Street, on Fourth-day, Tenth Month 14th, 1896, at half-past four o'clock. All Friends are invited to attend.

E. W. BEESLEY, Secretary.

POSITION WANTED as companion to invalid or elderly woman by a young woman Friend.

Address "E," office of THE FRIEND.

THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE CORPORATION OF HAVERFORD COLLEGE will be held in the Committee Room of Arch Street Meeting-house, Philadelphia on Third-day, Tenth Month 13th, 1896, at 3 o'clock P. M. The Charter requires an Attendance of one-twentieth of the corporation; therefore members are particularly requested to be present, if it is possible for them to do so.

That future notices may not be delayed, please notify the Secretary of any change in address.

GEORGE VAUX, Jr., Sec'y,  
404 Grand Building, Phila.

WESTWOOD BOARDING SCHOOL.—For convenience of persons coming to Westwood School, the stage will meet trains leaving Philadelphia 7.17 and 8.46 A. M. and 2.53 and 4.32 P. M. Other trains are met when requested. Stage runs on regular trips, fifteen cent on special trips, twenty-five cents each way. To read the school by telegraph, wire West Chester Phone 83.

BENJ'N PASSMORE, Sup't.

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# THE FRIEND.

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## Diary and Letters of Deborah Brooks Webb.

(Continued from page 10.)

1856.—Tenth Mo. 12th.—Dear H. Gibbons spoke so warningly. May I take warning and love and not doubt. I must have faith. Oh Lord in mercy be pleased to change my stony heart to one soft and obedient.

17th.—Two English Friends, Priscilla Green and M. Nicholson, came into our school. They have appointed an evening meeting here on the eighteenth.

23rd.—Preparative Meeting. Morris Cope spoke of the widow and her faith in making the cake for the prophet.

29th.—Monthly Meeting. Hannah Warner and Abigail Williams here. Aunt Mary Kite goes to Bucks Quarter. May it be my meat and drink to do my Heavenly Father's will.

Eleventh Month 30th.—Silent meeting. I asked for a forgiving heart and obedient spirit, and I believe it was heard; for the words "Ask and ye shall receive," also, "He giveth liberally and upbraideth not," came so sweetly into my mind that I cannot doubt. Dear aunt Mary (Kite) said at Monthly Meeting, "Abide at the Master's feet and He will help, support and comfort you in his own time." It is a comfort to believe so. Oh! Lord, increase the faith of thy poor struggling servant and preserve me, I beseech of Thee.

On the eighth of Twelfth Month, 1856, her brother John, when on his way to be married, was killed at Alliance, Ohio, by a railroad accident, of which she writes: "Sad, sad day. This evening dear brother John was killed by the cars, telegraph came at noon on the ninth. On the eleventh the remains of my dear brother came. We can see him: funeral at ten on the twelfth. Dear John W. Tatum here. I have such evidence that he is safe in heaven.

1857.—First Month 1st.—Dear Hannah Gibbons said, "As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, oh, God!" After dinner dear Aunt Mary (Kite) had a word for poor me.

11th.—The dew falleth in the dark night, when there is no rain. If we were to strive to worship God, we should feel the dew of his presence to refresh us.

18th.—At two o'clock, commenced a hard

snow-storm. On the nineteenth could not get to school at all. On the twentieth did not get there till ten. Drifts three and four feet high. On the twenty-fourth, mercury 20° below zero.

Fourth Month 10th.—D. Brooks gave up her school in West Chester and went to Philadelphia to be with her mother, who was left very lonely after the death of her son.

Fifth Month 18th.—Went to Mary Holgate's to learn bonnet-making.

Sixth Month 17th.—William Green, from Ireland (at meeting), quoted the passage, "Oh, that thou hast hearkened to my commandments, then had thy peace been as a river and thy righteousness as the waves of the sea." True about myself.

Eighth Mo. 3rd.—Quarterly Meeting. William Green appeared in supplication. Mary Ann Loyd spoke, also R. S. and a man Friend.

6th.—Here am I, oh Lord, do with me as seemeth good to thee. "Search me and know my thoughts, prove me and see if there be any wicked way in me," and do thou it away in thy mercy.

Twelfth Month.—The retrospect is humiliating. When will I be the Lord's devoted child? When shall I pray every moment and be humble? My desires have been more ardent and constant of late. Help me, oh, Lord, I beseech of thee, to take up my cross and become thine. I thank thee for thy long extended mercies and blessings to poor unworthy me. Have mercy yet longer, oh! Lord, and twine me unto thee. Chasten me, make me thine. Forgive my iniquities, blot out my sins and transgressions, love me freely for thy mercy's sake. Here am I; do with me as seemeth thee good, only take not thy Holy Spirit from me; only make me thy holy child every minute.

1858.—First Month 31st.—At meeting. A stranger and Samuel Bettle, so good. My God shall supply all your needs, according to his riches in glory in Christ Jesus. I am thankful for this assurance, for I am poor and needy.

Third Month 22nd.—Monthly Meeting at North Meeting. My certificate received.

[Between this date and the year 1860 she does not appear to have kept any record of her feelings and experiences, but from a letter written at Parkerville, Chester Co., dated Fifth Month 8th, 1859, she seems to have returned for a time to teach in a school there. It is addressed to her sister.]

"I would very much like you to be here, this quiet First-day afternoon and listen to the wind in the trees and the voices of the little birds and chickens. Oh! it is very pleasant, but I do not seem to have the heart to enjoy it, as I used to do. The time may come when I will, but it is not now.

"The trees are in bloom around and so many beautiful flowers, I know you would love to see them. But the flowers will have to grow and bloom in joy and peace in my spiritual garden before I can look around with rapturous joy and say with Cowper, 'My Father made them all.'"

"Think of me, sometimes, brother and sister,

and when favored to approach the throne of grace with supplication, ask for me too, that I may be enabled to give up all, wear the cross cheerfully and obtain the answer of favor from our gracious Lord!

"Not till all is sanctified in this manner will your sister ever enjoy this world or much that is in it.

"The school here so far very pleasant. The children so kind and behave so well. There are several quite large girls who seem desirous to assist by their good conduct rather than give trouble. I hope it will continue, and that I too can keep in the right spirit. Thirty-five children came the first day, there are forty-one registered; more are expected to-morrow.

"They seem like such a respectable class of children. . . . The whole place has improved so much. A new brick store has been built and the old store-house raised and brimmed into a neat dwelling just in front of our house, and this place is fitted up, painted, papered, a neat porch with trellis work ends and front, and the whole village has a cheerful aspect; my room is very pleasant and Phebe (Parker) is kind and a good cook, so you see there are many blessings. One very sweet tempered and modest young girl lives here with her aunt and is going to school; we three generally compose the family.

"How I would like to hand you some of these specimens of wild wood beauty which the little ones bring in such profuse bunches and load my desk with. . . . From your affectionate sister,  
"DEBORAH BROOKS."

1860.—Fifth Mo. 27th.—It is so long since I have written in this little book. Am I really any better? It seems to me the work is going on, but how much bolting has there been? So unwilling to give up all and be as a fool before people in my daily walk. Oh! I have found there is no peace to be had till all is surrendered, the whole heart given up, to be, to do and seem as He would. How long have I held back. Surely God has been gracious and long suffering. Oh! dear Lord and Saviour in thy marvellous, loving kindness, be merciful yet longer and bring me entirely through all into true daily obedience to thee. Bless thy people oh, Lord, and cause thine heritage to arise and shine with thy righteousness.

Ninth Month 1st.—There is more of giving all up to thy indwelling life, but I feel that I have not yet "resisted unto blood, striving against sin." Oh, if I even obey every moment how much cause shall I have to bless and praise my God and Saviour for his marvellous mercy to me.

1861.—First Month.—Hast thou not, oh! most merciful Father, broken my hard heart and brought me into entire submission to thee, led me into paths of fasting and prayer and granted me great peace and joy at last. Great and marvellous have been thy mercies vouchsafed unto me. What shall I render unto thee but my whole heart, for thou art worthy, worthy,

everlasting worthy of all adoration, praise and thanksgiving forever and ever. Amen.

Third Month.—Again I have fallen, again thou hast visited and raised the new and inward life. Oh! Lord help me to live all the time to thee. Oh! give me more soberness, more of thy countless indwelling with thee. Thou art thy Holy Head of thy people and Church. Oh! let me remember it all the time and be very watchful. Here am I Lord, form me into what thou wouldst. O only strengthen me.

In 18— she was appointed to the primary department of Friends' Select School in Philadelphia. Her concern for the best welfare of the children was great, and frequently continued after they were removed from under her care. This is manifested by some letters written to a former pupil, whose mind had become unsettled in regard to the principles of Friends and who was inclined to join another religious society.

Some extracts from these will be inserted under their respective dates.

TO L. H. B.

PHILADELPHIA, Third Month 17th, 1861.

"*Dearest Laura*.—It is with a renewed feeling of that love wherein I so enjoy thinking of thee that I commence this epistle, though feeling at the same time that I have nothing of interest to communicate. Thine so affectionately penned, brought thys-elf and friend very closely to my feelings, and you have been very frequently in mind. May He who takes care of all the sparrows on his earth, care also for you and lead you sweetly along in his paths. I know, I can say He will not forsake you if you keep close to Him, but there is one thing that daily seems more and more certain to me, viz: Everything which He in love requires must be performed or there is no peace.

"Dear L. thy poor friend feels herself so unworthy and unfit to speak of these great truths in this way and it has often been my desire that no words or influence of mine should lead thee wrong. Have I not tried to point to that Saviour whom thou knows and loves, and who is the Wonderful Counsellor? My path often seems so unaccountable to myself, but if it only leads me to perfect union with a knowledge of Him my desires will be satisfied, for thou knowest, 'This is life eternal to know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent.' Oh! this perfect saving knowledge; how much I need it, and how cheering at times is it to believe that if we ask we shall receive. Oh! for a heart in me to serve Him unreservedly, continually, daily, hourly. It was particularly interesting to me to read thy account of thy valued, lamented sister, and I could sympathize with you. How cheering and confirming it is to hear of happy and triumphant death-bed scenes. Does it not animate us to seek to have our names written in the Lamb's book of life, and also to live the life of the righteous, that we may die the death of the righteous. . . . Farewell my precious friend in that love which is abiding; please also think of me sometimes when thou humbly approaches his holy footstool.

"Thine truly,

"DEBORAH BROOKS."

(To be continued.)

THERE is something in the heart and conscience that removes evil; there is no need of proof for this, every one's experience tells him the truth of it; if you will bear this check and reproof it gives to evil, you will find also that it will stir up to good, and encourage you to

go on in the one way, and to flee from the other. Now, believe and know for certain, *this is Christ*; and this is the voice that, He says, his sheep hear and know (John x; 3, 4), even this, that has been so long slighted and neglected in the conscience,—this so much baffled and slighted voice, is that way by which Christ speaks: *hear him thus, or not at all.*—A. Jaffrey.

### Through Jungle and Desert.

(Concluded from page 92.)

While encamped at Seran, they were pursued by a large war party of the Rendile, who had decided not to permit such a prize to slip through their fingers. When their approach was known, the travellers and about twenty men ran forward to meet them. There were a few horsemen and a large body of foot warriors. They professed to be a peaceful hunting party, which neither Chanler nor his men believed. "The two Somali who were with me grinned with excitement and glee, and said, 'Now Master, Allah has delivered these people with horses and camels into our hands. Now let us seize them. They are enemies and they belong to us. We know that the white man does not wage war for the sake of plunder; but let us, the Somali, go with a few men we will select, and in a few moments you will have horses to ride, and camels to carry your goods.'

Chanler adds, "The temptation to yield was, I must admit, next to irresistible; but as the people made no overt attack upon us, and as the horsemen continued to shout 'Peace, peace!' I could not permit myself to indulge in an attack."

An adventure with a snake is thus related: "Shortly after sunset, I had a rather disagreeable experience. I was striding along in the centre of the path, when suddenly I heard Baraka shout, 'Yallah bwana nukubma' (For the love of God, master). As he shouted, I felt a sharp blow on my left side, just over the pocket of my coat, and leaping quickly to one side, I ran on for two or three paces. Upon turning around, I saw a snake rising out of the path which I had just left, with its head fully three feet from the ground. Its fierce eyes shone in the light of the setting sun, and its neck was swollen out until it appeared to have the breadth of two hands. As I gazed, it slowly and noiselessly sank to the earth and disappeared from the path. I did not pursue it, principally for the reason that a shot fired after sunset was understood by my caravan to mean a signal of distress; and that would have resulted in my men throwing down their loads and running forward to meet me, thus delaying our arrival at the water. Had it not been for the fact that I carried in the left side pocket of my coat, two strongly bound note-books, the fangs of the serpent would undoubtedly have penetrated to my flesh, and from its size death would have been practically instantaneous. Upon examination, I found that the fangs had penetrated quite through one of the books, and nearly through the outer covering of the other. It is strange how one becomes accustomed to disagreeable surprises after a stay of some months in Africa. My mind was filled with the necessity of reaching water, and sending back messengers to the men who had gone out of their heads for the want of it; so, after a few exclamations of relief, I pressed on with my boys to our goal." The goal was the crater of an extinct volcano, in whose depths water could be found. Sending the men down to obtain the precious fluid, Chanler himself remained at the entrance of a rift in its side.

After sitting perhaps a quarter of an hour he heard "the well-known grumble of a lion in search of prey." The shadow which filled the rift prevented him from distinguishing anything in that direction, but the rattle of falling stones soon showed that the lion was approaching from above. He was afraid to fire lest it should interfere with the prompt procurement of water by his men, so he seized stones from the ground and hurled them vigorously in the direction from which he heard the lion coming. He continued to throw stones and shout until his arm was tired and his voice hoarse. The return of his men with water at length relieved him of his disagreeable position.

In the course of their travels, our adventurers came into contact with the Wanderaboo, a peaceable tribe who live largely on elephants. They were nearly starving, and endeavored to barter ivory for food; and when told that they had no means of transporting the ivory, they replied, "Buy the ivory, and leave it with us, and when you return, or send a man with some token to these parts, we will deliver it to him." Their interpreters told the visitors that the Wanderaboo never broke their promises to the traders. Taking pity on the starving condition of the village they met with, a stay of some days was made in the vicinity, and several elephants shot to supply them with food. In hunting the elephants the party were exposed to much danger—for the wild animals seemed to be in groups of five or six, and when a shot was fired the whole company rushed down to destroy these intruders into their haunts. On one occasion, Chanler's life was saved by his fox terrier, who dashed at the foremost elephant, and bit him vigorously, all the while barking loudly. The elephants at once halted, and with a scream of fright turned sharply to one side. On another occasion his interpreter, while standing at the edge of an elephant path, saw a herd of elephants approaching him at a tremendous rate of speed. He at once threw himself into the sharp thorn-bush on the side of the path, and managed to get about three feet into the bush by the time the leading elephant reached the place where he was standing. There the elephant stopped, and began to search for him with his trunk, and finally reached for him. He had his sandals in his hand, and being unable to move on account of the thorns, as the trunk of the elephant neared him, he instinctively held out the sandals, which were promptly seized. The sandals seemed to satisfy the curiosity of the beast; for, having taken them with its trunk, it dashed them to the ground, and trampled upon them. Then with a loud trumpeting of rage it passed down the path, followed by its fellows, leaving Hassan offering thanks to Allah for his escape.

It has already been stated that the expedition was finally broken up by the desertion of the great body of the porters. This reduced the party to about twenty men, too small a number to successfully venture into the more northern regions which it was their object to visit, and rendered it necessary for them to return to the coast, so after making liberal presents to the natives, the balance of the goods was destroyed, and a march of about four hundred and fifty miles, in which they met with but few adventures, found them at Mombasa, on the sea-side.

The only way to form anything like an approximate idea of the size of London is to give a whole week to the top of an omnibus. Begin right after breakfast and ride anywhere, it makes no difference where; then take a bus from that

point and ride somewhere else; if luncheon hour has come, stop at one of the numberless tea and chocolate houses and have refreshment, and then resume the top of the bus and keep on until night. Do this steadily for several days, changing from the bus to the tram, but always going on the outside, and by dint of a pair of opera glasses, a good, ready tongue, a listening ear, and an understanding heart something of the vastness of this city may be realized. Having done this, the next thing is the river steamboats up as far as Hampton Court, which is at east twenty miles, with the throbbing city life all along the way. By this time London will have a meaning which no guidebook can give, and its immense population will be in some measure a reality.—Selected.

FOR "THE FRIEND."

### A Short Account of John Graham.

(Concluded from page 94.)

In Tenth Month, 1859, he married Martha King, of Birmingham, a union which added greatly to his happiness and comfort during the last eight years of his life. As the years passed on, his mind became increasingly serious and exercised. His health was not strong, and the need he felt of doing the day's work in the daytime, became obvious to those around him. His nature was timid and retiring, and only two memorandums have been found relating to that growth of grace in his own heart, which, like the heaven of the kingdom, was working there, and bringing all into conformity to the law of the Spirit of Life. The first is dated

"Seventh Month 26th, 1863.—It is with me to place on record something of the experiences which I have this day passed through, believing that such record may hereafter afford either myself or others some encouragement to cling closely to the alone Captain of our Salvation, when in the hour of darkness and apparent desertion, for, under the exercises of mind I have had to pass through, I think I have seen the safety there is, so long as the cloud rests upon the tabernacle, in Israel staying in his tent. It is hardly possible to describe these exercises—something after Jonah's experience when he said, 'I am cast out of thy sight, yet will I look again toward thy holy temple.'

"Under pepped exercising (travail of soul), and some endeavor to plead that the eternal Truth of God may be exalted over all in myself and in the world, without any or little ability to feel those incomes of heavenly love and refreshings, as from his presence, which have often of late accompanied my spirit when gathered unto Him and earnestly endeavoring to wait on Him and worship and adore his holy name. Still, the breathing of my soul has been 'Though thou slay me, yet will I put my trust in thee.' I cannot say that I have felt much despondency or discouragement, for a hope has held me and a sense been given that this baptism is for my welfare. And in coming in from meeting this evening, the 'Life and Experience of Thomas Bulman' lay open before me, and my eye rested upon one of his letters to his brother and sister, in which he says, 'This has been a trying season to us, both inwardly and outwardly, but magnified by the Lord for such trials. He only does with his children according to the pleasure of his own will. And we can say that all things work together for good to them that love Him. Our trying, proving seasons, if rightly made use of, are our most profitable seasons, our times of best improvement. It was from the bottom of Jordan that the children of Israel had to bring

stones of memorial, and when in the deeps we shall experience the loving kindness of the Lord."

The other memorandum has no date.

"My mind has been brought under deep exercise, under a sense of the oppressive weighing down of the incurruptible Seed and Word of Life in the world at large, in the professed Church of Christ. And finally, most painfully, because most directly opposed to its own life and theory, in our own religious community.

There has been an earnest travail in my spirit and a cry unto God that He would arise and cause his own eternal power to be made manifest amongst us, that his glory may go over all, and that men, especially members of our Society, may be shaken from their false rests and corrupt supports; that their idols may be dashed in the dust, and that they may know that 'verily there is a reward to the righteous; verily there is a God who judgeth in the earth.'"

Some further extracts from his pen, in a more general sense, may suitably follow:

"We may see, at the first miracle on record, an injunction falls from maternal lips, 'Whatsoever He saith unto you, do it;' in giving heed to that injunction, obedience to the Lord of Life brought the rich blessing, and where there had been water there was wine. So shall it be with us if we obey Him. Our water, drawn from humanity's common font, shall be changed into wine—the new wine of blessing, the good wine, kept even until now.

"No lengthened prayer, poured from the lips of the highest church dignitary but must fall in comprehensiveness, in comparison to the ejaculation, 'Thy kingdom come, thy will be done.'

"No human priest is needed since our Mediator and Great High Priest presides, no chant to bear aloft the aspirations of our souls. No ceaser need dispense its fragrance to accompany the odor of our spirits, for the King sitteth at his table, and the spikenard sendeth forth the smell thereof. For when the King invisible, eternal, immortal, is enthroned and ruling over all, so near does He permit his poor, weak, helpless creatures to approach himself, that, with reverence and worship, they bow in spirit, and such is the hallowed feeling permitted that we wait on Him.

"If then, our hearts have been stirred to their very depths—the quickening visitations of the Lord's Holy Spirit having laid bare all, and discovered to us nothing but corruption, death and darkness—then, through abounding mercy, the Lord of Life and Light hath opened our spiritual eye to behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world, drawn us to himself, the uplifted One, and said, 'Yet a little while is the light with you; walk while ye have the light, lest darkness come upon you; while ye have the light, that ye may be the children of the light.'

"Every man has a triple existence—the animal, or outer life, filling up his physical being; the intellectual, feeding on the refined and pleasurable sensation of all arts tending to expand and elevate the natural faculties, reveling in the beautiful, calling to its aid poetry, painting and music, all that can charm and soothe and satisfy mortal cravings after sublimity bliss; and, finally, but of surpassing importance, the spiritual life, the immortal part in man, called into existence whilst in this state of being, destined to continue through the ages of eternity, fed, even here, on immortal Food given to drink, ay, on this side of the grave,

of that river flowing out of the great white throne. The seed of promise, meritorily placed in the hearts of his creatures, is watered in the merits of the Almighty King of Heaven, and is refreshed with showers of love and all spiritual blessings, and nourished with the flesh and blood of Him who was and is the Living Bread from heaven, the seed of promise, which, overcoming the seed of evil propensities, is given to eat of the 'tree of life, which standeth in the midst of the paradise of God,' receiving with meekness the ingrafted word (potent for salvation), desiring the sincere milk thereof and growing thereby from the condition of a babe in Christ, still overcoming, still being fed with the heavenly manna, thus arriving at the stature of a perfect man. The soul, having been cleansed by the blood of sprinkling and robed in the white linen of Christ's righteousness, is sustained in allegiance to the Lamb by his own power, and is fitted, even whilst the probationer passes through the changing scenes of earth, for the purchased inheritance of unending bliss in one of the many mansions prepared for the redeemed in heaven."

Towards the end of his life, he penned some thoughts on the calling and present condition of the Society of Friends, and though he never was able to connect them together as a whole, yet some of the remarks contained in them are too valuable to be omitted.

"The early Friends were called to battle against sin, both in themselves and in the world. They felt with Jehoshaphat, when in full view of the enemies of Judah and Jerusalem, that 'they knew not what to do, yet, as their eyes were upon the God of Israel, they were given to see that the battle was not theirs, but God's, and truly they were called, as was he, closely to discern their Lord's putting forth his re-training and constraining direction, and as it was to Jehoshaphat, so to them, the command of their Captain was clear as to time and place, claiming for Christ the authority to rule and reign in every heart (2 Chron. xx: 17).

"There were giants in those days, and there are giants in these. We cannot discover that the modern Friend is placed at any disadvantage from incompetency, intellectually, morally or spiritually. Nay, I incline to the thought that our surroundings and culture gives us a vantage ground, incurring a greater moral accountability than we may fairly suppose was theirs. However this may be, it is clear that they were stronger men than their descendants are in one important direction, and if I mistake not, the contrast has its action in this—individually and collectively their spiritual life was immeasurably greater than ours, and with many of them, their spiritual senses were kept in marvellous tone. It was that which was from the beginning, etc., they laid hold of with an appreciation delightful to contemplate.

"We are large (collectively) in intellect; in morality we are supposed to maintain a marked place; in energy of body and mind we triumph; but who will say that there is not a great want of soul, of heaven-born earnestness in many of our works? May it not be that we have inherited and imbibed and adopted, on the powerful recommendation of their example, some of the objects they labored upon—which were undoubtedly born of true principle in their case—without our ever having come to appreciate the motive which influenced them, either in their active labor or in their passive testimony.

"The Scriptures they regard as a stream of holy refreshment, unsullied in their Divine ori-

gin, in the spirit of their teaching, flowing, as they do, from the fountain of life, ministering joy to the mourner in Zion, light to behold the King in his beauty to eyes anointed with the eye-salve of the kingdom, the eye which has been to the pool of Siloam and there washed off earth's clinging encasements. Yes, the oftener they have been there and have looked through tears of repentance towards God and known their faith in the Saviour renewed, the more have they been able to look into the placid depths of heavenly love, traced by inspiration on the page of outward revelation.

"In accordance with the Biblical declaration that 'the natural man knoweth not the things of the Spirit of God,' the Society of Friends have maintained (and have been particular in the maintenance of this) that man, in his unregenerate and fallen state, however gifted in intellect, is blind to their unfoldings. Nay, even though he were a mental gladiator, he has no power to measure his lance, in the mystery of godliness, against the humble follower of Him who alone hath 'the key which openeth.'

"Do many evidences arise that Truth is triumphing, and that the kingdom is being established, of which there shall be no end? A conclusion none of us would dare to indorse. I would venture to ask those who feel at liberty to abandon everything which they regard as conventional and who appear to have imbibed a kind of antagonism to all that bears the stamp of plainness, to consider whether the road they are taking is bringing them into nearer fellowship and heavenly union with the flock of Christ's companions. On a matter of such importance, let us not be deceiving ourselves. If it be the worldly mind we are gratifying, it cannot be we are walking in the narrow way, which way, though narrow and repellent to the carnal mind, has ever been the path, despite the world's angriest frowns, most thickly strewn with solid peace and lasting joys. There are resting-places where the weary may repose, there are wells where the thirsty may drink. That way is the way that has ever been hallowed by the foot-prints of Christ's companions."

John Graham removed to Birmingham early in 1866, and, in the following year, after a slight attack of rheumatic fever, his health showed signs of failing. The action of the heart had been weakened, many years before, by rheumatism, and the dropsical symptoms which accompanied the progress of cardiac disease, much increased his sufferings during the last few weeks of his life. Accompanied by his dear wife, he tried a change to Malvern, but an increase of illness there made them thankful to return, and from this time he suffered much from faintness and difficulty of breathing.

He said that "he had no sentimental desire for death," and that "it was not his province to choose," but that his constant desire was "Thy will in this and in all things be done."

On Third-day afternoon, the seventeenth of Ninth Month, 1867, he was so ill that much alarm was felt about him, but he thought himself that the time for departure had not come. He wished the passage in Rev. ii read, addressed to the Ephesian Church, dwelling with comfort on the beautiful promise, "To him that overcometh, will I give to eat of the tree of life, which standeth in the midst of the paradise of God." He went on to quote from Hebrews, xiii, laying great emphasis upon the injunction, "Let us go forth, therefore, unto Him without the camp, bearing his reproach." For here have we no continuing city; enjoining

upon those around not to be afraid of bearing reproach for Christ. The lines were repeated:

"Sweet to lie passive in his hands;  
And know no will but his."

And he responded, "That's all." The will of God being his "one desire."

### Ohio Yearly Meeting.

Ninth Month 29th.—As on other days, the Yearly Meeting convened not very punctually, due perhaps to two standards of time being used, viz: the true time for this longitude and that adopted by the railway companies. Barnesville being near the eastern border of this section makes a variation of nearly half an hour between the two reckonings.

The report of deaths of ministers and elders for one year mentioned the decease of five Friends whose ages ranged about from sixty-seven to ninety-two years. The record called forth some remarks on the duties of those in the active stages of life.

A report of the committee charged with the promotion of education in the primary schools elicited much expression of interest in our denominational schools as means of training the children of the Society in its belief and practices. A moderate amount of money bestowed from the funds of the Yearly Meeting rendering possible the support of a Friends' school in places where the number of members is small, and giving relief where parents' income is less than the demands of their families' support.

This being the triennial period for the appointment of a committee for the management of the boarding school, it was concluded to continue the old committee, whose membership is large.

30th.—A meeting for worship is regularly held on Fourth-day. It is attended by a considerable number of non-members, and was again a season of much earnest waiting and of labor in the ministry.

In the afternoon the meeting appointed for the young took place according to arrangement. Several forms near the front of the meeting-room were reserved for the seats of those to whom the concern extended, and these were filled with the youth of each sex. A very appropriate address, full of Christian love and instruction, was calculated to reach the religious sensibilities of those who in the order of nature must be the successors of the men and women who are now the most responsible actors in the Society. As in some other instances, the good impressions made were not increased, it was to be feared, by addition in the same line from subsequent speaking. The occasion, however, was believed to be helpful and confirming.

Tenth Month 1st.—The final session of the Yearly Meeting takes place on Fifth-day.

The annual report of the Boarding School Committee was read, and considered satisfactory. A debit balance in the accounts of some six hundred dollars was due largely to extraordinary repairs to the buildings. An association of old scholars gives substantial assistance to pupils whose means are limited, by loaning them money. A lively interest too is maintained among the Friends generally in the school and in improved methods of education.

Reports of the examination of the treasurer's account, and of the committee for the distribution of Friends' books, were read.

Statistics of the number of families and parts of families in each Quarterly Meeting made this year for the first time in their history, gives

the total membership of the Yearly Meeting as twenty-three hundred and forty-four.

Nearly the last business was reading epistles to the five Yearly Meetings with which correspondence is kept up. The theme of these letters was the essential principles of our Christian faith, rather than the activities that are often the subject matter of such communications; fraternal and affectionate in their greetings they were well adapted to bind together in the love of the Gospel the bodies between which they pass.

Evidences of a growth in grace and of united desire to advance the cause of Truth, give a hopeful outlook for the future of Ohio Yearly Meeting of Friends. A deep solemnity covered the assembly as we waited for the period of closing, and it is not doubted many present have returned to their homes with faith renewed in the care and guidance of the great Shepherd of the sheep. Parental care, the Society's schools, and faithful oversight have done much to conserve a pure belief and consistent practice among these Friends, and have been effectual aids in rendering operative the gift of Grace.

The meeting of ministers and elders began on Sixth-day, Ninth Month 25th, and during the period of worship, spiritual communion and introspection were partaken of to the help of the gathered company. Vocal communications expressive of the exercise of the meeting before and during the time of transacting the business helped to unite the hearts of those present. Several Friends from the East were present whose attendance drew the expression of satisfaction from most of the members of the meeting; although some technical points of difference caused adverse criticism upon the reading a minute for one Friend, by a few, which was some interruption to the flow of life that had been enjoyed.

At three P. M. the Meeting for Sufferings sat down, whose business at this time was chiefly to hear the reading of an address on capital punishment, that had been prepared for general distribution. It advocated the abolition of the death penalty for the crime of murder and the substitution of imprisonment for life with the withdrawal of the pardoning power in such cases. The essay seemed well adapted to enlighten the public mind on the subject, and to prepare the way for a reform in this part of the criminal code.

26th.—A session of the Yearly Meeting took place this morning. Epistles from Yearly Meetings in New England, Canada, Indiana, Iowa and Kansas were read to satisfaction. The spirit and tenor of these letters were thought to be more than usually comforting and edifying. A committee was named to prepare replies. A liberal legacy made by a Friend for educational purposes was directed to be placed in the hands of trustees to be nominated by a committee.

The large accommodation furnished for the entertainment of Friends at the Boarding School brings together a numerous company there, contributing to the renewal of old acquaintances and much valuable social and religious intercourse. The Bible-reading in the evening often proves a helpful termination to the day's exercises.

As usual on the first day of the week during Yearly Meeting a great concourse of people from the country around, in addition to the Friends from a distance, and those of several meetings near, takes place. Railway trains and vehicles of various kinds convey hundreds of men, women and children to the meeting-house

rounds, many of them intent only on the pleasure of an outing and picnic dinner under the trees. Enough, however, seek an opportunity or worship and religious aid to fill the seats of the large house and in time to settle quietly into a solemn assembly. The free Gospel of Divine grace was largely preached, and both morning and afternoon, it was believed, a good measure of spiritual life was known to circulate.

28th.—The concluding session of the meeting for ministers and elders was held previous to the our of the general Yearly Meeting. John W. Smith was reappointed Clerk. During the reading of the summary answers to the queries addressed to ministers and elders a lively exercise verspread the meeting, and instructive and helpful words of counsel and encouragement were spoken. The opportunity ended in a feeling of gratitude for the favor vouchsafed.

In the general meetings after the appointment of Barclay Smith and William L. Ashton clerk and assistant and some other similar business the reading and answering of the queries began. As this progressed a lively interest in the welfare of the Church was manifested in many brief communications pertinent to the various subjects brought under review. Near the end of the sitting a minister mentioned his concern to have a meeting with the young Friends which was approved by both men and women and a time arranged for its being held.

FOR "THE FRIEND."

Westphalian Quakers.

The article which appeared in THE FRIEND recently respecting Westphalia Quakers has elicited a letter from a grandchild of the Christopher Reekfuss mentioned therein. The letter states that C. Reekfuss came to this country and settled in Baltimore for a few years, and then came to Philadelphia about the year 1808. He afterwards removed to Illinois, with his wife and three young children.

"The story of that adventure is a very sad one. After purchasing several sections of land and building himself a substantial house, everything looking promising, he was taken sick with fever and died out there, leaving his wife and children in a strange place and almost inaccessible as far as postal service was concerned, being several weeks sometimes before a letter reached Philadelphia. Remember this was over twenty years ago. My grandmother, after many hardships and heartbreaks, came back to Philadelphia with her little family to my father who was at that time married. Everything out there was left by her in an unsettled condition. She did succeed in selling the horses and cattle, farther than that she did not go—so practically everything was lost. But to return to Christopher Reekfuss—he was always known as a man of deep piety and unswerving truth and uprightness. He was also a generous man who loved his neighbors as himself. As an instance of this, when he came to this country he brought with him a family who wished able to flee from persecution, but were unable to bear the expense, grandfather bore it for them, and without a thought of being repaid, and he never was. The child referred to in the record was buried in the cemetery or church grounds, out there was dug up by the authorities, and in a most cruel manner was thrown over the wall of grandfather's garden. Then it was that the instrument spoken of took place. My mother has told us that grandmother could never relate the

circumstance without tears. In view of the stand which these people took for what they considered to be the voice of conscience and light, shed upon their path by the Holy Spirit, and for which they were willing to suffer imprisonment, we may be pardoned for feeling a justifiable pride in such ancestry."

THE MEETING.

A large and reverent company  
Were gathered in the meeting-house  
That for many years had stood  
To shelter those who sought their Lord.  
Old Eve-sham house is filled with those,  
Who gathered there to worship God:  
A feeling of sweet brotherhood,  
Seems through the meeting to prevail.  
Both branches of the Friends are here,  
The churchman and the colored man;  
The children of one Father, all,  
One universal God to serve,  
The true and Christ-like spirit seems  
To dwell in every heart to-day.  
Oh! how inspiring is the sight,  
To see them all united here,  
To wait upon and worship God,  
For He alone is Master here,  
And his interpreter must be  
Inspired by Him to speak his words.

Oh! what a perfect church on earth,  
Where those of different creeds may join  
To worship the one God of all;  
And Christ-like charity extend  
To all who try to serve the Lord:  
All dwelling, as we hope, some day,  
When to our future home we go,  
In love and peace and charity.  
As Christ would teach us all to live.  
Brothers and sisters, are we all,  
And may we for each other live,  
And listen for the Father's voice,  
To guide and rule the hearts of all.  
Oh! what a solemn covering  
Spread o'er the whole meeting house.  
What inspiration filled the hearts  
Of those drawn here to worship God!  
The Christ-like spirit seemed to be,  
Still teaching his disciples here,  
And each went home filled with the truth,  
Which God hath power to reveal.  
Each took his blessing and sweet peace,  
Which always comes from serving God.

M. MARTHA SHEPARD LIPPINCOTT.  
Moorestown, N. J.

ONWARD.

"Have faith in God."

Comrades in Christ's unfinished work—  
His confidential friends acknowledged still!  
List we the summons which alone can kill  
The fears that in our pathway lurk.

Still speels the work, as wears the day:  
Vague visions find fixed shape to earnest eyes,  
Which weakly shrink not from the harsh surprise  
With which at first they cloud the way.

So hath all human knowledge grown,  
While God, still lifting the still flowing veil  
Of his own works, o'er obstacle and ail  
On human intellect hath shone.

Still so the just shall live. His field  
Of struggle and exploit shall stretch and change,  
While hope, stilled by memory, shall range  
O'er new domains half-unrevealed.

Self courts the world; but faithful souls,  
Unbound by self, in triumph work, and wield  
Anew the staff by which shall still be held  
The craven wills which form controls.

The corn is killed in grinding; so  
The Truth, to those who know it only by  
Its forms, shall seem abruptly to die,  
And order into chaos flow.

Not so may we rest in the way;  
But dig and plant again while we consume,  
And reap rejoicing in that day of doom  
Which shall take to each his wages pay!

THY WILL BE DONE

BY H. P. A.

"Thy will be done," we say, and thank  
And tremble as he here comes to us,  
And shudder as upon the bank  
We stand of some great stream.

"Thy will be done," we say, and bow  
And cower as beneath a rod,  
"Thy thus we say, "Thy will be done,"  
When we do speak to God.

"Your way, not mine," we say, and so lie  
And grodden, as to shield were sweet;  
And joyfully our wills we lose,  
As yielding were most meet.

"Your way, not mine," we say, and have  
Our own most cherished plans to mend,  
"Thy thus we say, "Your way, not mine,"  
When we address a friend.

What 'st' to say, "Thy will be done?"  
'Tis not a curse 't invoke, nor harm;  
'Tis "Father," as a child to say,  
'O! hold me in Thine arms."

"Thy will be done," then let us pray;  
And say, all self-forgettingly,  
"I know not how to choose my way,  
My Father, choose for me."

—Christina Alzente.

Nature's Balance.

The more closely nature is studied, the more distinct are the evidences of a thoughtful, carefully devised plan being behind and underneath all its phenomena. Thus, the casual observer deems the events of natural history fortuitous and independent, but the student soon discovers proofs of a careful balance existing between plants and animals while apparently living without reference to each other. This balance of nature may be disturbed by the energetic interference of man, and almost always such successful interference is disastrous, and the same result follows such interference by any agency.

Thus, an English observer, — Ormond, found that a large crop of water cress, cultivated for the table, was much injured by caddis worms eating a large part of it. She then found that these worms were disproportionately increased in the stream where the observation was made on account of the lessened number of trout, as these fish live largely upon caddis worms. Proceeding further in her inquiry, she found that the trout were diminished by the rapacity of herons, which were preserved in the neighborhood in large numbers. Though this special observation is new, it is only one more illustration of the general law above cited, which makes the balance of nature dependent upon the proportionate existence of entirely independent agents. The atheistical scientist will talk of the laws of nature, and the Christian will acknowledge the inevitable power of those laws, but he will go further and see in them only the expressions of that infinite wisdom of God which created all things, and devised the vastly complex universe. To deny them as evidences of personal design, and to attribute them to an abstract law, or the fortuitous arrangement of material atoms, seem as childish as would be the attempt to account for human foot-steps on the seashore by some law which caused the particles of sand to arrange themselves in such an order as to present that particular form. Robinson Crusoe knew better than this, and when he found the print of a foot on the damp sand, forthwith prepared himself for a visit from the man whose presence it proved.—Episcopal Records.

For "THE FRIEND."

### Haddonfield Quarterly Meeting.

The Meeting for Ministers and Elders was held on the sixteenth of Ninth Month.

For about three miles of the way from Moorestown the road passes through a section of low-lying land, which has evidently been washed out by the floods which in former ages have so greatly modified the surface of the land in southern New Jersey. The ridge on its northern border, on which Moorestown is built, and Mt. Laurel, which bounds it on the south, are supposed to be hills of denudation, that is, elevations left by the washing away of the country between them. The rain of the preceding day had freshened vegetation.

A cluster of Morning Glory vines on the roadside, were overrunning the bushes, and were so thickly covered with large purple flowers as to present a very beautiful appearance. On our return in the afternoon these flowers had shrivelled, their short-lived glory having faded away. We admired also a group of Purple Geraniums, which had established themselves on the bank of a ditch, and which seemed as bright in the afternoon as in the morning. But the prevailing color of the bloom along this part of the road was yellow. In the adjacent fields were large patches of what I supposed to be the brilliant Fleckseed Sunflower (*Cucupis trichosperma*), different species of Golden Rod (*Solidago*), and the large-flowered Sensitive Plant (*Cassia Chamocrista*), adorned the roadside.

The Meeting gathered at Medford under a feeling of depression. This is a not unusual accompaniment of those who are zealously concerned for the prosperity of the Lord's cause, and who keenly feel any evidence of weakness on the part of those who have been looked up to as advocates for the Truth. But as the meeting progressed their faith was in measure revived by the assurance that the Lord still reigns, and that He is as able now as in former times to raise up and qualify those who shall be as standard bearers in his army. The practical lesson was brought home to those assembled, that the failings of others ought to have the effect upon each one to lead them to a close watch over the outgoings of their minds. Our Saviour declared that those things which defile a man come out of his heart; and if we allow our thoughts to dwell upon forbidden pleasures, our strength will be weakened, and in the hour of trial, when fierce temptation "armed with darts tempered in hell," assaults the yielding heart, we will be in great danger of yielding thereto.

It was a satisfactory meeting, in which the hearts of some were comforted.

The Quarterly Meeting for business on the following day was well attended, and was favored with the company of several Friends from other Quarterly Meetings.

There were several communications. Among others a Friend from a distance attempted to quote from the Epistles to the Hebrews, but his memory failing him, he asked permission to read the passage. As this would be an undesirable novelty in our meetings, and might prove an introduction to changes in our manner of worship, one of the Elders suggested, that if the passage did not come up freshly to his remembrance, it would be better not to proceed with his discourse. To this advice he very quietly and properly submitted, and took his seat. There were short communications from several younger Friends, which gave ground to believe that the Head of the Church was still disposed

to bestow gifts upon his people, and to raise up those who should be instruments to proclaim his message to others. One Friend spoke of the comfort it was to those who travelled for the welfare of the Church to meet with young Friends, who showed by their dress and manners that they were yielding to the visitations of Divine Grace. Another spoke of the mourning and distress it occasioned to see evidences of conformity to the world, and refusal to bear the cross which Christ lays upon his people, and without submission to which we cannot be his true disciples.

On the whole it was a comfortable and we hope a profitable meeting. J. W.

### Lights and Shadows of Port Royal.

(Continued from page 91.)

A study of these two characters only, Blaise and Jacqueline Pascal, would give a considerable insight into the life of Port Royal. One may admire the penetrating genius of the brother, but there is less to be found in him than in his sister. With her there is a better balance of judgment in some lines, and more naturalness of character and feeling, though even in her the latter quality lacked freedom and completeness. The Letter on the Formulary, already mentioned, was addressed to Angélique de St. Jean, niece of the first Abbess Angélique, and one of the brightest lights of Port Royal. A few extracts (though not given in consecutive order), from Jacqueline's "Letter," will convey some sense of her religious discernment and her intellectual power.

"Truth," said she, "is the only real Liberator, and she makes none free but those who strike off their own fetters—whom bear witness to her with a fidelity that entitles them to be acknowledged as the true children of God the True." . . . "I know it is not woman's business to defend the truth, but perhaps when bishops have the cowardice of women, women ought to have the boldness of bishops. And if we are not to be defenders of the truth, we can at least die for it, and suffer anything rather than abandon it." "The feebleness of our influence does not lessen our guilt, if we use that influence against the truth." "Let us either give up the Gospel, or let us carry out its principles; and esteem ourselves happy in suffering for the Truth's sake. But we may perhaps be cast out from the Church! True; and yet who does not know that no one can be really detached from the church except by his own will? The Spirit of Jesus Christ is the tie that binds his members to himself and to one another, and though the outward signs of that union may be taken from us, its effect cannot be taken so long as we retain the spirit of love, without which no one is a living member of that holy body." "You are doubtless aware that the condemnation of a holy bishop is by no means the only question in debate. His condemnation includes that of the doctrine of our Saviour's grace. If, therefore, our age be so degenerate that none are found willing to die in defence of a righteous man, is it not far more dreadful to think that no one is disposed to suffer for the sake of righteousness itself?"

Yet Jacqueline says that she was used to being treated as a child; and her regard for her spiritual directors and superiors at length brought her to the point of yielding to their advice in the signing of the Formulary—a modified one, I judge. She signed with exceptions and protests, however, but the effect upon her mind was such that she sank under the

weight of her grief, and died about three months afterward.

Concerning Pascal and his sister, a writer pertinently observes: "The asceticisms with which brother and sister, in common with other Jansenists, overlaid the foundations of their faith, may well be characterized as superfluous and often absurd; but however disproportioned might be the edifice, beneath it lay the sure corner-stone, whereon whoever buildeth, be he Lutheran or Calvinist, Protestant or Romanist, Jansenist or even monk, shall never be ashamed."

Shortly before the death of Jacqueline Pascal the honorable Mother Angélique passed away. Not long before this time, she had judged it best to join the sisterhood in Paris. The outward tabernacle was now going into decay, but the spirit was as courageous as ever, and her clear intellect apparently undimmed. A remarkable letter written at this time by her dictation to Anne of Austria, is preserved in her memoirs. After representing her condition in something of an apology, she proceeds in the following sentences—though possibly not a literal translation: "For, Madame, being penetrated as I am with the fear of that just Judge who will discern the most hidden folds of our hearts, and will set our secret faults in the light of his countenance, the rigors of his judgments whereof I never lose sight, might easily induce me to disquiet myself the less about the judgments of men. But I should fear, Madame, to offend Him whose justice I dread, if, while your majesty holds in some sort his place here below I should neglect to justify myself before you and if I failed to give my sisters, whom I see borne down by affliction and grief, the testimony which I owe to God and to the sincerity of their consciences, the testimony which I believe I should give at the peril of my life to any house the most alien in the world from me, if I saw I afflicted like this, and was persuaded of its innocence."

During Angélique's last sickness, she passed through an experience which Friends might call a feeling of "spiritual desertion." But before the end, the clouds rolled away, and "an evening time" it was light. She was deprived of the outward ministrations which Roman Catholics are taught so much to regard, but she said she had never put any man in the place of God; and nearly her last words were a testimony to the sufficiency of Divine grace in the hour of extremity: "Jesus Christ! Thou art my righteousness, thou art my strength, thou art my all!" The following sentences are from Frances Martin's estimate of this admirable woman: "She differs from us in creed, ritual and observance; but there is no diversity in the object of her worship and of ours, nor in the faith and love which leave us to cast ourselves as she did, at the feet of Him who is the source of all virtue. We shall gain something, nay we shall gain much, if we learn to look upon her with sympathy and love; if we acknowledge that she was faithful, earnest and devout, and strive in the fuller light of a purer faith to emulate the virtues which make Angélique at least so noble and so great."

I have said that not all the people of Port Royal pretended to a knowledge of the Augustinus, and the character of some of them was very plainly shown before the Jansenist controversy arose. The point to be noted here is this: It was not theology, it was not Jansenism as creed only, that made Port Royal; it was lively, practical faith, operating directly between

and his Maker. None of this Christian soul had any idea of separating themselves on the communion of the Church of Rome. Jacqueline Pascal signified that they were not rming "a schismatic church," and they all id themselves to be good Catholics—true sons id daughters of the Roman church.

When severe measures for the suppression of ese Janesist leaders were determined upon, id efforts were made for their arrest, the men Port Royal managed mostly to elude their ursorers, though Fontaine and De Sacy were risoned in the bishop. But in 1664, the suits and the Archbishop of Paris, finding the ibigation and humiliation of the nuns not mplete, carried their oppressive measures still rther. There were at that time about seventy omen of the sisterhood, some of whom were nt away and imprisoned, and the others kept er close watch. Angélique de St. Jean gives ively description of this separation and of her n sufferings in it; and their subsequent return Port Royal, and of their mutual rejoicing at iding each other faithful. It was during this at of persecution that some of those fine letters consolation and encouragement were written.

It might be encroaching too much upon the ace of this paper, to insert many passages from em; but they are worth perusal, and afford an cellent evidence of the intellect and the piety some of the Port Royal company. There was e Countess of Brégy, whose sublime and po- ic style was so rich with the imagery of Scrip- re; there was Father St. Marthe, who wrote the sisters, assuring them that if they looked t back to the flesh-pots of Egypt, they should abundantly grow in grace and benediction; rounseling them not to be cast down if their uls "should at times seem as a parched land," id reminding them that "spiritually as well as mporally, the Son of man grows as a root out "dry ground." And there was Hamon the hysician, outraging the laws of the body, but voted to the health of the soul. It was he who wrote to the nuns in words like these: (We have so often consulted with the ministers ark this!) without being helped in the way, t us now have recourse to Jesus Christ himself, et us confess our sins unto Him, and He will ear our confessions."

(To be concluded.)

IMPROVERISHED BY WAR.—Spain's finances ere had enough before the latest revolt in uba, but the cost of the campaign on that land has brought them to a desperate pass, verything in sight has been mortgaged, the ation is staggering under a debt of sixty-eight illars per capita—our own being about fifteen illars—and the strain is constantly increasing. We are to credit the statement that the salaries all Spain's diplomatic representatives in the nited States are to be reduced one-third; it ident that the government is now resorting ractical and heroic measures.

Italy's campaign in Abyssinia has in like nner added to her already ruinous debt, until or Admiral Colombo is now forced to increase the port duties upon barley and the white corn at constitute the principal food of a considerable part of the population. Italy's debt is nearly re times as large as our own, and amounts rty-three dollars per capita. The provincial and municipal debts are even more crush- g. The reduction of her foreign trade through e customs war with France, the reaction from e wild real estate speculation of eight or ten ars ago, overborrowing on every hand and

banking mismanagement and corruption began the destructive work which the cost of the Abyssinian campaign has completed. Wars are very expensive indulgences nowadays.—*New York Herald.*

What Infidelity Has Never Done.

It never raised a man or woman from sin. It never took a drunkard from the gutter, a gambler from his cards, or the fallen from a life of shame. It never found a man coarse and brutal in life and character and made of him a kind husband and father.

It never went into heathen lands among the morally depraved, and lifted them out of their degradation. It has never written down native languages, translated literature, or prepared text books, or planted schools. It has never founded hospitals for the sick or homes for the helpless.

What discoveries has it made? What improvements has it introduced? Has it added anything to human happiness? Does it bring any ray of comfort to the chamber of death? The religion of Jesus has done this and more too. "The tree is known by its fruit."

The well-known evangelist, Richard Weaver, tells the following story of his early days:

"When I was a working collier, I remember working alongside a great, boastful skeptic, who was engaged removing the supports from certain parts of the workings. It sometimes happens as on this occasion, that a stone gets loose, and comes crashing down upon the miner. This particular stone was only a small one, but quite large enough to frighten my brave skeptic. I was not a Christian myself then, yet I always abhorred his braggart skepticism. When I went up to him he was lying under the stone and moaning, 'Lord help me.' Putting my hand upon the stone I pressed it down so as to make it appear heavier. 'What are you going to do?' I asked; but his only answer was, 'The Lord help me.' As I pressed heavier and heavier, his fear increased, and he redoubled his cries to the Lord whom he had affected to despise. At length I took off my hand, and showed him the size of the stone, saying, 'See there! *What is the worth of all your infidelity, when a stone that size can drive it all out of you in half a minute?*' Atheism cannot stand the approach of death."—*The Christian.*

Not long since, in a great city, an aged Christian woman closed her life on earth. She had lived always in very plain circumstances. She had enjoyed only the most ordinary privileges of education. She had no peculiar gift for any form of Christian activity. She had never taught a Sunday-school class, nor led a women's prayer-meeting, nor taken part in a missionary society, nor been connected with a temperance union, or any other sort of organized association. She had never been recognized as an active worker in any capacity. But for sixty of her eighty years she had been a true, earnest, and sincere Christian. She had been a faithful wife and a loving, self-denying mother. She had brought up her family in the fear of the Lord. She had lived a quiet, patient, gentle, godly life. About her coffin there sat a large circle of descendants, her own children and grandchildren. Her life story was a record, not of any great deeds, nor of any fine things done, but of eighty years of plain, simple, lowly, Christlike goodness. Yet it never can be known until the judgment day what blessings that humble life left at its close in the world. Its silent, unconscious in-

fluence poured out through all the long years into other lives, making them better, happier, holier, sweeter. *S. S. Times.*

"TO KEEP QUIET."—The gift of speech is a great gift; but the gift of silence is also very valuable. There is a time to speak and there is a time to be silent; and one time to be silent is when you have nothing to say.

Of course, a man with a well-filled mind and a well-trained tongue can speak on almost any occasion; and if he will speak short and to the point he will generally have a hearing; but when people neglect to store their minds, and do not read, study, learn, and think, they sometimes get into very awkward positions, especially if their talk is stretched out to an unreasonable length.

There is a story of one man who was making a somewhat lengthy address to some children, forgetting how weary little folks become, until at length, having pretty much run out of ideas he said,

"What more shall I say?" when one little urchin spoke up and said,

"Say amen, and sit down!" a suggestion which the speaker was quite prompt to follow.—*The Christian.*

Selected for "THE FRIEND."

It is, no doubt, under troubles of various kinds that the mind is disciplined in the school of Christ and taught to bear his cross without repining. "In the day of prosperity rejoice, but in the day of adversity consider," Solomon says, and he had large experience, both in his hits and misses. I think I never felt more than of latter time the sweetness of the humility of Christ, and there is nothing I more crave for myself and my beloved offspring than that these may enter deeply into it, and there abide. There is nothing more commends us to Divine protection and keeps us aloof from the snares of a watchful and vigilant foe than humility, a grace that lays at the foundation of our spiritual buildings—out of sight, indeed, but very precious.—*James Eulen.*

THE FRIEND.

TENTH MONTH 17, 1896.

It has often happened that persons who have received their early education as members of the Society of Friends have afterwards deserted its ranks and joined themselves to some other religious organization. One class of these consist of persons whose religious principles were more dependent upon the instruction received from others than upon the experience of the work of Divine Grace in their own hearts, and the clearness of understanding resulting therefrom—in short, who were traditional and not experimental Friends. Such not having a solid foundation for their profession, are often readily turned aside into other paths. There is often an uneasy feeling with such persons, begotten by the spirit of God, which causes them to feel that they are not living in full obedience to the Saviour's commands, which teach self-denial and the bearing of his cross; yet self struggles against a full submission in all things to the Divine will. In this unsettled condition their safety and true interest consist in surrendering themselves unreservedly to the Lord, and following his leadings through the purifying operations by which He carries on the work of regeneration in his disciples, but it is often the

case that the poor, bewildered sinner, too sensible of the infinite value of his immortal part, and easy with a state of alienation from God; and to be not sufficiently humbled to sacrifice *all* for Christ, is led to adopt some halfway measure, or compromise; and to take up with some profession of religion less exacting than the spiritual doctrines of Quakerism; and in which outward performances have greater place and more dependence is placed on rites and ceremonies. For it remains to be a truth, as stated many years ago by an experienced elder in the church, that the cross, the operation of that power by which the creature is humbled in the dust remains to be the great object of hatred, at which the Enemy of all good is ever aiming his darts.

In addition to the notice of Ohio Yearly Meeting, published in *THE FRIEND* of last week, we have received another, containing rather more of comment on its proceedings, which we insert in the present number, believing it will interest some of our readers.

#### SUMMARY OF EVENTS.

**UNITED STATES.**—The Treasury gold reserve at the close of business on the 13th instant was \$123,299,116. Official returns from the majority of the Georgia counties show that the Democratic majority for the State ticket will run slightly over 50,000. Governor Atkinson's majority falls below this by several thousand, which his opponent, being a Prohibitionist, secured from men of that party.

A report from Flagstaff, Arizona, states that observations of the planets Mercury and Venus, lead to the conclusion that these bodies make but one revolution on their axes during the journey round the sun, so that each day is a year long.

An old ruin has been uncovered on the Mogul reservation, in Arizona, and nearly two hundred pieces of perfect pottery, and other articles of fine workmanship, were found more than 2000 Germans who have settled in Missler, Ga., and who are making a great success of the cultivation of small farms.

The gold fields in Paulding County, Ga., are being developed, and have proved quite productive.

One of the greatest lead prospects ever discovered in the mineral regions of the United States is located in Duerksen, Mo., the other day. Solid chunks of lead weighing 75 to 100 pounds each, are being taken out.

The marble production in Vermont is decreasing, while the granite industry shows a decided increase.

According to reports, the coming sugar crop of Louisiana will be one of the largest ever produced in that State. There is every prospect that the tonnage of cane delivered at the factories will be very heavy, and the yield should bring satisfactory prices, in view of the reported damage to the beet crop and the bad outlook for the Cuban crop.

The apple crop in Lake Haven, Mich., is the largest for many years. Many of the trees, overloaded with the fruit, are broken down. The winds have blown down thousands of bushes.

A farmer near Sacramento says his crop of apples this season will bring him \$12,000, of which \$8,000 will be profit. He has twelve acres of it.

The mass of game in the Maine woods during the restricted period has been remarkable. The Boston Herald estimates that at the present time there are 14,000 deer, 12,500 moose, nearly 10,000 caribou and 10,000 bears. In short, the State is a regular menagerie.

In the 12th instant a West Indian hurricane raged with great severity along the entire New Jersey, Long Island and New England coasts. Train service to the various points on the New Jersey shore was entirely cut off and great damage was reported. On the Long Island coast many buildings were washed away. The wind reached a medium velocity of 80 miles an hour. The loss in this city included the numbered 257, which is 18 less than the previous week and 3 less than the corresponding week of 1895. Of the whole number 182 were males and 175 females; 30 died of consumption; 27 of heart diseases; 21 of cancer; 21 of marasmus; 17 of apoplexy; 15 of nephritis; 14 of diptheria; 11 of pneumonia; 11 of inflammation of the brain; 15 of cholera; 11 of peritonitis; 11 of infant; 11 of old age, and 4 of castles.

**Markets.**—U. S. 2's, 92; 4's, 100; a 107; new 4's, 115; 11/2; 5's, 110; a 111; currency 6's, 100 a 105.

**COTTON.**—Middling uplands were officially reported at 8 1/2 c per pound.

**WHEAT.**—In grain bulk, quoted \$1.50 a \$1.05, and spring do, in sacks, at \$7.75 a \$9.75 per ton.

**FLOUR.**—Winter super, \$2.30 a \$2.60; do, extra, \$2.00 a \$2.80; Pennsylvania roller, clear, \$3.35 a \$3.30; do, straight, \$3.50 a \$3.75; Western winter, clear, \$3.35 a \$3.50; do, straight, \$3.30 a \$3.75; do, patent, \$3.85 a \$4.15; spring, clear, \$3.00 a \$3.30; do, patent, \$3.60 a \$3.90; do, straight, \$3.75 a \$4.15; do, favorite brands, higher. City mills, extra, \$2.50 a \$2.80; do, clear, \$3.30 a \$3.60; do, straight, \$3.70 a \$3.80; do, patent, \$4.00 a \$4.25. **RYE FLOUR.**—Firm, at \$2.50 per barrel for choice Penna. **BUCKWHEAT FLOUR.**—\$1.30 a \$1.50 per 100 pounds for new, as to quality.

**GRAIN.**—No. 2 red wheat, 72 1/2 a 72 1/2.

No. 2 mixed corn, 29 1/2 a 29 1/2.

No. 2 white oats, 25 1/2 a 26.

**BEEF CATTLE.**—Extra, 4 1/2 a 4 1/2; good, 4 a 4 1/2;

medium, 3 1/2 a 4 1/2; common, 3 1/2 a 4.

**SHEEP AND LAMBS.**—Extra, 3 1/2 a 3 1/2;

medium, 2 1/2 a 2 1/2; common, 2 a 2 1/2; culls, 1 a 1 1/2;

hulls, 3 a 5 1/2.

**HOGS.**—Western, 5 1/2 a 5 1/2; city, 5 1/2 a 5 1/2.

"FOR SALE."—"Germany," says the *St. James Gazette*,

"has had five sovereigns since Queen Victoria began to reign. She herself will in future be recognized as the empress of one of the most powerful rulers. Her grandson wears the crown of Germany. Her granddaughter is Empress of Russia. Another granddaughter is the Crown Princess of Romania. Her second son rules over the Principality of Saxe-Coburg. The Hereditary Prince of Saxe-Meiningen is her grand-daughter. The heir to the throne of Greece is her descendant. The Grand Duke of Hesse is her grandson. She has no fewer than 61 descendants within one day than there promise to be at the head of more than half of Europe."

The Archbishop of Canterbury, while attending service in the church building at Hawarden, on the 10th inst., was taken suddenly ill and died in a short time. It is believed that he had pneumonia, which he had heard of. He was 67 years of age.

In one recent consignment a feather dealer in London received 6000 birds of Paradise, 300,000 birds of various kinds from the East Indies and 400,000 humming birds. In three months another dealer imported 336,338 birds from the East Indies.

It is reported that General Grumbkoff's leadership of the Liberal Party, owing to the antagonism of his opinions on the Eastern question with those of the mass of the Liberal party. His resignation will likely make patent the widely divergent views of the Tory and Liberal parties in regard to the Russian alliance.

On the 9th inst. Lord Rosebery made a speech in Edinburgh, in which he said he was opposed to a decided act on by Great Britain in the Turkish question. Such action would mean a European war, with the slaughter of hundreds of thousands and threaten the existence of Great Britain. The panacea, he said, was concerted action by the Powers nearest interested. This could not be long postponed.

The London cable, this week, N. Y. Evening Sun from London says: It is learned upon unquestionable authority that Russia has undertaken to interfere actively in Turkish affairs unless the Porte carries out fully the long delayed Armenian reforms. England and France agreed to give their moral support.

It is understood in Berlin, that the Kaiser will shortly give an audience to General Grumbkoff, the German officer in the Ottoman service, who is the bearer of an autograph letter from the Sultan to the Kaiser. General Grumbkoff is accompanied by the Sultan's Ambassador, Ghali Bey, who will also be received by the Kaiser. The mission of General Grumbkoff, according to the South German paper, is one of great political importance. In the meantime an interview with General Grumbkoff appeared in a Berlin paper, in which the Turkish Commissioner defends the action of the Sultan and the leading officials, contending that no man occupying the Turkish throne could fulfill the demands of the Powers surrounding him. The Sultan, he maintains, must always take into consideration the probable effect of the fulfillment of such demands upon the Mohammedan populace; otherwise there would be great danger of an outbreak of Moslem fanaticism, leading to the total annihilation of the Christians within the Empire.

A free school for teaching the Russian language

has been established at Seoul, the capital of Korea. It has forty-six pupils, ranging in age from 20 to 40 years.

News was received at Panama, on the 7th inst., from Guayaquil, Ecuador, that the town has been almost wholly destroyed by fire. Fully 30,000 persons, nearly one-half of the city's population, are homeless. Great destitution prevails, many persons being without food and without even necessary clothing. Miguel Valverde, Consul General of Ecuador, received a cablegram from the 8th, which stated that the fire had destroyed 1000 houses. The loss is estimated at \$25,000,000, while the total insurance is but a little over \$2,000,000. Consul Valverde's cable states that the fire was probably of incendiary origin, and that great indignation is felt because of the crime. Prompt punishment will be meted out to the offenders should they be caught.

The apple crop in the Provinces of Ontario, Quebec and Nova Scotia promises to be unusually large. It is estimated that the aggregate yield of Canada will amount to 3,000,000 barrels.

#### RECEIPTS.

Unless otherwise specified, two dollars have been received from each person, paying for vol. 70.

Hannah W. Helley, Phila.; Jonathan Brigs for George Briggs, Ia.; Anne S. Lippincott, Gm.; C. A. Faengerhelter, Phila., 81, No. 7, vol. 70; Joseph T. White, Jr.

*Remittances received after Third-day evening will not appear in the Receipts until the following week.*

#### NOTICES.

**WESTON BOARDING SCHOOL.**—The General Committee will meet on Saturday, the 23d of Oct., at 11 A. M. The Committee on next meeting the same day, at 9 A. M.

WM. EVANS, Clerk.

**POSITION WANTED** as companion to invalid or elderly woman by a young woman Friend.

Address "E," office *THE FRIEND*.

**WESTON BOARDING SCHOOL.**—For convenience of persons coming to Westtown School, the stage will leave at 7 o'clock on Saturday, Oct. 17, at 8 A. M. and 2:55 and 4:32 P. M. Other trains are met when requested. Stage fare on regular trips, fifteen cents on special trips, twenty-five cents each way. To reach the school by telegraph, wire West Chester Phone 85.

BENJ'N. FASMOORE, Supt.

Died, Ninth Month 2nd, 1896, at his residence in Mead, Hawley County, Kansas, aged 86 years, seven months and four days, was a minister and member of Springfield Meeting, in that county, where he has resided from his birth on the land settled by his ancestors in the year 1639, and occupied continuously by five generations of the family from that time until the autumn of 1855. From his early boyhood he was known as a pious and conscientious Christian, much attached to the principles and testimonies of the Society of Friends, and consistent in supporting them. He occupied the stations of overseer and elder in Chester Monthly Meeting for several years, and later in life feeling called to the public ministry of the Gospel, his gift was acknowledged by the church and members of the congregation, and during his entire adult life disease conformed him to his chamber a few weeks before his decease. Great was his solicitude for the spread of Christianity, and the suppression of vice and intemperance in the community where he resided, and in the city of Philadelphia. He spent much time in distributing religious tracts and books, and many of his friends, during his life, were afflicted with their present ills, and those present to them respecting their evil habits; and at times stopping and gently reproving profane persons whom he might have misused the sacred Name as he passed them on the street. He was a loving Friend to the young and Society, deeply interested in their spiritual welfare, and frequently called at their homes, with encouraging them to enlighten under the banner of Christ, take their cross to worldly pleasures, and follow the Heavenly Shepherd. With a humble estimate of his own attainments, he ever sought to honor the Lord Jesus Christ as his Redeemer and hope of salvation; that only best of all things, and the only true religion. When near the close of his life he said to his brother who sat by his bedside, that he wanted all his brothers and sisters to commend each other to the mercy and care of our precious Saviour, adding, "I am very unworthy, very unworthy." Oh him it may be truly said, "Behold an Israelite indeed in whom is no guile."



# THE FRIEND.

A Religious and Literary Journal.

VOL. LXX.

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PHILADELPHIA.

Articles designed for insertion to be addressed to

JOSEPH WALTON,

MOORESTOWN, BURLINGTON CO., N. J.

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Articles and Letters of Deborah Brooks Webb.

(Continued from page 8.)

TO L. H. B.

PHILADELPHIA, Fourth Month 7th, 1861.

"When a little lamb of the fold is in any anger and bleateth, the Good Shepherd has to relieve it from its difficulties. So I believe He prompts me to give an early answer to thy touching letter. I tried immediately to appear thee on my heart before his throne, but words would come to my relief.

"While reading thy letter, the words 'Water of regeneration' came so forcibly again and gain to my mind, and yesterday morning on waking, such a precious sense of his love attended, and a nearness of feeling with thee, that could again commend thee to Him, not in any words but in tears. May He lead us all in thee, teach us and fit us for his kingdom. My mind is at rest altogether on those points (some of the doctrines of Friends), but whenever any doubts arise and I try to spread them before Him and wait for his revelation, they are sure to be cleared.

This is good, dear Laura to wait, deeply wait, before Him for instruction. Surely there is a relation in these days, or how could the thoughts of my heart have been spoken to, time after me, by his faithful ministers? It seems to me my precious friend, if we try to live all the time in his holy fear, letting our thoughts, words and actions be holy, this is confessing Him or is government before men. None could have been more determined to leave the Society than myself at one time, though it was more from rebellion than conviction.

"E. Pittfield commenced her communication this afternoon with the words, 'And the Lord direct your hearts into the love of God and into patient waiting for Christ.' Two or three times she said she felt comforted and thankful in being one of this people, dependent upon the Divine Teacher. Ah! I can respond. I would not like to be anywhere else; God Almighty, my Father, and the dear Saviour, my baptizer, to the new life, my Reprover for my slips, my Mediator upon repentance, the alone Teacher of everything and my All in All! . . . It indeed good to trust in Him for everything. . . . That passage, 'Bread shall be given him, his

waters shall be sure, hath often comforted me heretofore, and now it comforts me in a spiritual sense, for I long for more sensible heavenly bread, more of a knowing Him as his faithful children know Him. 'Ask and ye shall receive,' is another precious legacy. . . . Farewell from thy loving friend, but one who often feels herself the very least of all the flock.

"D. B."

1861.—Fourth Month.—Thou God, seest me all the time, may I be more watchful and circumspect.

Fourth Month 19th.—This is my thirty-first birth-day. Oh, how merciful the Lord has been to me; He has led me about, instructed and kept me, and I have been so unworthy of it all. I do this morning earnestly dedicate myself, my all, entirely to thee. Oh! Lord, accept me in thy mercy unworthy as I am. Be pleased to help me to love thee with all my heart, and with all my soul, and with all my strength, and with all my mind, help me to keep very humble all the time, make me what thou wouldst have me to be; oh! be with me in this way that I go. Be pleased to make me very humble and meek and lowly in heart, and wilt thou dearest Father, for Christ's sake, fit me and prepare me for heaven. Teach me how to wait on thee, and grant unto me some living bread and living water.

Again she writes:

TO L. H. B.

Fourth Month 28th, 1861.

"Dearest L.—I look upon no one sect as the 'Church.' Every true struggling Christian belongs to this church militant, and as they follow Him in his baptisms and crosses, or washings of regeneration, will, in the end, join his Church triumphant in heaven. All that fear God and work righteousness are accepted. Thou hast already joined this Church, if thou hast fought the battle with thy own sins and corruptions as manifested, one by one, by this Light of his Spirit, and straining in earnest to walk without sin.

"I am more and more convinced of the truth of this passage, 'Without holiness no man shall see the Lord.' He will indeed manifest himself to his watching, waiting, praying and obedient children. How sweet the promise is of John xiv: 21 and 23, and Rev. 3: chap, 20th verse: 'Thou sayest, my dear, thou lovest the quiet of our meetings for meditation, it may be right for thee; but lately it seems as though I dare not meditate in them, dare not think! but if I get the Heavenly Bread himself, must wait, wait in awful solemn silence for the arisings of his presence. Oh! how I have struggled for this, and now do struggle to get that state when I can worship the Almighty God in awful, solemn reverence and stillness, in spirit and in Truth.' How could I be disturbed with sing-

"How important the distinction here made by D. B. between a great Creator, awful stillness and waiting before the Great Creator of heaven and earth and that of what is understood by the word "meditation."

ing, praying, or speaking from another's mind unless immediately from my Father.

"Take not thy flight in the winter season. How thou wast on my heart during Yearly Meeting week, and how I did wish thou was present the last day. Elizabeth Evans spoke so sweetly to the young Friends, of Elijah waiting at the mouth of the cave.

"C. Wistar told me thou was sick one day, and I was fearful thou was worrying thyself too much; please do not do so, it is a gradual work. I used to make myself sick sometimes, but at one Quarterly Meeting long since, E. E. opened that passage so beautifully, 'The King's daughter is all glorious within; her clothing is of wrought gold. She shall be brought into the King in raiment of needle-work.' She remarked that the needle-work was done stitch by stitch, that it was a gradual work, performed by being attentive to one little intimation after another, till we are clothed with the white robe of his righteousness, nothing of our own, all of his mercy in showing us. Blessing, glory and honor be ascribed by us both to his Holy Name here and hereafter, with my soul most humbly. . . . I commend thee to his blessing and mercy and light, and remain thy deeply interested and loving friend,

"DEBORAH BROOKS."

Fifth Month.—After passing through the blackness of darkness the few days past, on account of many wilful transgressions, and begging earnestly to be forgiven, I do this morning feel such an assurance that I am now indeed born again. Whosoever is born of God doth not commit sin. I never felt such sweetness and heavenly love before, such newness of life. Oh! I can indeed bless thy Holy Name, oh, Lord, for I am thine now, do with me what thou wilt; grant me preparation and innocency oh, Lord, if sin, temptation and the devil should ever come again.

Seventh-day morning.—Teach me, oh Lord, how to dwell with thee, through life! Oh, give me life, heavenly life in myself. Oh, unite my soul to thee, so that I cannot sin; unworthy though I am, give me of thy Holy Spirit to strengthen me. Show me, oh Lord, how to keep with thee while attending to outward affairs.

12th.—The following words of Isaac Pennington speak the language of my heart so thoroughly. "Oh! how the soul that is sensible of its filth longeth to be washed! How it panteth after the pastures of life, the food of life, the living waters; to appear before and enjoy God in the land of the living. Oh! how doth the heart that is daily afflicted with its unbelief and disobedience, long for the faith that stands in the power, and the obedience that flows from the power. Oh! teach me thy statutes; show me the pure path of obedience in the way of life, guide my feet in the way everlasting. Oh!

The one same effort of the mind, the other perfect stillness. William Penn said 'Love silence, even of mind,' and how refreshing and strengthening to the weary soul some such seasons are.

write thy fear in my heart, that I may not depart from thee; create a clean heart in me and put thy Spirit within me, to be my strength. Oh! continue thy loving kindness to them that know thee, and thy righteousness to the upright in heart. Oh! what unutterable breathings daily issue out of the broken spirit towards the spring of its life."

TO L. H. B.

"PHILADELPHIA, Sixth Month 2nd, 1861.

"Dear Laura, thy poor friend is in the depths here. I could tell thee much here, but I am often reminded of an old saying, viz: 'Religious experience frequently related is like a smelling bottle, which frequently exposed, loses its scent and savor, and is lost.' Only I would ask one favor, let us pray for each other that we may have faithful, obedient hearts. I have just been reading over thy sweet letter again, and can rejoice that thou art so enabled to lay hold of his precious promises to us, poor and unworthy as we are. May He, in his own time, give thee relief. Thine in love,

"D. B."

TO L. H. B.

"PHILADELPHIA, Seventh Month 8th, 1861.

"The closing sentence of thy letter brought much comfort to my heart. The 'Rest of the people of God'; how sweet it is, and how my soul longs for more deep draughts of it, which I know is in store for the truly obedient children.

"D. B."

TO L. H. B.

"PHILADELPHIA, Ninth Month 9th, 1861.

"Two Friends came on Sixth-day and asked me to open Northern District Primary School temporarily, as Jane Boustead had resigned, and mentioned their opinion, I could have it permanently if I wished. It felt pleasant to me then and has since, generally. Two or three times it has seemed sad and a disappointment, but I now enjoy being with the little ones so much that it would be a cross to go back. Oh! saith my soul for a faithful heart to follow a crucified Lord, every moment of my life.

"It has often seemed to me that if we read much and ponder the writings of other societies it is apt to bring confusion, and perhaps lead to a desire to be like them. What will say I am prejudiced, but really it seems safer for me to keep to Friends' writings generally, and not reason too much. The next Third-day after this was here, Wm. Evans was at our meeting; in his communication said, 'That our Society made a higher profession than any other, viz: 'That of being led by the immediate influence of the Holy Spirit,' (though we have sadly to acknowledge not always possession). 'Be thou in the fear of the Lord all the day,' is the command.

TO L. H. B.

"PHILADELPHIA, Twelfth Month 12th, 1861.

"Of late I have thought much of the passage, 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God, with all thy heart and with all thy soul, with all thy strength and with all thy mind.' I do pray for a clothing of his love over me, over my mind, and that his holy fear may be written upon my heart.

"I think it is the will of our Heavenly Father that we should take care of our bodily health. The heart, the heart is what He searches. . . . Thou mentioned dear Elizabeth Evans, how sad the feeling is, when we reflect we can see and hear her no more. Shall we not pray for ability to follow her as she followed Christ.

If I could only attain to half her excellence and favor with the Almighty One.

(To be continued.)

### The Hindu Magistrate's Death.

At the Wednesday evening biblical lectures for non-Christians at our Free Reading Room at Madanapalle, in 1871, there was one countenance that we always expected to see.

The *grāma reddi*, or village magistrate, Musalappa by name, always came early and took his seat by the second window on the right from the speaker's desk. He listened with apparent pleasure, and the fixedness of his attention always attracted the notice of the speaker, and his reverent mien during the concluding prayer made one feel that he was silently joining in its petitions.

He was a cousin of the high caste Hindu farmer whose hand and arm had been so fearfully crushed under the wheel of the idol car, shortly after we located at Mandanapalle, as they were drawing it, in its annual outing, late at night. He was one of those who ran to my house, and waked me and begged me to come and see if I could save the man's life, for he was dying with nervous shock and loss of blood. The man's life was saved. The ten fractures in his fingers, hand and forearm were set and united so that he again had the use of his right hand, and neither he nor his brothers or cousins ever joined again in those car-drawing festivities.

When the reading room was opened in 1870, and the weekly biblical lectures for non-Christians were begun, he seemed to be glad to have a chance to listen to Christian teaching without mingling in a Christian congregation and drawing on himself the adverse remarks of his co-religionists.

He was a very quiet, sedate, reticent man, whose character was respected by all. His attentive, earnest countenance, both in our church on his occasional attendance there, and weekly at the reading room, made me feel that the truth was gaining an entrance to his mind and heart. He seemed to avoid giving me any chance to speak to him personally; and I was content to let him continue to drink in the truth weekly at our services, fearing that he would be driven away if I personally pressed the truth home.

A year had passed from the opening of the reading room. In August of the following year, 1871, there was an epidemic of cholera and of smallpox at the same time, and a number of cases of typhoid fever in the town. My assistant in the hospital was absent on a vacation, and I was driven with work beyond measure.

One morning as I was sitting at the dispensing table in the hospital, Musalappa came in and sank upon a seat, exhausted. I saw that he was very ill and went to him at once. He said that he had been very sick for a week or more; that he had asked his brothers—for they and their families all lived together in one house as one family—to ask me to come and treat him or to bring him to the hospital in a coach or palanquin, but they had absolutely refused and called in native doctors; that he was sure he was fast getting much worse, and that that morning when they were all out of the house he had got up and, unnoticed, stolen away on foot to the hospital for me to prescribe for him. I did all that could be done, giving him medicines for the day and night, and sent him home in a conveyance, promising to come the next

morning to his house and see him. I was quite at a loss to account for his family so objecting to his coming to me for treatment, as many of them had been to me for treatment at different times.

The next morning, and daily, I went to see him, though I was so driven with work that I could go but once each day, and then make but a very brief visit. A crowd gathered around the moment I went into his room every time I called, and seemed to seek to prevent my talking with him any more than to prescribe. I could not but notice that there was an unusual commotion about the house, which I could not explain. It was typhoid fever, and he died, in spite of all that could, at that late stage, be done for him.

One of his cousins, some months afterward came to me and told me that during his sickness he was talking continually of Jesus Christ and of Christianity, saying that it was true, and they must embrace it; and it was undoubtedly their fear that he would openly embrace Christianity before his death, and bring a stigma on them, that made them keep him so long from coming to me, and so guarded when I was present.

I spoke to him generally on the subject of death and of Him whom alone we can trust in such an hour, but did not press it home so personally as I would had I then suspected what I afterward learned to be the fact.

When I spoke to him of Christ, his brothers standing by, prevented his replying, saying that he was too weak to converse. His cousin afterward told me that during the night before he died, after incoherent talking of Jesus and his salvation for some time, he suddenly rose to a sitting posture in bed, and called out with a clear voice: "The glory of Jesus Christ is filling the whole world, and we must all bow before it. He is the Divine Redeemer."—*Jacob Chamberlain, M. D., in the Independent.*

FOR "THE FRIEND"

### A Visit to Ocean City.

Accepting the invitation of a kind friend who is learned in shells, to go with him to Ocean City and see what spoils of the ocean could be found on the beach, I took the cars for that place on the twenty-second of Ninth Month.

Ocean City is situated on the northern end of the beach that commences to the south of Great Egg Harbor Bay, a few miles south of Atlantic City. The railroad from Camden goes towards Cape May, but about twenty miles before reaching that point a branch runs eastward to the coast, and after crossing the salt meadows, comes to the beach at Sea Isle City. From Sea Isle City a railroad runs along the beach northward to Ocean City.

A search for shells along the beach is a very uncertain business. After a southeast storm, it is often the case that the waves wash up from the bottom, multitudes of shells and other sea products, and strew them by myriads on the sands, so that a rich prize awaits those who come at once and pick up these treasures before they are buried in the sands, which are ever moving by the force of the winds, and soon hide small objects from view. At other times the most careful search may fail to reveal much of interest. That was the situation on the day of our visit. The weather had been comparatively calm for a considerable time before we went to the shore, and my shell friend expected but poor success. We found only about ten species and these in comparatively small numbers. The

first variety I noted was a small cylindrical shell, lying among the grass or sedge, called *Melampus bidentatus*, deriving its specific name from two ridges or prominences or teeth at the lower end of the opening which leads into the interior of the shell—*Bidentatus* means "two-toothed." This animal is an air breathing one like the common garden snail, and although it appears to enjoy its salt water baths, it requires intervals of exposure to the air.

Another small shell, but rather larger than the *Melampus*, being nearly three-fourths of an inch in length, was Dog-whelk (*Nassa tritortosa*). It may be described as a spiral one, starting from a fine point and showing three distinct coils as it approaches the larger end or mouth of the shell. This species is carnivorous and bores holes with its tongue into other shells and feeds on the animal within. Several of these species I picked up had been treated in the same way, and were pierced with the small round holes, through which their flesh had probably been extracted by an enemy of their own species, or some other carnivorous variety. One of the foreign *Nassas* is very destructive to the oysters on the French coast.

I found also a larger species of spiral shell, not much longer, but much thicker—the Periwinkle (*Littorina irrorata*). It is an interesting looking object, with numerous prominent revolving lines on its surface. The Periwinkle is largely used for food in Great Britain where the number used was estimated a few years since as two thousand bushels a week during six months of the year, and five hundred bushels a week during the other six months. The Periwinkles are vegetable feeders. Both it and the carnivorous shells are provided with a peculiar soring ribbon or tongue, which is closely beset with horny teeth, which by backward and forward motion rasp down objects that are brought in its way. The common European species is said to have about six hundred rows of teeth on its tongue.

The species thus far described all belong to the *univalves* or one-shelled mollusca. We found also several of the *bivalve* or two-shelled species. One of these was the Surf-clam (*Maera solidissima*), which is an abundant inhabitant of the sandy coasts. The shells, when full grown, are as much as six inches long, and were formerly used by the Indians as hoes in the hilling of their corn, and more recently as sugar scoops. In one that I picked up, the two valves were still adhering, and were kept open by an elastic ligament or small mass of cartilage which occupies a small cavity in the back of each valve. On the inner face of each valve are two round scars at which, when the animal was living, were attached the strong muscles whose contraction closed the shell. When the death of the animal destroys the muscular action, the elasticity of the ligament opens the shells. These clams are much used for bait in fishing, but are not much esteemed for food.

There was a third member of our little company who was as much interested in the wild flowers and plants, as the shellman was in his ocean favorites. We collected more than sixty species of plants around Ocean City, and would probably have added to the list, if we had not been driven from the spot by a shower of rain, which induced us to take an earlier train home than we had intended.

Several of the seaside plants are fleshy in their texture, such as the Sea-purslane (*Sesuvium portulacastrum*) and the Salt-wort (*Salsola kali*). This is a low branching annual, with rose-colored

flowers and short and thick leaves, all prickly-pointed, so that the plant cannot be handled with impunity. It is said to be closely allied to the Russian Thistle, which has given much alarm to the western farmers by its rapid growth.

An interesting plant of the Grass family was the Sea Sand Reed (*Amphiphila acuminata*), which grew abundantly on the piles of bare sand. On approaching one of these piles where the wind or other force had removed some of the sand so as to leave a perpendicular bank, my flower-loving companion called my attention to the long root-stocks of the grass running down several feet into the earth. From these there branched out numerous layers of fine rootlets which tended to bind the sand together.

A common road-side weed is the Clot-bur (*Xanthium strumarium*). At the shore we found another species, the *Xanthium canadense*, in which the beaks of the fruit were armed with hooked spines, and intermingled with abundant hairs. In one upland species the hairs are wanting, and the beaks are straight. Gray calls the Clot-burs coarse and vile weeds, yet they are botanically interesting. But we met with many plants so beautiful and bright, that they are attractive to those whose tastes are not scientific. Such were the two purple Gerardias—*G. Purpurea* and *G. Maritima*—the splendid shore Golden Rod (*Solidago sempervirens*), the Sea Lavender (*Statice limonium*), the delicate and slender-jointed Polygonum (*Polygonum arifolium*), and the beautiful marsh Century (*Sabbatia stellaris*), bright with rose-purple flowers. J. W.

FOR "THE FRIEND."

DWIGHT, Kans., Ninth Month 27th, 1896.

Having, as I apprehend, been led to see that some things connected with the usual exercise of the elective franchise are inconsistent with some of the testimonies borne by us as a people, it has pressed upon my mind to present some of the reasons why I have felt like declining of late years to vote at our general elections.

Probably the first thing which seemed to fasten upon me in this way was the fact that in all political parties I found men equal to or superior to myself in judgment and general information, who were equally sure that the success of the political party to which he belongs would tend to the greater good of the country.

Being conscientious that I be casting a ballot which, were it to decide an election, should certainly work the greatest good to the greatest number, I began to investigate both the principles and practices of those parties which make our nominations and shape the political concerns of our country, and soon found that in order to keep duly posted on passing political events I so used the spare time at my command that my time for religious reading and reflection was very much encroached upon; and further my thoughts were turning more and more to these things and less and less to things of more lasting concern. I observed that near election time not only myself, but my friends, turned to politics as a principal topic of conversation, and I reflected that from the "Abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh," and further that we were enjoined to "Seek first the kingdom of Heaven and the righteousness thereof." As I allowed place to these considerations, other things connected with the exercise of the right to vote presented; among them are the fact that when voting for a President we are helping select the head of the army. The Gov-

ernor of our State is also the chief commander of the militia. The Sheriff of our counties in most States becomes the hangman in case of capital punishment, and in exercising the duty of arrest should he take the life of a man he is justified before the law; and, when fully known, the duties of many of our public officers at times lead them into the responsibility of sacrificing human life, and this in time of peace.

If I, by my vote, elect these men to an office the known duties of which under circumstances likely to occur, may lead them to cut short the thread of life in my fellow man, how can I escape the responsibility of an accomplice in causing his death. I am aware that far the larger share of those who are members of the various branches of the Society of Friends feel it almost a duty to vote at all general elections, if not exactly for candidates of entirely satisfactory character, at least for those whom they believe most nearly represent their views. I believe that far the larger number of these have not given these matters that proper consideration in the light of our higher duties which its importance demands. We have no right to "Do evil that good may come of it," and there are times when we should "Let the pot-herbs of the earth strive with the potsherd's." C. H.

EARTHQUAKES IN FORMOSA.—Earthquakes are very common and do enormous damage. In 1891, on one day, four shocks were felt, and a month later, two more. Years ago, at Keelung, rumbling sounds were heard, and the waters of the harbor recoiled until fish of all sizes were left wriggling and floundering in the mud and pools. Women and children rushed out to secure such rare and enticing prizes, but shrieks from the shore warned them of the return of the water. Back it came, furious as a charge of battle, overlapping its appointed bounds, and sweeping away all the houses in the low-lying land along the shore. The story of that tidal wave is handed down as one of the great catastrophes in history. At Kim-pau-li, not many years ago, a shock was felt. Rice-fields suddenly sank three feet, and the sulphurous waters rose and still cover the place. Sugar-cane is now cultivated in large tracts where boatmen plied their oars in 1872, and the waters of the Fannsi River glide over places where stood villages in which I preached the Gospel twenty-three years ago.—*Selected.*

WHAT SIXTY CENTS DID.—According to a Texas paper an investment of sixty cents in whiskey, by a young man named Dean, in the year 1869, cost Fannin County, in time and money, more than the revenue arising from the whiskey traffic for five years amounted to. Dean, inflamed with his whiskey, shot and killed Dan Coulter. Then the McDonaids shot and killed Dean. For this offence they were arrested, and after continuing the case several times, were tried and convicted of manslaughter, and sentenced to the penitentiary. While in jail they were rescued by their friends breaking open the jail and liberating them. Taking it together, this sixty cents' worth of whiskey killed two men, made one widow, caused two men to be incarcerated and kept in jail at an enormous expense to Fannin County, and caused trouble to the families and friends of those two men; and then the expense of witnesses and trials in court, with loss of time to the sheriff and posse, put Fannin County to the expense of not less than ten thousand dollars.—*The Christian.*

## THE HOUSE OF OBED-EDOM.

MARGARET E. SAUGSTER.

The house of Obed-Edom,  
Where safe the ark abode,  
What time were wars and fightings  
On every mountain road;  
What time was pitched the battle  
In every valley fair,  
The house of Obed-Edom  
Had peace beyond compare.

With famine on the border  
And fury in the camp,  
With the starving children huddled  
In the black tent's shivering damp,  
With the mothers crying sadly  
And every man a prayer—  
In the house of Obed-Edom  
Was neither want nor care.

The fields of Obed-Edom,  
No foe-man trod them down;  
The towers of Obed-Edom  
Were like a fortress town;  
And only grace and gladness  
Came speeding on the road  
To the house of Obed-Edom,  
Wherein the ark abode.

And far and near they told it,  
The men that heard that way,  
How fell Jehovah's blessing  
On that home by night and day;  
How the smallest to the greatest  
Had joy and hope and love,  
While the roof of Obed-Edom  
Was watched by God above.

The line of Obed-Edom  
Is on the earth to-day;  
In the house of Obed-Edom  
Still he may safely stay—  
Who, dearer than all treasure  
For which men toil and plod,  
Shall prize the covenant-blessing,  
The hallowed ark of God.

And never strife nor clamor  
Shall break the tranquil spell  
In which our Lord's beloved  
Forever safely dwell.  
In the house of Obed-Edom,  
In sunlight or in darkness,  
Abides the ceaseless blessing  
That rests within the ark.

FOR "THE FRIEND."

## RESCUED.

The willows bend in silent weeping,  
The fir tree bows its stately head,  
Something is gone from out our keeping,  
A voice is rescued, some one lieth dead.

A voice is still'd that used to sing at evening,  
A baby voice that lisped in accents gay;  
A mother born in silent grieving,  
A seraph form has past from earth away.

'Twas when the snows were softly falling  
And wintry winds were moaning round,  
And now I hear the song-birds calling,  
And flowers are blooming on a baby mound.

E. F. P.

A FINISHED EDUCATION.—One of the poorest things that can be said of a man, or that he can say of himself, is that he has a finished education. It is equivalent to saying that he has ceased to grow and to gain; that he will never make any more progress. A child was born into a home of wealth and refinement. It was a bright child, and there was hope for it on the part of parents and friends. It continued to grow and to learn until it was ten months old, and then all growth and learning stopped, except in faint signs of added months in the lines of the face, and in a little fulness of flesh. That child lived on to nearly forty years of age, but it never knew any more than at ten months. It was called a case of "arrested development," but it might have been called a case of "finished education." God pity us if we cease to gain and to grow through this life!—*Selected.*

## A Short Account of John Graham.

(Concluded from page 100.)

On Fourth-day night he was much tried with restlessness, and during this time he recounted some preservations from sudden death which he had experienced, and he afterwards supplicated, "Oh! Thou who art over all, help me to, bear all! Can I still say, 'Thy will be done?' Oh, this poor suffering frame, can it be long?" At another time, when in much suffering, he said, "I shall be relieved in the Lord's time," and then repeated, "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you"—"my peace."

In reference to an impression that had long rested upon his mind, that more public service might be required of him, he said, "I can't feel that my day's work is quite done! Oh, have I the blood of any on my skirts? Have I told them faithfully? I have tried the fleece, wet and dry. Oh, can I say, I am clear, fully clear?" It was replied, "We know thou hast striven to be in the way of thy duty," and he remarked, "Too much timidity, perhaps." Addressing his wife, he said, "For years, as thou knowest, I never went to meeting without a feeling that I might have to open my mouth—not here, not here, except in matters of order; there has not been much opening. I have thought much of my grandfather (James Graham), a very worthy man, almost uneducated, but an eminent minister, as many hearts could testify; he was brought so low in the preparation for this service, that many of his friends thought him about to yield up his natural life; but he lived long after. One day, after feeling severe pain when in the minister's gallery, he rose with the lines:

'My life, if Thou preserv'st my life,

Thy sacrifice shall be;

And death, if death should be my doom,

But joins my soul to Thee!"

"That must be my motto. I want a motto now that will do for a longer or a shorter time."

On Fifth-day, the 19th, he was not so well, and when a little revived from an attack of faintness, his soul was poured out in fervent supplication for himself, for those around him, and for the church. For his dear wife he besought the blessing of the Lord, which being given, "there can be no bane;" and expressed his full confidence that she would be comforted in her sorrow, saying, "Trust in the Lord," and quoting Hab. iii: 17. To those around he said impressively, "never quench the Spirit." At this time he sent messages of love to absent friends; and dwelt with comfort on the blessedness of the redeemed, who through much tribulation have entered the heavenly kingdom, laying great emphasis upon the words, "They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more," as he could appreciate the latter clause from his outward experience. Whilst apparently in a sinking state throughout the day, his mind was kept in perfect peace. He said, "I have for some time felt that I should not continue long, and bless the Lord, there is no terror in the prospect. Some feel ecstasy—I have not that, but a deep settled peace, still in all and through all. I pray the Lord's holy will be done, either for continuance here, or for inheritance in the land above, of my own Father."

He was often deeply exercised lest the maintenance of those principles and testimonies which our religious Society was raised up to show forth before the world should be lost sight of; and in reference to this, on the afternoon of this day, he wished the following taken down in writing:

"It was Esau that saw the broken-down places

of Jacob, and determined to rebuild them; and what was the answer? 'They may build, but I will throw down' (Matt. ii). The Lord will ever cause to be thrown down the buildings of Jacob which are not built after his will.

"I have for years seen and felt, and travelled in spirit for the maintenance of a true ministry, committed to this people in such an especial manner, indicating that all the springs of the ministry, and all the service of the ministry, have their only source from Jesus Christ himself. He being the eternal and glorified Head of his own church; unto Him belongeth not only all the power, but all the dominion, for the government must ever be on his shoulders. Let not any think, with how muchsoever of Christian life, and feeling and earnestness they may bring to bear, but that their offerings will be their own, unless they are brought into the deep life and the power of our glorified Head. Their equipment is in danger of being (and great is the danger in this day), like unto that armor of Saul that seemed so plausible to fortify the warrior. David must be willing to be a fool, and go forth in the name of the Lord of Hosts; and then it matters not what eloquence and power of intellect the minister may have."

Seeing the sweet peace with which he was favored, it was remarked that the Lord was truly "a rich rewarder of them that diligently seek Him;" when he repeated, "diligently, diligently!" it's been too spasmodic sometimes with me; but unworthy as I am, there seems nothing in the way—all removed. I hope I'm not deceiving myself! I hope I'm not misleading you!" A bright smile lighted up his countenance, as if looking beyond the things of earth, and he was asked, "What is it dear, dost thou see Him waiting for thee?" He replied, impressively, "I wait for Him!" Turning to his wife, he said, "Don't keep me, dear Don't fret! Remember Mary Penington!"—in allusion to her having been enabled so to follow her departed husband in spirit that she could rejoice almost as much as if he were still with her in the flesh.

In the evening he spoke of the need there is for all to be really living as in tents, ready to strike them at any time, not knowing when the call may come; and dwelt vividly upon some passages in Solomon's Song, especially the seventh and eighth verses of the first chapter, saying he saw so much meaning in the injunction of Christ to his church, "Go thy way forth by the footsteps of the flock, and feed thy kids beside the Shepherd's tents"—"the kids, the little ones, all the tenderest aspirations—brought to feed beside the Shepherd's tents!"

After this he again rallied, and for some days his fluctuating state gave some hope that he might yet be restored to comparative health. This was not, however, his own opinion, and when a hope was expressed on Sixth-day that he might be spared for our sakes, he said, "Tha does not seem likely, in all human probability but I do not know that I have much wish in it I am in the Lord's hands."

The lines were quoted one day:

"I shall sleep sound in Jesus,  
Filled with his likeness rise;  
To live and to adore Him,  
To see Him with these eyes."

he replied, with his quick detection of error "Not with these eyes! 'We shall not all sleep but we shall all be changed.'" Afterward dwelling upon the description given by John 0 "One like unto the Son of Man."

His desires for entire sanctification were constant, and found expression in such words as these: "Cleanse, cleanse, cleanse; purify, purify, purify!" "Purge me with hyssop; that's bitter," and at another time broke forth, "Oh, to drink of ambrosial streams!" to lave in the river of the water of life! "Nothing that is impure!" Cleanse me, Almighty, from every remnant of iniquity." Some part of the hymn, "Nearer to Thee," was quoted, when he exclaimed, "Nearer! Oh, I want to get nearer! I haven't lived near enough!"

On the evening of Third-day, the 24th, the time for dismissal again seemed near, and he gave directions respecting his funeral, requesting that everything might be very plain, and no plate on the coffin; and at another time said, "Let there be no black; I have felt a strong testimony against that." He spoke to his brother of the way of salvation in a very instructive manner, saying that it was "through Jesus Christ, the appointed Mediator and Intercessor." It seemed indeed to come from a heart deeply feeling the great reality that was shortly to be experienced. He also said that he feared to ask for remission of suffering, lest the work of sanctification should be in any way obstructed.

On Fourth-day morning, the end was apparently not far off. After thanking an attendant for her kindness, he said, "It can't be long for any of us, and if we are only ready, when the time comes, it will be better, far better; and could we only realize the joys beyond, all these things would bear no comparison—none at all!" In the afternoon he was in severe pain, but his mind was perfectly clear and unclouded, and expressions like the following were caught: "Pray for me, that I may be gathered into the center of life. I ever feel that I have no claim to ask of thee! I ever claim the merits of the Holy Redeemer. Thy spotless Lamb!" "That I may enter into the fulness of joy at his right hand!" "Yes, blessed Saviour, my Mediator, my Potentate, my Intercessor with thee, the Father of everlasting praise; let our voices be attuned to sing unto thee and the Lamb. Let us reach away from this earth, even unto where Thou dwellest in ineffable brightness. Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty, just and true are all thy ways, Thou King of saints, King of kings and Lord of lords! Thou holy, holy, holy! Let all fall down before thee, Thou Infinite Being! Thou Maker and Sustainer of this thy universe. Thou who knowest all the ways of man, and though so high above all, art so condescending as to direct the ways of them that fear Thee! Let us continue to give thanks unto Thee, Oh, Lord, our God; let us commit our spirits unto thee; as unto a faithful Creator. Different as our thoughts are from thy thoughts, and our ways from thy ways, Thou hast seen meet to open up a way whereby we may approach unto thee, even our ever-living advocate, who laid down his life for these sins of ours." "Clinging to thee, clinging to thee, Lord Jesus, receive my spirit. Receive all our spirits. Oh that my tongue were attuned to sing the praise of the Lord for ever and ever!"

In the evening he obtained some relief from pain, and it was hoped he might pass quietly away without further struggle. He was asked if he wished to see any one, and his reply was, "Only my Lord, in the brightness of his coming," adding, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit!"

Fifth-day, the 26th, was one of intense physical suffering, so that he entreated those around him to unite in prayer with him, that if "consistent with his will, this might now be the Lord's

time for his release. At seasons, glimpses of the glory so soon to be revealed were permitted to cheer his spirit, and such expressions as these fell from his lips: "Drawing nearer unto the gates of death! Open, open, open unto me, Lord Jesus, I pray!" Joyful pictures of an eternity of bliss, when this world and its cares are ended! Perhaps I've been too anxious for a realization of the world to come, but however, I've nothing to trust to but the mercy of God in Christ Jesus."

When almost too ill to speak, he said to a sister-in-law, who approached his bedside, "Train them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord!" And to another near relative, "Be thou faithful in the little, and thou shalt be made ruler over more." When allusion was made to the nearness of the prospect before him, he assented, and said, "It is all right, and I am going, through redeeming love and mercy, to exchange a state of mixture for one of everlasting blessedness. He was asked if he was in pain, and he replied, "Yes, great pain, but the Divine will be done, the Divine purposes be fully accomplished." During the after part of the day, his chief desire was to be kept patient; once he said to his brother, "Travail with me in spirit, that I may be preserved in patience."

The night was an almost sleepless one, in the middle of which he broke forth in supplication, commencing with the Lord's prayer, and continuing for some time in a loud voice, adding, "I should like when I pass away, to be engaged in singing the song of the Lamb and the redeemed: Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia, Lord God Almighty, just and true are thy ways, thou King of saints! let all the nations of the earth bow before the Lord and his loving way! Behold, I come quickly! Even so, come, Lord Jesus!"

Daylight again breaking, he wished the blind drawn up, saying with a smile, "I think this is the day! Joyful, joyful day! Lord, if it please thee, may this be thy day to let a trembling, yet confiding creature come and appear before thee." This desire was soon granted, for about half-past seven o'clock, after a severe attack of oppression upon the breathing, the spirit was permitted to pass quietly away.

HERE is an illustration of the better side of the rule of England in India—and that rule is mostly the better side. Most unfortunately the Salvation Army in India has suffered a deep humiliation in the conviction of Ensign Brodie, who, with his wife, was in charge of the Army's work in some villages of the Ahmednagar district. On one of his trips his wife had been insulted by the foul tongues of the people. Two weeks later Ensign Brodie, with a native Salvation captain, rode over to the village, called on the native magistrate, read him a pretended Government document on the offense of the village, saying it had laid itself liable to a fine of two hundred rupees, but that if paid immediately, twenty-five would be accepted, in view of their ignorance and poverty. In an altercation which followed Brodie fired his pistol and shot a man fatally. He was tried for the homicide and condemned to seven years' imprisonment, which was just. Now, the creditable thing is that the judge, who tried the case impartially, and whose charge to the jury is fully approved, is himself not an Englishman, but a native Mohammedan. England allows Englishmen to be tried by natives. Whether this case tells anything against the discipline of the Salvation Army in India we cannot say, but

our readers know it has been severely criticised.—*S. Leitch.*

### The Witch Superstition.

Among the Liberian tribes in Africa there is much belief in the existence of witches, and the bad effect of their actions. This often leads to much injustice and cruelty. The following incident is related by Agnes McAllister, who was for several years located in that part of the country. "All was war palaver in town. They had accused the king of witching the war, and two of the devil-doctors of making medicine to kill their own people. Everybody was excited. Men and women came down from the bush-towns of our tribe to take this war palaver. The women did the principal part of the talking. The people all sat down in the sun before the king's house at ten o'clock; and although there came a heavy shower of rain, they did not move their seats, but talked on through it all. Some of the women are great talkers and can hold the attention of all the people. Although the king denied the charge, yet many of the people believed him guilty and threatened his life if any more lives were lost in the war.

"That night the king, fearing the anger of the people, started to run away, but was caught by the people as he was crossing the river to the other tribe. They tied him hand and foot, put him in the top of a small hut, built a fire, and threw red pepper into it. They smothered the flames to smoke with green grass and bushes, and shutting the door, left the poor creature there until morning, when he fell down to the floor through the hole in the ceiling through which they had put him up.

"They untied him then; but he was so stiff and stupid that he could scarcely move. When he felt better they again asked him whether he was guilty or not. Knowing that the people would take no explanation, he said that he was, but would make some "medicine" to counteract all the witchcraft he had used in the war. They kept him shut up all day, but let him go to his own house that night.

"The next day, being Sunday, I went to one of the small towns to hold service. We had not been able to have service for several weeks, since the excited people could not be induced to sit together in one place; and it was seldom they were in town, for all the smaller towns had to be guarded. I had just gone congregation together and started the service, when there came a man who called all the people to the king's town for palaver. My meetings were at an end for that day, and I went with the rest to hear the palaver. It was about the king's witching the war, and the warriors were furious. Some of them wished to take the ring off his ankle, and take him out and kill him. But he begged them so hard not to do it that they left him to make the "medicine" which he had said would counteract all the witchcraft and give them sure success.

"I had been in the habit of taking one day for rest and letting the children go to the river to fish. But since the war had begun I had had no rest day, for many people called at the mission, and I never liked to refuse to see them. In those war times I felt that possibly I should not see them again or have another chance to urge them to accept Jesus Christ as their Saviour.

"One morning the king passed our house without coming in. I asked him to stop, but he said he was going to find some "medicine" and would be back soon. So I set the tea on

the stove, as I knew he would be sure to want a drink of tea and something to eat on his way home, for he was always hungry. I looked for him for some time, but he did not come. I thought that perhaps he had gone home by another way and was making the "medicine" for the war.

"Just as it was growing dark he came, and stood for a few minutes under the house, listening to discover whether any of his persecutors were there. One of my boys came to tell me that the king had arrived. I at once felt that something was the matter, for these people do not like to be out in the dark if they can help it.

"I went out and met him just as he came into the house. It was almost dark. I asked, 'Is this you, king?' 'Yes,' he answered, 'is there anyone in the house?' I told him there was no person but our family, and invited him to sit down. He said the people had been all ready to kill him in the morning; but he had run away, and had been in the bush all day without anything to eat. He had two *cassadas* in his hand, and asked me to cook them for him. We made a fire and got something for him to eat. He asked to stay all night. I told him he could, but inquired what he meant to do in the morning. He said that he intended to run away and never come back to the country again.

"When a man is made king a metal ring is put on his ankle as a sign of his authority; and this ring belongs to the tribe and is handed down from one generation to another. I asked him whether it would not be a good thing for him to take the ring off his foot and leave it with me. I would take it, I said, to the people in the morning, and tell them that I had seen him, and that he had gone to another tribe; and I would beg them not to search for him. Yes, he said, if it had not been for the ring on his foot he would have gone far away that day, but by the ankle any person he met would know that he was a king, and he would be more easily found out. I got down on the floor, and with a pair of pincers, unwound the wire that fastened the ring.

"After supper I gave him matches and a blanket to wrap himself in, and prepared him for his journey. He had a dagger with him. He said he was going to sleep in the bush, and would take some vegetables from the farm as he passed along. He wanted the matches to light a fire to roast them. He lay down on his mat to sleep, but asked me to let the lamp burn by him. He kept his dagger by his side, and was so nervous that he would start at the least sound. None of us slept much that night. At four o'clock I got up and got something for him to eat, and he started off before daylight. He intended never to return to his home again, but hoped to meet some friendly tribe with whom he might live out the rest of his days, which would not be many, for he was already an old man.

"About eight o'clock his brother came up to the mission to see whether I knew anything about the king. I showed him the king's ring, related what I knew, and told him that I was only waiting for the dew to dry off the grass before coming down to bring the ring and explain that the king was gone.

"When I went to town they called the warriors together. I gave them the anklet, and, telling them what had passed at our house, asked them not to follow the king, but let him go in peace. They thanked me many times for

taking the ring off the king's foot and bringing it to them, saying I had done them a good service.

"The king wandered on for three days, crawling through the thick bushes at night and hiding away during the day, that he might not be found by his own tribe. But when he was near the place where he was going for refuge a hunter discovered him, and he was brought to one of the bush towns of our own people. They were kind to him, keeping him for several months, and finally making peace between him and his own townspeople, and bringing again him to his former home. For many months he had no power at all among the people. At length, however, the devil-doctor declared that the devil was not pleased with the way they had treated their king, and wished them to put the ring on his foot again. Accordingly a sacrifice was offered to the devil for the wrong they had done, and the king was restored to the king's foot; and he wore it until he died, two years later."—*A. McAlister.*

### Lights and Shadows of Port Royal.

(Concluded from page 103.)

An incident worthy of notice is related concerning Sister St. Eustougie (the countess of Brégy), and the Archbishop. On one occasion he urged her to sign the formulary, saying that if there was any *sia* in it, he would bear it for her. Her reply was not without a pungent rebuke: "Pardon me, my lord; but it would grieve me too much to put upon your lordship's heavy incumbrances the least additional burthen."

Among the legacies bequeathed to us by that company is the "Gift of an Abbess to her Nuns," by Agnes Arnauld, which contains a portraiture of "the perfect and the imperfect religions." In this work she instructs them that unless "He who has the key of David, unlock the heart, the most holy truth (of Scripture), will find no entrance;" that those alone are blessed who, hearing Christ's words, "abidingly keep them." She teaches them that Christ is to be known, "not by theory, but by experience; for it is only by the teaching of the Spirit," said she, "that men can call Him Lord." Surely no Friend could object to these sentiments.

In the course of years, when the old stock had somewhat disappeared from Port Royal, the ecclesiastical officers and their subordinates found a company more pliable and more to their own minds. But there still remained some to bear testimony to liberty of conscience, and to exemplify the fortitude which is bestowed on those who suffer for righteousness' sake. Among these later champions of truth was Gertrude de Valois, a woman of rank and culture, and one whose character appears as beautiful and as nearly complete, as that of any of her sisters. When she was threatened by the bishop with exile and imprisonment, she replied: "If you immerse me in a dungeon, truth will descend there with me; and He who is the God of truth, will both console me and make me truly free amidst captivity; and if you put me to death, then the same truth will deliver me forever and crown me." To the threat of being deprived of the sacraments, and of burial without "Christian rites," she answered with a smile: "Well, I do not think your lordship will be able to discover any place to cast my body, where our Saviour will not be able to find it and raise it up at the last day; and if in the meantime my soul be happy in Heaven, it is of very little importance where my body is cast."

She endured a rigorous imprisonment in two convents, to whose communities her excellent example was not lost; and she was finally transferred to the convent of Etréas, where, we are told, her presence was like that of the ark to the house of Obed-Edom. During the early part of her captivity, her persecutors endeavored to draw her from her steadfastness by reporting that some of her friends had put their names to the formulary. Her reply seems to manifest the spirit that actuated most of the Port Royalists: "Whatever others are so unfortunate as to do said she, "the word of God cannot be broken on that word I cast myself. He declared, 'Thou shalt not bear false witness;' and his word remains the same, though every one of the children of men should alter. Let God be true though every man be a liar."

The final dispersion of the remaining nuns a Port Royal in 1709 was briefly referred to in the early part of this essay. At the time of that event, there was presented the extraordinary spectacle of a force of armed men three hundred strong, going up to the monastery to carry away twenty-two peaceable old women (some of them paralytic and helpless) to their several places of confinement. These conscientious nuns were pursued, one might say, to their very death-beds; and sometimes their hands were seized and made to affix the name to the formulary, the signing of which had been so often urged in vain.

Upon his death-bed Louis XIV, as is well known, found that he had been kicking against the pricks. He had always "demeaned him as the sons of earth," and now he shifted the blame upon his Jesuit confessors, and said he had "sincerely sought the peace of the church." Cardinal de Noailles, so active in the destruction of Port Royal, also had troubles of his own afterward, and bemoaning them once in the presence of a certain lady, was met by this epigrammatic rebuke: "What would you have, sir? God is just. It is the stones of Port Royal falling upon your head." This prelate, however afterward became apparently penitent, and made what reparation was in his power.

One can scarcely turn from a contemplation of the history of Port Royal without some serious feelings and reflections. It may have to some its perplexing and discouraging aspects as well as its instructive ones. Port Royal has foes of its own household, and there were weaknesses and errors in its best members. It is difficult, too, to reconcile all this admixture of error with the precious substance of unchanging truth; but that truth and error are often and generally mingled in the human mind, no one will deny. Even Lady Guion did not question that her own weakness had been "too much mixed" with what she terms "the sacred intelligences of his pure light." These people were not as those unto whom blindness had happened but as those who were recovering from blindness; and there is something for us to emulate in the integrity and devotion and persevering faithfulness of Port Royal. This is probably the united judgment of many who have acquainted themselves with its memorials; though I believe one writer takes the ground that its dissolution was the punishment it received because "it came not out" from the Church of Rome, while one has also described the differences between the Port Royalists and their ecclesiastical oppressors as "a Protestant quarrel fought out within the limits of the Catholic Church." Perhaps we cannot exactly credit the Port Royalists with so much of the reforms

with, but they occupied at least what Vinet calls "the Alpine heights of Catholicism." They clung to many hindering, traditional usages, but they seemed to look beyond them all to the unifying realities.

It may be remembered that the period over which we have passed in this account, includes that also of the persecution of the Huguenots; and our interest is naturally engaged to see what the position of these persecuted Jansenists might be with regard to others who were suffering for conscience's sake. How gratifying would it be to find a more positive word of sympathy for the sufferers, and of censure upon the course of the violent and bigoted oppressors! Not a word of this kind, as it affects other cases than their own in most instances; though a letter of St. Marthe, written to Port Royal des Champs in 1664, breathes a spirit entirely opposed to that of persecution. "When spiritual teachers," said he, "resort to courses of conduct and mysticism, not only unprecedented in Scripture, but wholly opposed to that practised by the apostles; we have solid ground for believing that the doctrines themselves, which demand so different a method of promulgation, must also be different. Now the apostles never resorted to force, or to any worldly incitement, either of pleasure or pain, to compel the will. . . .

Beware then of the doctrines of those whose practice is so wholly opposed to that of the Lord he professes to serve. Such practices are those he would was wont to use against the church, but those of the church against the world. Now neither the world nor the church change their natures. Where then we see worldly practices resorted to, we may safely conclude that it is not the Spirit of Christ, but that of the world in disguise, which has crept into it, that is the agent; and that for the gratification of its own purposes. . . . it is for a time assuming the mask of that church, to whose vitality and spirit it is the most deadly and irreconcilable enemy."

The Jansenists appear not to have discovered what should have been a bond of sympathy between themselves and the persecuted dissenters from the Church of Rome. Arnauld indeed justified the measures used against the Huguenots, and one of St. Cyrano's last works was directed against the Protestants. We look in vain also for what we should like to find in Lady Guion. But silence, it has been suggested, on the part of Roman Catholics at that time, need not be taken to mean more than acquiescence in the decrees of that church, whose authority they were used to accept, and a membership in which was, in their view, an essential passport to salvation.

**CONSCIENCE MONEY.**—A somewhat amusing example of the power of conscience may be cited, in which the proprietors of *Punch* are reported to have received threepence in conscience money from an anonymous correspondent, who is said to have surreptitiously read an entire number of *Punch* from the various pages displayed in the shop front in Fleet Street. Such an instance of the unburdening of the conscience is only equaled, perhaps, by the story told of a fellow of Pythagoras, who, it is related, had bought a pair of shoes from a cobbler, for which he promised to pay him on a future day. He went with his money on the day appointed, but found that the cobbler had in the interval departed this life. Without saying anything of his errand, he withdrew, secretly rejoicing at the opportunity thus unex-

pectedly afforded him of gaining a pair of shoes for nothing. His conscience, however, says Seneca, would not suffer him to remain quiet under such an act of injustice; so, taking up the money, he returned to the cobbler's shop, and, casting in the money, said: "Go thy way; for though he is dead to all the world, yet he is alive to me."—*Chambers' Journal.*

### A Louisiana Flower Pest.

Reports from the parishes declare that the water hyacinth is proving a far greater nuisance this season than last year, that it is beyond the control of the local authorities, and that the federal government will have to take in charge the task of getting rid of it, or all the waterways of the Southwest will be dammed up and rendered unnavigable. The water hyacinth is a Central American aquatic plant which produces a beautiful flower of lilac or light blue. Nine years ago it attracted the attention of a Louisiana visitor, who brought a few of the plants here and cultivated them in a bucket. Nobody has traced the history of the plant for the next five or six years, but three years ago a few of these flowers were found in Bayou St. John, one of the outlets of New Orleans. It seemed to flourish in the climate of Louisiana even more luxuriantly than in Central America. When, however, a freeze came, the water-hyacinth disappeared, died, and sank to the bottom of the bayou. Next spring, however, it showed itself again, and before the cool weather came it had completely covered the bayou, which looked like a field of purple heather, the water being absolutely invisible, hidden by the thick foliage of the plant, and navigation was seriously impeded. At considerable expense the hyacinths in the bayou were got rid of, but it has since been heard from in a hundred different localities.

Last year the police jury of Terre Bonne Parish had a special meeting to determine what to do with this pest, which was damming up bayous Terre Bonne, Blue, Caillon, De Large, and others, and strangling the lumber industry to death. It was resolved to abandon these bayous already invaded by the hyacinth, as it would cost too much to get rid of it, and try to preserve those still free from it by means of booms or obstructions thrown across the stream. The news now is that all the efforts made to stop the spread of the pest have failed. It has invaded Grand Lake, forty miles long and from two to ten broad, considerably larger than Lake George, and threatens to convert it into a meadow—a score of purple islands composed of water-hyacinths floating on its bosom and being wafted from one side to the other. Even the mighty Atchafalaya, the largest river in Louisiana after the Mississippi, one-third the volume of that stream, and with a velocity of four or five miles an hour, is dotted with hyacinth islands. So far no means of getting rid of the pest has been found. The hyacinth disappears with cold weather, and occasionally without any apparent reason, the bulbs sink to the bottom of the stream; but whenever it does so it always comes to the surface of the water next season worse than ever.

There are some four thousand five hundred square miles of lakes and waterways in Louisiana, and if they are all given over to water-hyacinths the latter will be a great public nuisance, as these "water-lilies," as the general public calls them, are very "odoriferous" at times.—*Harper's Weekly.*

CLEAN minds are necessary for clean hearts. Indecent and sensational literature are sure poisons for the mind. The popular novel of the day contains many germs that will breed contagion and death. The impure thoughts are the symptoms of contagion, and soon bring forth the unholy acts which are the evidences of approaching death. The mind fed on the light sensation of the novel cannot flourish on the plain and substantial truth of the Bible. The brain stored with the irreverent or obscene story of the office, workroom, or club, cannot retain the simple but saving tale of the cross. The mind filled with the stock reports or scandals of the Sunday paper, cannot aid in the purification or protection of the heart by thoughts concerning God during the morning hour of worship. The mind buried in the thoughts of Satan cannot contemplate the purity of Christ.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

## THE FRIEND.

TENTH MONTH 24, 1896.

In the present number of THE FRIEND we print a communication from a Friend in Kansas, the tendency of which is to discourage our members from taking part in political contests; and it advises to abstain from voting for executive officers. As to the caution it conveys against allowing the mind to be unduly absorbed in political matters, we can endorse the concern of the writer. As to the latter part of the essay, we do not wish to sit in judgment on the refusal to vote on conscientious grounds, nor are we prepared to condemn those who believe it right thus to manifest their choice in the selection of their rulers. The Apostle Paul, in his epistle to the Romans, cautions against judging one another in regard to matters in which different views may be taken, and adds, "Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind." We believe this is substantially the ground ever occupied by the Society of Friends. There have, it is probable, always been among them some tenderly scrupulous men, who believed it safest for them not to vote, but there were many others, who felt it right to do what they could to secure good laws, and a proper administration of them.

A recent cursory examination of some works written by military officers, show how the professional spirit seems to blind the eyes to the real horrors of warfare, and to create in those affected with it a desire for fighting and bloodshed.

In the description by Eridon Powell of the campaign against the African kingdom of Ashanti, there are several references to the disappointment felt by the officers and men of the invading army, that the King of Ashanti yielded without a battle. It would evidently have been far more satisfactory, if a few hundred men had been slain or wounded before submission was made.

So also, in the account given by Lieutenant Beynon of the march of a British army to relieve the fort of Chitral in India, there are several passages which show that the excitement of actual conflict was grateful to the soldiers. It seems to be one of the results of war, that those engaged in it, become so familiarized with bloodshed and destruction that they lose in large measure the natural shrinking from these dreadful accompaniments of military operations.

Some months ago a concern spread over the minds of the members of our Meeting for Sufferings at the growth among the people of this country of a military spirit. After spending some time in deliberating upon this affecting subject, it was referred to a committee for further consideration, who were authorized, if way should open therefor, to prepare an address on the subject to religious persons of other professions, so as to enlist their interest in the spread of the principles of peace.

The result of their labors was the preparation of an appeal to professing Christians on the subject, which was printed and referred for distribution to the committee that had prepared it. They had an edition of fifty thousand printed, which have nearly all been distributed. It was concluded to send one copy to each of the Ministers in the United States, whose address could be procured. More than forty thousand copies were disposed of in this way. There still remained a large number of ministers who had not been supplied. The Committee made a report of their proceedings to the Meeting for Sufferings, which met on the eighteenth of Ninth Month, which encouraged them to continue the work they had entered upon. From many of those to whom the appeal had been sent, letters were received expressing their unity with its contents, and in many cases requesting copies for distribution. One of the requests was for two thousand copies—but the number sent in response was somewhat less.

The following extract from a notice of the pamphlet in *The Moravian* may interest our readers:

The object of the Appeal is to draw the attention of Christians to the inconsistency of a warlike spirit and of all wars and fightings with the true spirit of Christianity, which is the gospel of peace on earth and good will toward men. The Friends have always borne consistent witness to the un-Christian character of war, especially between the so-called Christian nations of the world; and there is no doubt that their efforts in this direction have helped to bring about the present tendency on the part of these nations, to avoid the evils and miseries of war, and to settle their differences by peaceful arbitration. This is certainly one of the most hopeful features of the times, and should receive the hearty approbation and support of all who desire that the kingdom of Christ, which is the desire of "righteousness, peace and joy in the Holy Ghost," should prevail more widely in the hearts and lives of men, and in all the world at large. War is certainly a relic of barbarism, and in proportion as a higher Christian civilization is developed, it will be seen more clearly in its true light, and will not only be deprecated as the greatest of evils, but discontinued and discouraged until it is as dead as the sun. "The nations shall not learn war any more," and if we pray for the coming of that day it is our duty to do all in our power to hasten its coming. With the present prevalence of the military spirit among all nations, and the tremendous modern power and development of the armaments of war, it is evident that the nations are not ready for a general disarmament, which will be necessary to the prevalence of a general and permanent peace. But the faithful and consistent inculcation of the doctrines of Christianity, as applied to the hearts of individuals, will be like the leaven which, with its silent yet irresistible force, will eventually leaven the whole lump."

#### SUMMARY OF EVENTS.

UNITED STATES.—It is stated, on authority of President Hayes, that the little dispatch boat *Broncott*, never about the world, has been ordered to receive a passage through the Bahamales, as applied to foreign aid. A telegram from London says the British fleet in the Mediterranean has not been advised of such a movement, and cannot, therefore, as-

sist the American fleet, as it stated it would do in a report published by a New York paper.

The United States Treasury gold reserve at the close of business on the 19th inst., had declined to \$121,757,293. The day's withdrawals at New York were \$285,500.

The United States Coast and Geodetic Survey has just concluded the field work upon the survey of the transcontinental arc, along the 39th parallel of North latitude. This gives the United States the longest base line in the world, to establish subsequent surveys, in existence in the world.

Fitzhugh Lee, Consul General at Havana, has been granted leave of absence from his post in Havana, and will return to his home in Virginia. It is said he returns solely on account of his health.

The assessed value of farms in the United States in 1880 was over ten billion and in 1890 over thirteen billion dollars.

The Secretary of the Venezuelan Boundary Commission said recently that no decision had yet been reached by the Commission, and that the Commission is not yet in possession of all the facts necessary to form a definite judgment.

H. S. Graves, of New York, an expert in the employ of the United States Forestry Commission, has returned from an investigation of the Oregon forests. The finest and largest trees of the kind H. S. Graves had ever seen were the magnificent fir and spruce trees of Clatsop County. Some of the finest measured 130 feet in diameter, 300 feet high, and the spruce trees were fully as large.

There is a town in Georgia which will have negro inhabitants exclusively. The promoters of the scheme have bought 2000 acres, and intend to purchase 40,000 acres in all. Two hundred families, representing 1150 in all, have enlisted as colonists, and the work of building houses on the town site will be pushed rapidly.

State of Washington dealers have begun shipments of apples to Vladivostok, Siberia.

The Chicago Trade Society distributes tracts written in French, Dutch, Swedish, Norwegian, Danish, Finnish, Russian, Polish, Bohemian, Bulgarian, Lithuanian, and Spanish, Welsh, Greek, Hebrew, Chinese and Arabic, and finds eager readers for them all.

Deaths in this city last week numbered 363, which is 6 more than the previous week and 20 less than the corresponding week of 1895. Of the whole number 199 were males and 164 females; 43 died of consumption; 119 of pulmonary disease; 31 of diphtheria; 23 of marasmus; 20 of apoplexy; 20 of pneumonia; 14 of old age; 14 of inflammation of the stomach and bowels; 10 of cholera infantum; 9 of convulsions; 9 of bronchitis, and 9 of inanition.

Markets, &c.—U. S. 28, 92½ a 91; 48, 106 a 106½; coupon, 107 a 108; new 48, reg, 114½; 115½; coupon, 115½ a 116½; 98, reg, 100½ a 101; coupon, 111 a 111½; currency 68, 101 a 105.

COTTON was quiet and steady on a basis of 8½¢ per pound for middling uplands.

FEED.—Winter bran in bulk, quoted \$10.00 a \$10.50 and spring do, in sacks, at \$8.50 a \$10.00 per ton.

Flour.—Winter super, \$2.65 a \$2.85; do, extra, \$2.90 a \$3.15; common, \$2.45 a \$2.65; do, straight, \$3.00 a \$3.15; do, patent, \$3.60 a \$3.80; do, patent, \$4.25 a \$4.50; spring, clear, \$3.35 a \$3.50; do, straight, \$3.85 a \$4.15; do, patent, \$4.25 a \$4.50; do, favorite brands, higher. City mills, extra, \$3.00 a \$3.20; do, clear, \$3.75 a \$3.95; do, straight, \$4.00 a \$4.25; do, patent, \$4.50 a \$4.75. FINE FLOUR.—No. 1, \$2.60 per barrel, for choice Pennsylvania. BRUSHWELL FLOUR.—\$1.40 a \$1.50 per 100 pounds for new, as to quality.

GRAIN.—No. 2 red wheat, 82 a 82½; No. 2 mixed corn, 37 a 37½; No. 2 white oats, 35½ a 36½.

RIPE CATTLE.—No. 1, \$3.00 a \$3.25; good, 4 a 4½; medium, 4 a 4½; common, 3½ a 3¾.

SHEEP AND LAMBS.—Extra, 2 a 2½; good, 3 a 3½; medium, 2½ a 2¾; common, 2 a 2¼; culls, 1 a 1½; lambs, 3 a 3½.

HOGS.—Western, 5½ a 5¾; 5 a 5½, for common, and 4½ for choice.

FOREIGN.—American horses have invaded the English Islands. As many as 10,000 were sold last year in London alone, where they are used for the omnibuses, street cars and cabs.

The great Caledonian Railway of England has just issued an order forbidding all employees from entering Scotland on any day of the year.

The Irish gardeners' association will have an exhibition of potatoes, and hold the conference in Dublin

in Eleventh Month, to celebrate the tercentenary of the introduction of the potato into Ireland. The first potatoes introduced in Europe were planted in Ireland in 1596 by Sir Walter Raleigh in the garden attached to his residence, Myrtle Villa, Youghal, County Cork. The spot is shown to visitors.

The inland revenue returns for Ireland for the year ending Third Month 31, shows that the consumption of spirits increased 182,394 gallons, and that of beer increased 4,747,756 gallons over the year before. No wonder Ireland needs to be freed.

Walter Belmont is being punished in New South Wales for a commission of forgery to investigate the results of the liquor business as the Royal Commission is now doing in England.

The Government has been officially advised that the extradition of P. J. P. Tynan, the alleged dynamite conspirator, who was recently arrested at Boulogne, France, has been refused by the Government of France, and the 15th inst. Tynan was released from prison by the French authorities; and on the 18th he sailed for New York on the steamer Saale.

The preparations for the exploration of the South Polar regions by M. de Gerlache, a Belgian naval officer, are almost completed. The crew of the *Belgian* will be chiefly composed of Norwegians and Dutch seamen, but of the three officers holding responsible positions two are Belgians. Three Belgian scientists have offered their co-operation and will accompany the expedition.

The Danish fleet has succeeded in bringing \$20,000 worth of goods from a depth of 100 feet, off Cape Fini-terre. The steamer *Sigra*, which sank nine miles south of the cape five years ago, had eighty-eight bars of silver, worth \$45,000 on board. The diver, whose name is Anzel Er-starbe, has gone down twenty-seven times this summer, and brought up thirty-seven of the bars.

A syndicate has been formed to tunnel the Great St. Bernard and connect Turin and Lausanne by rail. The Viceroy of India has cabled to the Government, that, owing to the lack of rain, the crops in Northwestern India, in several districts of Central India, and in Upper Burma, have been seriously damaged, and unless rain falls shortly a famine will be inevitable. There is some danger of a famine in the unaffected districts, owing to the exportation of wheat from districts in which the crops are damaged, and this has caused a rise in prices.

#### NOTICES.

BRILE ASSOCIATION OF FRIENDS IN AMERICA.—The Annual Meeting of the Corporation will be held on the 23rd inst. at 11 A. M. in the Lecture Room of Friends' School, No. 8, 40 N. Sixteenth Street, on Fourth-day, Eleventh Month 4th, 1896, at eight o'clock, P. M. George Vaux will read a historical sketch of the Association. Friends generally are invited to attend.

ELTON E. GIFFORD, Secretary.

CORRECTIONS.—In the article on "PORT RAOI" on second column of page 90, fifth line from the bottom, for "de Luri," read "de Suci"; on page 85, tenth line from the bottom of first column, the full point after the word "woman" should be a comma. On page 97, about the middle of second column, "fame me unto thee," should read "fara me unto thee." On the same page in the third column, "how much bolting has there been," should read, "how much *kalting* has there been."

WESTWON BOARDING SCHOOL.—The General Committee will meet on Sixth-day, the 23rd inst., at 11 A. M. The Committee on Instruction meet the same day, at 9 A. M. W. M. Evans, Clerk.

WESTWON BOARDING SCHOOL.—For convenience of persons coming to Westwood School, the school will meet trains leaving Philadelphia 7.17 and 8.46 A. M., and 2.53 and 4.32 P. M. Other trains are met when requested. Stage fare on regular trips, fifteen cents, on special trips, twenty-five cents each way. To reach the school by telegraph, wire West Chester Phone 35. DESP'S PASSMORE, Sup't.

DIED, at his home in Morgan County, Indiana, on the eighteenth of Eighth Mo., 1896, DILLON HAWORTH, aged ninety years; a member of West Union Monthly Meeting.

—, on Tenth Month 5th, 1896, at Spring Dale Station, N. J., DAMARIS GARDNER, aged eighty-four years, a member of the Monthly Meeting of Friends of Philadelphia.



# THE FRIEND.

A Religious and Literary Journal.

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PHILADELPHIA.

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JOSEPH WALTON,

MOORESTOWN, BURLINGTON CO., N. J.

Entered as second-class matter at Philadelphia P. O.

Diary and Letters of Deborah Brooks Webb.

(Continued from page 105.)

TO L. H. B.

"PHILADELPHIA, First Month 12th, 1862.

"Thy inner life, whether it is one of conflict or of joy unspeakable, often interests the sympathies of thy friend. Hast thou enjoyed this day? To me it has been a season of renewal of the covenant made just three years ago, by my dear mother's dying bed. Seeing so fully my own impotency and weakness to take one good step of myself, I could humbly pray, 'If thou wouldst be with me and keep me in the way that I go,' etc.

"One time thou said if thou took thy vows thou wouldst keep them. It struck me very forcibly then, knowing that without constant watchfulness and prayer and dependence on Him, it could not be done. May this be thy happy lot! How sweet it is to be passive in his hand. Peaceful poverty of soul seems to be my portion to-night. In the world ye shall have tribulations, but in me peace. 'Be of good cheer I have overcome the world.'

"Thy loving friend,

"D. B."

TO H. L. B.

"PHILADELPHIA, Third Month 25th, 1862.

"My letters are often written in much fear, knowing how prone my heart is to vanity. 'Remove far from me vanity and lies, feed me with food convenient for me,' is such a profitable humiliating prayer. Since thou was here I have thought so frequently, Can there be any possibility of my precious Laura ever turning back in heart to the lying vanities of the world? Didst thou see that stirring appeal, 'The forgotten sheaf,' in last week's FRIEND? Oh! for preservation, is the prayer of my heart for us both. Oh! for more of his life and power dwelling daily in us, that we might know more of Him and of the power of his resurrection, being made conformable to his death.

"I cannot divest myself of the desire that thou shouldst be a Friend, a Quaker indeed before Him. Sometimes it seems to me, that if this deep 'Life, light and immortality' were really brought to light in thy soul, thou couldst never find it required of thee to turn away from us. It often seems so to me when I hear of any

one being disowned, did they know this deep, inward walk with God, those white blood-washed and spotless robes which real Friends experience?"

"May He keep and preserve us, and may He bless us, has often been my prayer when bowed in humble supplication before Him who sees in secret. With prayers and supplications and thanksgiving let us make known our requests unto God. May our Saviour manifest himself and his will more and more fully unto thee, is the sincere, farewell prayer of thy poor friend,

"D. B."

TO L. H. B.

"PHILADELPHIA, Fifth Month 1st, 1862.

"Dearest L. my heart seems again to fill full toward thee, and I sincerely hope thou mayest be able to 'Leave all and follow Him.' It is indeed a comfort to know thou believest only in the baptism of his holy consuming fire and the washing of regeneration.

"I am sorry if thou thinks Friends believe they are the only ones that are pure and holy, for we do not think so. Everyone that walks in holiness before the Lord is accepted of Him. One thing though is certain, our profession is higher than that of any other, and those of us who live entirely up to it, are favored with the presence of the Lord dwelling and walking in them, as He has promised to all who have his commandments and keep them. Others have attained and can attain the same by minding his blessed in speaking voice.

"In that love which I pray may more and more fill our hearts and souls until we are like Him, all love and holiness, I remain thy endeared friend,

"D. B."

TO L. H. B.

"PHILADELPHIA, Eighth Month 4th, 1862.

"How I have longed really and truly to know that I did give real worship in meetings, real, true, living worship and silent adoration of the Almighty and our Saviour. Dost thou not think this pure and heavenly stream can be felt? May our Heavenly Father introduce us both into all purity before Him.

"D. B."

TO L. H. B.

"PHILADELPHIA, Ninth Month 30th, 1862.

"Lately I have been reading in Job Scott. Last week I commenced his treatise on baptism, and it seemed so clear no one could doubt in regard to these ordinances being fulfilled, after reading it. I so much wished thou could read it, not that I want to harass or perplex thee, but it is so clear and conclusive.

"D. B."

1862.—Twelfth Month 7th.—Job Scott says, "Oh! Lord enable me to walk circumspectly as an example of true sobriety, gravity and holiness among those whose hearts thou has touched."

14th.—How much of life, light, joy and peace I felt to-day in meeting. I have longed for it so long, and to-day I tasted it. I hope I was not deceived. Oh! that I may be helped to become more and more like a little child. Give

me an entrance into thy Kingdom of life. Oh, my God and Saviour, I have stipped some this week. Thy mercy, oh, Lord, has held me up. Help me the coming week to live only to thee. Thou art everlastingly worthy of all glory and honor.

28th.—An ancient Friend said, "If only one in a meeting was gathered to the Lord, it went through the whole meeting."

1863.—First Mo. 4th.—I commenced the new year in watchfulness and prayer, and thought I should continue, but being invited into company twice I went, thinking to keep watchful and weighty, and succeeded in part, but my kind Heavenly Father knows what is best for me and has commanded silence, so I feel unhappy for having gone and indulged in conversation. I shunned the cross thinking to make my friends feel more comfortable. I feel pardoned this night after repentance and renewal of covenant.

TO L. H. B.

"PHILADELPHIA, First Month 18th, 1863.

"I wish thou couldst feel our Saviour as near, as He in his mercy has drawn to my soul this week. It seemed as if I could embrace Him in my arms and say with Thomas, 'My Lord and my God.' This is the experience I have so long craved, 'He that acknowledgeth the Son hath the Father also.'

"Dearest L. faint not! We shall reap in due time if we faint not. He will arise with healing in his wings, and 'the Lord whom ye seek shall suddenly come into thy temple.' The following text is so sweet: 'The ransomed of the Lord shall return and come unto Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads, they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away.' Let us submit to every cross that will make us pure in his holy sight, that we may be of his ransomed and redeemed in the end.

"Thy deeply attached and loving friend,

"D. B."

TO L. H. B.

"Fifth Month 18th, 1863.

"I often sympathize with thee in thy wish to depart for that home and be forever at rest with Him whom thy soul loves. But the question always arises, have I sowed all the good seed I could? have I glorified Him as He would have me to do? and then comes the prayer to be more dedicated. Oh! for a heart as passive as clay, bowed to every intimation of his holy will, however greatly in the cross to mine! He is good, I know He is, and I know thou enjoys his good presence sometimes. Then let us be content with all He gives, saying, 'Thy will be done.'

"D. B."

TO L. H. B.

"Sixth Month 7th, 1863.

"To-day in morning meeting I was afraid of feeling dull and of passing the time unprofitably, but soon remembering our conversation, it came into my mind to examine and see if I am really in the exact faith I profess. The bare

prospect of ever joining any other Society passed before me; could I enjoy other ministry? 'Freely ye have received freely give,' came for my answer. Could I be baptized? Our Saviour baptizes with the Holy Ghost. I want the answer of a clear conscience. And my communion I want it always with my Saviour, in the kingdom of heaven in my heart.

... Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of Man and drink his blood, ye have no life in you.' It is the Spirit that quickeneth, the flesh profiteth nothing. Soon John Stokes arose with the words, 'O Lord, one faith, one baptism,' then the thoughts came not two baptisms. The apostle declared that John said, 'He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire.'

'Oh! Laura, I kept thinking of thee all the time, or so frequently. Friends never sing aloud, probably when the heart is full they make melody in spirit. I often feel as if I could sing aloud of his love, his praise, his goodness, and of his mercy, but I would not like to have to sing always when others did, I might be sad. These were my reflections, and so I came to the conclusion that I was a Friend in principle; but oh! to be a true living Quaker, to walk daily and hourly in the light of the Lord, to have fellowship with and love for others, and to know his precious blood to cleanse from all sin, and to be fitted to join the song of the redeemed in heaven; this is what I long for. And what a sweet thought it is to realize that our Saviour can do it all for us. In Him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily.

"D. B."

Returning to the diary, she says:

Second Mo. 15th.—Oh! my God, thou only knowest the longings of my soul after purity. It seems to me this day thou has helped me to walk by a straight line, not turning to the right hand or to the left. How I desire it for the week. Help, oh Lord, for vain is the help of man, my own resolutions are nothing unless thou condescendest to keep me to them.

Third Month 1st.—Be willing, oh, my soul, to be anything or nothing, to put my mouth in the dust, if so be, there may be a resurrection with Christ, an entrance into the glorious liberty of the children of God, and into that good land flowing with milk and honey. How my soul longs to taste of the joys of thy salvation, and yet turns aside continually from the bitterness of the cross. I have said this day, if the cup pass not from me, except I drink it, "Thy will be done."

22nd.—Week after week the desire for entire holiness and dedication seems to grow brighter and deeper, but do I really submit? I have done so a good deal this week, but not all the time. Oh! to live soberly, godly and righteously.

Fourth-day.—This evening I read that Moses was to take the oil and spices, a sweet incense. How much I need to seek the holy oil, the Holy Spirit, for with the help of that only, can I offer sweet incense unto thee, oh! my God. How I long to bless and praise thee, and glorify thee this night, but I feel so unworthy.

(To be continued.)

In the memoranda preserved by Martha Routh of her religious visit to America, she mentions that when in New England she went to see a young woman who was near the end of life, and in great distress of mind from the fear that the work of preparation for eternity was not fully perfected. M. R. remarks, "I could say

very little, but recommended to her and those about her as much stillness and inward retirement as they could attain, and to seek the Father and Fountain of all sure mercies; feeling little or no evidence respecting her life or death, acceptance or rejection by the Lord; yet I expressed a hope that a little longer time would be given, remembering the compassion of Christ to the thief on the cross. This proved to be the case; during which time my mind was brought under an unusual travail, both by day and night, on her account."

Before the removal of this young woman an evidence was granted that there was mercy for her with the Lord, and that her warfare was accomplished.

The travail of spirit which M. Routh passed through is an experience of which Christians often partake, either on their own account, or for the sake of others towards whom their minds are turned. We believe such often feel that they must abide under this exercise, and not lightly cast it off, but let it have its perfect work upon them.

### The Sassa-wood Ordeal.

When the Cape Palmas and Rock Town people were at war, a young man from Garraway went to look on, and, standing too near, was shot in the leg. After a few weeks he died. His brother who came home to see him, got there just a few hours after he was buried. He, in turn, had not been home more than ten days when he was taken sick and soon died. For two brothers, strong young men, to be taken within a few weeks in this way was an occasion of superstition among the people. They all believed that some witch had been the cause of their death, although they say when a person dies that "God took him."

The morning after the last young man died we went to town. They had made up a bed with boxes, spread his mat upon them, and laid him out there. The body was washed and the face streaked with paint. A large new cloth had been put over him; beads were strung about his neck; a pipe lay on his chest, with the stem toward his mouth, and a comb by his head. They had built a canopy over him for a shade, and for decorating used cloth of all kinds and colors, hats, caps, coats, and umbrellas. Tables and stands were set around the house, with looking-glasses, pictures, and all kinds of fancy and common dishes on them—a regular variety store, as it looked.

As we approached the town we heard the call of the "Queen"—a secret society of men, called by some "the Devil Society," though the native name is "Queen." We knew when we heard them that they would not bury the man without palaver, and most likely would accuse some one and would compel him or her to drink the sassa-wood. We went at once to the head man of the Queen, and I begged him not to give sassa-wood. He was in a great hurry, and did not want to be talked to; but I caught his arm and held him with both my hands. I knew him well. At last he said he would not allow sassa-wood to be given. I asked him if he meant it and he said he did.

Several men came to persuade me not to have anything to do with the case, and wished to shut me up in a house. But I said, "Don't anybody dare put hands on me." I knew that if they once took hold of me they would soon put me into a house; for it was against their custom for a woman to see or be seen while the Queen was out, and I was the only woman now

outdoors, all the native women being shut up in their houses and not daring to open the door till they received permission from the society. If a woman sees the Queen she has to pay a heavy fine, and all the women and girls are afraid to go out while the Queen is at work, for they are taught, and believe, that it is really the devil that has come to town. It is only the warriors, of course, dancing, singing, and beating drums and cybals; and the devil is a man blowing a whistle with a peculiar note.

I started back to where the corpse was. On my way I came to where the chiefs were talking, and I sat down with them and listened. They spoke very encouragingly for a few minutes, as if they had determined not to resort to the sassa-wood, then turned to me and said: "Teacher, do you hear what we say?"

"Yes," I answered, "and if you do as you say here and not give any sassa-wood I shall be very glad."

They all rose up to go where the corpse was but did not know what to do with me, for the Queen had now passed through the town and gone to ask the dead body who had killed him. I saw they were confused and said:

"Come on, I am going too."

"O no," they replied, "Woman no fit to go there to-day. Don't you see all women go in side? You must go inside."

"No," I said, "I can't go in any house to-day. I am going to see what you men are doing."

I then led the way. Some said to me, "No don't go there. But I laughed, and then they laughed. We walked along, I about two steps ahead of them, till we came close to the place. They had run their rope and hung cloth over it thus inclosing a small yard, and inside this the Queen was at work. As soon as they saw me some one called out, "O, there is teacher!" I said, "Yes, and who is there?"

With that I drew the curtain aside and shoved my way through the warriors, who were seated in a circle inside the curtain. They hustled the devil and got him out of the ring. Some scolded, some proposed to carry me into the house, and some laughed. I marched round the circle and said that I had come to bury the man, and that it was time now to carry him to the grave. Some of the men took hold of my arm and said, "Come and sit down, teacher; come inside, the sun is too hot. But I told them that I had not come to sit down, and that I had an umbrella. I told them how foolish it was to have such a performance over a dead man, and that we all must die, and then preached Jesus to them. Meantime, the Queen had removed into a house and were going through their performances there. After giving them enough for a funeral sermon I went into a house for a few minutes for a drink of water, and then came back and sat down with the kings and chiefs.

They told me that it was the devil that was causing the wonderful excitement and making the queer noise.

"No," answered I, "I can tell you who it is."

"Who is it?" they asked, supposing I did not know, because the identity of the man who impersonates the devil is a great secret among them.

"It is Zanier" (Butterfly), I replied; "that is his house," pointing to it.

The kings were much surprised and said: "Just look, teacher, knows everything. Who has been to tell you?"

"It is not hard to tell who that is," said I.

It is not a secret. It is not only you who do his kind of fashion. The time I went up Callala River I saw the people do this, and the man we took as a guide to the Falls was the man who played 'devil.' We sat in town and saw it all. When we would not go into the house they covered him with a blanket, and when they were through they carried him into the bushes and he soon came round the other side ready to go with us, and we all started up the river."

The kings and chiefs all laughed and thought it a fine joke, but said that I must not tell the women. I did not make any promises.

Soon a young man came to tell me that they had taken a woman to give her sassa-wood. I went out in the bush where they were. Some of the younger men were there, but none of the headmen who had authority to stop the proceedings. As the younger men would not be persuaded, but said that unless the "big" man sent them word they could not let the woman go, I left them and went into the town to find the headmen. I had been in town only a few minutes when they brought in the woman. She had drunk the sassa-wood—three basinsful—and carried the wooden basin in her hand. The driver behind her had the pot in which the liquid had been mixed, and he cried out, "A witch! a witch! a witch!"

About three o'clock in the afternoon they buried the man; and the accused woman vomited the sassa-wood before night. But they would not admit that she was innocent, and took her back to drink more next morning. I did not go. But the Christian men from our "Zion" village and some of the kings went to beg for the woman; and they let her go and did not give her any more sassa-wood. The Quee concluded to let the matter drop.

After several days had passed the women themselves took up the case. They said that the men did not have "a strong heart" to do anything, so they were going to find the witch. There is no regular society among the women, like the Quee; but they all join together when they wish to accomplish anything, and the men are afraid of them, for they say that the women are stronger witches than the men.

One evening while still in this town we were disturbed after retiring by some person at the door calling the woman of the house. She lay asleep on her mat, with her infant by her. Being awakened, she answered the call and opened the door to see who it was. As she did so I saw several persons there, and heard them call out, "Whee! whee!" She went out, shutting the door after her, and they all went off. This was new to me. I called one of the girls and asked what it meant. At first she did not know; but after listening to the conversation of the people outside she said they were catching people to give them sassa-wood.

At that moment the family with whom we were staying rushed into the house, threw themselves on the floor, and began to cry. We got up and dressed. I went out to find Sere, whose house we were in and whose wife they had taken. He told me they had caught five persons. Everybody was quiet, fearing what would come next, and daring to tell me hardly anything.

(To be continued.)

PICTURES, OR BANK NOTES.—An old woman in Scotland was living in the most abject poverty. Her neighbors thought it strange, knowing that she had a son in America reputed to be

in comfortable circumstances. One day one of them ventured to ask her about the matter.

"Does your son never send you money?"

"No," reluctantly answered the mother; but, eager to defend him against the implied charge of forgetfulness and ingratitude, she quickly added, "But he writes me nice long letters, and sends me a pretty picture in almost every one of them."

"Where are these pictures?" queried the visitor; "may I see them?"

"Why, certainly," was the answer. And the old woman went to a shelf and took down the old Bible, and there between the leaves lay the "pictures" that her son had been sending her from America through all the years.

What were they? Nothing more or less than bank notes, each for a considerable amount. During all this time of need the woman had had under her hand a sum of money sufficient to satisfy her every want, and she did not know it. She had looked at the pictures; she had thought them pretty pictures; they had been to her reminders of her far-off son, and evidence that he had not forgotten her, and that was all.—*The Golden Rule.*

### The Schwenkfelders.

The one hundred and sixty-second anniversary of the coming of the Schwenkfelders to this county was celebrated at the Schwenkfelder meeting-house, Worcester.

Most of the members of the denomination were present, for it is at once a reunion and religious event of interest. The morning session was opened with a historical sketch of the cause which led to the migration.

At noon a simple repast was served in the meeting-house. Tables were spread with a plentiful supply of bread, butter and apple butter, after which the people were invited to partake of the frugal meal. This simple and unpretentious fare has been served on all these annual occasions ever since the observance of this day of thanksgiving.

Caspar Schwenkfeld was a Silesian nobleman and reformer (1490-1562), who could not see his way clear conscientiously to pledge allegiance to any one of the great religious sects, and thus continued to work for the advancement of Christ's kingdom independently of these bodies, and yet as far as possible, in harmony with them.

Believing it inconsistent with the professions of a Christian to take up arms against fellow-believers, he constantly abstained from defending or upbuilding his views by use of worldly power or force. Up to the time of the flight from Silesia to Saxony, in 1520, the faithful followers of Schwenkfeld suffered many miseries and afflictions. Here, under the protection of Count Zuzendorf, who afterwards paid a visit to Eastern Pennsylvania, they found refuge and rest for a time, but at last notice came that even he could protect them no longer.

They consequently started from Saxony in April, 1734, for Pennsylvania, and finally, after great hardship, landed September 22nd, of that year in Philadelphia. The next day they appeared before the proper authorities and pledged their allegiance and fidelity to the King of England and the proprietor of the Province of Pennsylvania. The day following, September 24th, was observed as a day for thanksgiving to God for his fatherly care over them, for delivering them from the hands of their enemies, in giving them friends in their day of dire distress, for the land of the free and the home of the oppressed, founded by

William Penn, where they had at last found a place of refuge. This day has been solemnly observed ever since by these people.

Among those who spoke in the afternoon was Professor Oscar S. Kriebel and Rev. Wm. Anders. It is learned that Professor Chester Hartman, of Hartford, Conn., a descendant of the Schwenkfelders, has for a number of years had representatives at work in Europe tracing out and arranging the numerous old records relating to the denomination. These are to be published in book form. To-day's attendance was the largest for years, nearly every member being present.

To-day the denomination in America numbers between six hundred and eight hundred members, all of whom live in the territory embraced within the three counties already mentioned. They have a number of meeting-houses.

Up to a few years ago the Schwenkfelders always selected their ministers from among the members, without paying attention to special ministerial training. In the lower section this method is still in vogue, but the upper portion of the church, which includes those of B-rks, has a paid minister, educated both in an American university and abroad. He is Prof. O. S. Kriebel, Principal of Perkiomen Seminary, who belongs to one of the old Schwenkfelder families.—*Selected.*

FOR "THE FRIEND,"

### How the Women Vote in Colorado.

The writer has frequently been asked regarding the practical workings of women's suffrage in the West. The following remarks may prove interesting to some. Colorado and Wyoming are the two States where women vote, but there is evidence that in this as in other matters, some of the older and more conservative States will soon follow.

I recall a beautiful autumn morning two years ago, when from our front porch in Denver, was observed what would in the East be a very novel sight. The time was almost seven o'clock. About one block away were the polls. Near by were the pretty stone and pressed brick houses. The city stretched away towards the West. Beyond arose the purple hills, whilst over all towered the mountains of glistening white against a sky of richest blue. In the foreground nearly one hundred people were in line waiting for the polls to open.

Soon my wife and myself joined the procession. The sexes were about equally divided. In the row were young and old, young married people, a few children in arms, and a baby-coach or so, were close to hand. Everybody was well dressed, all were chatting, and all were just as polite to one another as if at a party. The women especially seemed to enjoy to the full the privilege granted them of exercising the universal franchise given to the adult citizens of Colorado. They all understood how to vote, and could operate under the Australian system as deftly as any men.

Politics for a few weeks previous had been very, very warm throughout the State, and the women had taken an active part therein. The Populist ticket had been exceedingly distasteful to most of the women, largely for personal reasons. They did not like the candidate for Governor on that ticket. He was a profane old man, and that fact settled him as far as they were concerned. Men may not bother much about such matters, but women will, and in this case they worked hard to secure his downfall. Women speakers had addressed large

afternoon mass meetings, where the moral and family side of political questions had been ably presented. Clubs had been organized, composed exclusively of women. These clubs had at least twice made up into evening trullies-parties, and had paraded over the city. All was orderly, and the women properly escorted.

This brief description may outline a typical campaign in Colorado. The feminine voters won a splendid victory; and the vanquished candidate admitted that they had been the cause of his defeat.

Some of us, who were originally educated to the belief that enthusiasts were the only advocates of women's suffrage, have discovered our error. In Colorado almost everybody believes in it; and it seems satisfactory to everyone except to professional politicians, keepers of beer-shops, and the less desirable strata of society.

Some people express a fear that voting tends to injure women, and place them in situations calculated to shock their finer sensibilities. This in actual practice is not the case; in fact when men raise women to an equality with themselves at the polls, their own behavior is greatly improved. Rowdism and bad language ceases, and indeed are as quickly repressed as anywhere else where women are present. In 1894 the warmest political battle ever contested in Colorado was positively dreaded by many who anticipated serious trouble. Yet not a man was killed on that day, although murder had often before been committed at times of less excitement. Nor have I ever heard of domestic irritation resulting from different members of a family voting different tickets. The woman who votes is not one whit changed. She is not thereby made either "strong-minded," assertive, or foolish. A Western man thinks none the less of his wife, sister, or loved one, because she is on the same level of citizenship as himself, but rather thinks all the better of her and her capabilities. It would be a poor estimate of her that would fancy the reverse.

It is noticeable that women generally enjoy voting. It gives them something to talk about outside of their domestic duties, or shopping, or small talk. Sometimes they hesitate to go the first time to the polls. But when once the ice is broken they are eager to again mark the magic slip of paper which so surely expresses their judgment and views. There seems quite a fascination in helping to make aldermen, mayors, governors and presidents.

The average woman, I believe, more appreciates her political responsibility than does the average man. There is reason for this. She of all others demands desirable school directors, and good school houses for her children. She enjoys good streets. She, even more than does a man, appreciates the need of efficient police and fire departments. She practically thinks of sewerage or of other matters bearing on the health of her family, and she also considers them in connection with the taxes which she or her husband contribute towards the public welfare. She has forced upon her consideration the laws governing the liquor traffic, and other social questions. A man thinks about his party, but a woman does not seem to do so to the same extent. She also more closely scans the moral character of candidates than does a man.

I have observed that women take time to investigate political subjects. They really seem to get a great deal of enjoyment, as well as information, out of such matters. This especially applies to those who have some leisure. But what if they do take the time for such work?

The result is beneficial to them and to the community. Is it not better for them to occasionally go to a lecture, and to exercise some downright persuading with others to vote on the best side, rather than to pass the same hours in the useless formalities of afternoon teas or superficial society calls?

But some objector will say that all those women who work for the "best side," are offset by careless voters on the other side. Experience shows that this argument is largely without foundation. As a matter of fact Christian women take hold, and zealously work for what they apprehend is best for the community, whilst those who have little principle will often even let their rights to the franchise go by default. The ignorant, the vicious and the poor, do not take the same interest in politics as do the educated, the moral and the well-to-do. The latter kind of women will organize, and make their organizations tell, when the former will not have either the time or ability to do so. All these conditions are the reverse of what we often see amongst men in politics.

To illustrate, I have seen about one hundred men and women meet in a parlor on an evening, hold a caucus, elect delegates, go to the primaries the next day, and "break the slate" made by unconscionable politicians, who would be suddenly appalled at the frustration of all their wire-pulling and hopes. Such efforts largely carried on by women are valuable to a community, and can only be the outgrowth of a healthy Christian citizenship.

Western people do not blindly follow the lines of thought laid down for them either by tradition, or newspapers. They look at all sides of a question, and then pursue what they consider is proper. So the men of Colorado think that intelligent and honored womanhood should not be deprived of rights which are so freely accorded to the uneducated and to foreigners. They believe that to tax women and then refuse them a voice at the polls, is "taxation without representation." This in itself is unfair, and contrary to the genius of our institutions.

WM. C. ALLEN,  
MOORESTOWN, N. J., Ninth Month 29th, 1896.

### FOR "THE FRIEND." The Great Rift Valley.

Among the numerous works describing the exploration of Eastern Africa, is the one recently issued by J. W. Gregory, of the British Museum, narrating his experience during a journey in 1892-3. The caravan started from Mombasa, on the shores of the Indian Ocean, about four degrees south of the Equator. Its general route was northwest. It reached Lake Baringo. The principal objects of the expedition were geological and geographical. They met with the usual difficulties of African explorers—want of food and water, trouble from hostile or suspicious native tribes, sickness and obstructions from swamps and bushes. On their return journey, a visit was paid to Mount Kenya, a lava peak of 17,500 feet elevation.

While encamped on its slope, Gregory says, "In the morning the men came to tell me that the water they had left in their cooking-pots was all bewitched. They said it was white and would not shake. They begged me to look at it, and I told them to bring it to me. They declined, however, to touch it, and implored me to go to it. The water of course had been frozen solid. I handled the ice and told the men they were silly to be afraid of it, for this change always came over water on the tops of high

mountains. I put one of the pots on the fire, and predicted it would soon turn into water again. They then sat round and anxiously watched it; when it had melted, they joyfully told me that the demon was expelled, and I told them they could now use the water; but as soon as my back was turned, they poured it away, and refilled their pots from an adjoining brook.

Lake Baringo lies in a great depression or trough, which begins with the Dead Sea, extends down the Red Sea, and ends at Tanganyika. This depression is called by modern geographers the Great Rift Valley, and extends about four thousand miles from the Lebanon Mountains in Syria almost to the Cape of Good Hope. Scattered along its floor is a series of over thirty lakes, of which only one has an outlet to the sea.

The part of the Rift Valley visited by Gregory is bordered by an immense plain of lava which does not appear to have been poured forth from volcanoes, but to have come through numerous openings scattered over the area, and to have had its origin in great subterranean lakes or pools of melted rock. The removal of the contents of these lakes and the spreading of them over the surface has destroyed the equilibrium that before existed and led to great earth movements, and by the sinking of the surface rocks these rift valleys have been formed. This has probably taken place at intervals, and not by one simultaneous action. Our author states that the region was the scene of one of the two greatest series of volcanic outbursts known in the world's history. "One region has been raised and another depressed; in one place a fiord has been opened from the sea, and then separated from it; elsewhere a line of movement has reversed the direction of rivers, and transferred lakes from one river system to another. The evidence of these changes is apparent on every hand. Scars of great earth movements, extinct volcanic craters, dried lake basins, and old river beds, show the structural instability of the region of the great Rift Valley.

J. W.

### The Debt of Christendom to Africa.

Among the great divisions of the world, it has fallen to the lot of Africa to suffer a long series of injuries from the other Continents—from Europe, Asia, and even from distant America. For centuries, the infamous slave trade spread massacre and misery along her coasts and far into the interior. And even to this day, the most shocking cruelties are still perpetrated by Mahomedan slave-hunters amongst myriads of the wretched inhabitants of East Africa. In former years, Briton, Yankee, and Portuguese were scarcely less brutal in other portions of the Continent. And, notwithstanding the formal abolition of the slave traffic by Europe and America, there is little doubt but that, in various forms, many a dark deed of oppression and fraud is still caused by whites along the African coasts, although such occurrences may seldom obtain publicity in the newspapers at home.

In the present century, the Dutch inflicted a long course of barbarities upon the Hottentots and Kaffirs in the South. Nor are the native blacks, to this day, treated by the Dutch Boers in a manner at all consistent with the highly Scriptural professions of these white immigrants. The British also have waged war after war with Kaffirs, Matabeles, and other tribes, and have done much to make both the name of England and of Christ hateful to the aboriginal inhabit-

nts. The Portuguese settlements have, in many ways, been a curse to the Africans. The French treatment of the Arabs in Algeria is of historic notoriety for inhumanity; whilst their arrival in Madagascar has plunged that unhappy island into a sea of trouble and misery, which has involved also, even in the present year, the destruction of hundreds of Christian churches and chapels. The Belgians in the Congo Free State, and the Germans in the East, have only of recent times invaded the soil of Africa, but hey, too, have already some very dark spots upon the record of their procedure there. Even in Morocco, which geographically occupies a position close to Western civilization, the official representatives of Christian nations have too often allowed greed and injustice on their part to introduce gross evils, especially in connection with the protection of fraudulent agents, whose actions are a source of much suffering to the native population.

Altogether, to the poor African, from Cape Bon to the Cape of Good Hope, and from Cape Verde to Cape Guardafui, the advent of progressing Christians, throughout the ages, has been associated with rapine and slavery, with massacre and lust, with poisonous alcohol, and with constant spoliation of goods and estate. Even within the last decade, the European nations of "light and leading" have stolen by wholesale from the natives myriads of square miles of territory, without right and without compensation—and solely by the power of sheer violence—the justification of the highway-man and the pirate. Germany, France, England and Italy—can plead, for their recent appropriations of African territory, only the old warrant of feudal rigour and a Viking terrorism. Thus Africa has been the bleeding victim of three Continents, and to counterbalance all this wickedness and violence, what has Christianity done for her? The Christian Governments, as such, have done almost nothing, except evil. It is true that in Egypt the British Government has secured certain advantages and improved administration for the poor peasantry of that down-trodden land. But when the motives and causes of this interposition are looked into, all the merit disappears. For it had its origin in the outcry of selfish bondholders and usurers, and was preceded by the utterly unjustifiable and wicked bombardment of Alexandria. Then, too, Belgium may have done a little good for the Congo region; but here, again, the motives must not be too closely analyzed. Germany has tried to push a trade in Africa—but, of course, for her own interests. As to France, Portugal and Italy, their African record is so black as to be scarcely relieved by one white spot.

The best that can be said for really Christian influence in Africa is that it has been exerted through a comparatively small number of private individuals—chiefly missionaries of the Cross—by such true heroes as M'fadd and Livingston, and by Bishops Colenso, Callaway, Mackenzie, and Hannington. But what were they amongst the overwhelming legions of slave-stealers and man-slayers?

The voice of Africa has, doubtless, ascended before the supreme and final Judge of all; and solemn retribution will one day be exacted. But meanwhile, in the interests of peace and righteousness, it is incumbent upon every Christian nation and community deeply to consider its own responsibility and debt to Africa. And, in particular at the present time, looking at what has taken place in Rhodesia and the Sudan, both the British Government and the

British people have need to take this responsibility very seriously to heart. For it must indeed be a serious matter, in the regard of the Highest.—*Herald of Peace.*

MY FRIENDS.

ROBERT BEVERLY HALE.

Slow as I journey on from day to day,  
I come on other wanderers in my path,  
Some sad, some smiling, some in latter wrath,  
And some who join me for a little way—  
Not always very far. Perhaps we see  
That one step moves too slow and one too fast;  
Some I have overtaken, loved, and passed,  
And some there are who would not wait for me.

Some cross my march just once—across the lawn  
I hear a footstep; we shall almost meet!  
Alas! we may not stay too long to greet,  
A nod, a pleasant word—and he is gone!

How many million friends there are whose lot  
Keeps them outside my path for life's short while!  
But through the distance and the dark I smile,  
For I can love them though I see them not.

FORBEAR.

Forbear, when'er an unjust taunt  
Shall quickly flash thine eye,  
And flush thy cheek with swift desire  
To give some sharp reply,  
Forbear; wrath only kindles wrath,  
And stirs up passion's fire:  
While answering softly, mildly, tends  
To check the bitterest ire.

Forbear, though some well-meaning friend,  
Perchance with good intent,  
Should roughly crush some sanguine hope,  
Or brilliant plan prevent.

Forbear, their wisdom may be far  
Superior to thine own;  
They may have built such castles, too,  
And seen them overthrown.

Forbear, when sickness clings thy care,  
And murmuring accents prove,  
Breathing complaining fretful tones,  
Sad trials to thy love.

Forbear; thou mayest not know how keen  
The pain which seeks to find  
Relief in feverish words, and yet  
Means not to be unkind.

Forbear, when children's noisy mirth  
Distracts thy thrumming brain,  
Which, pressed with many anxious cares,  
Seems bursting with its pain.

Forbear—oh, do not wound their hearts,  
Because thine is oppressed,  
By careless or impatient tunes,  
When they would be caressed.

Forbear; I know 'twill cause a pang,  
And many a fervent prayer,  
And mighty efforts, ere thou learn  
In all things to forbear.

SELECTED.

SELECTED.

—Aron.

I HAVE just been looking over a newspaper, one of the most painful and solemn studies in the world, if it be read thoughtfully. So much of sin and so much of suffering in the world, as are there displayed, and no one seems able to remedy either. And then the thought of my own private life, so full of comforts, is very startling when I contrast it with the lot of millions, whose portion is so full of distress or of trouble. May I be kept humble and zealous, and may God give me grace to labor in my generation for the good of my brethren, and for his glory! May He keep me his by night and by day, and strengthen me to hear and to do his will, through Jesus Christ!—*Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, within a week of his sudden death.*

Selected for "THE FRIEND."

AN EPI-TILE OF CAUTION AND ADVICE TO PARENTS, RECOMMENDING A GODLY CARE FOR THE EDUCATING THEIR CHILDREN IN A CHRISTIAN CONVERSATION.

*Dear Friends:*—It having pleased the Lord in his great mercy, to visit a people in this latter age with the knowledge of the Truth; and having brought us to a certain understanding that the blessings thereof are only enjoyed in following the Lord in the strait and narrow way that leads to life; wherein, by the daily bearing the holy cross, it hath, in a good degree, crucified us to the world, and the world unto us; whereby the temptations of it become daily more and more weakened, and our souls set free to serve the Lord in righteousness and holiness. And for as much, as next to our own souls, our offspring are, or ought to be, the most immediate objects of our care and concern, being a peculiar blessing from God; for we ought to be thankful to Him for them, and wait upon Him for wisdom from above, thereby to be enabled rightly to discharge our duties towards them, and then we shall be eminently careful to be good examples to our children, as well as diligently exercised in a conscientious care and concern for them.

And in order to make this the more easy to us, and effectual to them, parents should begin with their children betimes, and endeavor to teach them, as soon as they are capable of instruction, that their wills ought to be entirely subject to the will of God, and to the good advice of their parents. And we desire particular care may be taken, to require nothing of them that is unreasonable or unbecoming religious and tender parent; for where a due care hath been neglected and put off, until they are grown up pretty far in years, it hath been often seen by woeful experience that it is then too late to bring them into that subjection which is their incumbent duty.

Dear Friends, Be early careful to keep them out of the vain fashions and evil ways of the world, and bring them up from the first, in plainness of language, apparel and behavior, which may be a means to prevent their being drawn therefrom, by the practice of others, when they are grown up.

Be careful to bring your children, in their young years, to meetings, not only on the First-day of the week, but on other days also; which has been of great advantage to many; and instruct them to sit sober when there, and to have an awful sense of God upon their minds, and to be diligent in attending the testimonies of Truth, when testimonies are born, that they may feel the love of God to sea-on their spirits.

And we entreat and exhort Friends to labor with their minds, stayed in the gift of God, to bring their children to a sense of the same gift in themselves, impressing on their minds an awe and fear towards Him, which is the beginning of wisdom, and as they advance in years cause them frequently and reverently to read the Holy Scriptures, and endeavor to make them sensible of the great love of God in sending his Son Christ Jesus into the world; as also, of the great benefit of his sufferings, death, resurrection, ascension and mediation, in order to the great work of salvation; instructing them in the work of sanctification, through his blessed Spirit, that they may know the operation thereof, against everything that is wrong, and thereby may come to distinguish between good and evil in themselves, and see the great benefit there is in a sober, virtuous and religious life, and the many

mischief and ill consequences that attend the contrary, that so they may embrace the one and avoid the other; for as they learn to make a godly conversation their choice in their young and tender years, the cross of Christ will become easy unto them.

And as the minds of children are early busied about something or other, and apt to receive any impressions, we advise that beside the reading the Holy Scriptures, they may have the advantage of reading other good books, tending to promote the true principles of the Christian religion.

And we earnestly exhort and entreat all Friends, as much as in them lies, to keep their children from reading profane books, romances and pamphlets, which tend to infect the minds of youth, and which children are too apt to please themselves with.

And Friends are desired to remember, that indulging them in pride, idleness and luxury, is a great fault in parents, as well as of dangerous consequence to children, according to the testimony of Ezekiel (xvii: 49, 50): "Behold this was the iniquity of Sodom, pride, fulness of bread and abundance of idleness was in her, and in her daughters, neither did she strengthen the hand of the poor and needy; and they were haughty and committed abomination before me, therefore I took them away as I saw good." Wherefore parents ought to be very careful to restrain their children from those things which lay a foundation for very great evils. And when they perceive an inclination in them to pride, to take care no ways to promote or encourage it, but on the contrary, as much as may be, restrain it. And an especial concern should be early taken to prevent a habit of idleness, and therefore some employment, suitable to their circumstances, ought to be provided for them.

For those who are bred up in pride and idleness, do often, if their circumstances permit it, live in luxury and spend their thoughts (that might be better employed), in contriving what they shall eat and drink, and clothe themselves withal; and sometimes can hardly invent anything delicate enough for them; so that it is no wonder that many, whose education has been after this manner, spend their precious time and substance about things which are prejudicial to the health and welfare both of body and soul, and reproachful to our holy profession. And to the end that the labors and good advice of parents may take the better effect, great care should be taken to keep children out of bad company, and to have such servants as are religiously inclined, sober, discreet and orderly; for it hath been found by experience, that such servants who are strangers to the cross of Christ, have been a means to turn many of our Friends' children from the plainness and simplicity of the Truth, and lead them into vain and vicious company, whereby they have been greatly corrupted in their minds, and a spirit of undue liberty hath prevailed to their great hurt.

And we believe Friends might find it profitable, as they feel the Lord seasoning their spirits thereto, to wait upon Him with their children in their families for the manifestation of his blessed power, that they may witness his seed of life and grace in their hearts, to beget in them a living knowledge and love of truth in themselves, that they may come to know the work of sanctification and regeneration; the consequence of which will be, that virtuous, holy and religious conversation, which we desire they may grow up in, and then they will be an ornament to our holy profession, and be

preserved from the sorrowful effect of a loose and vicious conduct; and we question not, but as Friends are duly exercised herein, the Lord will of his mercy open in them suitable counsel and advice to their children and families and will give a blessing to their sincere endeavors.

And let it be also the care of Friends, at proper seasons, to tell their children their own experience, and what God hath done for their souls; for it is very often seen that the good impressions that children receive in their tender years from their parents are not easily worn out. As the Psalmist says, "We have heard with our ears, O God, our fathers have told us, what works thou didst in their days, in the times of old" (Psal. 44).

And as there is an incumbent duty on parents in the education of their children; so the same lies on school-masters, and therefore what is herein recommended to parents, ought to be put in practice (as much as may be), by masters, mistresses and tutors of children, and those school-masters that teach the Latin and Greek tongues should be careful not to make use (in their several schools), of any heathen authors, that tend to profaneness, lasciviousness, or immorality.

So, dear Friends, we having an earnest desire that Truth may prosper, and that Zion may become an eternal excellency, and Jerusalem the praise of the whole earth, and your children may follow the steps of our worthy ancestors; and, that the name of the Lord may be magnified from generation to generation, do in a Christian concern of mind recommend these things to you, heartily desiring, that you may find the same concern to put them in practice, as has been on Friends' minds in this meeting, to recommend them to you.

By direction of the Yearly Meeting.

LONDON, the twenty-ninth of the Ninth Mo., 1723.

### Archibald Crosbie and other Friends in Scotland.

The accompanying communication, giving details of religious service in Scotland, will be read with satisfaction by those who are interested in watching the growth of spiritual vitality in the northern half of the Kingdom.

It is dated from Elgin on the eighteenth of Eighth Month, and is extracted from a letter written to the editor, by Archibald Crosbie, just before his return to America. We sincerely reciprocate the feelings of the writer near the conclusion of his letter in the retrospect of his service on this side of the Atlantic, and assure him of a warm place in the esteem and love of many Friends who have had the privilege of his acquaintance, and who will be glad again to welcome him should he ever feel called to revisit his native land.

"I left Stavanger on the evening of the twenty-fifth of Seventh Month, and had a rough passage to Hull.

"Looking back on my sojourn in Norway, I believe that it was in right ordering, and, from the testimony of Friends and others there, it was evidently helpful and encouraging to them.

"Though much inclined to proceed from Hull to Lancashire, I deemed it best to go north to Edinburgh. On the thirtieth I attended the usual mid-week meeting there. Going to Ardrossan I attended the forenoon and evening meetings on First-day the 2nd inst. The company was larger than usual. Clear evidence was also given of increased appreciation of our

profession by those recently received into membership, and by others looking in that direction.

"Returning to Edinburgh I was present at the two months' meeting, where the sense of the presence of the Master was very marked, and though the number in attendance was small, the blessing from on high was great. Several applications for membership from attenders in Argyshire were presented to the meeting. Richard B. Brockbank was present with a minute of Holm Monthly Meeting, liberating him for service in Scotland. The meeting uniting with his concern expression was made at this token of the Lord's continuous care of his vineyard. Feeling some liberty to accompany R. B. Brockbank during at least part of the work I was encouraged to do so.

### "ABERDEEN GENERAL MEETING.

"As a first move therein we proceeded to Aberdeen to attend the General meeting for Scotland. The Meeting on Ministry and Oversight was held on Seventh-day the 8th; Walter Robson and Mary Anne Wallis, members of the visiting committee, appointed by the Yearly Meeting on Ministry and Oversight, were present. Also James and Sarah B. Clark, with minutes of Mid-Somerset Monthly Meeting.

"The meetings for worship on First-day were large especially that in the evening, when about two hundred persons assembled. Several Friends were engaged in ministry, giving clear testimony to the simplicity and power of the Gospel of Christ. As part of the concern of Richard B. Brockbank, a similar meeting was appointed for Second-day evening, which proved to be an occasion owned by the Great Head of the Church many being impressed by the spiritual nature of religion as perhaps they had never been before.

"The General Meeting itself was held on Second-day morning, and though considered to be the smallest gathering in its whole history, its proceedings were nevertheless more than usually interesting, affording unmistakable evidence of a spiritual life, and hopeful signs of increased vigor.

"Individual faithfulness in the line of the Lord's leading was felt and admitted to be the great remedy for decrease of numbers, and the basis of vitality in meetings large or small.

"After visiting some families in Aberdeen and neighborhood, R. B. B. and myself were present at an appointed meeting at Kimmuck, on Third-day evening. About fifty persons came to it from the adjoining farms, and the power of the Lord overshadowed the worshippers, with blessings to many. The meeting-house here is virtually closed, being only opened on special occasions. The two aged Friends, W. and R. Gray, who reside near it, being unable to go, regularly hold a meeting at home. The building is among the oldest in the country, having been purchased from the Roman Catholics in the year 1643 by R. bert Barclay, of Ury, Alexander Jaffrey, of Kingswells, and John Forbes, of Aquhorthies, near Old Meldrum, and was long a well attended place of worship by genuine Quaker 'Scots Worthies.'

"Concern was expressed that the mantle of such men might yet fall on the shoulders of baptized instruments in this day, that the proclamation of truths so long loved and maintained by consecrated sons of the morning of former times, might produce a real revival to the glory of Him whose name continues to be 'The Word of God.'

"Returning to Aberdeen we left the follow-

ng morning for Strathpeffer in Invernesshire, and had a meeting with about eighty persons. The occasion was a favored one, many testifying to its value. Our Friends Drs. T. and F. Fox, who had made the arrangements were very eifful. On the thirteenth we were at Dingwall, and had a meeting there, and though the company was not large we felt in our place, elevating that good was done. At Cromarty, though being unable to secure a suitable hall to meet in but few came. We believe, however, had good seed was sown. At Inverness and Nairn there seemed but little opening. Meetings at both places were held, and though these were the smallest companies we had we trust that our labor was not in vain in the Lord.

"This evening my dear Friend R. B. Brockbank and I will have to part from each other; he is looking to continue his labors in Scotland, and I to recross the Atlantic, which I have thought right to do by securing passage on board the S. S. *State of California*, sailing from Glasgow for New York on the 21st inst. In view of that and in regard to my sojourn among Friends in the three kingdoms, and in Norway, I cannot express my sense of thankfulness for the manifest protection and support of my Heavenly Father and for the loving interest shown to me by those under our name wherever I have been. I did think that it might be required of me to revisit some of the meetings of Friends in Lancashire, but it now appears as if that must be left. Hoping to write again on reaching home, I am and hope to remain ever by Friend in the fullest sense."—*British Friend*.

FOR "THE FRIEND"

Iowa Yearly Meeting.

Iowa Yearly Meeting of Friends convened at Earlham, Madison County, Iowa, Tenth Mo. 4th, 1896, in a public meeting for Divine worship.

On sitting down in solemn silence, a feeling of liveness and dependence spread over the meeting, which solemnity was broken, by the appearance in prayer of one of the members of another branch claiming the name of Friend; which to those accustomed to the pouring forth of the soul to God, under the Divine union, and immediate qualification of the Holy Spirit, is practised by those who adhere to our ancient principles, seemed dry and formal; as did some other vocal exercises of the day, from those not of us; but by several living testimonies, our hearts were cheered to believe that his little company, known as Conservative Friends, have not lost their ancient banner, but are struggling on, amid trials of faith, peculiar to those who are "troubled on every side, yet not distressed; perplexed, but not in despair." "Thou hast a few names, even in Sarulis, which have not defiled their garments: and they shall walk with me in white; for they are worthy." was the language felt on this occasion.

The meetings for business opened on Fifth-day morning, and were seasons of calm, deliberate consideration of the state of Society, and travail of soul for the upholding of our testimonies in accordance with the guidance of Truth.

The reading of epistles from the five Yearly Meetings of Conservative Friends was comforting and encouraging.

Reports from the Quarters composing the meeting were read, and the answers to the Queries brought the meeting under exercise for the right maintenance of the precious principles of our Society.

In a later sitting in joint session, for the purpose of hearing a report from Archibald Crosbie, of his late religious engagement in Europe, this concern was again revived, and brought the meeting into a very humble and contrited view of itself. The earnest desires for preservation, and for a deepening in the root and principles of life, met a response in many hearts, while tears of contrition fell from many eyes; and the way to a better state was pointed out as being only through individual faithfulness to the pointings of the Divine Finger in the secret of every soul.

A large company of different religious denominations gathered together on First-day, and with a little exception in the morning, the two meetings for worship were held in accordance with the views of Friends.

That the Bible is not the "Word of God," although a precious instrument given forth by Divine inspiration, was plainly and forcibly set forth in the morning meeting. It was further testified, that a measure of the same Light which gave them forth is given to every man, and that this spiritual Light, this quickening power of the Spirit of Truth, in the secret of every soul, only, can lead into a nearness, a union and communion of soul with God, which distinguishes his true followers from the people of the world.

In the afternoon the meeting was dipped into an exercise in regard to the true spiritual nature of Divine worship, and the audience listened with attention to the setting forth of the principles of our profession on this point. The conversation of our Saviour with the woman of Samaria in regard to worship being largely dwelt upon.

That music is no part of that worship set forth on that memorable occasion in these words of Christ Jesus: "God is a Spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth." Also that music is an art of man's invention, and therefore cannot tend to draw the mind away from the things of the world and center it upon the true object of dedicating the soul to God, and experiencing the Divine anointing, the washing of regeneration.

Meetings for Discipline continued on Second and Third-days, on which occasion replies to epistles from other Yearly Meetings were read and approved, and reports on education, recording and printing minutes, etc., were read, and committees appointed to have care of the same this year.

The meeting ended in joint session, at which time extracts of minutes from the Meeting for Sufferings and the Select Meeting were read.

Under a sense of the renewings of Heavenly love and desires for the preservation of Zion, the meeting closed, feeling that the Father of Mercies had condescended in love to tender the hearts of many together, in acknowledging his power to be over all the workmanship of his hands.

Woman in Medicine.

In 1848 Elizabeth Blackwell wrote to several medical colleges making inquiries as to a course of medical study. Only one college, at Geneva, N. Y., digned to answer the letter, and the story of that answer has recently been told by Dr. Stephen Smith of New York, as follows:

"The first course of medical lectures which I attended was in a medical college in the interior of the State. The class numbering about one hundred and fifty students, was composed

largely of young men from neighboring towns. They were rude, boisterous, and riotous beyond comparison. On several occasions the residents of the neighborhood sent written protests to the faculty, threatening to have the college indicted as a nuisance if the disturbances did not cease. During lectures it was often impossible to hear the professors, owing to the confusion.

"Some weeks after the course began, the dean appeared before the class with a letter in his hand, which he craved the indulgence of the students to be allowed to read. Anticipation was extreme when he announced that it contained the most extraordinary request which had ever been made to the faculty. The letter was written by a physician of Philadelphia, who requested the faculty to admit as a student a lady who was studying medicine in his office. He stated that she had been refused admission by several medical colleges, but as this institution was in the country, he thought it more likely to be free from prejudice against a woman medical student. The dean stated that the faculty had taken action on the communication, and directed him to report their conclusion to the class. The faculty decided to leave the matter in the hands of the class, with this understanding, that if any single student objected to her admission, a negative reply would be returned. It subsequently appeared that the faculty did not intend to admit her, but wished to escape direct refusal by referring the question to the class, with a proviso which, it was believed, would necessarily exclude her.

"But the whole affair assumed a most ridiculous aspect to the class, and the announcement was received with the most uproarious demonstrations of favor. A meeting was called for the evening, which was attended by every member. The resolution approving the admission of the lady was sustained by a number of most extravagant speeches, which were enthusiastically cheered. The vote was finally taken with what seemed to be one unanimous 'Yes!' When the negative vote was called, a single voice was heard uttering a 'No!' The scene that followed passes description. A general rush was made for the corner of the room which emitted the voice, and the recalcitrant member was only too glad to acknowledge his error and record his vote in favor of the affirmative. The faculty received the decision of the class with evident disfavor, but returned an answer admitting the woman student.

"Two weeks or more elapsed, and, as she did not appear, the incident of her application was quite forgotten, and the class continued in its riotous career. One morning, all unexpectedly, she entered the lecture-room with the professor. She was quite small of stature, plainly dressed, appearing diffident and retiring, but had a firm and determined expression of face. Her entrance into that bedlam of confusion acted like magic upon every student. Each hurriedly sought his seat, and the most absolute silence prevailed. For the first time a lecture was given without the slightest interruption, and every word could be heard as distinctly as if there had been but a single person in the room. The sudden transformation of this class from a band of lawless desperadoes to gentlemen by the mere presence of a lady, proved to be permanent in its effects. A more orderly class of medical students was never seen than this, and it continued to be so to the close of the term."—*The Christian*.

with genuine repentance, and the bane of the age is the tendency to weaken the sense of guilt by pretenses of helplessness, weakness, irresponsibility, or thoughtlessness. Not to *design* obediently with the whole heart and mind is to sin *designedly*. In the service of God there is no neutrality. Forgetfulness of Him is wickedness. — *Late Paper.*

## THE FRIEND.

TENTH MONTH 31, 1896.

A letter recently received from a Friend in Queensland, Australia, says of the meeting to which the writer belongs: "I am sorry to say our little meeting does not progress in the Divine life as it ought to, nor in numbers. It seems hard to convince people of the true inward life in these colonies; they love the grand ceremonial part too much. Eloquent preachers, grand organs, and solo singing are gaining great power to attract people in this day; but true silent waiting in communion with the Spirit, that some real good may be obtained, is out of the heart of professors of ceremonial works; yet I believe the Society of Friends do often open the door to unbelievers, and even show the other churches some of the glorious truths revealed to them by the Spirit. They are getting to be felt as God's people. Many of the great professors have to acknowledge the power of Christ through the Quaker family. May the Lord stir us all up to a more earnest work in this day, that the kingdom of Christ may be seen to have come among men!"

### SUMMARY OF EVENTS.

**UNITED STATES.**—The Arkansas Supreme Court has decided that the Governor of the State has the right to appoint members of the Legislature where vacancies have been caused by death, resignations or other causes.

The East River tunnel scheme was before the railroad Committee of the Brooklyn Board of Aldermen on the 20th instant. New York city has already given its consent to the building of the tunnel, which is intended to connect the surface lines of the two cities. The tunnels will be 8,700 feet long and each contain two tracks. Passengers will be carried from City Hall, Brooklyn, to City Hall, New York, in two or three minutes. It is proposed to issue \$6,000,000 stock and \$6,000,000 bonds. Frederick B. Esler, counsel for the company which proposes to build the railroad tunnel under the East River, says that it can be built inside of a year. The cost of construction would be \$2,500,000, but rights of way, terminals, etc., would increase the expense to \$9,000,000. The passenger traffic between New York and Brooklyn is now about 95,000,000 a year, and the tunnel, he thinks, would provide the most convenient means of transit for three-quarters of these.

A Los Angeles despatch says that the first carload of this season's crop of oranges was shipped on the night of the 19th instant to Chicago, "four weeks earlier than ever before."

California's fruit crop is short and dried fruits promise to be high.

Pineapple culture thrives so at points where it has been tried in Florida that the acreage is being extended constantly, and importations may not much longer be necessary. A pinery started eleven months ago at Citra, by H. B. Sterns, has proved so successful that others are to be established there.

Charles E. Crisp, ex-Speaker of the House of Representatives, died in Atlanta, Georgia, on the 23rd instant.

Fishes in the Sabine River carried a floating island of fifty acres of water hyacinths up and down stream past Orange, Texas, for a week.

On the 20th instant the large grain elevators of the Chicago and Pacific elevator Company at Govac Island, Indiana, were destroyed by fire, together with over a million bushels of wheat and other grain. The loss is estimated at \$1,200,000.

Deaths in this city last week numbered 374, which

is 11 more than the previous week and 12 more than the corresponding week of 1895. Of the whole number 178 were males and 196 females; 39 died of pneumonia; 33 of consumption; 31 of heart disease; 18 of cholera; 17 of typhoid fever; 14 of cancer; 13 of Bright's disease; 13 of inflammation of the stomach and bowels; 12 of apoplexy; 12 of uremia; 12 of bronchitis; 12 of convulsions; 10 of membranous croup, and 10 from casualties.

**Markets.**—U. S. 2's, 93 1/8; 4's, 98; 107 1/2; coupon, 108 1/8; — new 4's, new 9's, 116 1/2; coupon, 117 1/2; — 12's, 130 1/2; coupon, 111 1/2; 111 1/2; currency 6's, 101 to 105.

**COTTON** was firm at 8 1/2c. per pound for middling uplands.

**FEED.**—Winter bran in bulk, quoted \$10.50 a \$11.00 and spring do, in sacks, at \$10.00 a \$10.50 per ton. **FLOUR.**—Wheat super, 4's, 95 a \$2.80; do, extras, \$2.90 a \$3.05; Pennsylvania roller, clear, \$3.45 a \$3.70; do, do, straight, \$3.50 a \$4.05; Western winter, clear, \$3.45 a \$3.70; do, do, straight, \$3.90 a \$4.05; do, do, patent, \$4.25 a \$4.40; spring, clear, \$3.50 a \$3.55; do, do, straight, \$3.80 a \$4.05; do, patent, \$4.25 a \$4.40; do, favorite brands, higher. **RAIL MILLS.** EXTRA, \$2.75 a \$3.00; do, 3's, \$2.55 a \$2.80; do, straight, \$3.95 a \$4.20; do, patent, \$4.55 a \$4.70. **RYE FLOUR.**—\$2.75 per lb. for choice Pennsylvania. **BUCKWHEAT FLOUR.**—\$1.50 a \$1.60 per 100 pounds for new, as to quality.

**GRAIN.**—No. 2 red wheat, 77 a 77 1/2c.

No. 2 mixed corn, 70 a 70 1/2c.

No. 1 white do, 25 1/2c.

**BEEF CATTLE.**—EXTRA, 4 a 4 1/2c; good, 4 1/4 a 4 1/2c; medium, 4 a 4 1/2c; common, 3 a 3 1/2c.

**SHEEP AND LAMBS.**—EXTRA, 3 1/2 a 3 1/2c; good, 3 a 3 1/2c; medium, 2 a 2 1/2c; common, 2 a 2 1/2c; culls, 1 a 1 1/2c; lambs, 3 a 3c.

**HOGS.**—Good Western, 5 1/2 a 5 1/2c; others, 5 a 5 1/2c.

**FOREIGN.**—Queen Victoria is busily engaged in drawing up the programme for the fêtes attendant upon the celebration next Sixth Month of the sixtieth anniversary of her accession to the throne. The celebration will be conducted on a grander scale than was the Queen's Jubilee in 1887. Besides the presence of the Kaiser and his suite in any way related to the Queen, her Majesty desires that her representatives shall attend from all the various colonies of the British Empire. The state pageants will last a month.

The London correspondent of the New York Tribune says: "The best explanation of the advance in the bank rate to 4 per cent, which was expected last week, is that the money market this week, is that it is due to the large increase in the purchasing power of American wheat. While the gold exports to America have been large this week, it has not been thought likely that they would continue, since a large proportion of the wheat and cotton crops has already been moved and paid for. The great rise in wheat has increased the purchasing power of the United States in the English money market to such an extent that large exports of gold are now expected in settlement of remaining shipments. The 4 per cent. rate is now avowedly a precautionary measure to protect the Bank of England's gold reserve and prevent its further depletion. With the demand for American wheat so great as it is now, and with the price of bread-stuffs advancing by leaps and bounds, it is not probable that even the high bank rate will bring gold shipments to an end. Europe must pay for its imports either in gold or in American bonds; and the latter are already rising with the increasing prospect of McKinley's election, and are likely to go higher in November."

On the 24th inst., the civil and religious ceremonies uniting in marriage Prince Victor Emmanuel, Prince of Naples and Crown Prince of Italy, to Princess Helene, third daughter of Prince Nicholas I, ruler of Montenegro, were performed.

Another despatch says: "Hayashi Tsolson, the Japanese minister here, has been notified by his Government to St. Petersburg. Ratifications of the Sino-Japanese commercial treaty were exchanged here yesterday, October 20th."

An American syndicate will advance 200,000,000 tons for the construction of the Hankow-Pekin Railroad. The route is about twenty-seven rivers, including the Whang-Ho, all of which are to be bridged. The entire works will be transferred to the syndicate,

but the shares of the company will ostensibly be held by China.

Baron de Bay, a French archaeologist, has been digging up the Kurgans, or old turtleback burials of the nomads near Tomsk in Siberia. Some of these dating before the Russian conquest of Siberia, contain beads, earrings, knives with artistically carved bone handles, copper kettles, rings, bracelets and ornaments of silver. The oldest mound was five or six centuries old. The mounds that were built only 300 years ago showed a much poorer state of civilization, very few metal objects being found. The arrow heads and the knife blades being made of bone.

A letter has been received from William Niven who went to Mexico last Seventh Month, that he has discovered the ruins of a great Aztec city. Professors Putnam and Seville, of the American Museum of Natural History, placed the most reliance in his statement of what he has found. He writes that he has been four weeks riding among the ruins of the prehistoric city of Quezomictlepan, and finds that it covers a much wider area than what he had first supposed, something like 100 square miles. He has dug into some of the subterranean chambers of the large buildings, and found them filled with broken pieces of plaster, painted bright red and white, and on the floors beads, axes, idols and broken pottery. "I have already taken over 200 pictures," he writes, "and at least 20 per cent. are simply brilliant, and of course the subjects are unique. I will take about 300 more of them before I return, which will be about the end of the season. I found the ruins of twenty temples, instead of three, around Quezomictlepan, and photographed them all. It is about seven days' ordinary travel on horseback from here to the City of Mexico."

There is a scheme on foot to furnish electric power to the City of Mexico from peat beds nine miles distant, owned by Boston interests.

Jamaica has prohibited the importation of American cattle.

The annual financial statement of the Dominion of Canada, for the year ending Sixth Month 30th, 1896 has been made public. It shows a deficit for the year of \$363,481, and an increase in the public debt of \$5,528,531. The net public debt now aggregates \$258,528,531.

### NOTICES.

**BIBLE ASSOCIATION OF FRIENDS IN AMERICA.**—The Annual Meeting of the Corporation will be held in the Lecture Room of Friends' Select School, 141 S. Sixteenth Street, on Fourth-day, Eleventh Month 31st, at eight o'clock A. M. George Vaux will read a historical sketch of the Association. Friends generally are invited to attend.

ELTON B. GIFFORD, Secretary.

**WESTON'S BOARDING SCHOOL.**—For convenience of persons coming to Westtown School, the stage will meet trains leaving Philadelphia 7.17 and 8.46 A. M. and 2.53 and 4.32 P. M. Other trains are met when requested. Stage fare on regular trips, fifteen cents on special trips, twenty-five cents each way. To reach the school by telegraph, wire West Chester Phone 88. BENJ'S FASSMORE, Supt.

**FRIENDS' TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION.**—A meeting will be held at 140 S. Sixteenth Street, Phila., on Seventh day, Tenth Month 31st, 1896, at 2 P. M., to which all interested are cordially invited. Dr. Geo. M. Phillips of the West Chester State Normal School, will address the meeting on "How the World is Governed."

Discussion of "Cities and How to Teach It," by Isaac Sharpless, Ann Sharpless, Watson W. Dewee Isaac T. Johnson, and others.

EDITH S. CHENEY, Sec'y.

**MARRIED.** on the twenty-second of Tenth Month 1896, at Friend's Meeting-house at Moorestown, Burlington County, N. J., WILLIAM E. DARNELL, son of Howard and Elizabeth F. Darnell, and ANNA B. MATTACK, daughter of George and Mary Anna Mattack, the former deceased.

**DIED.** at his home near Winona, Ohio, after three days' illness, occasioned by a fall, EDWARD COPE, aged sixty-five years, one month and twenty days; a member of New Garden Monthly and Particular Meeting. The calmness and resignation with which he viewed the approach of death, together with many peaceful expressions, leave to his family and friends the consoling evidence that he has gathered into that Heavenly City where suffering are unknown.



# THE FRIEND.

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## Diary and Letters of Deborah Brooks Webb.

(Continued from page 114.)

1863.—Last day of Third Month.—I have ried again and again to open my soul to the blessed Saviour, and He has come. I have had a sight of the blessed Saviour's supper, and perhaps tasted a little. I have resisted my sins mostly this day. Oh! preserve me dear Lord and be my Master.

Anna Scattergood was married this day. We had a silent meeting though we had valuable ministering Friends present. How useful I find this deep, solemn silence, it humbles and reduces the creature and seems to bring us into the presence of our Maker. Lord grant that I may be more dedicated the coming month.

Fourth Month 5th.—Oh, if I could only keep as humble as I feel to-night. I abhor myself and repent in dust and ashes. Oh! Lord, I cling only to thy mercy.

Fourth Month 4th.—Oh! the mountains of sorrow and opposition that seemed in my way during morning meeting. Satan insinuates that I may do just this and that, and so I am led into sorrow and horror. I do beg for mercy and strength. This afternoon more comfortable from feeling that his yoke was again upon my neck and in it, some rest upon his mercy and goodness. I am the chief of sinners, but my Saviour grants forgiveness and says my iniquities shall be cast into the depths of the sea.

19th.—This is the anniversary of my birthday and the beginning of the Yearly Meeting. I have searched myself again and again, and resolved to devote my coming years to Him who has in great and marvellous mercy condescended to blot out my transgressions and shortcomings with his precious blood. Oh! that I might hold on my way!

Fifth Month 3rd.—Much has passed since I last wrote here. Dear little Albert [a nephew] is taken to be an angel above. Last First-day morning, about ten o'clock, he breathed his last. I went on with R. Stokes but feel that I was not prayerful enough; was enabled to watch and be sober, but did not fast and pray all the time. Help me, dear Lord, to learn to pray and not to get too deeply engaged in work and forget my continual dependence on thee for heavenly feelings. I have poured out my heart before

thee and feel forgiven. . . . Search me, oh! God, and know my heart, try me and know my thoughts, and see if there be any wicked way in me and lead me in the way everlasting. . . .

Sixth Month 21st.—A day of great humiliation, and a great part of the week spent in the same way. Have mercy upon me, and help me to love thee, oh! Father, with all my heart, mind, strength and spirit and preserve me in thy fear all the time.

TO L. H. B.

"Sixth Month 23rd, 1863.

"Thy letter created, if possible, a still stronger interest in thy welfare, and I have borne thee on my heart again and again before Him, who knows how to influence all hearts; and petitioned that He would instruct thee and give thee light. Thy being willing to change again and try the fleece, wet and dry, is strong evidence of thy sincerity, which though I did not doubt, I hope dear L. in meeting thou tries to seek and beg and wait for his Holy Presence. Oh! it is very humbling to the creature. Nothing short of 'But ye are dead and your life is hid with Christ in God, dead to our own wishes, wills and ways, desiring like a little child to be fed with the heavenly manna, Christ himself, and to live in the garden of Eden which will come with the kingdom of heaven into our souls.

"I cannot answer for many in our poor, stripped, backsliding Society, only beg that the Great Master would turn the hearts of the people more unto himself.

"I have not said so very much against thy taking the step that has agitated thee so long, have I? because I felt thou would be an earnest Christian wherever situated, and would not rest thy hopes on these rites as some do, and think they may go on in sin, almost as ever. I love good Christians of whatever name, and I think that is the general feeling with true Friends.

"Do we really shut our doors in pride? Do we not say, 'Ho every one that thirsteth,' etc.? But we refuse to enter theirs because so many of their ways we cannot unite with, and because we can find Christ, the *only* Sovereign Teacher in our own. He will come to those who sincerely seek Him and comfort them without our having to think of outward ceremonies. This too, is all that is attained by any Christian, even after submitting to those rites, which cannot make the comers thereunto perfect. The war spirit encouraged by them generally, would go very much against my joining with any. How much better with the immediate successors of Christ to say, 'I am a Christian and cannot fight.'

"There was a person here, conversing with brother, and I heard him say that Friends doctrine of 'Inward Light,' was what first drew him to the Society from the Episcopalians. I do believe in immediate revelation of the Lord's will to his faithful followers. I think we are charitable, for we believe that 'Everyone who feareth God and worketh righteousness is accepted of Him,' and it is only these that make

his universal church on earth. Every professor, merely as such, cannot be a member of this *mystical* Church; only the pure in heart.

"We believe that Christ is the *only* 'Word' of God, as illustrated in John i. Other societies are very apt to call the Bible the Word. Some of the words are his. This seems so argumentative, but I have not sought it, only it seemed to rise in answer to thy objections. Read Ephesians ii: 19, to the end. Is it not sweet? Let us try to attain to this building to Him. Now my dear friend, deeply, lovingly and prayerfully I desire to commend thee to God and the word of his grace, which is able to build thee up in Him and give thee an inheritance among the saints. Farewell, thy loving and interested friend,

"DEBORAH BROOKS."

In her diary she writes:—

Sixth Month 28th.—Thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory. Salvation is of the Lord. I felt a degree of it this week, but to-day am so sad again, and this evening am holding on to the text, "I am the resurrection and the life," and believe I have tasted a little of the heavenly supper. Oh! for watchfulness and humiliation. Dearest Father, "direct my heart into the love of God, and the patient waiting for Christ."

Seventh Month 5th.—How shall I thank my Saviour enough for his merciful deliverance from the thralldom of some besetting sins this week. Oh! that I might walk with thee in white, without sin. Dear Lord, I press close to thy side this night and try to watch unto prayer. Condescend to take hold of my hand and lead me on surely. I spread out my whole life as a map before thee, do with me what thou wilt, only make me a living child.

Seventh Month 12th.—Here I am in Newark, N. J., a place where a Quaker is almost unknown. Sometimes I feel lonely, but I know in whom I have believed, and have tried this day to worship Him in the silence of my chamber. It is a privation not to be able to go to any meeting, but I hope it will ground me more deeply in the fear and dread of the Almighty. I thank thee for strength vouchsafed, grant me more strength, I humbly pray, to watch and obey.

The following is taken from a letter to her brother and sister:

"NEWARK, Seventh Month 16th, 1863.

"The wheat-fields readily reminded of a sermon some years ago, when the preacher remarked, before the wheat was ripe the heads usually stood erect, but when fit for reaping they were bowed and drooping.

"Temptations seem to weave such an iron chain around me sometimes, that it is very difficult for me to say, 'Thy will be done.'

"It is very pleasant and natural to be with sister (Sarah), and it seems almost a paradox still to call any other place home, sometimes, it is so, and I recall with pleasure my quiet retreat with you and often remember our sol-

enn silence before meals, when it seems to me we have, at times, the hidden mamma to partake of, too. I humbly hope for your preservation and encouragement in all tribulations and that we may be safely united once again.

"Your affectionate sister, "D. B."

(To be continued.)

FROM "THE INDEPENDENT."

### The Moral Questions of the Campaign.

[The following editorial from the *New York Independent*, we transfer to our columns because it brings so clearly to view the moral principles involved in the present political campaign. If the controversy had been confined to the simple question of silver or gold as a money standard, it is probable we should have deemed it best to have kept quiet, but we believe that it is righteousness which exalteth a nation.—Ed.]

"In the issues of the present political campaign there are questions of policy and questions of morality. Questions of policy have two sides, and men may take either without sin. Questions of morality have only one right side, and men may not knowingly take the other side without blame.

"When the railway strikers in Chicago stopped all trains and led in or incited to riotous demonstrations against life and property, they violated necessary law and committed crime. The Chicago platform condemns the Federal Government for enforcing the Federal laws concerning the United States mails and interstate commerce. It was the Federal troops which put an end to rioting and bloodshed and arson. Therefore the utterance of the Chicago Convention accuses law and order and excuses rioting and disorder. Intelligent men may not, without blame, support this plank. Mr. Bryan stands firmly upon it, approves and adopts it, and pledges himself, if elected, to govern his administration by it. This principle is not simply immoral; it involves the most serious consequences. If rioting is wrong it must be wrong to countenance it, and doubly wrong to encourage it.

"Mr. Bryan proposes to change our monetary standard, not moderately or gradually, but suddenly and violently. He proposes to coin dollars of metal worth only fifty-three cents, and compel men to take them as full dollars in payment of debts. He admits that it would hurt bankers and capitalists and corporations generally; but he contends that it would benefit other classes. This is a moral question. Government may not, without guilt, compel creditors to receive bad money or depreciated money for good money. It may not, without moral wrong, decree that deficient dollars shall be passed as full dollars, any more than it may decree that one thousand five hundred pounds shall be a ton, ten ounces a pound, thirty-two inches a yard, ten a dozen or fifty-three a hundred. Some say they do not consider this proposal dishonest. That does not change the fact. It is the duty of all men to get at the truth and be governed by it. Dishonesty lies on the very face of the proposition.

"Mr. Bryan proposes that obligations of the Government shall be paid in silver at the option of the Secretary of the Treasury. The Government sold its bonds for gold, has hitherto paid them in gold, and given the holders of them to understand that it will continue so to do. Confidence in its intention and ability led men to buy these bonds. To pay them in silver would be to pay in depreciated money. That means partial

repudiation. Repudiation is dishonesty, rank and inexcusable dishonesty, when full payment is possible. Men offer specious excuses and explanations; but these do not change the character of the proposal. It is dishonest, whether they perceive the dishonesty or not.

"It is not true that all employers, bankers, capitalists, corporations, are avaricious and grind the poor. It is not true that all employers are rogues and all employes honest men. It is not true that we have classes and masses in this country, as Mr. Bryan claims. Wealth, education, position are open to all, without distinction. The laws are meant to apply to all equally. Poor men, like Mr. Bryan, as well as rich men, like Mr. Sewall, may aspire to the highest positions. Mr. Bryan's utterances on this point are incendiary. They inflame the passions of wage earners and farmers, wrest the sacred cause of the poor to a vicious purpose, tend to divide citizens on new lines; to array part of them against the other part; to create bitterness and strife; to incite class legislation, and to divide and ultimately destroy the nation.

"There would be an end to the glory and strength, the unity and prosperity, the hope and security of this Republic, if such appeals to class hatred were successful. The thought which appears to inspire the later utterances of the Democratic and Populist candidate is a monstrous one. He may hold it in all sincerity; but it is monstrous, nevertheless. There is but one right and reasonable course respecting it, and that is to repudiate and reject it utterly.

"These, we say, are moral questions, and they are moral questions of transcendental importance. They overshadow all questions of mere policy. To recognize them as moral questions is to settle absolutely the matter of position upon them. No amount of reasoning, no splendor of rhetoric or eloquence of speech can make it right to support rioting and disorder, to oppose, even indirectly, the enforcement of law, to force depreciated money into circulation, to discharge honest debts with dishonest money, to repudiate in part solemn obligations, or to seek to divide the citizens of the country and provoke an internecine war.

### The Sass-Wood Ordeal.

(Concluded from page 115.)

I induced a young man, a son of one of the women they had caught, who was sitting on the ground crying, to go with me to Zion village. I wished to see our Christian people, who would be able to explain their custom of administering the sass-wood. We woke them up, and they said:

"Well, we never saw our people give sass-wood at night. If they do it will be a new thing. They will keep the prisoners till morning. The women do not dare to give them sass-wood privately, or the people would say they had killed them. There will not be anything done till morning. But it is evident they mean to kill some person."

"They told me that in Fish Town, fifteen miles away, they had killed nine people with sass-wood in one day.

We all expected a serious time, and perhaps several deaths. We were very sad; but nothing could be done until morning. So I returned to the town, and found they had caught four more after I left, and that all the nine had been taken to other towns and put under guard till the next day. The women being gone out of the house where we stayed, I did not expect any

breakfast there, so asked a neighbor to cook some cassava for me. Then we went back to bed.

We could not sleep and were all up very early. The poor babe had cried for its mother all night. After going through the town to see what was going on and what could be done, I was called to breakfast. The man—Hemie—whom I had asked to cook it for me, had a good meal ready of palm butter, fish and rice.

Our Christians all gathered together, and started for the place where the people were assembling to give the sass-wood. Upon entering the town where the victims were I went into a house, not knowing that the head women were assembled there to arrange for the palaver. They looked at me, and some said, "What shall we do now? Teacher has come and we don't want her to know." Another said, "O, she can't understand what we say; let us go on." Another said, "Yes, she does; let us go to another town." I said in their language, for the women cannot understand English, "Yes, I hear what you say, and that is just what I have come for; so you may as well talk away."

Then they all rose up in great confusion and said they would go to the next town, and they all started to run. I said, "All right. I will go there. That is all I have to do to-day—just to follow you around and see what you are doing." Soon they were out of sight. We gathered together and went to the town whither the women had now gone, and where the people were going to give the sass-wood. We walked along very slowly, feeling very sad and helpless, and expecting to have our hearts made still more sad by the death of one or more of the prisoners all of whom I knew, and some of whom were my special friends.

When we reached the ground the people were flocking in and seating themselves in companies. The victims were by themselves. The kings and the chiefs who had come to plead for the lives of the accused were in another group; and the relatives of the victims still in another, crying. The women who had the case in hand came from six different towns, and had divided themselves up into many companies, that those who came to plead for the victims might get tired going round to them all, and so give it up.

We went off under the shade of a tree by ourselves, and knelt down to ask God to help us in this time of great need; for we felt that we did not know where to begin or what to say that might have effect. We sat there a few minutes and watched them get ready to beat the sass-wood.

One of the kings arose and went to beg the women not to give the sass-wood, but they refused to hear and kept up a noise so that his voice could not be heard.

They then brought forth one of the victims—a woman—and poured out some of the sass-wood. One of the men got up and talked, but there was no listener. The women began, two by two, to come up to the victim who had the sass-wood before her, ring a bell in her ear, and order her to drink the sass-wood.

One of our men said, "I'll interpret anything you say to-day." So I got up and went forward among the rest. We went to one company of the accusers, and they said, "Go to the others." We went to all, and then to the victims, asking them not to drink the sass-wood, and assuring them that if they did not do it themselves the people could not make them. But waiting to have everything interpreted was too slow work for that day; so I broke out into the native lan-

uage, and the ridiculousness of it all came before me, and I began to laugh at it all. The kings begged, and the Zion men talked everybody that would listen. I went to the young men who were beating the sass-wood, and said, "Let me help you. We will give every-day sass-wood to-day. You have not got half enough sass-wood in the mortar. Let me put some more. Why, is this all the sass-wood you have brought? That won't be half enough, you must send some men to the bush to get more. Don't you see all these people?" The men stood up and laughed, and could not understand me.

I went to the victim, who was sitting over the basin of sass-wood, and, after having tasted it, said to her, "It is not nice. Don't drink it. It will kill you. We will not get tired of begging or you." Then, going to the women who were ringing the bells, I said, "I am sure you must be tired. Let me ring the bell awhile." The kings were weary from their efforts to save the victims, and declared that they would not permit the women to give the sass-wood to two of the prisoners, who belonged to another tribe, and whom they were going to take to town. So they took the two, saying that the women might to what they would with the rest.

We sang and preached Jesus, and told the people of the better way, begging them to choose that day which way was the best. A man in the company sent word to me to be strong and not to let the victims drink the sass-wood.

I asked the women if they themselves had drunk sass-wood in town that morning. "No," they said. I told them I knew they did not like it, and that it was for the same reason that the victims did not want it. They were amused at the mistakes I made in speaking their language, and some of them though vexed at me, could not help laughing, and talked quite sensibly to me.

The sun was very hot, and everybody began to get tired; but still the first woman sat with the basin of sass-wood untasted before her. They brought another woman and gave her a bowl of it. They began to urge the two women to drink it, as they were getting hungry and wished to go home and cook their meals. "So we said, "Go, and bring the pots and rice here and cook it. We are not going to town to-day. We are going to drink sass-wood, and you need not be in a hurry. Look, Garroway people have stopped 'cutting farm.' See them all here to-day. They do not intend to have a rice farm this year. If they drink sass-wood and kill all the witches they want be sorry if they don't see any rice and palm butter."

At this point I was called aside by one of the men, who said that a boat had just come from the Cape bringing our supplies for the year, and word that brother Nichols, the teacher in the seminary, who had been very ill and had left a few weeks ago to go to the island for his health, had died on board the ship and been buried at sea near Sierra Leone; also, that brother Garwood, on the Cavalla River, had been drowned. I stopped for a minute, then said to the man; "God has taken them, and he will soon be here for me. Let me do what I can while I live. They are gone now."

I went into the midst of the people and told them what I had heard, saying, "Nobody will think of drinking sass-wood for them. All kinds of people die, and we who are here will soon die too." Then I said, "This sass-wood is hot. These people cannot drink it. Let us give them some water." Everybody was becoming quiet.

So I poured out the sass-wood, washed out the bowl, put some water in it, and said, "Perhaps they will drink that."

A man in the crowd, fearing that I might get the prisoners to drink the water, sent me word not to let them. I went back and said: "This water is not fresh. It has been here all day. Let us pour it out, and go to town and get fresh water." I emptied the water out of the bowl and pot, and put the bowl on top of the pot and the pestle on top of the mortar—the people looking on, glad, I presume, to see an end of it all.

I said: "Somebody can carry these things. Come to town. We are all hungry." I took the victims by the hand, raised them up, and we all started for the town. On the way we met some of the older women, and they were angry and scolded; but we all crowded on into the town. Some of the people thanked us as we walked along, some laughed and some scolded. We passed on to the second town, the men taking several of the victims to Zion. The rest, lost in the crowd, found their way to their own homes.

AGNES McALLISTER.

FOR "THE FRIEND."

The late S. R. Brown, a missionary to China and Japan, thus wrote of the good influence of his mother: "If I have accomplished anything for the cause of God and man, I attribute it mainly to the mother who bore me, so far as human instrumentality is concerned. She who loved to steal away

From little ones and care,  
And spend the hours of setting day  
In humble, grateful prayer;

has always seemed to be holding me by the hand and bidding me go forward in the path of duty with her own courageous and cheerful spirit."

Of this mother, Phebe H. Brown, the *Wesleyan Methodist* says, that she was accustomed to retire at sunset into a grove near her home (at Munson, Mass.) for meditation and prayer. A neighbor criticised her, supposing that she must be neglecting her household duties. This being mentioned to Phebe elicited the following hymn:

I love to steal awhile away  
From little ones and care,  
And spend the hours of setting day  
In humble, grateful prayer.

I love in solitude to shiel  
The penitential tear,  
And all His promises to plead  
Where none but God can hear.

I love to think on mercies past,  
And future good implore,  
And all my cares and sorrows cast  
On Him whom I adore.

I love by faith to take a view  
Of brightest scenes in heaven,  
The prospect doth my strength renew  
While here by tempter driven.

Thus when life's toilsome day is o'er,  
May its departing ray  
Be calm as this impressive hour,  
And lead to endless day.

Dr. H. A. Nelson, editor of *The Church at Home and Abroad*, some years ago lived near Owasso, New York, to which place the then venerable Phebe H. Brown had removed, to reside with the son who has been referred to. He thus speaks of one of the interviews he was privileged to make this "mother in Israel."

\* Afterwards changed to "From every cumbering care."

"I was then a father of little children, and hers of whom she had so sweetly sang, were in their maturity. Learning from her that three thousand survivors, one of whom resided in Calcutta and one in New Orleans, while the one in those homes she then sojourned had already spent some years at the antipodes and would probably return thither after a year or two, I could not help uttering some words of condolence for such separation from her children. The look on her aged face was one of heavenly serenity and cheerfulness as she replied: 'I have learned to enjoy my children at a distance.' Never was sweet-er lesson set me by gentler or wiser teacher. No other words have recurred to my memory more often or more helpfully in recent years. I commend them to all parents whose daily thoughts and prayers are for children beyond seas."

J. W. L.

A People Transformed.

The Society of Friends in its integrity stands for a movement to revive primitive Christianity, and to revive it in its fulness—not merely a part here or a part there. It had its origin, we believe, not in any human plan, but in the working of God through the instrumentality of men and women who had received directly from the Head of the Church himself, their qualification and commission to labor. Like the great apostle, the first Friends—and the same is true of every real Friend to-day—knew of the things pertaining to their calling not from man nor by the will of man, but by the revelation of Jesus Christ. Having the eye, therefore, single unto Him who had brought each one of them by the power of his Spirit out of the darkness of the first nature into his own marvellous light, and so made them free-men indeed—knowing no Lord but Him, and drawing their lives immediately from Him, the fountain of life—the early Friends found themselves, from the very nature of the case, distinct from all other denominations of their day; for their faith was no graft upon an old trunk, but in very truth a fresh shoot from the root of life. To this, early Quakerism owed its vigor, and in this lay its power to draw men.

Yet there is abroad to-day, in many quarters, a disposition in one way and another to wipe out much that has made this people a people distinct from the rest of the world; to magnify those points in which there is a resemblance to other bodies, and to depreciate those differences in practice which have given us a distinguishing character in the world. There can, of course, be no service in insisting upon differences for difference sake; but on the other hand there is no grave danger lest in the desire not to seem different from others, there may be overlooked, underlying the practices, those principles, faithfulness to which makes the Friend?

When Israel, desiring that they might be "like all the other nations," demanded a king, they had regard more to man than to the Lord, who was their real strength and deliverer, and they were retrograding from the purity of their faith. So to-day the desire to live in the world as not to come into conflict with it—though the desire may cloak itself under the name of love and of harmony, is less a sign of spiritual advancement than of spiritual degeneracy—less a token of progress in the love of Christ than of entanglement in the love of ease. "Be not conformed to this world, but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good and acceptable and perfect will of God." "And the world passeth

away, and the lust thereof; but he that doeth the will of God abideth forever."—*The United Friend.*

FOR "THE FRIEND."

### A Visit to Valley Forge.

The morning of the ninth of Tenth Month showed a heavy white frost in the low-lying grounds of our vicinity, forboding the speedy disappearance of most of the flowers which had adorned the roadsides and fields. The day was cool and pleasant, and well adapted for an excursion into the country; so in accordance with a previous arrangement, I joined a friend in an outing to Valley Forge, on the Schuylkill. It is a place of historic interest, for it was for a time during the war of the Revolution the winter quarters of the American army, where the soldiers were partially sheltered in huts constructed on the steep hillsides, and where they suffered much from cold and exposure.

It is interesting also geologically—*for here the Valley Creek enters the Schuylkill through a gap in the range of hills, probably washed out in a former geologic period. This range, lying on the north side of the great Chester Valley, is composed of quartz, while the valley itself is underlain with limestone, which is supposed to have been derived from the corals and shells of sea animals deposited there in former ages, when it was occupied with an arm of the sea.*

The valley of the Schuylkill is an interesting field of study to the geologist. For some distance above Philadelphia, one passes through a district where the rocks are composed of gneiss or its stratified form of schist. Near Norristown we enter the red sandstone, and observe the red color of the soil on the freshly ploughed fields. Then comes a country of limestone, where the railroad excavations along the precipitous banks disclose the stone lying in regular layers, almost as if artificially constructed, except that instead of being placed horizontally, as they must originally have been, the beds are steeply inclined; thus revealing the fact that great changes have been effected, under the influence of mighty forces, since the myriads of sea-animals contributed their shells to form these great masses of rock.

A beautiful piece of level road lies along the east side of Valley Creek, skirting the foot of a steep, wooded hill. Although so late in the season, there were many interesting plants on the roadside, some in flower and others in fruit—among the latter were two species of *Dog-wood* described in the visit to the lime deposits of South Jersey, the *Cornus paniculata* and the *Cornus stolonifera*. The bright red fruit of the Burning Bush (*Elaeagnus atropurpurea*) was a conspicuous object. The flowers mostly belonged to the three genera of compound flowers, *Aster*, *Solidago* and *Prenanthes*, and included sixteen species of these kinds. Perhaps the most abundant and beautiful of the Golden rods was the *X. coccinea*, in which the clusters of bright yellow flowers are interspersed with the green leaves on the slender stems, furnishing a very pleasant contrast in color.

We found the Dittany (*Cunila Maritima*), an attractive little, much-branched plant, with a pleasant aromatic odor. An infusion of it is sometimes used as a beverage in fevers. Dr. Darlington mentions that in the beginning of winter, after a rain, very curious and fantastic ribbands of ice may often be observed, attached to the base of the stems of this plant, produced, he supposes, by the mixture of the earth rising

in the dead stems by capillary attraction, and then being gradually forced out horizontally, through a slit, in the process of freezing. The same phenomena has been observed in the Rock Rose (*Helianthemum Canadense*), and in one or two other plants. Perhaps the most showy among the *Asters* was the New England *Aster* (*Aster Noce Anglica*), which has unusually large flowers of a deep rich purple color, and is often cultivated in gardens as an ornamental plant.

I was quite pleased to meet with a patch of the Indian current or Coral-berry (*Symphoricarpos vulgaris*). The flowers grow in groups in the axils of the leaves, and are succeeded by clusters of small red berries which hang to the stems quite into the winter. I have seen them quite conspicuous in North Carolina—but it is not a very common plant in our part of the country. Its habit of growth is very similar to that of the common garden Snowberry, to which it is closely allied.

As we were walking along the edge of the woods, our attention was arrested by a bush with rather large, coarse leaves, which were apparently ready to fall. One of the stalks had no leaves on it, but there were a number of curious yellow flowers with very narrow and rather long petals. It was the Witch Hazel (*Hamamelis Virginica*), one of the latest of our plants to put forth its bloom—indeed, the cold weather comes so soon after, that the plant has to wait for the next summer to mature its fruit! Dr. Darlington suggests that this peculiarity may have given rise to the popular notion of its possessing certain magical properties, such as pointing out the position of underground streams of water. Of latter times it is used as one of the Homeopathic remedies. Whether it possesses any medicinal virtues or not we cannot say.

Perhaps fifty years ago we visited some rocks on the banks of Valley Creek, where grew some small ferns, rather rare in this section of country, and to find this locality was one of the objects of our excursion. But after following the stream for some three miles, we learned that the spot we were hunting was still about four miles further on. As this required a longer walk than we were inclined to take, we retraced our steps. The road which we travelled ran along the side of the North Valley hill or ridge, and its undulations showed the wearing effect of the rains, in making depressions, so that our path alternately ascended and descended.

Near the railroad station there grew some rather large trees of White Elm (*Ulmus Americana*). After plucking a twig I was much interested in an examination of the leaves. The central stem of the leaf is furnished (as in many other leaves), with a double row of ribs branching from it, which with their minute ramifications support the green tissue in which the vital functions of the leaf are performed. But in the elm leaf one or more of these ribs or nerves are wanting on the edge of the leaf nearest to the trunk of the tree, so that the leaves are quite unequal at the base.

J. W.

"At another place I heard some of the magistrates said among themselves. If they had money enough, they would hire me to be their minister. This was when they did not well understand me, or our principles. When I heard of it, I said it was time for me to be gone, for if their eye was so much to me, or any of us, they would not come to their own teacher. Hiring ministers had spoiled many, by hinder-

ing them from improving their own talents; whereas our labor is to bring every one to their own Teacher in themselves.—*George Fox.*

### NO PLACE FOR BOYS.

What can a boy do, and where can a boy stay, if he is always told to get out of the way? He cannot sit here and he must not stand there; The children that cover that fine rocking-chair; Were put there, of course, to be seen and admired. A boy has no business to ever be tired. The beautiful roses and flowers that bloom On the floor of the darkened and delicate room Are not made to walk on—at least, not by boys; The house is no place, anyway, for their noise.

Yet boys must walk somewhere; and what if their feet, Sent out of our houses, sent into the street, Should step around the corner and pause at the door Where other boys' feet have paused often before? Should pass through the gateway of glittering light, Where jokes that are merry and songs that are bright Ring out a warm welcome with flattering voice, And tempting say, "Here's a place for the boys."

Ah, what if they should? What if your boy or mine Should cross o'er the threshold which marks out the line 'Twixt virtue and vice, 'twixt pureness and sin. And leave all his innocent boyhood within? O, what if they should, because you and I, While the days and the months and the years hurry

by, Are too busy with cares and with life's fleeting joys To make our round hearthstone a place for the boys?

There's a place for the boys. They will find it somewhere; And if our own homes are too daintily fair For the touch of their fingers, the tread of their feet, They'll find it, and find it, alas! in the street, 'Mid the gibblings of sin and the glitter of vice; And with heartaches and longings we pay a dear price

For the getting of gain that our lifetime employs, If we fail to provide a place for the boys.

A place for the boys—dear mother, I pray, As cars settle down round our short earthly way, Don't let us forget, by our kind, loving deeds, To show we remember their pleasures and needs. Though our souls may be vexed with problems of life, And worn with besetments and toilings and strife, Our hearts will keep younger—your tired heart and mine—

If we give them a place in their innermost shrine; And to our life's latest hour 'twill be one of our joys That we kept a small corner—*an inner place for the boys.*

—*Boston Transcript.*

### FOR "THE FRIEND."

### Which is the More Profitable?

Chalmers, the well-known Presbyterian clergyman, enjoyed the friendship of a professor in Edinburgh University, who in the manners of the world was counted a gentleman, but who, while devotedly attached to his favorite studies, wholly neglected more serious things, leaving the care of his soul to others. Did Chalmers mention these, he seemed to be ill at ease, declined to discuss on them, turning the conversation into another channel. Chalmers loved his friend, and in prayerful solicitude for his best welfare, sought means to reach him, but found none. One day he saw him approaching, deeply absorbed in his thoughts, nor did he notice Chalmers, till their eyes met. "I have," said Chalmers, "a question to solve in profit and loss." "Indeed! what is it?" said his friend in cheerful expectancy. "What shall it profit a man if he should gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" said Chalmers. Courteously acknowledging the question, he hastily gave Chalmers a parting word and passed on. It was a word blessed by the Holy Spirit. The arrow of conviction struck home. The question would arise unbidden and unsought in his mind

nd diverted his rest in unconcernedness. Nor did he stop short until he had solved it aright, and found pardon, peace and rest in believing.

And the Lord has left the same problem on record, that each one of us may solve it, and his can only rightly be done in the light of eternity. "God makes his sun to shine on the just and on the good; He sends rain on the just and on the unjust," and what is true in nature is also so in grace, "for the grace of God, that bringeth salvation, hath appeared to all men." "God pours out of his spirit upon all flesh." And whilst an adventitious wind may seem to fill the sails of those who are forgetful of God, so as to favor them with temporal prosperity, others who love and desire to serve God, may be at times sorely tried in fulfilling their obligations to others, and even to those depending on their efforts; sickness and misfortune may seem to nullify their best efforts. Is God unmindful of these? Surely not. "Many are the afflictions of the righteous, but the Lord evereth him out of them all." Misfortune, sickness, even death itself, if rightly borne in the spirit of resignation to the Divine will, may prove to be to the glory of God, and to the everlasting comfort of the sufferer. Such was Jesus said, the death of those loved sisters' mother, under whose roof He loved to dwell.

"These as seen in the light of time may appear to be the broken-hearted, the poor, the unfortunate, and yet such may be rich towards God, and the Great Physician of souls is always near, for the angel of the Lord encampeth about them that fear Him. Such a one was Lazarus, whose portion in this world was poverty and sickness, having no friends and few to pity. But in eternity riches and glory awaited him. Dives having had and enjoyed his portion in this world, living to self, and oblivious of his obligations to God, who gave him all, as a faithless steward forgot his duty to his Maker and to his fellow-man. The very dogs beneath his table were more compassionate than Dives toward Lazarus, not begrudging him a share of their portion, the crumbs that fell, and licking his sores to heal them. But oh, how sad, how dreadful the sequel! Dives' portion in eternity is one of bitterness and of woe.

Can time alone then solve this query? What of the rich, covetous man, whose land brought forth so plentifully that he had no room to store it? Mark the query he puts to himself, "What shall I do?" Not "What would my Lord who gave me all, have me to do?" And having self in view as he propounds the question, self answers it accordingly, "This will I do. I will pull down my barns, and build greater, and there will I bestow all my goods. And I will say to my soul, Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thee hence, eat, drink and be merry." But God said unto him, "Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee, then whose shall those things be which thou hast provided." "So is every one that layeth up treasure to himself, and is not rich toward God." (Luke xii: 13-21).

The uncertainty of life is then a consideration of the first importance, and a constant factor in the correct solution of this problem. For every man shall be judged according to his works, and each one must give an account of his stewardship concerning all trusts and endowments, whether of houses, lands, riches, friends, gifts—mental or spiritual—and whatsoever might be profitable in its use, either for time or eternity. For all should be used for the good of

our fellow-man and to the glory of Him who bestows them all. For the time is nigh, when it shall be said to each one of us, "Steward, give an account of thy stewardship, for thou shalt no longer be steward."

What a distrust of God's watchful and bountiful care, what an irreparable and eternal loss to any one, who in his over-anxiety to provide things temporal, that he may appear as his neighbors, that he may lay up provision for his latter days, or for that of his children, neglects to use of the increase to the good of his fellow-man, and would rather bestow it all on self. This is covetousness, of which we are warned to beware, as being idolatry.

If the heart be right toward God, and things of this world, so necessary in their own sphere, are delegated to their proper place, riches may increase, but the heart will not wander from the Lord and his service, for He will not permit a rival. And on those who hold and rightly use them a blessing rests. For truly, such as the Lord favors with gifts have it in their power to be doubly blessed, enjoying them themselves, and as Jesus said, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." For the words of Jesus are, "Whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones, a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward." (Matt. x: 42).

Let then each day see its every duty done, just such as are given thee to do. None other need thy care employ, for thy allotted work is only there. In doing this well lies thy reward. For He himself thy Friend and Counsellor, will direct thy way and give thee peace. Who knows but ere another rising sun, thy sun may never set. Then, whether He come and call thee in the early watch, or at midnight, or at cock-crowing, may thy answer ever be, "Ready, Lord, aye ready." And if thy accounts have daily been kept with care, thy balance will be true, and they will prove an eternal gain when the Master says, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, thou hast been faithful in a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things. Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

W. W. B.

A Notice to Quit.

Persons who sit under their own vine and fig-tree, having homes of their own, however humble they may be, can hardly realize the condition of tenants liable to be dispossessed at any time, and who with all their love for the place where they and their children were born have no tenure by which they can retain it. But even in such circumstances the Christian is a safe refuge, and can say, "Lord, thou hast been our home in all generations" (Ps. xc: 1). And He has ways to protect and care for his people when they are oppressed and straitened and troubled.

An instance is related in the experience of Hodgson Casson, a Wesleyan preacher in England, who was once journeying with his colleague Waddy, when Casson suddenly stopped, and said, "We must turn aside here, and call on brother Blank." Waddy the colleague thought the request a strange one, but complied. On arriving at the house, they found the farmer in great trouble, and wondering why the ministers should call upon him at that hour. Casson said,

"First tell us what's the matter with you, brother: that's what we want to know." The farmer handed Casson a document which he held in his hand. It was a notice to quit the

farm, signed by the steward of the Duke of —, his landlord, in the Duke's name.

"This looks like a serious business," said Casson. The poor man replied,

"It is bad enough for me who have lived on the farm all my life, and will have great difficulty to find another farm, but what's to become of the cause here? When I go down there will be no one to take the preachers or hold the class. But who told you there was anything the matter here? I only got the notice this morning, and have not mentioned it to any one."

"The same good Being," answered Casson, "whom we must now ask what's to be done next." So the ministers prayed. When they rose they inquired if any one had bidden a higher rental for the farm than he was paying.

"No," said he; "no one would who was not tied to it as I am. It's the house where I was born, and born again, and the little cause lies near my heart."

On further inquiry Casson found out that the steward and the parish minister had taken the whole thing upon themselves.

"Now then," said Casson, "we must appeal to the Duke himself. Now, brother Waddy, you're the man to write the letter to the Duke. Draw it up, and brother Blank will copy it and send it off by the next post."

The letter was written asking why the farmer was dismis-ed, and intimating that he was born there, his father had always paid the rent, and he had done so, and he was at a loss to know why he had received such notice. An answer was received. The Duke intimated that he had made an investigation and found matters to be just what the farmer had said, and the notice to quit was hereby cancelled, the farmer remained, and the cause was saved. Was not this an answer to prayer?—Selected.

FOR "THE FRIEND."

A Letter from Germany.

Thou wilt be glad to know that I have at last been able to carry out my wish of getting a little better acquainted with the life in a regular German "Dorf." You know that "common people" interest me greatly, especially as it is among them that one finds out the real characteristics of the nation to which they belong. The educated class of people, as well as the cities, are more or less alike the world over.

Yesterday afternoon, A—, a small friend of hers and myself, spent at Mingershausen, a small village or "Dorf" about four miles out of Göttingen; but I can assure you that I shall not do such a thing again soon, from purely hygienic reasons, because as a result of this one afternoon, I was tormented all night by dreams, not of my great grandmother to be sure, but much more uncomfortable than those that presented this worthy personage to the troubled mind of the small boy who ate the mince pie too late at night. But I must explain: Since I have been keeping house during the absence of Fräulein F—, with whom I live, I have had a "Frau," who lives next door, to come in two or three times a day, to do the work for me. She belongs to the class of rich peasants, who does not need to work out, and comes simply to accommodate. Yesterday she told me that as Fräulein F— returns in a few days she must go to the village and tell the new servant who is to come this winter, the day on which she must appear. It is a cousin of the "Frau," who is engaged, and though the family is rich, as

rich peasants go, she has taken the position so as to learn house-keeping, as it is carried on in the city, and also to see a little of life. When I heard she was going, I begged of her, "Oh, take me along!" and she was very pleased and proud to do so. We left here about two p. m., and were in Mingerhausen by half-past three.

I have told you before that there is no such thing, in this part of Germany, at least, as a farm-house situated by itself. The peasants live in houses huddled close together, and go away in the morning to work, coming back at night. They own the land surrounding the Dorf—more or less, according to the wealth of the individual, and there is no apparent boundary of any kind separating the lots. Every day for an hour or two, all the cows are brought out to a small pasture field held in common by the community, and so get a little fresh air and grass, the rest of the time they are shut up in the stable. This accounts for the total absence of cattle that one notices in travelling through the country. I was going to say before, that the reason of this living together of the peasants in villages comes down from the days when for protection the people kept close together, and generally near some fortification, within whose walls they could flee in case of attack. It so happened that yesterday was the first of the autumn "Dankfest," which is held after all the harvest is safely stored away. Like all thank-givings, it consists mainly in feasting from all the good things that their land offers, and lasts several days. Dancing, testing of strength in various ways, shooting, etc., belong with it, customs also handed down from the old, old days. The sound of the music to which they danced, greeted our ears long before we reached the village, and as we entered, the streets were full of the young men and women in their "best clothes" (the colors were by no means sober), going to the grounds where the festivities were in progress. In front of one of the largest so-called "Höfs," we turned to enter. It was an immense pile of wooden buildings, arranged around three sides of an oblong, one corner of which being the residence of the family. We were ushered at once into the "gute stube" (good room), which was low, with very little furniture, and the well-scrubbed board floor was sprinkled with sand. In one corner was a large table with benches against the wall, where one sat at meal-time. Another table was in front of the sofa. After entering and laying aside our wraps, I, as the chief guest, was given the seat of honor on the sofa, and then the coffee was brought along with the "Schwetchen and Butter Kuchen"—immense plates full. (Schwetchers are prunes.) After the repast, the "Frau" with whom we went, offered to conduct me over the place, and I gladly accepted. On the other side of the hallway, which by the way was paved with stone, from the "gute Stube" was the horse-stable. As from time immemorial the horse has been the most honored animal, it had its residence directly by that of its master; and I noticed as we looked in on the handsome creatures, that an open door at the other end admitted a view into a sleeping room, probably of one of the sons of the family. The cows had stalls a little farther removed, and then there were any amount of places set apart for pigs and goats, while great droves of geese gabbled about the "hof" or yard. Back of this was the orchard, with apple, pear, prune and English walnut trees, from which we were invited to help ourselves. Beyond the orchard stretched the fields belonging to the family.

On returning to the house the "Frau," said, "Now we must go to my other cousins," so we started off up the village and stopped before the still larger and better kept "hof" than the first we had seen. In fact the "gute stube," with its clean sanded floor and the polished table and white walls was very attractive, and here there was none of the marvellous stable odor that is the pride and delight of the peasants—their pride, because their wealth consists in cattle and horses, and they are glad to give evidence of their possessions.

As soon as we had taken our seats upon the sofa, the cousin disappeared and returned presently with plates piled with the two kinds of cakes. I protested, but the "Frau," whispered to me that the cousin would be hurt if I refused, so I was forced to yield. I must confess that it was excellent. Here I was taken into the kitchen, which was spotlessly clean, and possessed no furniture besides an immense "herd" which is a particular sort of stove built of bricks, so that a fire can be made in two places, and there is a cavity over each into which fits an immense brass pot, in which the most of the cooking is done. But my chief desire was to see the "back oven," that is to say, the place where the baking is done. It was in a separate building, a large oval structure of clay and bricks, with an iron door, inside of which a large fire is made, and after about two hours' burning, the coals and ashes are removed, the floor thoroughly brushed out, and then the huge loaves of bread set on the hot stones and left there for about two hours. The "kuchen" is baked in the same way, but for shorter time.

I have become very fond of the German "schwartz brod" or black bread, as they call it, although it is of a brown color, but I had often heard that the real article as baked in the "Dorf" was much better. Later in the day I discovered that this was true.

From this "hof" we went and looked on while at the merry-making on the green, but soon returned to the village, as I wished to see the old woman from whom I have my eggs fresh every week. Her "hof" lay at the other end of the village, and there was very little stable to the house, because she is poor. She comes three times a week to market, carrying her heavy kirk on her back all the way. As we came in the house the "Frau" went before, and putting her head in the door, said, "Frau M—, sie kriegen besuch!" (you have company). At the word she appeared on the scene and in great surprise raised her hands and exclaimed "If it isn't the Fraulein," and then we were ushered into the "gute stube," and again appeared the "schwetchen kuchen," and again we were forced to partake. She was delighted to be so honored, and began to tell how I had had her help me put her "kiepe," the large baskets which the peasants carry strapped to their backs, on, and how I could really walk with it, and she added "ja, das Fraulein hat wirklich Beschied dazu!" that is to say, I carried it as though I were used to it, and that seemed to have raised me immensely in her estimation. But we did not tarry long, for we were told we must come back to the second "hof" we had visited. As we were about to enter, A— asked in a complaining way, "mus-en wir wieder kuchen essen" (must we eat cake again?) We were scarcely seated when in came the cousin with a plate of enormous slices of bread, buttered and with slices of "wurst" (sausage). With one or two exceptions I have resisted all temptations in the way of eating more than one of the in-

numerable species of "wurst" which abound in Germany—the one that I occasionally indulge in I know to be thoroughly cooked—all others are safer to let alone, I think. Well, on this occasion my heart failed me to resist too far, for as I refused the poor woman looked so distressed and said she was so sorry to have nothing better for the Fraulein. "I found the bread excellent and the "wurst," which was of the smoked species, really very palatable. She apologized that she had no wine, and I comforted her by saying that I did not indulge in the article, but she said in a minute she could have some warm milk fresh from the cow, and though I pleaded it was all in vain; she vanished out of the door and returned with a pail of the aforesaid article from which she served us. Before returning home it was necessary to stop at the house we first visited, as we had left our wraps there. As I proceeded to possess myself with my belongings, I found them being taken away from me, and I was told it was impossible to be allowed to go until we had eaten something. I cast an imploring look at the "Frau," who, by the way, is a very interesting, animated young woman, who had been in a continual state of laughter the whole afternoon at my continual consternation. But there was no help for me. Again we were seated, and again came the "wurst"—this time enormous. I don't know what to call them, but we were supposed to select from the variety offered, and cut off slices to suit ourselves. This at least was better, and I managed to appear to be eating, without really doing very much in that line.

It was after dark as we set off on the road home. The "Frau" said we should come again to some of the winter festivities, and I replied that it would please me greatly. I shall however be wiser next time and omit one or two meals before I go. E. S. KIRK.

#### Natural History, Science, etc.

*Protective Mimicry in Africa.*—It is among the insects that cases of protective resemblance are most abundant. Insects shaped like seed-pods and leaf-buds, like lichen and dried sticks, or colored like leaves and rocks, were met with nearly every day. They are too well known to need description, but two cases may be mentioned.

One case was met with during our return from the first expedition. Strolling one evening out of the camp at Kurawa, I was startled by a hissing noise like that of a snake, coming from a clump of grass. As I was wearing knickerbockers and tennis shoes, I sprang back and pelted the grass with handfuls of sand. As this did not drive out the supposed snake, I cautiously approached, peering into the clump. I could just detect a small green head among the stalks, and behind this appeared, whenever the noise was repeated, an expansion like the head of a cobra. I tried to kill the animal by a few sharp blows with my stick behind the head, and one of these knocked it over. I then found that I had been frightened by a big grass-hopper, which, by puffing out its wings, assumed a resemblance to the shape of the head of a hooded snake, while its noise was a good imitation of the dull, jerky hiss of some species of snakes.

The second case was more remarkable. I was working through the woods, beside the Kibwezi River, with —, Watson, one of the missionaries at the station there, when my attention was attracted by a large brightly-colored flower, like a Fox-glove. It had been raining

savily, and the vegetation was so sodden with moisture that collecting was useless. I should have passed the specimen by had not I noticed one small, white, fluffy patches below the cover. They appeared to be lichen, of a kind which does not usually grow on flower-stems; therefore pushed my stick through the bush & pull the flower towards me. As soon as my ick touched it, to my great surprise, the flowers and buds jumped off in all directions.

There were several similar clusters close by, and when — Watson came up, I pointed one out to him and asked him if he had determined what genus it belonged. He said he had not one so, but that he had seen it before growing on these woods. He attempted to pick it, and was as surprised as I had been at the result.

The arrangement of the colony, with the green, ink-like form at the top of the stem, and the ink flower-like insects below, looked so much like an inflorescence that it deceived both of us, although — Watson is an enthusiastic botanist.

Whether the insects can resume this arrangement on the stem if they are once disturbed, I cannot tell. Though we sat and watched beside them for an hour, they made no attempt to return to the stem. The insects were very sluggish, and simply clung to the leaves on which they first alighted. As a rule the members of this genus can fly well, but these seemed only able to hop for a few inches at a time, and could not move if they could help it. It may be that the insects were only sluggish by the old and rain, but it appears not unlikely that the members of this species have very limited powers of flight, and secured protection from birds by this ingenious mimicry of a cluster of flowers.—J. W. Gregory.

**Mangroves.**—After the palms, the mangroves form the most striking feature in the coast lands. They grow in dense, jungly masses, bordering the estuaries and tidal creeks. The trees usually grow in the water, but the whole of the trunk is raised above it by a series of adventitious roots; it therefore appears as if the tree were supported on a many-legged stand. The most interesting point about the plant is the method by which it prevents its seeds falling by the wayside, and restricts them within the narrow belt in which alone they can grow. If the seeds were scattered on the surface of the estuary, the currents would either cast them ashore or wash them into water too deep for them to root in. The seeds therefore germinate while attached to the tree. The radicle grows into a thick solid spike, eight or ten inches in length, which, when released from its attachment to the parent, falls with sufficient force to drive the spike firmly into the mud beneath. The seeds therefore secure a suitable soil, and grow into dense thickets along the shore between the tide lines.—J. W. Gregory.

FOR "THE FRIEND."

### The Priesthood of Believers.

Under the old dispensation the tenth was called for, for the support of the priesthood, under the new all is called for, or should be held as if it was the Lord's, for the gold and the silver are his, the earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof. The prophet Malachi told God's people that they were robbing Him "even this whole nation," in tithes and offerings.

"Bring me all the tithes and offerings into my storehouse that there may be meat in my house, and I will open the windows of heaven and

pour out a blessing that there will not be room enough to receive it." We may draw a strong spiritual lesson from this, while we are not under the tithing system, yet it is the duty of the living Church of Christ not to allow his cause to suffer for the want of means, remembering that we are stewards and have to give an account of how we use the means God has trusted us with.

The tribe of Levi was to exercise the duties of the priesthood under the law; all are priests under the Gospel. The Society of Friends perhaps have recognized this in its fulness more than most other branches of the Church, while they believe that some who are called to stand as mouth-pieces in the Church should be acknowledged as ministers; yet such have no more liberty than other members. It is fitting that believers should meet together to wait upon the Lord, and let Him have his way with them, and if anything is revealed to another that sitteth by to let the first hold his peace, drawing no line of distinction between ministers and lay members.

Those that are rightly called to the ministry of the Word, are commissioned to feed the flock of God, taking the oversight thereof, not for filthy lucre but of a ready mind, being examples of the flock. There is no Scripture that teaches a one-man arrangement, for this destroys the priesthood of believers.

We are living under the new covenant, in which the law was to be written upon the tablet of the heart instead of upon stone, that no man shall teach his brother or neighbor saying "know ye the Lord," for all shall know Him from the least to the greatest, while it is a part of God's plan to reach the world by the preaching of the Gospel, yet it should be from Him who is head over all things to his Church.

NEW SHARON, IOWA.

GEORGE BRIGGS.

### Spanish Misery Through War.

The *Echo* remarks:—Three hundred years ago, Spain was the mightiest Power in the whole world. "The King of Spain," wrote one of the English swash-bucklers and Jingoes of the period to King James, urging that pacific monarch to an offensive war, "means to found a Fifth Monarchy;" and there was a world-wide fear that unless Spain were arrested in its universal aggrandizements, she would quickly become more powerful than Babylon, Persia, Macedonia, or Rome had ever been. The successive blows struck at this monster by Holland, by Elizabeth, by the alliance of Mazarin and Cromwell, and by Napoleon, had shorn her of nearly all her might and glory at the opening of our century. It appears, however, as if the last fatal stroke would be delivered from that New World of which she was once the predominant mistress. In its criticisms upon the excited Cuban debates in the Spanish Parliament, the Madrid *El Imparcial*, the most independent of Spanish papers, treats its readers not to blind themselves to the true condition of things. The prospects of Spain in Cuba are far worse than the Parliament men dare to own. Spain once possessed the greatest part of all the gold and silver in the world; but now she is utterly incapable of finding money to pay her soldiers. Her troops in Cuba have been fighting for four months without pay. This may be exemplarily patriotic, but it cannot be expected to last very long. Even the enthusiastic volunteers, who boast that they are not mercenaries, are hard put to it to get food. The want of money is so urgent, the credit is so low, that there is the greatest diffi-

culty to obtain the most rudimentary needs of life. It has become impossible to keep up the supply of horses, mules, and other necessities for carrying out the military enterprise of Spain against her rebels. The dearth of money in Cuba is naturally telling painfully upon the Spaniards at home. Thousands of families are in the direst need, and they will lose the last shred of patience when they come to realize that their fathers, husbands, brothers, and sweethearts, who are fighting on the other side of the globe, if they come home again, will come without wages. The Spanish Government has been called upon to deny the assertions made by *El Imparcial*; but as it still hesitates to do so, they may be taken as confessed facts. The incessant wars of Spain, if we except her noble resistance to the aggression of Napoleon, have been wars of offence. And of no other State is the saying more evidently true, than that it is of the once great land of artists, poets, and thinkers: She has taken the sword, and is perishing by the sword. If Spain is saved from disaster she will have to thank her women. The women of Saragosa determined to set an example to their sisters throughout the nation, by getting up a public demonstration of their own against sending any more troops to Cuba. The greatest misery has spread through the province of Arragon by drafting-off so many adults into the army for service in Cuba. As soon as the Governor of the Province heard of this projected demonstration of wives, mothers, sisters, and daughters on behalf of peace, he ordered that it should be stopped. A deputation of women were admitted to an interview with the Governor, however, and he was so touched by their plaintive story that he permitted a public meeting to be held, under the condition that the resolutions to be proposed were first submitted to him for approval. This news is said to have created great concern amongst the ministers in Madrid, as it is almost certain from the character of the Spaniards that the example of Saragosa will be followed by the women in other provinces.—*Herald of Peace*.

**THE TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE SUN.**—Suddenly I became aware that the darkness is coming from neither west nor south, but from above. It is literally falling. A star flashes into view near the zenith, and then seems to be covered a moment as by a veil. It is only an optical illusion, for again it twinkles brightly. The shadow approaches the horizon like a swift-descending curtain let down from the blue dome above. It is strangely fascinating, and even the sun is forgotten for the moment as we watch the shadow of the moon.

"But a repressed yet universal cry bursts from the observers clustered on the bridge. The supreme moment has come—the hour for which all have hoped, and for which the devout have prayed. The moon has covered the sun's disc and hangs like a dead, black ball in the heavens, while instantaneously from every side flashes the glorious, indecipherable corona.

"Never have I seen its like on earth. No painter ever wielded brush that could reproduce that lovely, matchless, silvery glow. One could gaze entranced for hours, but we must count our precious time by seconds. A bright planet beams near the corona, a little below and to the left. It is Jupiter. Below and to the left of it is Venus, and close at hand those who have glasses easily distinguish Mercury. Many see it for the first time in their lives. Those who know just where to look can even see it with the naked eye. The glass brings

out clearly the constellation Leo, with its bright star Regulus.

"But we can study all the planets, save Mercury, at our leisure during the coming year; the corona draws our eyes from planet and from star. All at once on the upper limb of the black ball and to the right there gleams a brilliant point like burning phosphorus or burning steel in a jar of oxygen. The corona fades quicker than thought. The totality is past."—*Exchange*.

Is the life of John Alcock, formerly Archdeacon of Waterford, are related some incidents which show the superstitious ideas that prevailed among some of the ignorant people of Ireland. One of these is a story told of a strong-minded farmer, who determined to vote in the interests of the landlord against the bidding of the priest, though the latter threatened that if he disobeyed him, he "would turn him into a rat."

"It's all nonsense," said he to his wife, before going to the poll. "He can't do anything of the kind. But I say, Biddy," he added in a low tone, "I think you may as well put the cat out of the way."

A very intelligent young girl, a convert, was argued with in vain for some time by the priest. He then told those around her, all Roman Catholics, to leave the room, saying, "I am going to make an example of her and tie her to the ground." When he put on his stole, took out his book, and began to read; the poor girl acknowledged afterwards that she was terribly frightened. "I offered one prayer to the Lord for strength and courage," said she; "and for fear of the worst, I kept my feet going."

## THE FRIEND.

ELEVENTH MONTH 7, 1896.

The cruel treatment which the Armenians in Asia Minor have received from the Turkish Government has naturally awakened a warm feeling of pity towards the sufferers, and of indignation and resentment directed against those who inflicted it. There is need of care lest this latter feeling should be indulged to such an extent as to awaken emotions or lead to actions inconsistent with the zealous spirit of the Gospel of Christ. Some zealous persons seem ready to proclaim war with the Turk without delay, not sufficiently considering that such a war would be attended with far greater loss of life and human misery than have as yet been experienced by the poor Armenians.

It is a favorable circumstance that in different nations, those who hold the reins of government seem to be alive to the sense of the responsibility which rests upon them, and are exercising a care not to enter upon rash and dangerous measures.

Benjamin V. Stanley has been appointed agent for THE FRIEND in place of Samuel W. Stanley, deceased. Address, Springville, Linn Co., Iowa.

### SUMMARY OF EVENTS.

FINANCIAL STATE.—The United States debt statement shows a net increase in the public debt, last cash in the Treasury during the month amounting to \$1,359,725. Total cash in the Treasury, \$89,676,221.

The United States Treasury gold reserves at the close of business on the 31st ultimo declined to \$117,116,269, and on Second-day, the day before the Presidential election, the withdrawals of gold from the Treasury at New York aggregated \$1,359,725, the largest amount on any day except one since the movement of gold to America began.

It is estimated that the two chief political parties have sent out from Washington during this campaign at least 40,000,000 pieces of literature under the Congressional frank, thus evading postage to the amount of \$2,400,000.

Respecting the overriding importance of the liquor traffic from a political-economic standpoint, Ex-Governor Hughes of Arizona says: "The United States has little to fear from England on account of her factories or gold standard of finance. What we have to fear is the demoralizing ruin, morally and financially, she is visiting on our people by the traffic of which she is the fountain, for nearly all of the breweries and stilleries in this country are controlled by English money, from which England is drawing annually millions of dollars. Her annual dividends from American breweries alone being over \$6,000,000, and probably nearly as much or more from her interests in our distilleries. Think of this! more than \$10,000,000 annually contributed to the gold coffers of England, through her breweries and distilleries, to keep Americans drunk, which destroys the American home, paralyzes the American mechanic, demoralizes American labor, and impoverishes the people."

The National Congress of Mothers, which is to be held in Washington in Second Month, is attracting much attention by reason of its novel character. Among the subjects to be considered are the moral, mental and physical training of the young, kindergarten work, love of country and love of humanity, evils of some present educational methods in the schools, the development of the best traits of childhood, the over-education of the child, and the mother's duty.

The experiment of introducing reindeer in Alaska has been a complete success. The animals are increasing at the rate of 60 per cent a year and will soon supply the natives with excellent and abundant food in place of the now almost exterminated seal and other wild animals, besides serving other purposes at once.

Montana produced 21,530,033 pounds of wool this year, and leads all other States as a wool grower.

Cranberries are plentiful and cheap, and many Cape Cod growers are holding on for higher prices.

By an explosion of gas in the mine of the Lehigh and Wilkesbarre Coal Company, at Wilkesbarre, on the 29th ultimo, six men lost their lives, two of them being members of the rescue party, who were suffocated while attempting to reach the bodies of their comrades.

Deaths in this city last week numbered 362, which is 12 less than the previous week and 24 less than the corresponding date of 1895. Of the whole number 178 were males and 184 females. The chief causes of death were: 26 of pneumonia; 26 of heart disease; 18 of diphtheria; 16 of apoplexy; 15 of inflammation of the brain; 14 of marasmus; 14 of old age; 11 of inflammation of the stomach and bowels; 9 of inanition; 9 of uremia, and 9 of nephritis.

Markets, etc.—U. S. 2's, 93 1/2; 4's, reg. 106 1/2; 107 1/2; coupon, 107 1/2; 10's, new 4's, reg. 116 1/2; coupon, 117 1/2; 11's, reg. 110 1/2; 11's, coupon, 111 1/2; currency, 65, 101 1/2.

COTTON advanced 1/2c per lb., in sympathy with New York, but demand from spinners was light. Middling uplands quoted at 82c. per pound.

WHEAT—Winter bran in bulk, quoted \$1.50 to \$1.60 and spring do., in sacks, at \$1.00 to \$1.50 per ton.

FLOUR.—Winter super, \$2.60 to \$2.85; do., extras, \$2.95 to \$3.10; Pennsylvania roller, clear, \$3.70 to \$3.90; do., do., straight, \$4.00 to \$4.25; Western winter, clear, \$3.75 to \$3.90; do., do., straight, \$4.00 to \$4.25; do., do., patent, \$4.35 to \$4.50; spring, clear, \$4.30 to \$4.75; do., straight, \$4.60 to \$4.15; do., patent, \$4.15 to \$4.35; do., favorite brands, higher. City mills, extra, \$2.90 to \$3.10; do., clear, \$3.70 to \$3.90; do., straight, \$4.00 to \$4.25; do., patent, \$4.50 to \$4.75. RYE FLOUR.—\$2.75 per barrel for choice Pennsylvania. BUCKWHEAT FLOUR.—\$1.00 to \$1.70 per 100 pounds for new, as to quality.

GRAIN.—No. 2 red wheat, 79 1/2 a 80c.

No. 2 mixed corn, 20 1/2 to 30c.

No. 2 white oats, 24 1/2 to 25c.

BEEF CATTLE.—Extra, 44 1/2 to 45c; good, 41 1/2 to 43c; medium, 44 1/2 to 45c; com. 34 1/2 to 35c.

LAMBS.—Extra, 34 1/2 to 35c; good, 31 1/2 to 33c; medium, 29 1/2 to 31c; common, 27 1/2 to 29c; culls, 17 1/2 to 22c; lambs, 34 to 35c.

HOGS.—Good Western, 5 1/2 to 5 3/4; others, 5 to 5 1/2c.

FOREIGN.—J. J. Thompson, in a recent able address before one of the scientific societies of England, said that the experiment which he was making was a practical experiment that would show that the X rays were a species of light, but that there is no property which the X rays pos-

sess which is not possessed by some kind of light. This is a very important statement.

Most of the rivers in France are out of their banks and many villages are inundated. There is great alarm in Paris. The Seine is rising and much damage has been done along and below the city. The river is so full of floating debris that traffic upon it has been stopped.

An official cablegram received in Madrid from Manila, the capital of the Philippine Islands lately says that a conspiracy against the government has been discovered in the Sooloo Islands. Eight Spanish soldiers were found to be connected with the revolt. At Sooloo, the capital of the Sooloo Archipelago, no troops have been sent there by the Governor of the Philippines, who has also armed a local force at Sooloo.

The drought continues in India, and the crop situation is daily becoming more serious. Advances from Simla were the prospect of rain, but it will occur in India are increasing and that the outlook is very serious. In the North-west, Punjab and Central Provinces there is a scarcity of food products, extending as far as Belar and Bombay, and prices have risen materially. The Government, the advices state, have announced that they have decided to issue a note of circulation of the rupee which has been begun, and relief work have been established elsewhere.

Anthracite coal of high quality is said to have been discovered in Arizona, in British North America.

Dr. G. enfell, Superintendent of the British Mission to the deep sea fishermen, now operating in Labrador, sends appealing accounts of the destitution which prevails on the coast. Owing to the failure of the season, hundreds of persons are on the verge of starvation living only upon the flour which Doctor Grenfell and other philanthropists are able to dole out to them and most perish within a couple of months unless the Government sends prompt relief. This is likely to be done, though it will tax the Government's resources to the fullest capacity. The Government has stated relief work at St. John's to assist the unemployed.

### NOTICES.

RACHEL G. HALL, Plain Milliner, will be at 20 South Fourth Street, Philadelphia, on and after the nineteenth of Eleventh Month, 1896.

WESTERN QUARTERLY MEETING OF FRIENDS.—The train leaving Broad Street Station, Philadelphia at 11:47 A. M. on the twentieth inst. will be met at West Grove to convey the Friends desiring to attend the Western Quarterly Meeting of Friends to be held at London Grove, Chester Co., Pa.

TREMAN C. MOORE, }  
GEO. R. CHAMBERS, } Committee.

THE MOORESTOWN PEACE ASSOCIATION OF FRIENDS will mail free suitable and interesting literature to all who are interested in the propagation of peace principles.

ALICE C. RHOADS, Sec'y.

MOORESTOWN, Burlington Co., N. J.

WESTOWN BOARDING SCHOOL.—Applications for the admission of pupils to the school, and letters it directed to instruction and discipline should be addressed to WILLIAM F. WICKERSHAM, Principal.

Payments on account of board and tuition, and communications in regard to business should be forwarded to EDWARD G. SMEDLEY, Superintendent, Westown, Pa. O., Chester Co., Pa.

WESTOWN BOARDING SCHOOL.—For convenience of persons coming to Westown School, the stage will meet trains leaving Philadelphia 7.17 and 8.46 A. M. and 2.53 and 4.32 P. M. Other trains are met when requested. Stage fare on regular trips, fifteen cents on special trips, twenty-five cents each way. To reach the school by telegraph, wire West Chester Phone 86 EDWARD G. SMEDLEY, Sup't.

FRIENDS' TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION.—A meeting will be held at 140 N. SIXTH STREET, PHILA., on Second-day, Tenth Month 31st, 1896, at 2 P. M., to which all interested are cordially invited. Dr. Geo. M. Phillips of the West Chester State Normal School, will address the meeting on "How the World is Governed."

Discussion of "Civics and How to Teach It," by Isaac Sharpless, Ann Sharpless, Watson W. Dewey Isaac T. Johnson, and others.

EDITH S. CRENEY, Sec'y.

DIED, suddenly at his home in West Branch, Iowa, Tenth Mo. 3rd, 1896, THOMSON WALKER, aged seventy-seven years, a member of West Branch Monthly Meeting of Conservative Friends.



# THE FRIEND.

A Religious and Literary Journal.

VOL. LXX.

SEVENTH-DAY, ELEVENTH MONTH 14, 1896.

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PHILADELPHIA.

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JOSEPH WALTON,

MOORESTOWN, BURLINGTON CO., N. J.

Entered as second-class matter at Philadelphia P. O.

## Diary and Letters of Deborah Brooks Webb.

(Continued from page 12.)

TO L. H. B.

PHILADELPHIA, Eighth Month 6th, 1863.

"The tide of our affections seems to have been so deep, so true and so pure, that I cannot bear to think of entering deeply into argumentative intercourse now. It is so apt to lead away from the pure search for Truth, into a desire to uphold one's own opinions, that I always shrink from it. We have not been guilty of this yet, I think, and now I only humbly wish to tell thee my secret feelings on these two points and then leave thee in the arms of Him who gently leadeth those that are young. May He bless thee and give thee rest still more and more.

"When I draw nigh in spirit to my Saviour I seem to be near the Father too, and feel his approbation; and when I ask anything in his name it seems to me that my Saviour smiles the answer, they are so united in one. And when I beg the aid of the Holy Spirit it draws me nearer to the favor of the Father and Son. They are one; I feel it, I know it—the blessed One.

"But outward water seems as far from the inward purifying Spirit, as the outward sun is from the glorious Sun of righteousness. They may do for illustration, but the answer of a good conscience before God, requires deep searching of spirit, the baptism of fire against all our evil inclinations and dispositions. Saved from all sin and raised to the communion of Father and Son, this is the communion with the body and blood of Christ, that I want. He laid down his body and shed his precious blood to purchase this redemption for me. This is our communion.

"Yes, dear Laura, the same quiet love and sympathy with nature rests with me, and all its virtues seem to breathe a melody into my soul and raise it in silent aspirations. How precious to have thee say, thou had such a rest and confidence in thy Saviour and such a disapprobation too of all war and warlike spirit. It is so much more noble and Christ-like to be willing to suffer persecution, than to prepare for taking the life of another who, perchance, was ungodly and would go to eternal punishment. I hope thy brother will not be drafted.

"Thou wilt see by the date of this, that I have returned from my Newark home, for it

always seems like home where sister S. is. I would like to show thee some of the grand old elm trees of that place. They are so graceful and beautiful. Newark is mostly spread over a great extent of land, so there are plenty of garden spots with trees and shrubbery, giving it quite a country-like air. I scarcely realize being in so large a city.

"Is it not a favor the riots were checked? We were threatened there two or three nights, but all has become quiet. At such times it is not a favor to remember afresh the words, 'Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee.' 'Whoso hearkeneth unto me shall dwell safely, and shall be quiet from the fear of evil.' Think of me for the next week and a half right out in the country, sometimes watching the ships on the river, sometimes picking huckleberries, and sometimes watching the sky enlivened with the most beautiful sunsets. These last are such a treat. My little niece and nephew will occupy a large portion of time too, and afford much enjoyment.

"Dear L., sometimes I fear I write too much as though I had attained, I only am passing on 'to apprehend those things for which I am apprehended.' I often feel so poor in spirit, so low, so mean, and magnify the mercy that can stoop to hear my cry. Think of me, dearest L., three weeks from now, for I may have a close trial and in my heart would love thy sympathy and prayers. Pray that I may have strength, if thou canst.

"Farewell, in love and sweet communion of spirit.

"DEBORAH BROOKS."

Resuming her diary she says:

1863.—Eighth Month 7th.—To-morrow I go, if nothing prevents, to sister Mary's, and being in some measure preserved from some sins, I humbly crave heavenly help for the coming week and a half. Thy favors have been very great and I so utterly unworthy. Raise me into newness of life before thee. Help me to fast and pray.

Ninth Month 6th.—Made a change this day in my dress, after much doubt and fear. May it be sanctified to me. "Baptise me with thy baptism more and more, oh Lord."

In reference to this change in her dress she thus writes to her brother and sister:

"I have had no letters, neither have written any, for it has been one of my anxious weeks. It has seemed the longest one I ever passed in my life, but I hope to be quiet now, for to-day found me in my plainer dress. I took tea in it to night and so broke the ice, and intend it shall be my every day costume. I can feel now that my motive is accepted, and oh, saith my soul, that the 'Words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart may always be acceptable too.'"

16th.—Dearest Lord and Master thou saidst thy grace was sufficient, when Paul had the thorn in the flesh, oh! grant that I may feel it

\* During the War of the Rebellion, in opposition to "drafts," a fearful time.

so now. Oh! grant that I may rise superior to temptation! Oh! God of peace, bridle Satan under my feet shortly. I have felt a little overcoming this day and a little of the lifting up of thy countenance this night. Oh, for thy blessing.

27th.—"Woman thou art loosed from thine infirmity," came to me this afternoon, while I was beseeching strength to watch and fast and pray, to put my mouth as in the dust, that He might be exalted over me and over all my will and ways. Oh! that it may prove so, after these eighteen years bondage, and that made pure, I may glorify Him for his goodness and long-suffering mercy.

Tenth Month 3rd.—Notwithstanding all thy mercies, my garments are stained somewhat. I hope in thy mercy and that thou wilt cleanse me from all unrighteousness. When shall I walk with thee in white? When shall I worship thee in the beauty of holiness.

11th.—I felt this morning that it was indeed of the Lord's mercies that I was not consumed, because his compassions fail not. They are new every morning.

TO L. H. B.

PHILADELPHIA, Tenth Month 20th, 1863.

"Thou art indeed very frequently the companion of my thoughts, sometimes at the lovely twilight hour. Does it not seem a fit emblem of the quietude of soul of those in whom Christ governs? Oh! holy calm for all our doubts and fears! how I long daily to experience more of it, to feel as if my will and mouth were in the dust, and He exalted over all. 'Glorious is He in holiness, fearful in praises, doing wonders!' His power, might and mercy seem so great that I often feel, 'Who would not fear thee, thou King of saints!'

"Thy dear little note seemed to disclose much to me. If by patiently performing the part at home, with cheerfulness and loving kindness thou art glorifying Him, the reward will be sure and perhaps by thy sweetness and gentleness thou canst win other dear ones to Him. I think that a very lovely character of which we read, were all in the household can nestle their joys and sorrows with confidence. But methinks that one's cup must often be replenished at the pure Fountain or it would fail. . . .

"Didst thou think of me in my trial? Well it is over now, and when thou comes, perhaps my outward apparel may appear a little different, and oh, that I could say that the inward adorning was more settled and deep in character.

"While with Anne Sheppard, during the last week of vacation, we did something at collecting flowers for bleaching and skeletonizing and I want to go out on my next holiday, to assist her a little. . . . Didst thou ever think of those flowers being a type of the resurrection of the soul, clothed in pure white before its Creator? They have to pass through so much cleansing and finally become so white and beautiful that they remind me of it.

"Now dearest, in a portion of this pure and loving Spirit, my heart salutes thee and says farewell.

"Thine, truly as ever,  
"D. B."

25th.—Through adorable mercy have been enabled to walk almost entirely in the strait and narrow way during the past week. Glory and honor, thanksgiving and praise be unto this little seed of life made manifest in my soul. Oh! help me to put my mouth in the dust, that thou may be exalted, God over all.

31st.—Thou Lord 'ost condescend to teach me thyself and I come unto thee like a little child. Have mercy upon me! Hold my hand lest I slip! Show me, oh Lord, of thy spirit and power! Teach me the revelation of unutterable truth and acceptance of a wonder-working power, which can change the heart, humble the lofty spirit and produce a holy frame of mind, rejoicing in the fruits of the Spirit, righteousness, peace and joy in the Holy Ghost.

(To be continued.)

FOR "THE FRIEND."

### Saul—Paul.

Perhaps there is no more notable example of the power of God to save and the Holy Spirit to transform a life than we get in the change of Saul, of Tarsus, to Paul, the great disciple to the Gentile world.

Saul the persecutor, making havoc in the church, hauling to prison men and women who were of the "Way."

Paul, preaching that Christ fearlessly, whom he had aforetime blasphemed so vehemently.

How blessedly Christ can save those who come to Him and submit to the Holy Spirit to do his way. But one may say, "Of course, Saul was a bad man, persecuting the Church, and by his actions showing an evil heart. I am not like him, he needed a change to be wrought. I have never done any real bad thing. I believe in doing the best I can, and I think I am all right." Listen! Saul, of Tarsus *thought* he did God service, and my dear soul, hear this, "All have sinned and come short of the glory of God."

"Except a man be born again he cannot enter into the kingdom of God." Cannot even *see* it—simply cannot, the same as I cannot see the Yosemite Valley if I do not seek it. But listen again, "To as many as received Him to them gave He power to become the children of God." So He will do now. As many as open their hearts and admit this Lord of life, He becomes their life in deed and truth.

Dear heart, He will transform thy life. Let no one think a mere head knowledge and belief will avail. If thy love and loyalty to thy Lord, does not show in thy life, I question very much whether thou hast seen or hast the kingdom of God, for that kingdom is peace. If a man has been ill-natured and unkind in his family, unlovable and unlovely, and still shows the same unyielding spirit, no matter what he may say as to himself, people read the life, and we are said to be "epistles read and known." How useful then that they who profess to be of God's people, should in their life and conduct show forth the fruits of the Spirit! A man is not an example of Christ-serving if he is proud and over-bearing, carrying a high head. He does not show a changed life if he thinks only of self, and cares little how anyone else fares. No, the loving, Christ-like spirit is self-

sacrificing, gentle, teachable, kind. If Christ be in us we will show forth the Christ-life and likeness. "Ye must be born again," and the new birth is a changed life, the old man cast out, and the new man, the holy one, taking possession. "All things become new," because "the old things are passed away." If Christ be formed in you, then ye are new creatures—a new creation—and this is "a life hid with Christ in God." Oh! blessed life, how different from the old.

Dear reader, seek to know thou hast truly passed from death unto life, then wilt thou indeed be a light in the world. Do not rest then in an easy indifference, uncertain how it may be with thee, but listen to the voice of the Holy Spirit. He will tell thee where thou standest. He will show thee thy heart, and if thou art not already his, let Him now transform thy nature, and thy life will show forth his praise, peace shall be thy portion in this life, and in the life to come eternal rest. Delay not, for no man knoweth when he will be called hence to render an account to God. Oh! may we be ready to enter into the gates of the City.

J. H. Y.

### The Plain Language.

One day, when reading in the Scriptures, which were become more sweet to me, the fourth chapter of John, where the account is given of the conversation the Saviour had with the woman of Samaria, it is said she told her neighbors she had seen a man who had told her all things that ever she did. Then did they come also to hear Him, and said unto her, "Now we believe—not because of thy saying, for we have heard Him ourselves." Although I had admired the Scripture language, which was spoken by the Quakers, and thought there was great simplicity in it, yet I had never felt that any part of it belonged to me until that moment; neither was I then thinking anything about the language, either how it was written or spoken, but as I was reading the words, "Now we believe—not because of thy saying." As soon as I had pronounced in my heart the single word *thy*, it was as fire in my bones, or as a sharp two edged sword. I could not proceed. I trembled, and it was made known to me that that was the simple, the pure, the uncorrupted manner in which God had instructed his creatures to have communication one with another. Oh! the purity and beauty that was opened to my mind respecting it.

The first conversation that God had with man was thus begun, "Adam, where art thou?" And all the communication between God and man—with all the prophets, and the blessed Jesus, and the apostles, they were all in the same manner. That I may truly say they were as so many voices calling aloud to me and saying, "This is the way, walk thou in it." But all these things I hid in my heart.

The requiring of the Lord, increased from day to day, to be obedient unto Him, and to use the Scripture language—this was indeed to try as by fire. Many were the times I have sat in my work-room, the girls at work around, when the power of the Lord has arrested me as an armed man, calling aloud for obedience, and I have said in my sore trouble, "Lord, if thou wilt strengthen me, I will be obedient to Thee before I rise from this seat." But alas! alas! when the girls have spoken to me, I have answered in my former manner, and again been much in sorrow. I may say, for many months my soul was very sorrowful, even almost unto

death; for had my Holy Father required my life at my hand, I would gladly have given up this instead of saying thee and thou to a single person. Often, when walking in the fields, which I was obliged to do almost daily, my health being very feeble, I have poured out my soul before God, begging for strength to take up this great cross, and often saying in my heart, "There are many good people who do not use this language; why may I not please Thee without speaking thus?" but my reasonings were all in vain, for I was made truly sensible that "obedience is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams." I have said, "If Thou wilt strengthen me, I will never again rebel against Thee in this;" but the first person that has addressed me, I have fallen again into condemnation—like poor Samson, shorn of his strength. Oh! wretched creature that I am, who shall deliver me from this bondage—the fear of man.

I had been instructed by the Lord that I was not to do his work partially, neither was I to respect persons, so I could no more speak to my apprentice in this language than I could to a lady. At last my bodily strength began again to fail, and my health sunk under such a pressure of continual condemnation. As sensibly as Paul ever felt, that a woe would be unto him if he preached not the Gospel, so sensibly did I feel, that except I gave up to use the whole Scripture language, I should be a castaway. I, tremblingly, gave up and said, "My Father! my Father! if I perish I will be obedient." The trial was long, and the fire exceedingly fierce; but my adorable Saviour, who said to his immediate followers, "Take no thought beforehand what ye shall answer, for it shall be given you in that same hour," was near to help in every time of need.

Those who employed me in my business were generally the great and rich of this world, in consequence of which my cross was much greater. When attending some ladies, I have been arrested by Divine power, so that I have felt constrained to tell them what was required of me. On these occasions, some have said I was a very good creature, quite good enough, there was no reason whatever for me to change; but they believed what I did was from principle. Others said, I was beside myself; it was all nonsense; others were dreadfully enraged, saying it was too much equality, it was not showing proper respect to my superiors.

The Lord, in mercy, gave me power to declare his truth, and the opposing spirit was bound down at those times. One day, a lady, a well-wisher of mine, said, "My dear Loveday, I would advise you to take care what you are about, for I heard some ladies say they should not employ you again." I felt this as a dart to my heart; but was strengthened to answer with these words, "He who feeds the ravens when they cry unto Him, has taught me to look to Him for my daily bread." My soul was strengthened, for power was given from on high, yet I oftentimes shunned the cross. Very many times I have not spoken half what I wanted to speak, because the cross was so great. I believe had I been more faithful to the instructions of my Allwise Teacher, this fiery trial would not have lasted so long. I was led daily to see the pride of the human heart, in its unrenewed state, looking for the honor that cometh from man; but these things drove me more and more to the fountain head of all happiness, for from Him cometh my help.—From the *Memoir of Loveday Henwood*.

## A Letter from Germany.

GÖTTINGEN, Tenth Month 10th, '96.

This week my friend Ida came to Göttingen to be treated. She is in a hospital for a week, and I go to see her every afternoon, and it is so pleasant for both of us. I am not allowed to see her mornings. If I had not been here, her mother would have come, although it did not suit her, so I am very glad that I can be a little bit of use to some one.

Andreasberg is only a little over an hour and a half from here by railroad, and I shall probably go to see her sometime in the winter. I should love to be there when there is snow everywhere.

To-day Fraulein F—— and the two children and I took a long walk to a most picturesque village—situated on the top of a high hill that looks down upon the valley in which Göttingen lays. People who have been there say that the village called Nicolausberg is situated exactly like the holy city, Jerusalem. They often call it, therefore, "Klein Jerusalem," and have named the various elevations about "Mount of Olives," "Zion," and so on. The way up was very interesting, a delightful path wound up the hills that extend along the north side of our valley, giving a charming view.

We are having now the "Alter Wiber Summer" (old wives summer)—really perfect to-day, warm and sunny, such as we have had very few of for several months. The harvests are all in, or at least nearly so, for at present they are at work taking out the last potatoes from the ground, and also the sugar-beets, of which an immense amount are raised in this section of the country. The trees are all changing their foliage, and many stand already bare. The colors are fine, though not to compare with what we have very often with us. After reaching the top of the range of hills, we descended a steep slope, to again climb a yet higher and steeper one, upon the top of which we could now see the body of the old church, whose tower is a landmark over the entire surrounding country.

We had brought "butter-brot," along, and at a very uninviting looking "Gasthouse" (village hotel), we could get milk and beer. A—and I took a glass each of the former, while the other two preferred the German beverage.

While it was being brought and the others were resting, I took the time to wander about the old graveyard surrounding the "kirche," whose tower is so conspicuous a feature of the landscape. It is one of the finest buildings of the kind in this part of the country, and dates from some time in the tenth or eleventh century. I found no very old tombstones, but I imagine the oldest graves are entirely obliterated. A rambling wall encloses it from the orchards and barn yards of the neighboring houses, and from its steep sloping position one has a charming view of the distant towers of Göttingen, seen through a V-shaped opening in the distance, and of the hills beyond, as well as of the picturesque red tiled roofs embosomed in verdure, of the houses of the village that cluster in romantic confusion along the sides of the hills.

On our way down we met a remarkable team drawing a cart loaded with sugar-beets. It was composed of an old horse and a cow harnessed together.

At the foot of the hill we noticed as we came up a field that was a perfect mass of gorgeous red poppies and what the Germans call "korn-

blumen," they are really beautiful together. We sent the children on ahead to gather a bouquet, and when we came along the temptation was too great—we too waded in amongst them, although it was already late, and we all came home laden with handsome bouquets. If this weather continues we will soon take another trip to a beautiful old ruin not far away, and then there are a host of villages that I want to visit. It is a pity that the days are so short, but the sunshine we must make use of while it lasts.

Scarcely a day passes that I do not feel thankful for the quiet and comfortable home that I have here. This immense garden is my constant retreat. Often mornings before the others are stirring, I am out with my book, getting the fresh air and early sunshine, and when it rains I put on my waterproof and an old hat and overshoes, and go just the same. E. S. K.

## A Nearer View of the Jasmine Tower.

Many of the readers of thy paper will recall the visit to Philadelphia, several years ago, of that well educated benevolently inquisitive Hindu lady, the Pandita Ramabai, upon the occasion of which visit she was the guest of Dr. Rachel L. Bodley, since deceased, Dean of the Women's Medical College. Soon after her return to India she was enabled to inaugurate, at her native city of Poona, the institution which she had had so much at heart for the instruction and care of that much despised and oppressed class, the young widows of her race. A very interesting letter, which she has lately written to her American friends comes as a quite pertinent comment upon the remark that was made the other day by our eminent visitor, Li Hung Chang, concerning the near approach, in his estimation, of the religion of Christ to that of Confucius. (I think that we should find the religious beliefs of China and India much more nearly allied: Buddhism prevails in both countries). Those who, with myself, have read thrilling rhapsodies upon the wondrously exquisite architecture of the Taj Mahal, may be especially instructed by what the pandita says in her recent letter.

Opening with the remark that "a superficial knowledge of the philosophies and religious books of India has been misleading many Western people to think that the Hindus are the sole possessors of superior spirituality," so that she is not at all surprised that the good men and women of the West, who only see the outside of the grand structures of Oriental philosophy, are charmed with them," she continues:

"This reminds me of the sight I saw at Agra, while I visited that city, about 1894. One day we went into the fort to see the grand palaces of the Mogul Emperors. There we saw the great Khas Mahal, or the Emperor's private palace, where he used to keep hundreds of beautiful women shut up for life. The guide showed us the Rani's private rooms, the gardens and grand marble buildings once occupied by the kings and queens. He also showed us the beautiful pleasure tower, called Saman Burj. Visitors are shown all that is beautiful there, and they go away carrying very pleasant impressions of Agra with them."

Not content with seeing the charming exterior of those "poems in marble," Ramabai asked to be shown the dungeons where those queens who unhappily incurred the king's displeasure were put away. Although the guide at first denied the existence of such places, his denial and reluctance were overcome. A trap

door on one side the palace was opened, letting the visitor into the underground apartments: then, a big torch lighted, they proceeded to the furthest end of the great building to a room beneath the Saman Burj, or Jasmine Tower. The room was very dark, octagonal, with a deep, dark pit in the centre, and a big beam placed on the walls right over that pit. This beam, beautifully carved, served for hanging the unfortunate women who once occupied the throne of the king as his queens, but had by some unknown cause fallen under his displeasure, and had to suffer such a cruel and ignoble death. Their lifeless bodies were let down into that dark pit, whence a stream carried them to the waters of the Jumna, to be eaten by crocodiles.

It would be interesting to transcribe all the letter, but an additional sentence or two must suffice. Ramabai would have her Western sisters not to be satisfied "with looking on the outside beauty of the grand philosophies, and not to be charmed with hearing the long and interesting discourses of our educated men, but to open the trap-door of the great monuments of Hindu intellect and enter into the dark cellars, where they will see the real workings of the philosophies which they admire so much." "I have gone," she says, "to many of the so-called sacred places, lived among the people, and seen enough of these learned philosophers and possessors of superior Hindu spirituality who oppress the widows and trample the poor, ignorant, low-caste people under their heels. They send out hundreds of emissaries to look for young widows, and bring them by hundreds and thousands to the sacred cities to rob them of their money and their virtue. . . . If anything has been done for the fatherless and widow by anybody at all, it has been done by those people who have come under the direct influence of Christianity."

It was in grateful recognition of the fact that when the wife of Earl Li was critically ill, her doctors having declared they could do no more for her and she "must die," yet the subsequent efforts of missionary physicians—one of them a woman doctor of the American Methodist Mission, were, nevertheless, successful, that the Viceroys entered heartily into the project to establish "a great hospital plant and efficient service for men and a second hospital for women," himself the chief patron of the one, his restored wife that of the other.

Earl Li does not believe that the opium production and the use of the drug are good things for "the celestial empire." It was about thirty-five years ago that the Earl of Shaftesbury—a good, practical exponent of Christianity—introduced into the British Parliament a motion of inquiry (1) into the lawfulness of the revenue derived in India from the cultivation of the poppy, and (2) whether it was lawful to prepare the drug for the purpose of smuggling it into China. Although neither of these queries has yet been satisfactorily answered by the Government to which they were addressed, it may meanwhile be said that the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ neither fosters nor defends the baneful traffic. It sufficeth not to draw the world's admiring attention to the exquisitely sculptured exterior of the Temple. "The King's daughter," said the Psalmist, "is all glorious within."—*Joshua W. Leeds in the Public Ledger.*

NOTHING should be reckoned bad, or called an evil, if God sent it; whatever He sends is good.

## For "THE FRIEND."

Lines in memory of Jane H. Sears, of Coal Creek, Iowa, who passed away Seventh Mo. 21st, 1890, after a sickness of less than twenty-four hours, a large part of which time she was unconscious.

On a quiet summer evening,  
When the sun was sinking low,  
O'er the wires came solemn tidings,  
Which it grieved our hearts to know;

That a cousin we had cherished  
Ever since our childhood days,  
For her heart so true and loving,  
For her kind and gentle ways,

Had been called by Death's bright angel—  
Ere we knew it she was gone,—  
But we feel her lamp was burning  
And her Christian armor on.

Well we knew that there were dear ones  
Gathered round her dying bed,  
Who to every need were faithful,  
Who kind words of pity said.

Though our frail and finite reason  
Cannot understand or see  
Why her call should be so sudden,  
And so wrapt in mystery,

Why, when came to her the summons,  
Those by kindred ties most near  
Might not gather round her bedside,  
Shed o'er her the parting tear,

Might not see the look so peaceful  
Telling us of Heavenly bliss,  
As we bent above her coffin  
For a last, long loving kiss.

Why no word of sweet assurance  
To her dear ones she might give,  
That she heard her Heavenly Father  
Calling her with Him to live,

That she felt his power, sustaining  
In the solemn hour of death,  
And his arms of love and mercy  
Round about and underneath.

Yet we dare not doubt or question,  
For we feel that all is well;  
That our dear one with the angels  
Safe forevermore will dwell;

For this precious consolation  
To our saddened hearts is given:  
She had loved the dear Redeemer,  
She had lived her life for Heaven.

And truly we may say of her  
"She hath done what she could,"  
For, all-forgotten of herself,  
She lived for others' good.

On tender ministries she came  
And went with willing feet,  
And round our daily lives she cast  
An influence, pure and sweet.

And, although our hearts are longing  
For her presence as of yore,  
And though tears of love are flowing  
For our dear one gone before,

Though we miss her far too deeply  
To be told by tongue or pen,  
Yet we would not wish to call her  
Back to earth, to life again;

But would long in meek submission  
To our Heavenly Father's will,  
And, in humble, deep contrition,  
Would be found abiding still.

S. D. S.

FAIRBURN, OHIO.

## For "THE FRIEND."

WE ALL DO FADE AS A LEAF.  
Is. lxxiv. 6.

The mild Autumnal days have come, in all their wondrous glow,  
When million leaves of varied forms their magic beauty show—  
Nor rainbow hues nor sunset skies can'en with them compare.

When, clustering on every bough, their gorgeous robes they wear.

The crimson of the maple and the poplar's golden hue,

In richest tints, we note beneath their canopy of blue,  
And darksome pines the many shades of color interweave,  
By contrast strong, to beautify the bright and pleasing scene.

And is there not a lesson in the lovely changing leaf,  
To warn the thoughtless worldly one, his life is surely brief;

That, as he hears the solemn close, his soul the mark should bear  
That he is ripening peacefully while leaving earthly care?

May glories of the unseen world then gild his latest day,

As if reflected from above, in pure celestial ray,  
And, when in death his faded form, mute and unconscious lies,

The Saviour's smile illuminate his pathway to the skies.  
JOHN COLLINS.

PHILADELPHIA, Tenth Month, 1890.

## The Plain Pathway of Salvation.

The Lord Jesus Christ is the only Saviour.  
Grace and Truth comes by Jesus Christ.  
The Lord Jesus Christ saves by the grace and Truth which comes by Him.

For, it is the grace of God that brings salvation, and it is the Truth, as it is in Jesus, which makes free indeed.

He, therefore, that would be saved from sin and condemnation, must wait for the inward manifesting and revealing of the grace and Truth in his heart; and must receive it, and be subject to it, learning of the grace to deny ungodliness and worldly lusts in every kind; and he must learn of the Truth as it is in Jesus, to deny whatever is contrary to the life, nature and Spirit of Jesus. He must likewise learn of the grace and Truth, to fear God; to turn from all false, invented worship and ways of men, and to worship God, the Father of Spirits, in spirit and in truth; and, as he learns and practices this, he will also learn of the grace and Truth, to live soberly and righteously in this present world, yea, and godly also, even as the holy God would have him; for, God would have men live no otherwise than as his grace and Truth teaches them. Now, God's grace and Truth, and the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus, which is written in the inward parts, do not only teach that which is good, and to deny and depart from that which is evil, but give ability so to do. "My grace is sufficient for thee," said God to Paul. And the Truth of Jesus, revealed inwardly, hath virtue and power in it; inasmuch, that they who receive the grace and Truth which comes by Jesus Christ, receive power to become sons of God. For the grace, the Truth, is not a notional thing, but hath the virtue and power of life, and mortification in it; and they that truly receive it, partake of its virtue and power in operation and exercise of it in their hearts, and are thereby really made dead unto sin and alive unto God.

So, then, he that knows the grace and Truth which comes by Jesus Christ, receives it, learns of it, is subject to it, and partakes of its virtue and power, he knows Christ unto salvation; but he that knows not, receives not, is not subject to the grace, doth not experience the sufficiency of the grace, nor witness ability and power through it to become a son to God, and to do the will of God,—he doth not yet at all know the Lord Jesus Christ unto the salvation of his soul, notwithstanding whatsoever he may profess or believe concerning Him.—I. Penington.

## Curious Lamps.

Nearly all the jelly-fishes are luminous, and on dark nights the sight as one gazes into the water is a marvellous one. Instead of darkness and gloom, the water appears to be filled with lights which move in every direction, with long tails like comets, others like mimic snags and mounds. These remarkable creatures are so delicate that many can be seen, but not felt and nearly all are ninety-five per cent water, so that when exposed to the sun they soon disappear, evaporating like water itself. They range in size from specimens just visible to moon stars almost capable of stopping a boat, and with a maze of tentacles sufficient to drown a man or seriously poison him by the discharge of their batteries of lasso cells.

One of the largest jelly-fishes ever seen in American waters was observed by Mrs. Loui Agassiz, who found it floating on the surface in Massachusetts Bay. An oar was used to near it, and across the disc it was seven feet while the mass of tentacles as they stretched away, was over one hundred feet in length. Imagine this monster, this mass of solidified water luminous, a gigantic comet moving through the depths of the ocean, each individual tentacle standing out in high relief against the dark water, and some conception may be had of the sights to be seen beneath the sea.

The light emitted by these jelly-fishes is called phosphorescence, but what it is or how it is produced is more or less a mystery. In some it invests the entire animal, in others the umbrella of the jelly is the light-giving organ, while in others it is confined to certain portions of the body. The light varies in color. The common tint is yellow or white, while blue, green and red are seen, so that the jellies appear like gem in the sea, scintillating with all the tints of the diamonds.

By stirring small jellies violently the write has produced a light by which the time was told at night by a watch; and one luminous jelly-fish placed in twenty-seven ounces of mill produced a light so vivid that ordinary newspaper print could be read several feet away. More remarkable yet was the experience of a naturalist in the equatorial Pacific, who stood on the shore of an island and read a book by the light of the breaking waves, which were grinding up the fragile fire-bodies and making a line of fire or light that reached away for miles.

The writer has witnessed a similar phenomenon in extreme southern Florida, where the waves broke on a coral reef, at night making a gradual curve of white light that could be distinguished a long distance on the darkest night. The water here was filled with jellyfishes and other minute jelly-like forms, so that the slight disturbance in the water created a blaze of light.

The light of jelly-fishes has a practical value. On the New England coast the mackerel fisherman take advantage of it by following the school at night, relying on the tell-tale jellies and other minute light-givers to expose the position of the fish, which they really do by a simple process. The mackerel, by swimming along in vast body, disturb the jellies, irritating them so that the entire school looks like a patch of fire on the water, which can be seen from the top-mast of the mackerel-men a long distance off. Toward it the vessel is directed, the large net thrown about the fiery spot, and enormous loads of fish made.

If a single school of fish can change the water

er acres into a mass of seething fire, we can imagine the appearance of the ocean in a storm where phosphorescent animals abound. The effect in such cases is often remarkable. Ahead of the ship will be a mass of foam blazing like fire, and so brilliant that the sails, masts and rigging are illumined by it. In such a sea one of the most remarkable of all phenomena was observed—a luminous waterspout. The spout was large and seemed lost in the clouds, a literal pillar of fire travelling by night, and so appalling a spectacle that it terrified mariners; yet the simple phosphorescent jellyfishes, diatoms, noctiluca, and others, were the cause; whirled about, torn apart by the rushing waters, the light was augmented until the entire monster column appeared to blaze with light and stand out against the sky like a pillar of fire. Such a sight might well excite the superstitious fears of the sailors and augment the terrors of the sea.

One of the most remarkable of the jelly-like luminous animals is known as the pyrosoma, or "fire-body." It resembles a cylinder, open at one end, from six inches to four or five feet in length, and is in reality a community of animals, better known as an ascidian. A ship once sailed through a sea of these creatures, with a result that was awe-inspiring. The water had a milky appearance, and looked, upon examination, as though it were filled with red-hot cylinders. The sea when it broke gave a spectral glare to everything, so that the sails and rigging cast dark shadows on the deck.

Some of these fire-bodies were nearly five feet in length, and presented a most great spectacle when brought on deck, great waves of fire sweeping over the surface, which seemed to be studded with bolts, or to have the appearance of hammered brass. The naturalist Bibrà took one of these fire-bodies and placed it in a jar of water which he suspended from the ceiling, when it emitted so brilliant a light that he actually wrote a description of the animal by its own light.

The animals which constitute these cylinders each draw in water from the outside and eject it into the interior, and the volume rushing out or forced out of the larger end, forces the animal along, after the manner of some of the steamers used in canals, in which water is simply forced out of a pipe in the stern, thus pushing them along.

These lights have their uses in the economy of nature; they are signals and warnings, and undoubtedly aid the illumination of the submarine world. The light is well known in every sea, familiar to everyone who has crossed the ocean or sailed upon it, and there is hardly a branch of the animal kingdom that does not contain a light-giver; yet no one, so far, has given a satisfactory explanation of the cause of the light—the same light, apparently, that is seen in living animals, in decayed wood and animal matter, in minerals, and under conditions in which ordinary light cannot exist or combustion continue.—*C. F. Holder in The Outlook.*

FOR "THE FRIEND."

The time is near to come and the days shall not be prolonged. Let not buyer rejoice, nor the seller mourn; for wrath shall be upon the whole people. And it behooves us to humble ourselves as the King of Nineveh did when he laid aside his royal robes and clothed himself in sackcloth and sat in ashes, and proclaimed a fast, saying, Let not man nor beast take anything. But let us cry mightily to the

Lord. It may be that He may repent, that we perish not. Let us acknowledge our sins. We have all sinned and fallen short of the glory of God. Let us lift up our hearts to the Lord, that He may have mercy on the workmanship of his holy hand, for his names sake, and for his sake who died for us, and ever liveth to make intercession for us, that He may not spare till He has humbled us, and we turn from the evil of our ways. And the day dawn when righteousness shall cover the earth as waters do the sea.

Natural History. Science, etc.

*Leopards in Africa.*—G. Scott Elliot, in his journey to Mount Ruwenzori in Northeastern Africa says: "This part of the mountain was a very bad place for leopards. One very dark night a porter went outside the camp and was seized by one. On hearing the noise I rushed out, and, after some trouble and much expenditure of powder, found the man with part of his cheek bitten out and severe wounds on the neck. As soon as I had attended to him the leopard leaped into the camp amongst the fires and seized another man. When I got to him I found a bad cut in his breast and blood spurting from a wound in the neck; he was breathing through the breast and part of the lung was visible. With much trouble we got his wounds sewn up by means of an ordinary needle and thread. I spent the rest of the night in a chair, with a rifle across my knee, and though the animal tried twice to get into the camp, we saw it in time.

"These creatures never used to prey on man, according to native report; but since all the goats and fowls had been driven off by Kabbarega they had become a great nuisance. The natives build high fences of branches and elephant grass, and retire within them at three P. M. every day. Leopards in this part hunt in perfect silence, never coughing as they do in West Africa.

"I am glad to say both these men reached the coast safely in spite of my surgery."

*The Bamboo Zone.*—The mountain forest zone passes upward into that of the bamboo, which on Kenya occupies the slopes from the height of eight thousand to nine thousand eight hundred feet. The bamboos are packed together so closely that, except where the elephants have forced a way through them, a path has to be cut step by step. The bamboos rise to the height of over forty feet, and the stems are often from three to four inches in diameter at the base. Above they branch repeatedly, and the foliage interlocks with an imperfect thatch, which is always sodden with moisture.

Bishop Whipple of Minnesota and his Horse Bashaw.

Here is what he says of his noble horse "Bashaw," that served him in all the long wild journeys over that then new country.

"When I was appointed there was not one mile of railway in Minnesota. I could only travel on horseback or in a buggy or sleigh.

"Bashaw" was a kindly fellow, and had every sign of noble birth, a slim, delicate head, prominent eyes, small, active ears, large nostrils, full chest, thin gambrels, heavy cords, neat fetlocks, and black as a coal. He was my friend and companion in nearly forty thousand miles' travel, always full of spirit yet gentle as a girl. I never struck him but once, and that was to save his

life and mine on the brink of a precipice; and when saved, the tears filled my eyes. He knew how I loved him and he loved me as well as horse ever loved his master. He never forgot any place where he had ever been, and many a time he has saved our lives when lost on the prairie. In summer heat and winter storm he kept every appointment, and it was done by heroic effort. It was no easy task to travel in winter over prairies without a house for twenty miles.

I recall time after time when we were lost. In 1861 I left New Elm for the lower Sioux agency, when the thermometer was thirty-six degrees below zero at noon; there was an ugly flecked sky, and long rifts of clouds. For seven miles there were houses in the distance, and then twenty miles across the prairie without a house. We were in it; our motto was, "No step backward." In about an hour we came to a place where the snow had been blown away; it was stubble and no sign of a road. I was lost! I turned the horses back to follow my sleigh tracks; the wind had obliterated them. We started in the direction of the agency. The country was full of little coolies, and soon I had both horses down in snow-drifts. After great efforts we got back on the prairie. Night had come on; not a star, the wind howling like wolves. I knelt down and said my prayers, wrapped myself in buffalo robes, threw the reins on the dash-board, and then prepared to let the horses walk where they would until daylight. About midnight old Bashaw stopped so suddenly that it threw me on to the dash-board. I jumped from the sleigh, and found an Indian trail which looked like a snake under the snow. I knew that one end of it was at the agency, but which, I knew not. We followed the trail until we saw a light. Never did a horse neigh more joyously as he sprang towards it; we were saved. "Dear old fellow! As I put him in his stall he dipped me with his lips with a marvellous look out of those grand eyes, as much as to say, 'Master, all's well!'"

"So many have asked me to tell them about Dear Bashaw. I am sure you will not blame me for telling you again about this brave creature of God."—*Our Dumb Animals.*

POTENTIALLY INFLUENCED.—A singular example of the way in which human lives, separated by space and time, are inextricably woven together is given by the *Congregationalist*.

A young man who was born in the Sandwich Islands became a missionary, and in course of time found his way to a station in China. He was not only a zealous Christian, but a naturalist, and made in odd moments a special study of snails, and sent one or two papers on them to an English scientific journal.

The close observation, clearness and inexorable logic shown in these papers attracted the attention of the late Professor George James Romanes, of the Royal Institution, London, who opened a correspondence with the missionary.

Professor Romanes was a prominent scientific man, a Darwinian and an atheist. After exchanging letters upon snails for several years with him, the missionary received from the London scientist a startling appeal.

Professor Romanes stated that the manner in which his unknown correspondent had written on natural subjects had convinced him of his high logical faculty, his keenness of mental vision and his conscientiousness. He had resolved to ask him, rather than any other man, why he believed in Christianity.

The missionary replied at length. A year or two later the great scientist died, but he proclaimed some time before his illness that he had returned to the faith of his childhood. The humble missionary was, it is probable, the chief agent in restoring this leader of modern thought to the ranks of religious truth.

It really appears to be a matter of small importance whether a poor clergyman, amusing his leisure moments with the snails in his garden, should be sternly faithful to the work; but if he had been less minute, less reasonable or less conscientious to the snails, he never would have gained the power to influence this other man on the other side of the world, and through him to a degree the progress of thought itself in England.

Each act of ours goes out into the world as on an electric wire. You may never know who stands at the other end of the line, but some one is influenced thereby.—*The Presbyterian.*

### Demand for India Rubber.

The cycle boom, which has given such an impetus to the rubber trade, may wax or it may wane—the former is the more likely—but the demand for India rubber will in all probability go on forever, like Tennyson's "Brook," only more so. Already every up-to-date caddy has his rubber-tired hansom, and in the silent time coming, when Jehu will manipulate a handle instead of driving a "gee," the motor cars and brakes and broughams will all be tired with rubber—if the supply holds out. For aught we know, the twentieth century oyster will hawk his vegetables from a rubber-tired motor barrow, and the trains roll along on rubber wheels. There isn't much doubt about the demand, but will the supply be equal to it? At present the bulk of imported rubber may be called "wild." It is collected in the forests and jungles. The cultivated plantations may almost be counted on one's fingers. In Chontales, Nicaragua, there is a small one, visited by the writer in Third Month last year. Mexico can boast of two or three, worked by American and English companies. A species of rubber tree (Manihot) has been introduced into India and Ceylon from its South American home, but it is not being cultivated, except on a small scale. In Brazil there are said to be a few plantations, but the produce from these is a mere drop in the ocean.

The outer tube of a cycle may be "Mbungu" rubber, from East, Central or West Africa; "Hulk," from Central America or Mexico; "Mangabeira" from Pernambuco; or it may have come from Madagascar or Borneo or Perak. But the inner tube is almost invariably made of the best Para rubber, obtained from various species of Hevea in the great forests which border the river Amazon and its many branches. Brazilian rubber gatherers go into the wood with proper utensils, comprising axes, bows, paddles, and a small stove. When a tree is discovered, circular incisions, extending from the branches to the ground, are made in the bark, and the white milk runs down the channels into a bowl at the bottom of the trunk. It is then poured over the blade of a paddle, held in the smoke of the stove, when the milk coagulates and forms the black rubber of commerce. The Huleros, or rubber gatherers of Nicaragua, generally Indians or Caribs, aim at getting rubber with as little trouble as possible. Instead of using bows they dig holes for the milk at the foot of the tree, and, in the happy-go-lucky Nicaraguan way, leave the necessary

evaporation of water for nature to perform. Consequently rubber derived from the Castillona elastica in Central America is commonly mixed with grit, and is worth from sixpence to eightpence a pound less than Para rubber from Brazil.

It is in the systematic cultivation of rubber trees, however, that huge fortunes are to be made. The Mexican Minister to the United States calculates that each six-year old tree will have cost four-pence for land and cultivation, and will produce in its sixth year four pounds of rubber, worth two shillings fourpence per pound. Every year, for an indefinite time, the yield increases. In Nicaragua, where the writer has made a special study of the subject, a bounty of ten cents, native currency, is paid by the government for every tree planted, and land may be purchased at five shillings an acre. Each acre will bear one hundred and ninety-three trees, planted fifteen feet apart. But the trees should not be tapped until the eighth year, by which time, according to the writer's calculations, they will have cost nine-pence each, and will yield five pounds of rubber, worth eleven shillings eightpence, or fourteen shillings if the milk is gathered and coagulated as in Brazil. For the sake of convenience, let us value the rubber at two shillings per pound, and see what will be the profit on a plantation of one hundred acres. The land will cost £25; surveying, £20; clearing, £200; collecting seed and planting, £100; eight yearly weeding, at £40 each, £320; implements, £60; cost of living for eight years, at £50 per annum—ample in Nicaragua—£400; gathering the eighth year's crop, £300; total, £1,125.

Now for the profit. Government bounty on nineteen thousand three hundred trees, £252; produce at two shillings per pound, £9,550. Deduct the capital invested, and the net profit is £8,477. The average increase is one pound of rubber for each year of the tree's life, so that the ninth year's profit would be roughly, £9,870 the tenth, £11,500; the eleventh, £13,160; the twelfth, £14,800, and so on.

It is pretty clear that if the demand for rubber should continue to increase, and the area in cultivation were judiciously extended, the planter would soon be able to write himself down millionaire! At present the demand shows no sign of falling off. Quite the contrary. During 1895 the imports of rubber into the United Kingdom aggregated seventeen thousand and seventy-seven tons, of the value of £3,766,643. In the first five months of 1896 the imports increased by thirteen hundred tons, owing doubtless to the cycle boom.—*London Evening Standard.*

SLAVERY is a necessity of Mohammedan Arab life. The Zanzibar Arabs of Muscat, as well as the Egyptians and Turks, cannot exist without slaves. Family and social life is impossible without it in all Arabian countries.

Now, both slave boys and girls are hopelessly depraved. The immorality is such that probably not one quarter of those who die are replaced by slaves brought up in the household. Hence a perpetual supply of slaves is necessary, and that is the root of the slave trade.

We in England are attempting an impossibility. On the one hand, we uphold the state of Zanzibar, which is based on slavery. On the other, we attempt to put slavery down by our cruisers, and by perfectly futile legislation at Zanzibar and along the coast.

Slavery, in fact, is a minor department of the Arab question.—*A Naturalist in Mid-Africa.*

INDIA PAPER.—There are secrets in all trades and sometimes results are attained by barbarous peoples which the most civilized people can hardly imitate. The *Book Review* relates the following story of the India paper upon which some of the Oxford Bibles are printed:

"The marvelous Oxford India paper was first introduced in 1875. Since then it has revolutionized the Bible and prayer-book trade, and it is now used for all the more popular devotional books throughout the world. In the year 1841 an Oxford graduate is said to have brought home from the far East a small fold of extremely thin paper, which was manifestly more opaque and tough for its substance than any paper then manufactured in Europe. He presented it to the Clarendon press. The late Thomas Come, who had only recently been appointed printer to the university, found it to be just sufficient for twenty-four copies of the smallest Bible then in existence—diamond twenty-four mo.—and printed an edition of that number, which bore the date of 1842. The books were barely a third of the usual thickness, and although as much as one hundred dollars apiece was offered for them, no copies were sold, and they were presented to the queen and other distinguished persons.

All efforts to trace the paper to its sources were futile, and as years rolled on the circumstance was forgotten. But early in 1874 a copy fell into the hands of Arthur E. Miles, who showed it to Mr. Frowde, and experiments were at once set on foot at the Oxford university paper-mills, with the object of producing a similar paper. The first attempts were failures, but success was achieved, and Aug. 24th, 1875, an edition of diamond twenty-four mo. Bible, similar in all respects to the twenty-four copies printed in 1842, were placed on sale. This was the first Oxford Bible published by Mr. Frowde. The feat of compression was looked upon as astounding, the demand was enormous, and before long two hundred and fifty thousand copies had been sold. The paper when subjected to severe rubbing, instead of breaking into holes, assumed a texture resembling chamois leather, and a strip only three inches wide was found able to support a quarter of a hundredweight without yielding. The secret of its manufacture, it may be said, is known only to three living persons."

### Assyriology and the Higher Criticism of the Pentateuch.

BY DUNLOP MOORE.

One of the grandest intellectual triumphs of the century now closing has been the deciphering of the cuneiform or arrow-headed characters, of which a few specimens were formerly known, but of which a vast literature has lately been discovered in the ruins of Nineveh and Babylon. At the opening of our century no one knew the value of a single cuneiform letter. How all the letters came to be deciphered is related in a very interesting chapter in Kauley's "Assyrian and Babylonian." One stands astonished at the labor and ingenuity which were at last crowned with complete success in the discovery of the significance of a long-forgotten alphabet. After the vowels and consonants had been found out, and the words could be spelled, what a task remained in endeavoring to understand the unknown language thus brought to light, and in translating its literature! This study is still in its youth. Yet it has yielded certain and valuable results.

There are, indeed, persons who refuse to believe that we dare put any confidence in the translations which Assyriologists have published. But a decisive proof can be furnished at such scepticism is not warranted. I give a proof as related in the admirable book of which I have already made mention. In the beginning of the year 1857, the well-known Assyrian scholars, Rawlinson, Hincks, Oppert and Talbot, happened all to be in London. At the suggestion of the last named the directors of the British Museum supplied each of the four with a lithographic copy of a long inscription of the Assyrian King, Tiglath-Pileser, of which they requested each to make an independent translation, in order by the result of this test to demonstrate the state of Assyrian investigation. After a month four sealed translations were put in the hands of the directors. These were opened at the regular session on the twenty-fifth of Fifth Month. They proved to be, in the main, in complete agreement. In details they varied in such a way as independent translations must do. Here was convincing evidence that Assyrian scholars were not altogether groping in the dark, but had reached substantial and trustworthy results.

Since 1857 Assyriology has made wonderful progress. And a comparison of the translations set forth by even the best Assyrian scholars makes it clear that there is still much play-room given to conjecture. There can, however, be no reasonable doubt that we have now much of the old Assyrian literature given to us in reliable versions. The Old Testament has received from it important illustrations and confirmations. It serves to confute effectually the assertion of a man like Sir F. Max Mueller, who in his recent Gifford lectures ventured to say that "there was no alphabetic writing before the seventh century B. C." and urged this alleged fact as a sufficient reason for holding that the Pentateuch could not have been written until many hundred years after Moses, specialists in the study of ancient Assyrian literature treat statements of this nature with contempt. They can point to written Assyrian documents, of which they are certain that they existed long before the age of Moses.

But we will not now attempt to show in detail the manifold apologetic use that can be made of the old Assyrian records that have been rescued from oblivion. I would here notice only a single point in which they are available or the vindication of the truth of Scripture.

Dr. A. H. Sayce, Professor of Assyriology in the University of Oxford, is a scholar who is remarkably free in criticising the Old Testament. His views of its inspirations are very far removed from orthodoxy. He has no hesitation about charging the sacred text with error when he thinks he sees any reason for doing so, though the reason may be of the flimsiest character. In his own way he does much to undermine the authority of sacred Scripture; and, therefore, what he writes ought to be read with caution. But Professor Sayce has become very decided in refusing to follow the now fashionable school of Graf and Wellhausen in making the Book of Genesis a patchwork of different documents that often contradict one another. In the *Expository Times* for Ninth Month he shows how his Assyriological studies compel him to reject the divisive hypothesis that the Jehovistic and Elohist portions of Genesis come from distinct sources. He has a conclusive argument against such an analysis of its contents. He calls attention to the resemblances

between the Biblical account of the Deluge and the Babylonian story of the same catastrophe contained in the Epic of Gilgames which goes back to the age of Abraham.

In the July number of the *Expository Times* Dr. Sayce furnished a translation of this Babylonian story of the Flood. The resemblances between it and Genesis (vi. 8), are so close and numerous that they cannot be regarded as altogether independent accounts. Sayce would make the writer of the biblical narrative to have been acquainted with the Babylonian story, and to have intentionally purged it of its mythological elements, and to have made other alterations. But it is far better to consider both accounts dependent on a common tradition current among the descendants of Noah in early times. The one gives this original tradition in its purity; the other gives it blended with Babylonian mythology. The differences between the two accounts of the Deluge are still more marked than their resemblances. The Babylonian account is grossly polytheistic. Gods "like flies" are represented as surrounding the hero Xisuthros, when he, like Noah, offered sacrifice after his wonderful preservation from the Flood that destroyed the world, and the great gods of Babylonia are pictured as contending with each other. But I will not stop to note here in detail all the striking points of agreement and difference between Genesis and the Epic of Gilgames in the description of the Deluge. Suffice it to say that Sayce reckons twenty distinct resemblances between the Babylonian Epic and what the divisive critics call the Elohist narrative of the Flood in Genesis. He indicates also seven points common to the same Epic and the portions of the account of the Deluge assigned by the same critics to the Jehovistic writer in Genesis. What formed one continuous story in the patriarchal age could not have had this unity first given to it, as the critics allege, by a compiling editor in the fifth century B. C. This, in brief, is his contention against the divisive critics.

But let me content myself with quoting here the summing up of Prof. Sayce: "We have seen that the resemblances between the Babylonian and the Biblical accounts are not confined to the so-called Elohist or Jehovistic parts of the Biblical narrative, but extend to the whole of it. We cannot suppose, however, that two Hebrew writers sat down to copy the same Babylonian original, the one agreeing to select what the other omitted, and that their versions were afterwards dovetailed together; nor can we assume that the author of the Babylonian Epic who flourished in the time of Abraham, had the Biblical version before him in its present shape. The only other alternative seems to be that the division of the Biblical text into an Elohist and a Jehovistic document is a philological mirage. And if it is a mirage in the account of the Deluge, where the marks of separate authorship appear to be clearer than anywhere else in the Pentateuch, it must be still more a mirage elsewhere. With the collapse of the literary analysis of the narrative of the Deluge, the whole fabric of the literary analysis of the Pentateuch falls to the ground. And yet there seems no escape from the archeological conclusion." For his plain speaking Sayce has drawn on himself the fierce wrath of the radical critics.

I understand that the celebrated Assyriologist, Prof. Fr. Hommel, agrees with Prof. Sayce in regarding the ancient Assyrian literature as utterly antagonistic to the principles of the school

of Wellhausen, and that he is now engaged in preparing an attack from this side on the Copy-plains of the destructive criticism of the Pentateuch.—*The Presbyterian*.

"AND YOU HATH HE QUICKENED," etc. (Eph. ii. 1).—Every fresh baptism of the dedicated soul enlarges its capacity, not only to "rejoice in spirit," but also to suffer in the flesh.

## THE FRIEND.

ELEVENTH MONTH 14, 1896.

The subscription list of a periodical like THE FRIEND, which is continued from year to year, must, naturally, experience many changes. Its older subscribers, who have for years derived information, instruction and encouragement from its columns, and thus learned to value its weekly visits, gradually pass away from earth. Others, through business changes, feel no longer able to pay the annual subscription, and desire their names to be taken from the list. It is evident, therefore, that if such a paper is to be successfully continued, there must be new subscribers in place of those who drop out.

The main object in the publication of THE FRIEND is the religious welfare of the Society of Friends, and especially of its own subscribers. We feel, therefore, that we may properly appeal to Friends in different localities to interest themselves in the task of increasing the number of its subscribers. There is one class of persons who ought especially to be looked after, and that is young married people, who, on entering into housekeeping, might be much benefited by having THE FRIEND for a regular visitor, calling their attention from week to week, to the most important of all subjects—their religious interests—and at the same time giving such an amount of general information as may keep the intellect profitably employed.

### SUMMARY OF EVENTS.

UNITED STATES.—On the 3rd inst. the McKim and Hobart electors obtained a majority of votes in probably 25 States (Wyoming being in some doubt), which have 250 electoral votes out of a total of 447. These States are Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, West Virginia, Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota, North Dakota, South Dakota, Wyoming, California and Oregon. The popular majority for the successful candidates is thought to be a million.

The United States Treasury gold reserve at the close of business on the 7th instant had increased to \$120,340,586. The net increase at New York for the day was \$872,000. The withdrawals were \$35,700.

A Washington despatch says that more gold is being poured into several of the Sub-Treasuries than the offices have storage capacity for or have legal tender currency to give in exchange.

The Sub-Treasury refuses to take back the gold withdrawn before election, the directors forcing it into the banks and facilitating its general use. The Treasury's gold reserve, however, is likely to show marked increase from this time on. Depositors in savings banks are rushing to put back the money withdrawn in the pre-election scare.

President Tilden, on the 7th inst. the New York Savings Bank, says that between Seventh, Ninth, 1st and Tenth Mo. 31st, the savings-banks of New York city net \$58,000,000 and received \$26,000,000. The excess of withdrawals was \$12,000,000. Since the election the deposits have exceeded the withdrawals.

General Fitzhugh Lee, Consul General, stationed in Havana, arrived in Washington on the 5th inst. with a budget of important information for the Government.

J. Sterling Morton, Secretary of Agriculture, in an interview, says: "What we want is a Commission, non-partisan, composed of business men and scholars, to go over the whole question of currency, and make an annual report for our use, and that would take the question of currency and tariff out of politics, and the country would be much better off."

The Woman Suffrage amendment in Idaho seems to have secured a majority of votes cast on the question. The State Board has held that a man is not a participant in the election if he is not a citizen, and the Supreme Court will probably be appealed to to decide the matter.

A despatch from The Dalles, Oregon, says that the Government locks around the Cascades, in Columbia River, have been opened. The locks have been under construction for about three years and cost over \$3,500,000.

A Charleston, S. C., despatch says that arrangements have been perfected between the William Johnson & Co. (Limited), Steamship Co., of Liverpool, and the South Carolina and Georgia Railway Co., to establish a line of steamers between Charleston, Liverpool and London for the purpose.

The *American Grocer* says: "It is estimated that twenty-two acres of land are necessary to sustain one man on fresh meat. The same space of land, if devoted to wheat culture, would feed 42 people; if to oats, 88; potatoes, Indian corn and rice, 176, and if to the plantain or bread rice, over 600 people." The *Galveston* says that Galveston is fertilizing itself on its change from a shallow water to deep water port. The painful and expensive lighterage business is now falling into disuse and great ships are loading at the wharves. The *Galveston News* says the ship *Apogee*, the largest of her class all at, recently took the largest cargo ever taken from an American port. The *Apogee's* cargo consisted of 104,000 bushels of grain, 200 tons of cottonseed oil cake, several cars of logs and lumber, 300 tons of pig lead and an splitter, and 18,200 bales of cotton. "The cotton alone exceeded any cargo ever taken from Galveston."

Herman W. Hilprecht, LL. D., the eminent archaeologist, has returned from the East, where he has been engaged for eight years in exploring work, bringing with him the results of valuable discoveries.

The Atlanta (Ga.) *Journal* says: "The Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute has become one of the most famous schools for the education of the negro, and its President, Dr. P. Washington, is recognized by the school head of the ablest leaders of the negro race. The school had a very busy beginning fifteen years ago. Today the Institute owns 2300 acres of fine land, 27 buildings, some of which represent large expenditure, 265 head of live stock, an abundant supply of wagons, locomotives, &c. The total value of the property is nearly \$1,000,000. For the year ended May 31, 1896, the income of the Institute was \$27,716, donations from various sources making up \$62,835 of the amount. The number of students in attendance was 867. Besides the academic department, there are twenty-five industrial departments, where practical instruction is given in carpentry, brick-making, agriculture, shoemaking in Vermont. The rest of books given by the State, also the expenses of the Library Commission, is placed at only about \$6,000.

The Peabody Museum, at Yale, has recently secured a specimen of high geological value. It shows vermiculate footprints in the Devonian formation less than 100 years, or even less, than the Devonian, higher than that of fishes. The footprint best preserved is about 4 inches in length and 2 1/2 in width, and was apparently made by the left hind foot. It was found in Warren County, Pennsylvania, by Dr. Charles E. Beecher, of the Peabody Museum, who has presented it to the Institute.

A bird lover of Louisville writes deploring the extinction of song birds in the South, and says that for three years he has not heard a mocking bird in woods where they used to abound.

Deaths in this city last week numbered 57, which is 12 more than the corresponding week less than the corresponding week of 1895. Of the whole number 195 were males and 179 females; 18 died of pneumonia; 26 of consumption; 37 of heart disease; 20 of diphtheria; 19 of old age; 16 of convulsions; 14 of marasmus; 12 of apoplexy; 12 of cancer; 11 of in-

fluenza; 11 of inflammation of the brain; 9 of uremia, and 9 of nephritis.

*Mer. & Min.*—S. 28, 50, 97; 4, reg., 1083 1/2; 1093; 1094; 1095; 1100; 109, 110; 109, 110; 1201; 58, 1114 1/2; 1121; currency 95, 101 1/2.

COTTON.—Demand from spinners was light, but the market ruled steady, at 8 1/2c per pound for middling uplands.

FLOUR.—Winter bran in bulk quoted \$10.50 a \$11.00 and spring do. in sacks, at \$10.00 a \$10.50 per 100 lbs. FLOUR.—Winter super, \$2.80 a \$3.05; do., extras, \$3.15 a \$3.30; Pennsylvania roller, clear, \$3.90 a \$4.10; do., straight, \$4.25 a \$4.45; Western winter, clear, \$3.90 a \$4.20; do., do., straight, \$4.30 a \$4.50; do., patent, \$4.30 a \$4.75; spring, clear, \$3.60 a \$4.00; do., straight, \$4.10 a \$4.45; do., patent, \$4.50 a \$4.70; do., fancy brands, higher. City mills, extra, \$3.10 a \$3.35; do., clear, \$4.10 a \$4.25; do., straight, \$4.35 a \$4.60; do., patent, \$4.70 a \$4.85. RYE FLOUR.—\$2.75 per lb. for choice Pennsylvania. BUCKWHEAT FLOUR.—\$1.60 a \$1.70 per 100 pounds for good to choice.

GRAIN.—No. 2 red wheat, 85 1/2 a 85c. No. 2 mixed corn, 20 1/2 a 30c. No. 2 white oats, 22 1/2 a 23c.

BEEF CATTLE.—Extra, 4 1/2 c; good, 4 1/4 c; medium, 4 1/4 c; common, 3 1/4 c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS.—Extra, 3 1/2 a 4c; good, 3 a 3 1/2 c; medium, 2 1/2 a 3c; common, 2 1/2 a 2c; culls, 1 1/2 a 2c; lambs, 8c.

HOGS.—Good Western, 5 1/2 a 5c.

FOREIGN.—The new Lord Mayor of London, George Fandel Phillips, was formally installed on the 9th instant. The procession was more gorgeous than usual. At the banquet in the Guild Hall in the evening, Lord Salisbury, replying to a speech by Ambassador Bayard, said that he believed that the controversy between Great Britain and America on the Venezuelan question was at an end.

The *London Spectator* remarks: "Some Victoria has not only outreigned all the sovereigns of Europe who were on the throne when she succeeded, but she has also outreigned all the emperors and kings of the world. She has been contemporary with five sovereigns in Prussia four in Russia, and two in Austria. In the case of France she has seen the reign of Louis Philippe, the Republic of 1848, the Empire and the Republic of 1870. In the internal affairs of England she has witnessed little less than a revolution. When she was first proclaimed she was virtually no ways. Now there is hardly a village without a station within three or four miles of it. But perhaps the greatest change of all is in the condition of the people. Sixty years ago the man with £1 a week was exceptionally fortunate. Now £1 a week is getting to be regarded as the normal rate of wages. And yet sixty years ago the purchasing power of £1 for a man who drank tea and smoked was about half what it is now.

Consul Muth, of Magdeburg, reports to the State Department an abnormal sugar beet crop, almost equaling the unprecedented yield of 1894. In Austria and France, as well as other European countries, the crop even this year has been very good. In some districts the quality is inferior. This is apt to offset the falling off in Utah to some extent.

The ancient copper mines of Sinai have been re-explored. These were worked by the Egyptians, or their slaves, thousands of years ago, and are believed to have been abandoned about 3,000 years ago. A great deal of the best copper is now in England. The Birmingham Mint recently received a large order from the Russian Government for copper coins. The total number of coins required is over seventy millions. The coins, which consist of three, two, one, half, and quarter kopeck pieces, are already being struck.

Wild dogs, as dangerous as wolves, have lately been abundant in those parts of Japan that were devastated by the tidal wave of Sixth Month 15th. They killed several country postmen, until these officials were supplied with trumpets, of which the animals are afraid.

Great damage has been caused in Iceland by earthquake.

The greater part of the town of Povoacan, in the Azores, is reported to have been destroyed by a water-spout, with great loss of life.

Hon. John A. Andrew announces that President Dole and the Hawaiian Council of State have voted unanimously to extend a full pardon to ex-Queen Liliuokalani.

On the 19th instant General Wever left Havana to take immediate personal command in the field of the operations against the insurgents which have been in preparation for some months.

## NOTICES.

RACHEL G. HALL, Plain Milliner, will be at 269 South Fourth Street, Philadelphia, on and after the nineteenth of Eleventh Month, 1896.

THE MORESTOWN PEACE ASSOCIATION OF FRIENDS will have a free suitable and interesting literature to all who are interested in the propagation of peace principles. ALICE C. RHOADS, Secy., MORESTOWN, Burlington Co., N. J.

WESTOWN BOARDING SCHOOL.—Applications for the admission of pupils to the school, and letters in regard to instruction and discipline should be addressed to WILLIAM F. WICKERSHAM, Principal. Payments on account of board and tuition, and communications in regard to business should be forwarded to EDWARD G. SMEDLEY, Superintendent. Address, Westown P. O., Chester Co., Pa.

WESTOWN BOARDING SCHOOL.—For convenience of persons coming to Westown School, the stage will meet trains leaving Philadelphia 7.17 and 8.46 A. M. and 2.53 and 4.32 P. M. Other trains are met when requested. Stage fare on regular trips, fifteen cents on special trips, twenty-five cents each way. To reach the school by telegraph, wire West Chester Phone 85. EDWARD G. SMEDLEY, Sup't.

WESTERN QUARTERLY MEETING OF FRIENDS.—The train leaving Broad Street Station, Philadelphia at 7.17 A. M. on the twentieth inst. will be met a West Grove to convey (free of charge) those desiring to attend the Western Quarterly Meeting of Friends to be held at London Grove, Chester Co., Pa.

It would assist the Committee if those intending to come could inform by postal card.

TREMAN C. MOORE, } Committee.  
GEO. B. CHAMBERS, }

FRIENDS' INSTITUTE LYCEUM.—The first regular meeting will be held at 140 North Sixteenth Street, Sixth day, Eleventh Mo. 20th, at eight o'clock P. M.

DIED, at her home near Concordville, Pa., on Fire Mo. 25th, 1896, SARAH RHOADS, wife of Alexander Scott, in the seventy-fifth year of her age. A member and overseer of Concord Monthly Meeting. "As which are arrayed in the white robes, who are they and whence came they? These are they which come out of the great tribulation, and they washed their robes, and made them white, in the blood of the Lamb." On the twenty-fifth day of Tenth Month, 1896, in his seventy-sixth year, MILTON CARTER, a member of Spring River Monthly Meeting, Kansas. The deceased was born in Guilford County, N. C., on the seventh day of Eighth Month, 1821. He removed with his parents in 1829, to Hendricks Co., Ind. where he married and lived until 1868, when he removed with his family to Cherokee Co., Kans., where he was a useful member in society during the early setting of that State. He was from his boyhood a lover of the truth, and always endeavored to live a Christian life wholly acceptable unto God. He has been declining in strength for several months, but realized his true end, and resigned to God, on the 25th of the present month. He was a true man, and he felt that his work on earth was ended. He was conscious to the last, and although weak, talked little and gently as his life was passing away. As his relative and friends gathered round his bed to watch him in his passing moments, a heavenly covering came over the company as if, apparently, without a pain or a struggle, quietly passed away, and his spirit returned to God who gave him.

—, at her home near Woodland, Northampton Co., N. C., Ninth Mo. 26th, 1896, GRISELDA MARY PARKER, daughter of Norman and Sarah M. Parker (the former deceased), aged thirteen years, ten months and eight days; a member of the Monthly and Codd Grove Preparative Meeting of Friends. She was gathered as a flower, and we feel our loss is her great gain.

—, at his nephew's, near Engleton, N. C., THOMAS PEMBERTON OUTLAND, son of Thomas and Jane Outland, Seventh Month 25th, 1896, in his sixty-two years; a member of the Rich Square Monthly and Codd Grove Preparative Meeting of Friends. We believe he departed in peace.

—, at her home near Engleton, Northampton Co., N. C., MARTHA ANS OUTLAND, wife of Thomas J. Outland, Eighth Month 11th, 1896, aged twenty-seven years, nine months and six days. She was a firm believer in the principles of Friends. Blessed are all dead who die in the Lord.



# THE FRIEND.

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Diary and Letters of Deborah Brooks Webb.

(Continued from page 130.)

1863.—Eleventh Month 8th.—My Lord and my God, if I could only bathe thy feet with my ears this night it would be some relief. Much of the past week has been spent in a feeling of umble dedication, but yesterday afternoon I awoke up to one thing almost thoughtlessly, then another and another, till sin had dominion over me. I repented and have a sense of pardon. Yet in this morning's meeting my soul was exceedingly sorrowful. This afternoon the love of my Saviour returned, and I have commenced my dedication anew. Thou, oh Lord, knowest how to strengthen me; be merciful yet longer, shall I ever be made pure? My heart would all did I not believe to see thy goodness "in the end of the living."

15th.—I can thankfully acknowledge to being enabled to overcome to a considerable degree during the past week, but oh! for a more thorough abandonment to all the Lord's will. Reason urges that if I keep too quiet I cannot accomplish so much in school, and I shall fall in disgrace and the children not learn so much; but the voice of the Lord says, "Bow down and obey me." I can prosper, or blast by endeavors. Thou O Lord givest strength, and my soul is prostrate before thee, desiring to out all things as loss that I may win thee. Fold my hand and help me to be faithful and allow thee.

22nd.—Oh! that I could keep quiet enough to feel the power of God all the time. Oh! burn up my chaff, dearest Father, with thy unquenchable fire. Samuel Dyer says, "As for me Divine Life, I have this remark to make, that I should grow more in it, were I but more in the stillness, even until the whole birth of me Son of God was brought forth in my soul. Be still therefore, O all that is within me and know the Lord's strength and power to arise." Is not this what I want? I cannot be free until I pay the uttermost farthing.

30th.—I feel, oh my Lord, that thou art the true vine, and that I am a branch. How I long to bow down continually and feel the living sap from thee on and in my spirit.

TO L. H. B.

"PHILADELPHIA, Twelfth Month 23rd, 1861.

"I have been particularly comforted this day by the text, 'The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ and the love of God and the communion of the Holy Ghost be with you all.' This heart full of love to God and this communion and acceptance and presence of good, is sweeter than 'honey and the honeycomb.'

"And dearest L., thou dost not know how my heart goes out to thee always when I taste these comforts and I find myself saying in thought: Oh! if Laura could only feel this; and a silent aspiration does arise for thy instruction, comfort and encouragement. I have sympathized so much with thee since receiving thy last letter, it is very sweet and pleasant to hear some of thy assertions, but not surprising, for I seemed to think they were thine before. Those 'minor' testimonies thou mentions, may not be binding on all, or may not be necessary to salvation for some. Thou mayest know that Friends' dress was the fashionable one at one time and the world left us, and we followed not! It has often been instructive to me, while thinking on this subject to see how many of our former powerful and divinely favored ministers have been led into this particular dress before obtaining entire peace to their souls. Come out from among them and be ye separate, etc., doubtless sounded in their (spiritual) ears.

"E. W.'s case came before our meeting yesterday; it did make me feel sad, but why should I? if she has the true spiritual communion and union with the Eternal Blessed One? I feel much love for her. How sweet it is to think we have the one All-seeing Judge.

"Dear K. W.! How it makes us want to extend the hand of love and fellowship to any new babe in Christ. My heart often enlarges in secret prayer for a blessing on some of you, and how I feel the need of watching my own steps. Oh! that I might scatter some good seed and none bad. I am so frail, but Christ is our all-sufficiency.

"May the 'God of all peace, comfort, establishment, strengthen, settle thee' in his own good time and way, which is best and must be waited for cheerfully is my soul's wish for thee.

"D. B."

Twelfth Mo. 27th.—Have I prepared myself to do thy whole will? I pray thee, oh Father, to take away the least remains of hesitation. Behold the fire and the wood, but where is the lamb for sacrifice? Thou knowest my whole heart and how I walk before thee, and how much I need to humble me.

1864.—First Month 10th.—Dearest Father, what a mercy that thou hast brought me thus far. Show me plainly what I need more to dedicate myself entirely to thee. Thou hast indeed thrown "the horse and his rider" these three days past, and O Lord is it thyself I truly worship or is it my own honor? is it thy presence I feel or am I deceived when I try to feel communion with thee. Help me to seek

thine honor in everything I do. Grant, oh Lord, what I sigh and cry for so much, even that I may become thy living child.

Second Month 7th.—"Thou that trust in the Lord, shall be as Mount Zion, which can never be removed, but abideth forever," etc., was quoted this afternoon. Oh! I have this trust, but have I pure obedience in all things, a constant and faithful watching to be without any sin? Lord, hold thou me up or I shall altogether sink into discouragement. Strengthen me and save me or I fall forever. I did not always walk uprightly before Him this week, and to-day I am so very sad. Thy mercy does indeed endure forever, for I feel a little pardoned.

14th.—Some stains upon my garment this week. When shall I be so changed that I would rather suffer than put forth my hand to take one forbidden indulgence, even just a little of it. Gird me with strength and with a girdle of faithfulness. How happy should I then be in thee O Lord, my Redeemer.

21st.—I am not much better, but trying to bind myself with cords of love to his holy altar whatever He may require. Empty me of myself and fill me with thy Spirit.

28th.—Oh Lord! what shall I say. Thou knowest my struggling, my turning away from temptation and my falls also. I come humbly to thee for strength to overcome.

Third Month 6th.—Been almost sick much of the week and have not kept to the cross strictly, but thought I felt such light, joy, peace and communion this morning, as my soul had desired so long, when a Friend arose with the words, "Brethren my heart's desire and prayer to God for Israel is that they might be saved." Could it be that I was deceived in my joy? It was so sweet. Still I feel that I have not wholly submitted to all of God's commands. I will try to be silent and put my mouth in the dust with thy help, oh Lord.

12th.—I have not continually felt that deep contrition of soul which I so long for. Oh! for greater humility and dedication. Help me, oh Lord, in school to remember thee. Wash and dip me in Jordan more and more.

TO L. H. B.

"Third Month 24th, 1864.

"M. A. Loyd was at our meeting on Thursday, and in her communication quoted that beautiful portion of Revelation, chap. vii. v. 14. It never seemed so sweet to me before. Through all the love of God has always seemed so great to me, and his mercy marvellous, which I esteem a favor. It has been a favor to realize that my nature needed so much purification and not to be left hard-hearted. Still there is much more wanted to make me a living child of God—my heart's desire and prayer and cry for years.

"How much I desire to be more watchful, dwelling in spirit with Him continually, for as the apostle says, 'Absent in the body, but present with the Lord. This is not easily attained; we cannot do it ourselves and last night's pray-

ers and cries on this point seemed answered, for to-night cheerfulness covers my soul, for his merciful help. How useless it seems to think we can do anything of ourselves, it is only as we rest continually in Him. Oh! to be able to put my mouth in the dust before Him, always to dwell low in spirit.

"Sometimes thy poor friend has been enabled to feel Him in his holy temple, and could almost join the seraphim in saying, 'Holy, holy, holy is the Lord of hosts; the whole earth is full of his glory.'

"No wonder thou has enjoyed thy country home so much. To the heart attuned aright these scenes are full of melody; they always speak thus to me when alone in silence with them and my God. Thy communiings at the evening hour by the window must at times be very sweet, and I hope thou art often strengthened and refreshed by his living presence." He is our "balm of Gilead." May we seek for it more ardently, and may it be poured forth as ointment upon us.

"Thine truly,

"D. B."

Fourth Month 3rd.—Dwelt in a good degree under the cross and in silence this week, and am thankful to feel so little condemnation to-night. Thou knowest all my sorrows, oh Lord, lead me in a plain path.

(To be continued.)

JUDGING MEN AND JUDGING ACTS.—There is a difference between right and wrong, and guilt and innocence. The standards of right and wrong are permanent; the standards of personal guilt and innocence are relative, dependent on one's knowledge and circumstances. We are to bear this in mind in forming our judgment of men who have been prominent in political and literary history. Just now the literary world is paying a tribute to Robert Burns, the centennial of whose death recently occurred. That Burns was a man of generous instincts, with many fine impulses, with a hearty indignation at falsehood and wrong, with many temptations, with a poetic genius that has rarely been surpassed, and that, in our estimate of him, there should be mingled a large element of pity and sympathy, no one will deny. On the other hand, that he had no governing and guiding principles to restrain him from wrong-doing, that the tendency of his life and writings, as a whole, was to lower the standard of morality, that his genius was used to make passion and drunkenness more attractive, that his life was a warning rather than an example, can as little be denied. In one of his letters he says, "I knoved down before the Father of mercies, and said, 'Father, I have sinned, and am no more worthy to be called thy son.'" This gives ground for the hope that he was a sincere penitent, but we should see to it that our hope and the depth and tenderness of our pity do not prevent us from cautioning the young to avoid the follies and vices which made his life a wreck. As to a sinner's guilt or innocence, as God sees his spirit and purpose, we should refrain from judging. As to the conformity of his conduct to our standards of right and wrong, we are entitled to judge and to speak.—*N. S. Times.*

Of all the great comforts and causes of happiness among the rich, the greatest are those which they have to share with the poor. Rail-roads, street cars, pavements, sewerage, well-lighted streets, and pure water must be for all or for none.—*S. Lect.*

## The Rest That Remaineth to the People of God.

We are come to the fold of eternal rest, where Christ Jesus is the chief shepherd; He is the shepherd and bishop of our souls, that feedeth his flock with living bread that nourishes us to life eternal. He hath called us by his name and put us forth; He feedeth us in green pastures and we are fed with hidden manna, and lie down at noon with his gathered flock. Out of nations, kindreds, multitudes and people we are redeemed to God, and are come out of the world, out of the great Babylon, and out of spiritual Sodom and Egypt, where the Lord Christ was and is crucified, and lieth slain to this day. Atop of the world has the Lord set us, on the mountain of his own house and dwelling, where we behold and feel the life and glory and crown of the world that hath no end; and the world that hath an end is seen over, and its crown and glory are his footstool that reigns among us.

As for all that which this perishing world brings forth, which men seek after only, it is reckoned our temptation, though all the sons of Adam are seeking its glory, its riches, its crowns, its contentments. But of that birth are we which hath no crown, no glory, no rest under the sun; a birth is brought forth [in] us which is heir to another kingdom, and possessor of another crown, whose glorying is in the Lord all the day long, and He is our refuge, our rock and our fortress against all our enemies.

What though the wicked arm themselves, and the ungodly bend their bow? What though all sorts of people \* \* \* exalt themselves against the despised people of the Lord's inheritance, who, for his name's sake are killed all the day long? What though the wise men bring forth their arguments, and the rulers bring forth unrighteous judgments against the seed that God hath blessed? What though the revilers and scorners open their mouths, and reproachers and revilers cast out bitter words as a flood against the remnant of the woman's seed that hath long been fled into the wilderness? And what if the teachers, the prophets, and the elders, and the heads and wise men of the world, set themselves to pray and preach and print against the chosen seed of Jacob? Notwithstanding all this—though this is to come to pass, and hell open her mouth and her floods break forth to overflow and be much more increased—yet shall the King of righteousness rule among his people, and his presence will not forsake his chosen ones.

The Lord is with us, a mighty and a terrible one, and the shout of a king is amongst us; the dread of the Almighty covereth us, and it goeth before us, and compasseth us about, and the Lord is working a work in the earth, mighty and wonderful. He is gathering the scattered and binding up the broken-hearted; his people shall dwell in safety, and none shall make them afraid; no weapon that is formed against them shall prosper, nor any hand that is lifted up shall prevail. For Zion shall arise out of the dust, her beautiful garments shall be put on, and mourning and sorrow shall flee away. Her light is risen that is everlasting, and the sun shall never go down; but his day shall remain forever, and the night shall not again cover her brightness nor the sun set upon her habitations.—*E. Burrough.*

Look well to your motives.

FOR "THE FRIEND."

## Divine Revelation.

The Psalmist writes, "I will praise thee; for I am fearfully and wonderfully made; marvellous are thy works; and that my soul knoweth right well" (Ps. cxxxix, 14).

Of all God's works, known to man, none is more marvellous than man himself. Possessed of a body, mind and spirit, each in its sphere is beyond compare. Man submeth all things to himself, for God his Maker has put all earthly things beneath his feet. His body, formed of the dust of the earth, and apparently so defenceless, becomes under the control of the mind's power, a marvel of strength and might. His mind expanding with years, investigates not only things perceptible to the senses, but the laws that govern both matter and mind, and exploring the depths of science, marks the relations and affinities of all things to each other. But what shall we say of man's spirit? It links him, though mortal, with the world of spirits eternity, and Him who dwells and reigns there. There is a law written on man's heart which is none other than the law of God. Sin is the transgression of that law, and as all have sinned, God not alone makes manifest what is sin to men, but all men have partaken of that sin, by that law are guilty, and God makes this guilt also to be felt and seen of men. This is without doubt a revelation of the Divine will to man, and it will be soon enough for any man to deny that God either reveals himself or his Divine will to man, when such a one feels within himself that he neither knows of such a law within himself, nor that he did ever experience condemnation for sin. But if thou, dear reader art a sincere seeker after God and his truth thou must acknowledge having felt these smitings for sin in thy conscience, nor does man confine this judgment to his own thoughts or deeds, but places those of others in the same balance, weighing relative right and wrong.

The judgments of this law read aright we call truth, of which one truth is that nothing is made without a maker. Now, a law implies a higher power outside of that wherein that law is, it implies a kingdom wherein some ruler reigns, and to observe and to obey that law is to love and serve that ruler. This law then, of right or wrong, found in every heart, has a maker, and that Maker is none other but God who made man and all things.

Since God then, by his law, does thus manifest his will and displeasure against sin in man's heart, and thus reveals his own will to man wherefore, O man, wilt thou refuse to believe that He still further reveals his omnipotent will to such men as sincerely desire to come into harmony with the will of their King, and so come into possession of a pure and good conscience before God?

It is all of God's unmerited mercy, that since man died, God again made known to man, concerning his former happy estate and hope, and again so far revealed to man this Divine purpose and will, as to hold out to man a promise by which man might hope again to come into that life, immortality and image of God, which through transgression of the law, man lost though through sin, far removed from the royal throne, yet having that law still written on the heart, it becomes to us an evidence that we are yet amenable to the law of his kingdom. It beyond doubt also makes plain that as God revealed to our first parents the consequence which must inevitably follow the breaking of that Divine law, so also since He even yet

manifests his displeasure against sin in the heart, but therefore God does not reveal his will and himself to man, and this is Divine revelation. This law all men have, and every man shall be judged according to that law. As Eve stood in stricken and condemned, God in his love and compassion to man, gave to her, as the representative of the church of God, a promised deliverer in her seed, which Seed is Christ, the first born of the Church, who should bruise the head of the seed of the serpent. And from the beginning, even to this day, that church has existed, composed of poor sinners, washed and redeemed from sin, in whom God is pleased to manifest his will, his power, and his glory. In her early ages men saw these things from afar, and distant as it were, but with the dawning of the light came power, and through faith and power did they overcome sin, and obtain the promise of that eternal life, the gift of God to man, through his Son. For as the first dawn of day dispels the darkness, so did this appearance of God in the hearts of men dispel the power of the kingdom of darkness and of death; and long ere the sun is risen is there light sufficient to do our daily work, so God demands obedience according to the measure of his grace given, and graciously rewards man according to that obedience. Yet is it all of grace, the work is God's, and "we are his workmanship created in Christ Jesus, unto good works which God hath before ordained that we should walk in them."

To us then in these latter days hath the Sun of Righteousness arisen in its full glory, for God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face (i. e., the appearance), of Jesus Christ "2 Cor. iv: 6).

We then have now entered into thatfulness of blessing, which the Lord, by prophets, by his son and by apostles, promised, this glorious dispensation of the Gospel of Christ, wherein "all shall be taught of God" as Adam was before his fall, wherein all may become sons and daughters of God, taught, led and guided by the spirit of God, coming into the spirit, life and power of God's blessed Son, and through Him drinking of the well of life, and eating of Him the tree of life planted in the paradise of God.

For this the Apostle Paul prayed on behalf of the Ephesians, "that the God of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of glory, may give unto you the spirit of wisdom and revelation in the knowledge of Him" (Eph. i: 17). And as, believing, any come to Jesus, and through the power of faith, walk in the light of Christ, which comes from Him, their eyes shall be enlightened, their hearts and understanding opened, and they shall know "what is the hope of his calling, and what the riches of the glory of his inheritance in the saints" (eighteenth verse.)

This is Divine revelation, and it becomes us to patiently wait upon and watch for the revealings of God's will, that we may be doers of that will, and so enter into and hold our inheritance in the kingdom of God, "which is righteousness, peace and joy in the Holy Ghost."

W. W. B.

**PRACTICAL Christianity** is nothing more nor less than yielding to the spirit of Christ, and being led by it in the service of God in the world, in whatever way He is pleased to appoint.—*J. E. Southall.*

Lost in Settle Mountain Wilds.

For six days four-year-old Emma Nelson, of Susunville, wandred alone on a mountain where the roar of the bear and screams of the panther are heard nightly. On six evenings, as the sun disappeared in the west, she made a couch beneath some giant oak and lay down to sleep, the awful noises of the forest sounding in her ears a wild lullaby.

The little one is safe at home now, found and returned after a weary search by scores of men in the mountains; and that she was spared from death is regarded by the simple mountain folk as miraculous. Verily, there is One who watches over the weakest of his flock.

Little Emma is a rosy-cheeked miss, with bright blue eyes and dimpled hands and chin. She lives with her parents at Susunville. Her papa is the village postmaster.

Not far from the little one's humble home are the stately, snow-capped Blue Mountains. From the summits of snow of the highest peaks the view is enchanting and extends into three States. Off to the North is Washington, to the east Idaho, and all around Oregon. Away to the north the great Columbia River winds itself like a silvery thread, now through fertile valleys and now through sandy wastes, where sandstorms strong enough to interfere with railroad traffic sometimes occur.

The country is of wild aspect, and the mountain fastnesses hold many a secret of the doings of Indians in days long passed, of prospectors who never returned to their homes, and of cattle thieves who were dealt with according to the primitive law of the land.

The people of Susunville gave a picnic over a week ago in a grove in the foothills of the Blue Mountains. It did not differ from other picnics. There were sports for the children and lots of good things to eat, and the simple mountain people had a merry day of it. When the people were ready to start for home little Emma was nowhere to be found. There was no trace of her from early in the afternoon, when her six year-old brother saw her going in the direction of Settle Mountain, gathering the wild flowers as she went. "Settle Mountain!" exclaimed the country folk in horror. It is the most dangerous peak in the entire range, and is the stamping ground of bears and cougars.

"She'll never be found alive," was the verdict of the hardy mountaineers, as they shook their heads doubtfully.

All that night and for several days and nights afterward men searched the mountain fastnesses for the lost one. Their hearts failed within them when the stillness of the night was broken by the vicious growl of the cougar, and when in daytime they saw numerous bears feeding at the berry bushes. In the afternoon of the sixth day the searching party came upon a clump of weeping willows, by which passed a small stream. Not one of the searchers had the slightest idea of finding the little one alive. Little Willie was riding in front of his father on a horse, which was accustomed to rough travel in the mountains.

"Papa," said the boy, "if my little sister isn't dead, I think she is not far from that stream. She loves to sit near the river and make bouquets of the wild flowers that she gathers."

As the party neared the clump of brush —, Nelson was startled to hear a voice say: "Hello, papa; I have been looking for you ever so long."

Nelson clasped his child in his arms and

hugged her as no father ever hugged a child before.

"I knew I was lost, papa," the little one said, "but I was so sure I would meet my papa that I kept on walking."

Emma told the searchers that she had made a complete circuit of Settle Mountain, having travelled nine miles. How she escaped the cougars and bears is a mystery. She slept wherever she could find a resting place and subsisted on berries and the flesh of a calf which had been killed by a coyote.

The little girl said she was frightened only once while in the mountains. That was on her third day out. She awoke that morning on the edge of a precipitous cliff. The big fir trees in the valley a thousand feet below looked like walking-canes. Had she made the slightest move during her sleep she would have rolled off the cliff.—*Late Paper.*

FOR "THE FRIEND."

[Isaac Hayes, to whom the supposed paper refers, was a valuable Elder in the Society of Friends, who belonged to the Western Quarterly Meeting. During the troubles growing out of the doctrines advanced by Elias Hicks, a large share of exercise and labor fell on his portion.]

SOME OBSERVATIONS MADE BY ISAAC HAYES OF FALLOWFIELD, NINTH MO. 27TH, 1844, ABOUT A WEEK BEFORE HIS DEATH.

The short time I was with him, in company with S. L., (whom I found there), he said much. His mind seemed wonderfully clothed with Heavenly raptures in contemplating that world of glory into which he felt a full assurance he would soon be permitted to enter.

He said, "I feel desirous to relate to you, if I can have strength to do so without being too much overcome, a circumstance which lately transpired, and which I look upon as a vision of Light, which in marvellous mercy has been permitted or sent to assure me that the prayers of my soul have been accepted; and that there is indeed a place prepared for my immortal part." He then proceeded, "While rolling to and fro, on this bed of pain, knowing not where to turn or what to do, for it seemed as if the very pains of death could not be harder to endure, when all at once I was perfectly at ease; not a pain, nor an uneasy thought; all seemed hushed into profound silence; and while in the most rapturous and heavenly condition I ever experienced; there appeared right before me a little bird like a dove, of the most beautiful plumage I ever beheld—indeed I never saw anything in my life at all fit to compare with it. It stood beautifully erect before me, perfectly straight, not a wrinkle, not a shade of anything but loveliness appearing, and while I viewed it, it became much larger and taller, but no less beautiful, and I followed it to the gate of a beautiful city. The Porter was there; he opened not the gate, but informed me I was not at present to enter, but that I might look and behold the beauty of that city, not one of whose inhabitants can say, I am sick; and that shortly I shall be joined to that innumerable company dwelling within its sacred enclosure, whose walls are salvation and her gates praise. I fully believe that the beautiful bird represented the Almighty, and the Porter, my Saviour Jesus-Christ. And I have faith to believe that shortly all will be realized which has been thus mercifully shown to me, as I feel no condemnation within, and my whole man seems almost entirely swallowed up in love to my Maker and to my fellow man—and why I

should be thus detained here I know not, but no doubt it is for some wise purpose."

"On coming away, he bade me an affectionate farewell, and calmly added, "I shall never see thy face again."  
MORRIS COPE.

### Struggle for Life Among the Plants.

The vegetation of Eastern British East Africa consists of eight or nine floras, which are so different from one another that it is difficult to discover any features which characterize the flora as a whole. The severity of the struggle for existence in this region, however, is shown by a few plants that may be worthy of remark.

The first characteristic of the flora that impresses itself upon one—and it does so in a very pointed and unpleasant manner, is its prickliness. Some plants seem to consist of nothing but a collection of prickles; these are developed on every part of the plant, on the stem, stalks, flowers and seeds, while the leaves are often reduced to a few needles. The thorns and prickles help the plant in nearly every stage of life; for they scatter the seeds by clinging to the fur of passing animals, they protect the plant against animals that would devour it, and in some cases obtain for the plant the food it requires from the air. Some of the plants have the prickles arranged in a very ingenious way; thus the "wait-a-bit" thorn (the *Wach-ein-but* of the Dutch settlers of the Cape), has hooks pointing in opposite directions, so that a jerk backward to disentangle clothes caught by them, only impales them all the more firmly on another set. In some cases, as if thorns were not sufficiently formidable, ants burrow into their bases; the plant increases the growth of tissue to bury the invaders, and thus the base of the spine is enlarged into a woody bulb, capable of inflicting a nasty wound. Most of the succulent plants are protected by an abundant crop of thorns and spikes. Some of them have broad leaves with edges spiked like a saw; another species has bayonet-shaped leaves, which end in a point so hard and sharp that it goes through leather as easily as through paper.

The leaves in this "nkonge," as the Zanzibari call it, are placed opposite one another in a plane which, by a peculiarly malicious arrangement, is twisted into a spiral. Hence from whatever side these "chevaux de frise" be charged the unlucky traveller only plunges on to the prickles; and this happens with aggravating frequency when chasing wounded game through the scrub in the dim light of early dawn.

Another type of defence extensively adopted consists of circles of stout hairs pointing downwards, which prevent the more simple-minded of the ants from reaching and robbing the flowers. Nearly all the grasses are provided with these spiked collars, for their farinaceous seeds are especially attractive to ants. In many of the flowering plants the same purpose is effected by having the leaves placed in opposite pairs with their bases, "connate," or growing together to form a cup, as in the English teal; in the rainy sea-on, when alone the plant is in flower, this cup is filled with water, and this natural moat prevents crawling insects from reaching the coveted stores of honey and pollen.

The method of reducing the waste of seeds in a plant by their germination on the parent is not unknown among our English plants, and cases occur more frequently in the upper meadows or Alps of Switzerland. In Africa this "viviparity" is very extensively adopted. The case of the mangrove has already been quoted,

but the method is used in the plants of the "Nyika" in an opposite manner; for in these the leaves act as a kind of parachute, and scatter the young plants broadcast before the wind, instead of restricting them to a narrow belt.

The action of the wind in moulding the forms of trees is well shown in the open plains of East Africa. The few timber trees that occur there are, like the baobab, fixed by trunks of enormous bulk, so that the wind acting on the leafless branches, has but little power over them.

In other cases the leaves are narrow and spiny, and the branches expand in flat horizontal sheets, which present only their narrow edges to the wind. In none of these cases does the upper portion of the tree give the wind much leverage by which to overthrow it. The smaller trees are also shaped by the same agency.

The acacias, which form most of the scrub, are low and flat-topped, expanding above like an umbrella. This form is apparently acquired as a protection against the tornadoes that sweep over them. The shape is not much used on an isolated tree, for the wind can then get underneath the branches and tend to wedge it up; but these trees usually grow packed together, and their flat tops form a surface over which the storms sweep with little effect.

It is no doubt also as a protection against the wind that, as if to atone for the leaflessness of the trees, the flowering plants are woody. Thus on the plateaux we have to look for the main masses of blossom, not to the turf on the meadows, but to the clumps of shrubs.—*J. W. Gregory.*

OUR BOSTON TEAMSTERS.—During the hot spell of Eighth Month, it was with a distinct feeling of pleasure that I noticed on Tremont Street a horse, drawing a heavy wagon, with a damp sponge fastened between his ears, as recommended by the M. S. P. C. A. Being on a car, I failed to see the name on the wagon, but I did notice the driver, a good-looking, brown-faced fellow, in a straw hat and checked shirt. After ten years of business experience in this country, in many cities, which has brought me into contact, with teamsters constantly, I feel bound to say, that nowhere but in Boston have I found men whose work it is to handle draught horses, who seemed to consider their horses' interests identical with their own. Whenever I see a team of four or six horses in Boston, I instinctively glance at the driver, and in every case find him to be a good-looking, temperate, clean fellow, to be classed with our firemen and policemen. A better representative class of men than our Boston teamsters could not be found in our country. It is a trifling piece of work to place a damp sponge or cloth on a horse's head in such weather as we have just experienced, but one's heart goes out to the driver of a horse so equipped.—*Daily Evening Transcript.*

POLL IS ALWAYS ON THE ALERT.—One of Uncle Sam's most faithful servants in Maine, but one that draws no salary, lives at the Portland Head Lighthouse. It is a large gray parrot, brought from Africa some time ago, and presented to the keeper of the light. The bird soon noticed that when the fog began to blow in from the ocean somebody would cry out: "Fog coming; blow the horn!" One day the fog suddenly began to come in thick, and the men did not notice it. But Poll did, and croaked out: "Fog coming; blow the horn!" Ever since then, whenever fog is perceptible, Poll never fails to give warning.—*Selected.*

### SELECTIONS.

"Rest in the Lord and wait patiently for Him"  
(Psalms xxxviii: 7.)

Since thy Father's arm sustains thee,  
Peaceful be;  
When a chastening hand restrains thee,  
It is His will.  
Know His love in full completeness,  
Feel the measure of thy weakness,  
If He wound thy spirit sore,  
Trust Him more.

Without murmur, uncomplaining,  
In His hand,  
Leave whatever things thou canst not  
Understand.  
Though the world thy folly spurneth,  
From thy faith in pity turneth,  
Peace thy inmost soul shall fill  
Lying still.

Like an infant, if thou thinkest  
Thou canst stand—  
Childlike, proudly pushing back  
The proffered hand—  
Courage soon is changed to fear,  
Strength doth feebleness appear;  
In His love if thou abide  
He will guide.

Fearst sometimes that thy Father  
Hath forgot?  
Though the clouds around thee gather  
Doubt Him not.  
Always hath the daylight broken,  
Always hath He comfort spoken,  
Better hath He been for years,  
Than thy fears.

Therefore whoso'er betideth,  
Night or day,  
Know His love for thee provideth  
Good always.  
Crown of sorrows gladly take,  
Grateful wear it for his sake;  
Sweetly bending to his will,  
Lying still.

To his own thy Saviour giveth  
Daily strength;  
To each troubled soul that liveth,  
Peace at length.  
Weakest lambs have largest share  
Of the tender Shepherd's care;  
Ask Him not, then, "when?" or "how?"  
Only bow!

### THE TWO WORDS.

One day a harsh word, rashly said,  
Upon an evil journey sped,  
And like a sharp and cruel dart  
It pierced a fond and loving heart;  
It turned a friend into a foe,  
And everywhere brought pain and woe.

A kind word followed it one day,  
Flew swiftly on its blessed way;  
It healed the wound, it soothed the pain,  
And friends of old were friends again.  
It made the hate and anger cease,  
And everywhere brought joy and peace.

But yet the harsh word left a trace  
The kind word could not quite efface,  
And though the heart its love regained,  
It bore a scar that long remained;  
Friends could forgive but not forget,  
Or lose the sense of keen regret.

O if we could but learn to know  
How swift and sure our words can go,  
How would we weigh with utmost care  
Each thought before it sought the air,  
And only speak the words that move  
Like white-winged messengers of love.  
—*Sunday School Times.*

As in the case of individuals, so with our congregations, aggressive action must come as the result of a living sense of the needs of the world, and a Divine call to work. No lesser motive will be effective.—*London Friend.*

**Pilgrimage to Mecca from the Soudan.**

Charles Henry Robinson mentions the narrative given to him in Tripoli, by a man who had made the journey, of the difficulties connected with the pilgrimage.

He had started originally from Bida, a town about a hundred miles north of the junction of the rivers Niger and Binni, distant as the bird lies two hundred miles from Mecca, and had taken with him his wives and family, a party of seventeen in all. They travelled in the first instance to Kano, and thence to Kuka, the capital of Bornou, situated near to the western shore of Lake Tchad. The king being absent on a slave raid, he was detained here for some four months, after which he made his way into Wadai and thence to Darfur, in which latter province he and his party were seized as slaves and retained as such for a year. At the end of this time, having succeeded in regaining his liberty and that of his family, on the plea that being pilgrims *en route* for Mecca they could not lawfully be detained, he proceeded in safety as far as the Mahdi's camp at Omdurman, where he arrived just after the fall of Khartoum and the death of General Gordon. After a month's delay at Omdurman, and having with difficulty escaped from the hands of the Mahdi, who wished to retain him as a soldier, he made his way into Abyssinia. Here he got into trouble again, the result being that a whole year elapsed before he and his party succeeded in reaching the coast at Souakin, whence they travelled by steamer to Jeddah, the port of Mecca. After duly performing the rites of the pilgrimage, both at Mecca and Medina, he was prevented from resuming his homeward journey owing to the entire exhaustion of his resources. According to his account, it is customary for any pilgrim who has money wherewith to do so, to entertain his fellow-pilgrims at a banquet given in their honor, and, as there are sometimes as many as sixty thousand pilgrims to be found at a time in Mecca, it will easily be seen what unlimited opportunities for getting rid of money are here afforded. Having spent all that he possessed, he and his friends were forced to remain in Mecca for no less than four years, at the end of which time, having recruited their resources from those of the pilgrims who had come after him, they returned to Jeddah, and sailing thence to Suez, walked across Egypt to Alexandria, whence they came on by sea to Tripoli. The last that I heard of him was that he was about to start across the Great Sahara desert and that he hoped to reach his own town in about a year's time. As he had not apparently arrived at Bida at the time of my recent visit to it, it is to be feared that some further misfortunes have befallen him by the way. Should he succeed in reaching his destination within the year 1895, he will then have travelled a distance of nearly seven thousand miles, the time occupied being rather over ten years.—*Hansa local.*

**LOOKING MORE WAYS THAN ONE.**—Looking several ways is necessary to going one way safely. A man who attempts to cross a city street, in these days of electric cars and bicycles, would be in danger of being run over from a half-dozen directions while he was looking straight across the street to where he wanted to go. He must look forward and backward and sideways with both eyes, in order to see a clear path just ahead. It is much the same in all lines of business or study; looking several ways is essential to seeing clearly one way.—*S. S. Times.*

**Italian War Misery.**

The *Daily Chronicle* says:—"While the Italian Government has been spending the nation's money in a vain campaign in Abyssinia it is a matter of painful interest to inquire how some of the Italian people are themselves living. A special correspondent of the *New York Evening Post*, at Palermo, gives a terrible account of the condition of things in Sicily. As the *Evening Post* is very far from being a sensational organ, and its facts and figures are given in abundance, there is no reason to doubt the absolute accuracy of what must be regarded, in part at least, as a very formidable indictment against the Government of Italy. The people of Sicily have two sources of livelihood—agriculture and the sulphur mines. Now, while the land agent, who represents the absentee landowners, pays no tax on his cattle, each peasant has two pence six shilling on a single mule. He has to work sixteen hours a day under a semi-tropical sun, and to herd with others in open sheds at night. For this existence of slavery the peasant receives about a franc a day, and he is fortunate if he can earn four pence to keep his family through the season.

"The condition of the peasants, however, dreadful as it is, is not nearly so bad as that of the workers in the sulphur mines. In these abodes of horror the ore is carried through the long galleries on the backs of boys, who are sold for the purpose when eight or ten years old. The employer pays from two to twelve pounds for these wretched little lads, and they are his until death, or until they are wanted by the Government to be slaughtered in Abyssinia. More than one of these children has been deliberately beaten to death by his owner. For twelve hours' labor a day they are paid half a franc! Signor Rossi, of the staff of the *Tribuna*, visited one of these mines, which gave employment to thirteen hundred persons, and as he and his companion, Signor de Felice, the imprisoned Member of Parliament, came to the entrance of the mine, they were startled by the sight of what seemed a gathering of dwarfs. They were the child-workers in the mine, "stark naked, humpbacked, with twisted legs, and faces prematurely old—these were the little *caristi*." After passing through the galleries, the visitors stopped to examine the boys, and found the skin of their shoulders raw from the burdens they had to bear. Signor Rossi: "I heard one say, weeping, to a companion, 'I can go on no more, I must let the sack fall.' At a third turn there was another, with his burden on the ground. He wept as he crouched beside it. He had fair hair and blue eyes, but the eyes were reddened by weeping, and the tears fell over pale, hollow cheeks. In my career as a journalist I have seen horrors of every kind, but I have seen nothing which affected me like this."

Let it be remembered that it was for exposing and denouncing these vile and infamous facts that public men were silenced and imprisoned, under the heavy hand of Signor Crispi, while the Italians were urged to seek glory in Africa. Is this the kind of civilization which Signor Crispi wants to introduce into the realms of Emperor Menelik? Why the worst state of things in Abyssinia would seem a kind of paradise for these hapless little child-slaves in the Sicilian mines. Let it be noticed that while the Italian Government is playing its game of *haute politique* with the German Kaiser, the Italian immigration in America is assuming

greater proportions than ever. Although it is early in the season, we already read of twenty-five hundred Italian immigrants landing at New York in one week. No wonder that all who can, fly from the crushing poverty which can be traced directly to the policy pursued by the Italian Government for years past. If the present state of things goes on indefinitely, Italy will be left with a barren waste land, and with a degraded population, ready for the wildest work of destruction, but powerless to create anything better.

**Isaac Andrews'**

ACCOUNT OF THE EARLY PART OF HIS LIFE, HIS RELIGIOUS EXERCISES, AND CALL TO THE MINISTRY.

Under an humbling sense of the great goodness and inexpressible mercies of Almighty God, manifested to me, a poor finite creature, even from my childhood, my heart has often been affected, in such a manner that I thought I should be most easy to commit a few hints thereof to writing.

When I was about six or seven years old, I was induced to believe there was a God, and that He loved good children, and was displeased with those who are naughty. This caused me to be afraid to tell lies, or be wicked. I likewise believed there was a devil, that had power to hurt bad children; and when I had done amiss, I was afraid of falling into his power. I loved to go to meetings; and when I sat still in them, I was easy in mind; but when I did otherwise, I was uneasy. I loved good men and women, especially ministers; and had a dislike to those who were wicked.

When I was between eight and nine years of age, I was put apprentice to Jonathan Wright, near Burlington, about fifty miles from my mother, and all my relations and acquaintances. Being entirely among strangers, the Lord was kind to me, making me sensible of his love in turning my mind to seek Him, alone, and to cry to Him for the influence of his Holy Spirit, that I might be preserved from evil; to which I found I was by nature inclined. And He did preserve me in his fear in a wonderful manner, until I was about sixteen or seventeen years old.

Oh! the strict government that I was kept under, at that time! My greatest delight was to be alone, to wait upon, worship, and praise the holy name of my God, for his goodness to my soul. I saw a necessity to use the plain language, as "thee" and "thou" to a single person, at all times, and in all companies; and whenever I did refuse or neglect this testimony for Truth, even to an animal, I was reproved for it. So that I firmly believe it is a testimony that Truth requires of all that make profession thereof; however light some may think of it.

About this time, my mistress died. She was a woman of piety and virtue, and showed great tenderness and care towards me. On her death-bed she warned me to beware of bad company, as though she saw the snare I was like to fall into. Notwithstanding her caution, I was caught in it; for I became acquainted with some young men and women, who took great delight in what the world calls innocent nirth, such as fiddling and dancing. But whatever some may think of such amusements, they did not prove innocent to me. I was thereby gradually drawn away into the wilderness of sin and transgression, where no light appeared.

Although at my first going into this company I was deeply distressed and condemned for it; so that I concluded I would go no more, yet up-

portunity and inopportunity prevailed. Then was I again followed by judgment, and sometimes made covenant to do better; but the temptations of the enemy, with my own inclination, and the enticements of others, prevailed, again and again. At length I began to flee from judgment, and endeavored to stifle the witness of God, in my own heart, which often arose and testified against the evil I was in the practice of. But I was tempted to make merry over this inward reprover, by tramping upon it, singing and dancing, whenever it arose. So, by degrees, I seemed to gain a victory over it, still presuming on the mercy of God, and adding sin to sin; until I was left to myself, so that I felt no reprover for anything I did.

Oh, what vanity and folly did I indulge in! My companions applauded and caressed me, for my activity, which prompted me to go on, and I soon became a proficient in the school of Satan, leaping and dancing and making merry. Yet was I mercifully preserved from what are called gross evils amongst men.

In this state I continued about two years, and although I went to meetings, yet the chant of the violin was so sounding in my ears, that I received no benefit thereby. In this state of darkness, the tempter persuaded me all was well; and I thought I was a clever fellow, being much esteemed by those my associates.

Being now free from my master, I thought to take my swing in the world. Yet, at times, I thought I should be brought back again through judgments; but I looked at such an event as at some great distance from me. However, through mercy it was nearer than I was aware of.

Having some cattle at Little Egg Harbor, I was obliged to go there, to provide hay for them. While I was there I thought of my father and mother, who were both dead, and I was left like a sparrow on the house-top, or like a sheep in the wilderness, without a shepherd. Thoughts like these caused a kind of melancholy to seize me, which I did not like. Being far from my jovial companions, I wanted to get back to them; and therefore thought to get my cattle wintered, but nobody appeared willing to undertake it; so I was obliged to procure hay for them myself, which seemed a cross to my own will. As I was working, my heart became sad. At length, on a clear day, I saw a little black cloud arise in the north, at a great distance; at which I was somewhat surprised. Looking at it again, I saw it arise fast and increased in blackness, which augmented my fears, and terror began to take hold of my mind, so that I durst not stay in the meadow any longer. In haste, I ran to the sea-shore; the cloud at the same time came swiftly over me, and I was smitten to the ground with thunder.

After some time, I got up and went to the house, where my sister Hannah dwelt. As I lay on a bed, my sight and sense, as to anything outward, were taken away; but I saw fearfully all my sins that I had committed. Death seemed to look me in the face, and there appeared no way to escape. I also saw, that if I died in that condition, nothing but misery would be my portion. Oh, the dread and terror that I was in; seeing, as to my apprehension, the very lake that burns with fire and brimstone, "where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched." This, I thought I saw to be the end of the wicked, who sin against knowledge, until their day is over.

Oh, if I had been in the possession of a thousand worlds, at that time, I would have given

them all for a little more time. I longed for it, but could not ask it with any degree of faith, for my heart was hard. Thus, under inexplicable anguish, I remained for some time. No tongue can tell, nor heart conceive, to the full, without an experimental knowledge of it, which I sincerely desire may never be the case with any.

After being in this condition until all hope was gone, on a sudden my heart was tendered, accompanied with a flood of tears. Oh, then the cry was, for a little more time, which, at length, seemed to be granted, on condition that during the remainder of my life, I would give up my heart to serve Him, who hath the lives of all flesh at his disposal. This I now felt very desirous to do, crying for strength and mercy, and forgiveness of my sins, in such a manner as to be heard by those near me.

The first thing I remember, as to anything outward, was my sister, who held me by the hand, and thus expressed herself: "Ah! brother, He that hath all men's hearts in his hand, can change them in a moment." These being "words fitly spoken, were as apples of gold in pictures of silver," to which I could make no answer.

Thus, the Lord by his power, restored me immediately to perfect health, and to my senses in a few hours. I then returned to my labor, in deep thoughtfulness and fear. And when I had performed what I was engaged about, keeping all to myself that I had passed through, I returned to my brother's house at Mount Holly, where I made my home.

I soon met with many temptations; for, falling again into the company of some of my former companions, I found it very hard to take up the cross, and deny myself of old practices, which through long custom, seemed interwoven with my constitution. I had the same inclination to vanity and folly as before. The adversary strove hard to keep possession of my heart, and through weakness, I was several times prevailed upon to join in dancing and making merry, which brought distress and anguish upon my soul.

The last time Satan prevailed on this subject was as follows: as I was going along a street in Mount Holly, I heard a fiddle, and thought I would not go near it. Yet when I came opposite the house, it was suggested to my mind that I might stand still and hear what they were playing, for there could be no harm in that. Then, that I might go to the end of the house and listen; there being no harm in that, so I complied. Then it seemed as if it was said, thou mayst go into the house, but be sure not to dance; there is no harm in that. So the enemy prevailed by subtlety, and I lost my strength, and to dancing I went, as though I knew no better.—But this query came into my mind, Where art thou? Then I saw where I was, and abhorred myself. So I left the company abruptly, and went out, and wittly departed.

Oh! that night was a dreadful one to me. I thought the very terrors of hell took hold on me. I saw I had broken my covenant, from time to time, and how the Lord had forborne with me. I was now charged to break off my sins, or else I should go back where I was when He met with me before, and should be left to myself; and the pit I then had a prospect of should be the lot of my inheritance. Oh, the bitter cries and groans which those apprehensions then produced! I hope I may never forget them.

I then entered into a solemn covenant, that if the Lord would give me strength, I would

never do the like again. This covenant I was enabled to keep, blessed be the Lord, for it was his power that preserved me from the jaws of the devourer. When this was over, I had faith to believe that the Lord, in his own time, would enable me to overcome all my sins. A prayer was raised in me daily, that He would pardon, and blot out my transgressions, and remember my iniquities no more.

(To be concluded.)

### In the Far North.

At an early hour on First-day morning we were safely moored alongside Sorabster Pier (Cuthness), and after breakfast in the steamer's saloon at half-past eight, we went ashore and turned our steps towards the wild cliffs known as Holborn Head. The hill above them is a bare, bleak slope, in many places almost devoid of vegetation, being swept by the winter gales, and often drenched with spray from the wild Atlantic waves which break upon the rocks beneath. In this barren wilderness we came upon certain spots where the beautiful little *Primula Scotica* grew in profusion, and the exquisite flowers at once filled one with admiration, and seemed placed there as fitting emblems of the great Creator's love; and as we gazed upon them we were reminded of the words, "If God so clothe the flower of the field, will He not much more clothe you?"

We soon approached the "clett," a huge stack of rock, separated from the mainland by a yawning gulf, into which we gazed and wondered, as the innumerable fowl went about their avocations regardless of our presence. We must have appeared very small to them as compared with the huge rocks amongst which they lived and reared their young in safety. Thousands of guillemots were on the cliffs and flying in mid-air, whilst others, swimming, diving, far below, were hardly visible; black-backed and herring gulls wheeled overhead, and screamed as if in wild defiance as we stood upon the verge above their nests, now deserted by the well-fledged young, which ran among the ledges trying their wings, and longing to air their pinions in triumphant flight; the puffin, "tamie pion" as the Gaels call him, dwelt in holes high up amid those cliffs, and ever and anon went back and forward between the heights and depths below, "your Heavenly Father feedeth them," came home to longing hearts, and a little further on we sat and "waited."

Down in the hollow caves beneath boomed the huge breakers, now here, now there, then distant, and fittingly reminded us of one who, long ago, when sitting on his native hills, communed with God his Father, listening to the roar of mighty waters after rain, as floating on the breeze it came and went, then came again, then died in everlasting distance; and our thoughts, like his, were turned again,— "Deep calleth unto deep," and "What is man?" "midst all this chaos; and we worshipped there—truly a fitting place. How "marvellous God's works," and more still that He should care for us! And yet He does; we felt it, knew it, and we gave Him thanks, and asked Him for a blessing, and He blessed us there. A fitting house in which to worship. There, "on the rock," with vaulted arch of purest blue above, his loving presence with us, and his soothing words of peace as one by one they entered in and found a resting-place—"Take My yoke upon you," "Learn of Me;" and as the spirit was made willing, and the flesh was crucified, so we were filled, "the hungry with good things."—*The London Friend.*

THE FRIEND.

ELEVENTH MONTH 21, 1896.

WITH AN AMBULANCE IN WARTIME.—Dr. Charles E. Ryan has written a painfully interesting work entitled, "With an Ambulance during the Franco-German War" (London, Murray). Of one of his experiences he records: "We were compelled by the French authorities to take out of the beds, as best we could, men and women, some even at the door of death, and all severely wounded. I could not recall without pain the details of the scenes which accompanied their transportation. As I have said, their wounds were all of the gravest character; some were mortal, the majority were amputations, and the remainder compound fractures, or severe lacerated shell-wounds. To make the bed of many of the patients, or even to move them gently, was to cause them acute suffering. One may imagine the agony of these brave fellows when they were hauled out of their mattresses and put, two or three together, onto a cart or wagon, which, no matter how carefully driven, had to jostle them along the very streets to the place of destination. I went successively into several of the wagons where some of the worst cases were, and did all in my power to mitigate their dreadful pains; but, in spite of everything I could do, they moaned most piteously as the wheels bumped over any roughness in the pavement. I thought a bullet through the heart was preferable to such agony as they endured."

The *St. James Gazette* remarks on this book, that Dr. Ryan has been as sparing as he well could be of the horrors of the military hospital; and, despite his restraint, his work has all the ascination of the terrible. "People talk very lightly," he remarks at the close, "of the great European war that is said to be inevitable. It can do no harm to measure as far as possible that such a war may mean." His book helps me to make that measure. "Give peace in our time, O Lord!" is a prayer to which the experience of an army surgeon should give an intensity of meaning it were impossible otherwise to attain.—*Herald of Peace.*

SAVE YOUR STRENGTH.—You will need it by and by. You may be young, strong, vigorous, lusty, and full of energy and fire; but the day may come when you will be weak, pale, feeble, and sick; and when the question of life or death will depend on the amount of strength you have to resist disease, and restore you to health and vigor. Then, when life hangs as in a balance, if you have strength you will rally, and if not you will go down.

The strength you waste in overwork, in useless sports, in needless exposure, violent exercise, nervous excitement, late hours, nights of debauchery, in intoxication, in tobacco using, in gluttony, and vice of every kind, will be just what you will need to carry you safely through, and add years to your term of life. But if your strength is gone you cannot regain it. You may dose and doctor, and stimulate, and search out all the hidden reserves of your vitality; but when you have found them and used them you are done! Neither money nor medicine can buy back life, or restore the wasted energies. Your strength is gone, uselessly squandered; dissipated in folly, sapped by lust, broken by indulgence,—and when you lie pale and feeble, racked, tortured, tormented, panting, gasping, dying, you may perhaps remember that the strength wasted in one single day or hour, would have been ample to have carried you safely through the crisis of disease, and given you long years of usefulness and enjoyment.

A high price to pay for an hour of pleasure and folly! It is better to save your strength when it is abundant, and so escape languor, sickness, and pain, and have the vigor that defies disease, overcomes infirmities, and lengthens out a life of usefulness to the full measure which God has granted us, and designed that we should enjoy.—*The Christian.*

In a treatise entitled "Truth's Principles," written by John Crook in 1663; the author makes a very clear distinction between the acts of righteousness done by man in his own will, and that free gift which is of God through his spirit, whereby Christ is made "unto the soul, wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption. . . . It is not he that saith he is righteous by the imputation of Christ's righteousness, but 'he that doeth righteousness is righteous even as He [Christ] is righteous.'" (1 John iii: 7). This does not mean that it is good works "as done by us, nor as inherent in us, as acts, by which we are accepted of God, and justified before Him; but by Christ, the author and worker of those acts in us and for us, whereby we know that we are in Him and He in us, and we know Him as our Head, unto whom all things are gathered together in one." This is in harmony with that declaration of the apostle Paul, "Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to his mercy He saved us, by the washing of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Ghost; which He shed on us abundantly through Jesus Christ, our Saviour; that, being justified by his grace, we should be made heirs according to the hope of eternal life" (Titus iii). As also with our Saviour's injunction, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness."—*United Friend.*

A SHIELD AND BUCKLER.—Charles Inglis, an evangelist, speaking at a meeting in London, related this remarkable incident:

"Twenty years ago I was at a convention in the city of Dublin, and after the meeting a gentleman put a Bible in my hand in which was a round hole in one of the covers. He said, 'I want you to look at it.' I took it up to look at it, and as I opened the Bible, I found lead after lead had this hole through it, and I said, 'What does it mean?'"

"He said, 'Five or six years ago, in a troubled part of the country where I was preaching, I had just finished a service in a farmhouse, and had got into my cart to ride home. Something said to me, 'Don't put your Bible into your coat pocket,' and I put it in my breast pocket. While riding I saw a flash, heard a report, and felt something had struck me."

"I said, 'Drive on, drive on quickly; I think I am shot, but I am not much hurt.'"

"The gentleman shortly afterwards found a hole in his overcoat, and he found the bullet embedded in that Bible, and it stopped at the seventeenth of St. John, where it says, 'Holy Father, keep through thine own name those whom thou hast given me.'"

"God unflinchingly watches over his children, and is never at a loss in devising means to effect their escape, even though they may have to pass through fire and water."—*Selected.*

No great movement springs altogether suddenly into existence. Years of preparation are often needed. Unseen forces are long tending to results which burst out at length as unexpectedly as streams burst out from under hillsides, and then flow down to gladden all the lower plains.—*Exchange.*

A concern for the spiritual growth of our younger members, and their preservation from evil influences, has from its rise, been one of the subjects which has engaged the attention of the Society of Friends. As an illustration of this, we quote the following extract from an epistle of the Yearly Meeting of Philadelphia, issued in 1746 to its Subordinate Meetings and members. After giving suitable counsel to the young, it expresses the desire that the Elders and others "show a disposition to admit them at times into their company and treat them with freedom and kindness which will very much make way for any advice or counsel they may give them in relation to their conduct."

We think this advice is as applicable now as it was one hundred and fifty years ago, and we trust there is a widespread concern among our older members to help their younger friends, as way may open for it, in their progress in the Christian path. This concern not only leads to desires and secret prayers for their growth in grace, but encourages to the social visiting them in their families, and to efforts to strengthen the bonds that unite all in a common interest in the promotion of the cause of Christ, and the welfare and progress of our own religious Society, and the spread of the principles it was raised up to bear testimony to.

When these concerned Friends meet with those who are evidently bending their necks to the yoke of Christ, and evincing by their conduct that they are being enrolled in the ranks of the Redeemer's army, the comfort and satisfaction they feel is such as to enable them to understand the language of the apostle, "I have no greater joy than to hear that my children walk in the Truth."

In manifesting this love and concern for the young, there is need of sound discretion, that we may not unwittingly defeat our own object. It would be a pity and an injury to the cause of righteousness, if our love and sympathy should have the effect of removing from the youthful mind that uneasiness with any part of their conduct which had been awakened by the visitation of their Saviour; and should tend to settle them at ease in practices inconsistent with their profession. It was probably a concern of this kind which one hundred years ago led to the introduction into our discipline of the following clause: "In some places there may have been a want of care, rightly to distinguish and seasonably to bring into action, the talents bestowed upon some in the early stage of life; and we believe that many who were evidently under the forming hand, have been suddenly laid hold of and introduced into service, before that preparation of heart hath been sufficiently experienced, which leads to a reliance upon Divine direction, and redeems from a confidence in the natural understanding; it is therefore desired that by a just discrimination of times and seasons, and of the qualifications bestowed, every gift may be rightly exercised, and a succession of useful members preserved in every work in the church." (p. 61—Ed. of 1893.)

We fear that there are among our younger members some who show by their dress, language and general course of life that they are unwilling to submit fully to the advice of their older and concerned Friends, and faithfully uphold those testimonies which true Friends from

the beginning have felt it their duty to consistently support; and who yet in a general way are convinced of the truth of the doctrines we profess, and desire to see them prosper and spread. Their own unfaithfulness is a barrier to their usefulness in the church; rendering it improper for Friends to entrust to their hands the more important duties which devolve upon its faithful members; and fearing lest their appointment to official positions should have the effect of encouraging them to continue their inconsistent course, and thus prove of real injury to them.

**SUMMARY OF EVENTS.**

**UNITED STATES.**—Great credit is given to President Cleveland and Secretary Olney for their success in arranging an arbitration of the boundary line dispute between Venezuela and British Guiana. Great Britain at first declined to arbitrate, and next refused to submit to arbitration the territory inside the so-called Schomburgk line. According to reports, the whole territory in dispute is to be considered by the arbitrators, with the understanding that fifty years of actual possession is to far a counter-claim.

**FRANCE.**—The late Marquis de Dode, a French nobleman, has been declared bankrupt. Dode, in this question is a delicate one, and is saved from being embarrassing by Lord Salisbury's acceptance of Secretary Olney's proposition. It is believed that the dispute as to the boundary line must be settled without friction, which will indicate both a victory for the principle of arbitration and for the foundation of the United States as to not to intervene when a foreign Power attempts to extend its possessions upon the American Continent.

A statement was issued on the 10th instant by the Secretary of the Venezuelan Boundary Commission that in view of Lord Salisbury's announcement and the probable early settlement of the boundary of the arbitration, "the Commission, while continuing its deliberations in the preparation and orderly arrangement of many valuable maps, reports and documents which have been procured and used in the course of its labors, does not propose to formulate any decision for the present of the matters submitted for consideration. It will continue its sessions from time to time, with the hope and expectation that a friendly and just settlement of all pending differences between the nations interested will make any final decision on its part unnecessary."

The position of our Government in the arbitration with Venezuela will be that no protection over the South American Republics is assumed, but that we act in the role of best friend.

President Cleveland said last week, in speaking to a Senator about the rumors of war with Spain, that the position of our Government was, as stated in his last annual message to Congress, one of traditional sympathy with a people struggling for autonomy and freedom; but, nevertheless, this Government felt its plain duty to honestly fulfill every international obligation. Every precaution has been taken so that if a crisis should arise in Cuba the United States could assist itself with force, but he did not think the occasion would arise.

The official vote of Pennsylvania is given as follows: McKinley (Rep.) 726,995; Bryan and Swoell (Dem.) 422,654; Levering and Johnson (Pro.) 10,274; Bryan and Watson (Sec.) 6,103; Bryan and Swoell (Free Silver), 5073; Palmer and Buckner (Jeffersonian), 11,000; McKinley and Hobart (McKinley-Itzeng), 1302; Matchett and Maguire (Socialist-Labor), 3683; Rowley and Southgate (National), 870.

The official vote of Minnesota is given out. Over 310,000 votes were cast at the election. Eleventh Mo. 3rd, an increase of over 41,000 since last election. McKinley received 165,475 votes; Bryan, 129,477; Pro, 2204; Levering, 1002; and Mitchell, 734.

Wyoming's electoral vote will be given to Bryan, and one vote of Kentucky to the Democratic candidate, the other 12 to McKinley.

The Chief Justice of Arizona has given a decision sustaining the contract for leasing prison labor by ex. Atty. Gen. B. B. Howell, 4002, and Mitchell, 734. At seven o'clock, per. This means the prison will be self-supporting, and will construct a mammoth irrigation canal, reclaiming 100,000 acres to agriculture.

It is estimated that 75 per cent of the inmates of public institutions are aliens.

Sarah Malley, of Cheyenne, Wyoming, is the first

woman to be chosen a Presidential Elector. She is a Republican, while her husband is a Democrat.

Following the lead of Chicago, a New York dry goods house is about to start a little school in its own premises where the cash girls can obtain instruction one or two hours every day. In one of the large dry goods stores of Chicago a day and a night school is maintained by competent teachers and all the modern accessories of a first-class school-room where the employees of the store are given free education.

The orange trees of Florida are rapidly recovering from the effects of the great freeze and the *Florida Agriculturist* says it will not be long before the State is sending as many oranges to market as ever before. The crop in this city last week numbered 384, which is 10 more than the previous week and 6 less than the corresponding week of 1895. Of the whole number 193 were males and 191 females; 49 died of pneumonia; 35 of heart disease; 28 of consumption; 20 of nephritis; 19 of diphtheria; 15 of old age; 15 of malarial; 14 of inflammation of the stomach and bowels; 13 from casualties; 12 of cancer; 12 of apoplexy; 11 of inanition; 11 of convulsions, and 10 of Bright's disease.

**MARKETS.**—U. S. 5, 28.95 a 97; 48, 1091 a 1110; new 48, 1191 a 1200; — 58, 112 a 1123; currency 65, 101 a 102.

**COTTON.**—Demand from spinners was light, but the market ruled steady on a basis of 8½c. per pound for middling uplands.

**FEED.**—Winter barn in bulk, quoted \$10.00 a \$11.00 and spring do., in sacks, at \$7.50 a \$10.50 per ton.

**EGGS.**—Winter super, per doz. a \$3.15; do., extras, \$3.25 a \$3.40; do., old, \$4.50 a \$4.75; Western winter, clear, \$4.10 a \$4.35; do., straight, \$4.50 a \$4.75; do., do., patent, \$4.80 a \$5.00; spring, clear, \$3.85 a \$4.25; straight, \$4.25 a \$4.60; do., do., patent, \$4.75 a \$4.95; do., favorite brands, higher. City mills, extra, \$3.25 a \$3.50; do., clear, \$4.25 a \$4.50; do., straight, \$4.50 a \$4.75; do., do., patent, \$4.80 a \$5.00; Pennsylvania, BUCKWHEAT FEED, \$1.00 a \$1.70 per 100 pounds for good to choice.

**GRAIN.**—No. 2 red wheat, 89½ a 90c. No. 2 mixed corn, 29½ a 30c. No. 2 white oats, 24 a 24½.

**BEEF CATTLE.**—Extra, 41 a 42c; good, 41 a 42½c; medium, 41 a 42c; common, 39½ a 41c.

**SHEEP AND LAMBS.**—Extra, 34½ a 4c; good, 31 a 33½c; medium, 24 a 3c; common, 21 a 2½c; ewes, 1½ a 2c; lambs, 3½ a 5c.

**HOGS.**—Western, 31 a 35c; State, 34 a 4½c.

**FOREIGN.**—Members of the House of Commons are supplied with materials of the best quality possible quality, and a generous use is made of it. During the past session, 410,500 letters were posted at the House of Commons, which gives an average of over 600 per member.

London's population increases about 70,000 every year.

It is despatch of the 11th instant from Manila says: "The Spanish forces have won a brilliant victory over the insurgents at Novleta. The rebel positions were strongly fortified, and there was desperate fighting before they were taken. The insurgents lost 400, and the Spaniards 33 killed.

There was a large attendance of spectators at the opening of the Reichstag on the 16th instant, in anticipation of a warm debate over the neutrality treaty between Russia and Germany. The affair, however, proved to be a disappointment, the Government Ministers deprecating a continuance of the agitation as injurious to the Empire.

It is announced that a treaty of peace has been signed between Abyssinia and Italy. The new convention recognizes the complete independence of Ethiopia. King Menelik declares free all the Italian taken prisoners during the recent campaign.

Charles Hall Adams, United States Consul General in Liberia, now in this country on a visit, says that Liberia is fairly prosperous, and that industrious and intelligent people are able to make a good living in the country. The principal industry is the raising of coffee and palm oil, and a number of American negroes own good plantations and enjoy incomes of as much as \$5,000 a year.

It is also announced that the claims from the British South Africa Company £1,000,000 indemnity to cover the damage sustained by the Jameson raid.

A feature of the population statistics of Western Australia is the large proportion of males to females. The disparity is maintained in the arrivals by sea. At present there are 45 females to every 100 males.

Costa Rica and Colombia have agreed to arbitrate a long-standing boundary dispute. See, what a good example does!

**RECEIPTS.**

Received from George Stokes, Agent, England, £20, 15 shillings, being 10 shillings each for Vol. 70, from himself, Alice Alexander, Mary Ashby, John Anderson, Robert Biglands, John Bellows, R. E. Brockbank, Birmingham Friends Reading Society, Robert H. Clark, James L. Cook, Stephen Cumberland, E. and G. Hill, J. H. Jones, J. H. Jones, J. H. Jones, J. H. Jones, Jane Hall, William Hall, William Knowles, Wm. James LeTall, Joseph Lamb, Anna Moorhouse, W. C. McChene, William R. Nash, Daniel Pickard, George Pitt, Sarah Pearson, John Sykes, Eliza M. Southall, John Hall Shield, Isaac Sharp, Jr., James G. Smeal, Charles W. Thomson, John Wood, Lucy W. Walker, John H. Wainwright, William Wright, Wm. Williamson, Ellen K. Watkins, Mordant M. Monro, to No. 27, Vol. 71, John Cheal, Vol. 69, and R. H. Dreaper, 15 shillings to end of vol. 70.

**NOTICES.**

**THE MOORESTOWN PEACE ASSOCIATION OF FRIENDS** will mail free suitable and interesting literature to all who are interested in the propagation of peace principles. ALICE C. RHOADS, Secy. MOORESTOWN, Burlington Co., N. J.

**WESTTOWN BOARDING SCHOOL.**—Applications for the admission of pupils to the school, and letters in regard to instruction and discipline should be addressed to WILLIAM F. WICKERSHAM, Principal. Payments on account of board and tuition, and communications in regard to business should be forwarded to EDWARD G. SMEDLEY, Superintendent. Address, Westtown P. O., Chester Co., Pa.

**WESTTOWN BOARDING SCHOOL.**—For convenience of persons coming to Westtown Sch. J, the stage will meet trains leaving Philadelphia 7.17 and 8.46 a. m., and 2.53 and 4.32 p. m. Trains are met as requested. Stage fare on regular trips, fifteen cents, on special trips, twenty-five cents each way. To reach the school by telegraph, wire West Chester Phone 85. EDWARD G. SMEDLEY, Sup't.

**WESTERN QUARTERLY MEETING OF FRIENDS.**—The train leaving Broad Street Station, Philadelphia, at 7.17 A. M. on the twentieth inst. will be met at West Grove to convey (free of charge) those desiring to attend the Western Quarterly Meeting of Friends, to be held at London Grove, Chester Co., Pa.

It would be much gratifying to those intending to come could inform by postal in advance.

TRUMAN C. MOORE, J., Committee.

Geo. R. CHAMBERS, J.

**FRIENDS' INSTITUTE LYVERN.**—The first regular meeting will be held at 140 North Sixteenth Street, Sixth-day, Eleventh Mo., 20th, at eight o'clock P. M.

**DIED.** on the eleventh of Ninth Month, at the residence of her son-in-law, Eli S. Fawcett, RUTH ANNA HIATT, relict of the late Jesse Hiatt, a member of the Terrestrial Monthly and Particular Meeting of Friends (Ohio). She was of a meek and quiet spirit, "which is the sign of God's will in her," and was a diligent attendant of meetings for long as health permitted. She endured a lingering illness with much patience and resignation, but often expressed a desire to go and be at rest. Her relatives and friends have a comforting hope that she is numbered with the just of all generations.

WILLIAM A. COOK, near Glenville, Md., Seventh Month 20th, 1891, in the sixty-second year of his age, after a long illness which he bore with Christian patience and resignation. We believe his end was peace and our loss is his eternal gain.

At his residence in Philadelphia, Eighth Mo. 9th, 1891, JOHN C. ALLAN, aged eighty-nine years, an esteemed member of the Monthly Meeting of Friends of Philadelphia. The long life of this dear Friend was an active and useful one, till prostrated by sickness, nearly three years before his decease. During the protracted illness which followed, his mental powers were at times clouded, but he often gave evidence of an earnest desire to be prepared for the solemn day, expressing "I have to die, entirely upon thy Almighty," and again, "Nothing but mercy, mercy!" We have the comforting belief that through the mercy of God in Christ Jesus, he has exchanged the trial and sufferings of time for rest and peace in that Heavenly Home for which his spirit often longed.



# THE FRIEND.

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JOSEPH WALTON,

MOORESTOWN, BURLINGTON CO., N. J.

Entered as second-class matter at Philadelphia P. O.

ary and Letters of Deborah Brooks Webb.

(Continued from page 158.)

1864.—Fourth Month 10th.—This morning yielded to what seemed a Divine intimation meeting—"He calleth his sheep by name, and leadeth them out"—encouraged me to see, if He would return with me and give me grace, which has mercifully been the case, and in afternoon He renewed the language in my ear, "If thy eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light." Oh, I will now try to be careful lest I deny my Lord and have to reap bitterly, as poor Peter did. Thou knowest the depth of my soul, oh Lord! how I want to see thee.

17th.—Yearly Meeting has commenced, and my God has dwelt mercifully with me. Oh, rant unto me clearness, that I may serve thee, not thee only, and have my imagination crucified. I feel as though I stood on a sea of glass. 'tw days more will bring me to the commencement of my thirty-fifth year. I give all my life to thee, my God and Saviour. Do with it what thou wilt, only let me not stray and ring dis grace upon thy Truth.

24th.—This has been an eventful week to me. In my birth-day I besought him to search me and know my way, etc., and to my surprise it was shown me. I had not been faithful to banished duty on First-day afternoon. I am afraid to express what gathers upon my mind out of meeting, and pleaded that as an excuse, but my answer came immediately—What God has cleansed this, call not thou common or unclean." How condemnation seized me that night and the next, and I was made willing to covenant to do anything, and was put to the trial on Fifth-day morning. Buff-tings were mine afterwards. It seemed as if I had one in my own will in rising so soon, but He ad brought to sight the case of putting off to a more convenient time. To-day I am ready to conclude it was like the whirlwind of which Elijah speaks. I did not wait long enough for he still, small voice. In thy marvellous mercy how hast forgiven it all, Oh, my dear Lord, and I feel to-day like the woman who ceased out to kiss his feet, from the time He came in. Keep me in the hour of temptation.

Fifth Month 3rd.—Oh, Lord, crucify my vain mind and imagination. Oh, crucify me, crucify

me, crucify me, I pray thee. Take away all within me offensive in thy holy eye-sight, and help me to live only to thy glory and the benefit of my fellow-creatures.

Fifth Month 8th.—Oh, turn thy hand upon me, dearest Lord! "Search me, Oh, God, and know my heart, try me and know my thoughts, and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting." Oh, how I want to be searched; I am so afraid of my own willings and runnings. Help me to turn inward, for that which may be known of God is manifest within. Help me to pray without ceasing. Oh, enable me to walk in and out before the children properly, bless my endeavors in school, I humbly pray thee.

15th.—Several times lately, when I first awoke to consciousness in the morning, some text of warning or encouragement comes to mind, which I esteem a great favor, believing it to emanate immediately from the Holy Spirit unmixt with any cogitations of my own. They always seem so true to my state, and help me through the day. This morning, entirely without previous expectation, the awakening impression was, that I must kneel and pray after morning reading. I greatly feared rebellion, so laid still and let matter gather on my mind, and all seemed so clear. I promised obedience if He opened the way, which He marvellously did, and I tremblingly obeyed. To-night I feel quiet peacefulness, but think there is so much danger of my falling. Help thy poor, unworthy child, Oh, Lord, and grant that I may be led only by thy Holy Spirit.

21st.—Oh, my dear Lord and Saviour, I want to know certainly, if I am serving thee? It seems almost impossible for me to believe, that the Holy Ghost can be in such a poor, unworthy creature as I am. First Corinthians, sixth chapter, nineteenth and twentieth verses comforts me.

22nd.—Sometimes it seems as though my heart and flesh would fail, with the conflicts of my soul. Oh! give to me that peace which thou gives to thy faithful children. Am I entirely faithful to the cross, every hour? Can I say with poor Peter, "Lo, we have left all and followed thee?" To-day I was tried again with doubts as to my duty, when the language came, "Rise, Peter, slay and eat," so unexpectedly that I remembered that I must not call what He gave me common or unclean. My fears were overpowered and slain, but I cannot eat with that joy and peace, that others say flows into them. Oh! I feel his presence, and He does not condemn me; but so many fears present for the future that I cannot rest. He knows what I need and I try to cast my burden on Him.

29th.—Marvellously preserved from falling into those sins which formerly harassed me so. Thanks be unto the great and all powerful One. I try to cast myself into his arms like a little child, and trust to his leadings for everything. O! my soul, "how much owest thou unto my Lord?"

31st.—Stephen Crisp could say, "Our simple view and desire is to die to ourselves and all the world, to know no man after the flesh, nor to be known by them; but only to know the Lord and to walk and act under his immediate notice." Is not this, dear Lord, what thou hast in measure led me into. O, enable me to walk only in thy counsel and fear. Thou knowest how I long to be thine only.

TO L. H. B.

PHILADELPHIA, Sixth Month 3rd, 1864.

"I do sympathize with thee very deeply, for my path has so often seemed alone, as to outward company, though at the same time favored with kind friends and nothing of which to complain. Let us remember our dear Saviour 'trod the wine press alone.'

"It is such a favor, too, to feel with the apostle, 'Absent from the body, but present with the Lord.' Shall we not try to keep our hearts awake to Him, while we join the outward life, 'I sleep, but my heart waketh,' saith Solomon, in his Songs. Though I remain so long silent, yet thou art not forgotten, for sometimes while in deep prostration of soul, I remember thee and have pleaded with Him to know why it is thou feelest thy path to lead from us, to know whether it is because thou art not willing to become as a fool for his sake. Not willing to come out from the world and be separate? But no answer comes. I try to cast the care of us both on Him, desiring He would search us both, through and through, and enable us to submit to all his chastenings. My path is still in the deep, and I pray to Him to keep me in the valley of humility, for Job Scott says, 'Where the grass is green and the flowers bloom.'

"One First-day evening, not long since, while pleading with Him to know how I should feel, I met with this passage, to my great comfort then and since, 'Thou wilt show me the path of life; in thy presence is fulness of joy, and at thy right hand are pleasures forevermore.' I dwell on this much; then came the passage, 'Thou wilt show me the pure river of water of life,' etc. Then the healing river seen by Ezekiel, which rose to the knees and onward till one could swim in it. Oh, it is very sweet to feel his presence as a 'river, the streams whereof make glad the whole heritage of God.' 'Oh, that thou hadst hearkened unto my commandments, then had thy peace been as a river, and thy righteousness as the waves of the sea,' often seems a very serious consideration to me, and awakens to watchfulness. Dearest Laura, O let us try to walk continually as in his Holy sight. Thou didst not tell me, what made you all so sick? I was very sorry for thee. Shall I see thee before going East during vacation? It would be pleasant, but I feel very poor myself, that my letters are too, unless written with his holy approbation. This is why it is best not to have set times, but to write when our spirits seem seasoned for it.

"In dear love, farewell, thine truly,

"D. B."

Sixth Mo. 5th.—There was a passage passed through my mind again and again on Third-day, but I had no thought of its being intended for me to express, till towards the close of the meeting, when matter arose with such weight, it seemed as though it laid heavy upon me, as a debt to the Friends there assembled. I gave up to say it, and have felt quiet since. This was more like the openings I have read and heard that others had, and "Do ye now believe?" seemed queried of me, so plainly the next day. Oh, I want to serve thee, and thee only, oh Lord, save me from the deceitful workings of my own heart, and appoint me my dwelling in the low valley of humility.

TO L. B. B.

"PHILADELPHIA, Sixth Month 12th, 1864.  
 "I do not think thy name can ever pass my thoughts without a secret committal to his care, as has been the case for years. We are too deeply knit together now to Christ, to part. The wound would be too deep, though I feel myself so poor and unworthy of the love, care or notice of any being on earth. A poor worm of the dust, upheld, sustained, and at times raised up, by his Almighty power and great mercy. Yesterday I opened Thomas & Kempis to the words, 'Do not think that thou hast made any progress towards perfection,' till thou feelest that thou art less than the least of all human beings."

"Oh, my dear Laura little knows all I feel. I think still there will be a difference. Thou wilt look upon me as possessing Quaker peculiarities, and all my secret feelings cannot be as clearly expressed and understood. But hearts warmed by Christ's love are one, and the nearer I see thee conformed to his image, thy heart warmed with the desire to glorify our only Saviour and Redeemer continually, the more deeply shall I love thee under whatever name thou passest.

"D. B."

(To be continued.)

SELECTED.

RELIGION AND CHILDHOOD.—I believe that little children by multitudes might be kept from ever departing from the sweet love of God revealed to these infant souls if it were not for the worldly pride and vanity fastened in them. Mothers plan more carefully for their children's dress than for their souls. Children learn soon that their clothes are for show; the dancing-school, costuming, pantomimes, theatricals, all sorts of entertainments, lead them from early and simple trust and love for Jesus, and force them in cruel vanity into worldly ways and the world. Such mothers will have the souls of their children to answer for. In the providence of God I was saved from all these things, and while during these later years I was not all I could have been by grace, yet I am deeply conscious that such surroundings might have led me from the way of the Lord and banished from my heart the ever recurring desire to know and do his will, by open confession and a devout life. I have been led to write of my early conviction and experience, that parents and teachers may, with holy care, guard their children from the snares that rob the Lord Jesus of his little ones.

WHAT had the life of Jesus been to us if we had only the record of his sermons without the record of his going about doing good? I think the every day life of Jesus touches the human heart as the great truth which He uttered.

Isaac Andrews'

(Concluded from page 142.)

Oh! the days and nights, the weeks and months of sorrow, I had to pass through! So that I had no comfort in any thing; bemourning my condition, and crying to the Lord for strength, that I might be enabled to please Him. When I was in company, I endeavored to hide my inward exercises from all mortals; and in so doing I felt a degree of peace to attend me, which was like healing oil to my wounded soul. This increased my love to God, and my hope of salvation, through Christ.

Afterwards I was tried another way. My former companions began to mock, and deride me, saying, I was grown proud, and would not speak to them; or, that I was in love; or, going melancholy. Sometimes one would say, "I suppose you will be a preacher, by and by." Another, "You used to be a good fellow, what ails you now, to be so churlish. You are afraid to spend your penny. Come, we will treat you, if you will go with us." I told them no; I had something else to do. Then would they leave me in a flouting manner; which I found I must bear, and keep to myself, conversing but little with any; and by this means I increased in strength.

Thus, the Lord was pleased, in mercy, to carry on his great work in me. My heart became daily more exercised on account of sinners, especially for my old companions, that as He had met with me, and shown me my condition,—so, that He would also be graciously pleased, in mercy, to awaken them to a sense of their wretchedness and misery, and that they might be made partakers of his mercy and forgiveness.

Thus, as I took up the cross, and was faithful to what was made known to me to be my duty, I found an increase of peace in myself; and to God, the author of it, thanksgiving and praise was raised in my soul to his worthy name, which was as a strong tower, unto which I fled in time of temptation and trial, and found safety. I saw it to be my duty to go to meeting, both on First and other days of the week; and I endeavored to have my mind retired inward, as much as possible, therein to wait upon, and to worship God, who is a spirit, in spirit and in truth. As I continued diligent in this exercise, I came more and more to experience the Lord's power to come over me, particularly in silent meetings; and as I bowed under a sense of his goodness, I was enabled to reverence and worship his Holy name, in fear and trembling.

Oh! the sweet peace and solid comfort that attended my mind after meetings. The remembrance of it made me long for meeting day to come again. Thus was I fed, like a child, with milk, from time to time; which encouraged me to keep to that duty, although the meeting was very small, and mostly held in silence. But after a time, I found it harder to get my mind still. Death, instead of life, seemed to attend me. This caused a query, why it should be so? which I could not resolve. I began to doubt and fear that I had been mistaken in time past, with respect to my sense of worship. This state continued for a time, until I was almost discouraged. But an hand-maid of the Lord, Hannah Hurford, came to visit us; and after sitting some time in silence, she stood up and said, "Friends, I perceive the living amongst you are scarcely able to bury the dead. And this is the reason some are so exercised." She further said, "Be not discouraged; but keep to thy exercises, and thou wilt know better times."

And so I found it, life spring up with her words and I was greatly refreshed and encouraged to persevere.

Soon after this, I was married to Elizabeth Elfreth, daughter of Jeremiah Elfreth, of the city of Philadelphia, on the twenty-first of the Ninth Month, 1758. We first settled at Mount Holly, for about five months; then removed to Haddonfield, where I entered into a great deal of business, considering my ability and experience. This brought a fresh exercise on my mind, for fear I should not conduct agreeably to the profession I made; which often engaged me to beg for wisdom and strength, that I might not hurt my inward condition.

I found it my duty to keep to meetings, notwithstanding my increase of business; believing all my endeavors would be fruitless, without blessing from above. I seldom went into public company, without begging for preservation, which seemed measurably to be granted. So I went on with my business, with cheerfulness and great peace of mind.

About this time, I saw, as I apprehended that I should be under a necessity to call to my fellow creatures, in public, to come to the Fountain, which in some measure had healed me. This brought to my remembrance how I was with me, when I followed the voice of thy stranger into the wilderness; and Oh! how I lament my lost time, from the age of sixteen to twenty-four, about which age I had the same apprehension. This exercise brought me very low in mind, in consideration of what a rebel had been; and I was made willing to say, No my will, but thy will be done. Be thou most and wisdom, tongue and utterance. So in great fear I went to meetings, dreading the time, an often crying, Oh! that thou wouldst make me what thou wouldst have me to be, even as thou art in the hands of the potter!

In the Seventh Month, 1740, at a meeting at Newtown, the Lord's power came upon me, and I was moved to speak to the people, and to exhort them to labor that they might know a profound silence. But Oh! the pleading and reasoning that attended me, until the meeting was over. So I went away under condemnation and in great distress, considering how I had disobeyed a merciful God, who had done so much for me, a poor unworthy creature, not deserving the least of his mercies. Thus I remained in a humbled, pensive state, until the twenty-eighth of the same month, when, being at a meeting from home, at which were many of my acquaintances, the Lord's power again came over me, and I was moved to kneel down, and supplicate his name; and although the cross we drag, the crown of peace was greater. Blessed be his name for ever and ever. Amen.

Thus, reaping the fruits of obedience, I was made willing to comply with what appeared to be required of me. My mouth, from time to time, was opened in testimony and prayer; and as a child, was I fed with milk, for a time. But afterward, a fresh exercise attended me. The Lord was pleased to withdraw the light of his countenance; and great darkness seemed to cover my mind. I sought Him daily, but to no purpose, as I thought; and the enemy was strong in temptation. So my sorrows increase. I examined my past conduct, but could not find the cause: my faith and hope were almost gone and I was ready to sink in despair.

But as my hands were employed in my labor on a sudden, I seemed to hear a voice, saying "Stand still, and see the salvation of God." A these words came, I stood still; and Oh! th

ower with which my heart was filled; insuch that I was broken into great tenderness, and wept for joy. Then I took up a new resolution, to follow Him, whosoever He should be pleased to lead me. I was ready to slay as I were, on the banks of deliverance; hoping I could never be so tried again. But I was not permitted to remain long in this state; for, soon after, I was tried again with a senseless, light, fiery spirit; so that I could scarcely think of anything solid; and I was almost ready to condemn solid weight in others.

About this time, some women Friends came to my house from Pennsylvania, and appointed a meeting at Timothy Matlack's. I concluded to go with them, but though it looked very foolish, and they very despicable, for attempting such a thing. I went, and sat down with them, still being under the cloud, which continued till near the close of the meeting; when, unexpectedly, the Lord's power came upon me, and I was moved to supplicate his name. So I knelt down and prayed; but as soon as I was on my seat again, all was vanished away; and I could not believe I had felt his power, though it was a fiction. So went home in great trouble, and concluded all my hopes of a revival were gone, and that I was certainly under deception; and my sorrows increased day and night.

Oh! how did I lament and mourn, because my hope of a Saviour was gone! At length, I concluded to take a ride into the woods, to seek my Beloved, where I might be less interrupted. But there, I thought He fled from me, for a time. I then came to this resolution, that if I died, I would die seeking and crying after Him. Upon coming to this conclusion, my mind became more still; and in this stillness, came the blessedness of Him who is the resurrection and the life, and his living presence raised my drooping soul from death into life, by which I was enabled to praise his holy name.

When this exercise was over, I thought I had a prospect of the state the disciples were in when their Shepherd was snitten, and the sheep were scattered; and how the death of the cross looked to them as a despicable thing. And though He appeared to them, and vanished away, some of them could not believe that they had seen Him, but that it was a fiction;—yet when He appeared again, they were strengthened to believe it was He, without any doubt. This being confirmed, they had to strengthen others to follow Him, in the way of the cross, and self-denial, without which, no man can be his disciple.

This was my hope renewed, and my faith increased, to believe in Him, who is the way, the truth, and the life; and no man can come to the Father but by Him. This I had to declare to others, and was engaged to invite and persuade them to come to Christ, the hope of glory. I had also to go to and fro in the earth, that his knowledge might be increased; and it became my meat and drink to do the will of my Heavenly Father. I felt love to flow in my heart towards all mankind, and strong desires were raised in me that they might come to the knowledge of the Truth, and be saved. In this love, I visited most of the meetings in Pennsylvania and New Jersey.

Thus, when we are obedient to the manifestations of that Divine Light, which is placed in our hearts, we have to experience peace and tranquillity of mind. Oh! may it be my most earnest concern, to yield true obedience to its dictates in my own breast, to the close of my days.

FOR "THE FRIEND."

### A Marble Quarry.

Baker's limestone quarry, in Chester County, Pa., is an extensive opening into a bed of rock, from which large quantities of stone have been taken out for building purposes. A few years ago, the owners of the quarry had a series of borings made with a diamond drill, which disclosed in one corner of the excavation, at a depth of many feet, a bed of pure white crystalline stone, which they determined to work as marble. Our limestones are mostly derived from the ocean, and are composed of shells and corals, ground up and deposited at the bottom of beds of water, and subsequently consolidated into strata of rock. In this process, the fossils, which previously existed, are mostly so destroyed as not to be recognizable. In stately marble the mass is composed of very fine crystalline grains, so that its structure has been compared to that of loaf sugar. But the term "marble" in a more general sense has been applied to any crystalline limestone capable of receiving a polish. Some of it is pure white, other varieties are colored, of many different hues by various impurities.

On approaching the scene of operations we found that they had removed about six layers of limestone, each three or four feet in thickness, with lines of stratification between them, so that the blocks were easily loosened when they had been detached from the layer to which they belonged, by being cut apart with long chisels. Below these limestone strata, the prevailing color of which was white, came a bed of dark, slaty rock, resembling gneiss or mica schist, about seventeen feet thick. Underneath this was the bed of marble which the workmen were excavating. It was beautifully white, and apparently composed of small crystalline scales. The method of quarrying pursued, of detaching the blocks without the use of powder, enabled the workmen to procure noble slabs of the stone. We saw one slab over thirty feet long, six or seven feet wide and between one and two feet thick. The magnificent derrick used to lift them out of place is said to be one of the largest in the world and capable of raising a weight of about one hundred tons.

The interposition of such a mass of dark rock between the upper and lower deposits of limestone is a very interesting geological fact. It is probable that on the shores of the ancient ocean, when the materials of the marble were deposited, some change had taken place which had permitted the inflow of an enormous mass of mud, that had buried deeply the lime deposits which were, before being made, without mixture of any foreign element. In process of time further changes allowed the sea-water to flow in, and the formation of lime deposits again commenced, and formed the beds of limestone which now lie above the dark rock. The slaty structure of this is not due to its deposition in layers, but has been caused by the pressure of the masses above, as is the case also with slates. If a mass of soft material is subjected to heavy pressure in a vertical direction, the effect is to spread it out horizontally, and thus to give it a slaty structure. True gneiss rock contains mica, quartz and feldspar. In the rock from Baker's Quarry I could not trace these three ingredients.

The change of form, by which layers of lime mud are transformed into crystalline marble—said into rock, etc.—is a phenomenon of great interest and importance. It has probably been a process that has required thousands of years

to accomplish, and been aided by the pressure of crystallizing material and the mysterious force of crystallization, and in some cases by a tremendous heat and moisture. J. W.

### Anecdotes of Edison.

In Edison's earlier life he was employed in a telegraph office which was overrun with a numerous army of cockroaches, against whom the telegraph clerks had long waged an unsuccessful war. The insects seemed to be increasing, and no place on the premises was secure from them. Edison fastened some shining strips of tin-foil on the wall. He smeared these with such food as beetles love, and connected the strips with a powerful battery. The strong electrical current destroyed the roaches.

The electric lamp which Edison invented consists essentially of a glass bulb, which is made as nearly a perfect vacuum as can be procured. It contains a fine filament of carbon, which becomes intensely heated by the passage through it of a strong electrical current, and thus becomes the source of the light. There was much difficulty in obtaining a suitable filament, which should be free from all volatile matter, and yet, after calcining, should have tenacity enough to be used. While experimenting on this point, he remembered a passage in Humboldt's writings which described the properties of a certain kind of bamboo that grew on the banks of the Amazon. As he more closely examined the description he became convinced that in vegetable fibre alone could be found the exact material for which he had been looking. After that, he sent out, from time to time, chosen emissaries to far distant lands, to find the particular kind of bamboo which would best suit his purpose. One person travelled in China and Japan and found a fine fibre, which is still in use. Another explored the shores of the Amazon for twenty-three hundred miles and found many varieties of bamboo. Still later an explorer was sent out to Ceylon, the Indian Peninsula and adjacent countries.

AMID the multiplicity of calls at this day to enter into "practical work," and espouse this or that benevolent cause, as though the prime requisite were that the hands be kept busy, there is danger of overlooking one essential part of the Gospel teaching, namely, the necessity that each follower of Jesus should know Him of a surety to be the Christ, the son of the living God. To this end the apostles labored, and the Gospel record of John was written to set forth this great truth. "These are written," the latter declares (John xx: 31), "that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God, and that, believing, ye might have life through his name." In the face of so clear and definite a statement as this, there can be no ground for a Christian society to consider as a non-essential of faith, the question of the Manhood and Divinity of Jesus Christ. Our early Friends were very explicit in their testimony on this point: "We do own and believe in Jesus Christ, his [God's] beloved and only begotten Son, in whom He is well pleased; and who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, and born of the Virgin Mary; in whom we have redemption through his blood, even the forgiveness of sins." Fox's Letter to the Governor of Barbadoes.—*The United Friend.*

It may not be ours to utter convincing arguments, but it may be ours to live Holy lives.

## THE GIANT WHO WANTED TO WORK.

S. E. EASIMAN.

In a little Scotch kitchen, with rafters above,  
And the wide open fireplace that grandmothers love,  
The kettle was making a terrible din,  
Would you guess that a giant was prisoned within?

No one knew what he said; no one heeded the noise;  
People don't when they live in a house full of boys.  
And, with grandma asleep and James on the settle,  
Small wonder they heard not the voice in the kettle.  
"I'm a giant imprisoned!" the cry came again.  
"I have strength for the work of a million of men;  
Your ships I will carry, your carriages draw."  
Janie looked in surprise, but no giant he saw.

"I can print all your books, and your cloth I could weave;  
Your grain I will grind, if you'll but give me leave;  
Great weights I can lift, as you quickly will see;  
Only give me more room." Come, my lad, set me free.

Just then grandma awoke, and she cried: "Lazy thing.

Have you nothing to do but to hear tea-kettles sing?"  
But he answered her gently and told her his plan—  
More room for the giant to do all he can.

Just a dream? No, indeed! I will own it was not  
When I tell you the name of the lad was James Watt.  
'Twas the giant who is working for you and for me;  
Aren't you glad that he listened, and then set him free?

—Sunday School Visitor.

## "CRY UNTO HER THAT WARFARE IS ACCOMPLISHED!"

JOHN M. NEALE.

Safe home, safe home in port!  
Rent cordage, shattered deck,  
Torn sails, provision short,  
And only not a wreck.  
But, O, the joy upon the shore  
To tell our voyage perils o'er!

The prize, the prize secure!  
The athlete nearly fell;  
Bore all he could endure,  
And bore not always well.  
But he may smile at troubles gone  
Who sets the victor-garland on.

No more the foe can harm;  
No more of leaguer camp,  
And cry of night alarm,  
And need of ready lamp;  
And yet how nearly had he failed—  
How nearly had that foe prevailed!

The exile is at home!  
O, nights and days of tears;  
O, longings not to roam!  
O, sins and doubts and fears:  
What matters now grief's darkest day?  
The King has wiped all tears away.

The Great Northern Railway experienced much difficulty on their road between Everett and Seattle, where the track runs along the foot of bluffs, from the moving of the earth, which became thoroughly saturated during the rainy season and slid down and covered the tracks. It was an expensive matter removing the earth, and large gangs of men were employed. Finally an experiment was tried with a small boiler of twenty-five horse power and two hundred and fifty feet of cotton covered fire hose, and it was found that the earth could be satisfactorily removed by the hydraulic process. The road now has a regular installed plant, the boiler being located on a flat car, accompanied by another carrying a water-tank. Since this plan has been in operation large quantities of earth have been removed at the points where much trouble had been experienced before, and with such satisfactory results that no detentions to trains have occurred, and the cost has been very much less than under the old method.—*The Independent.*

## A Letter from Germany.

GOTTINGEN, Tenth Month 16th, '90.

You probably know that the number of sunshiny days in this part of the world is fewer than in California—in fact, that spite of barometer and all signs of "clearing up," it can keep on raining here with a pertinacity that I have never before seen equalled, but when it is clear, then it is beautiful, and the Germans know how to make good use of such days. We have been planning any amount of trips for this month, but very few of them have materialized, owing to unfavorable weather. Yesterday and all last night the wind blew almost a gale, but this morning it had cleared off and promised a fine afternoon. The director of the girl's high school, who lives on the first floor, came rushing home during school hours to say we must be ready a little before one, and that we should go to Münden. I had time to look in my Baedeker and see that this place of which I had never before heard was "charmingly situated on a tongue of land at the junction of the Fulda and Werra, the united waters of which form the Weser," and was "a pleasant, old-fashioned town." There was also mention of a "Schloss," several churches of the fourteenth century, and other objects of interest. The word "old" simply electrifies me, and the thought of wandering through narrow streets and climbing old towers fills me with delight. I need not therefore tell you that I was at the station in time, where I met the rest of the party, nine in all.

Göttingen lies in a valley, as I have told you very often, and the branch of the railroad that goes toward Cassel, climbs first the ridge about sixteen hundred feet in elevation that bounds our valley on the West, and then descends on the other side through a picturesque rolling country, which very soon comes to be called the "Weser Gebirge," a general name taking in all the rolling, hilly, region west and north of the Harz.

You will be weary of my ceaseless talk about the German "Dorf," but if you could only look down upon one as it really is, with its red tiled roofs, by age and lichens mellowed into exquisite harmony with the luxuriant foliage that surrounds them, and then, too, seen in the light of such an autumn afternoon—well, you would warm up, too, I judge!

We stopped at a little station on the way, and taking a winding path that led through forests and across meadows, we came in a little less than two hours along the steep slope of a densely wooded mountain side, through whose branches we now and then caught glimpses of a dark, deep blue, which suggested great distance and gave promise of a splendid view as soon as an opening could be found. This was not long in presenting itself, and we looked down in delight and wonder at the picturesque town with its towers and red roofs, lying at the point where the three rivers meet, or rather where the two form the third.

As we were all good Germans (that does not mean that I am not a better American than ever, only being here, I naturally take on German ways), we were too thirsty to remain long, and so following a steep narrow path, we were in a few minutes landed in the back yard of a hotel picturesquely situated at a height of perhaps five hundred feet above the valley, and commanding a charming view—that is to say, from the front of the hotel—the backyard was by no means remarkable, except for the amount of geese that were sauntering about. Here we ordered coffee, and seated ourselves at a table

from which, being in a glass-enclosed veranda we had a fine view. One curious German custom is the having at all such places—and their name is legion—postal cards with horribly ugly and highly colored representations of the region about. Often on one postal card one can procure pictures of any where from ten to twenty objects of interest, and all for ten pennance there is just room left to write your name and a few words. So everybody thinks of all these cards. The young girl with whom I went to Berlin, and who was also with me in the Teutenerburgerwald, sent on an average some thing like half a dozen or so a day, and often many more.

All the boarding-school girls "take collections," and each strives to outdo the other in the number and variety that she can produce. But this is a digression—after the postal card had been written (I need not tell you that from the heights of a wisdom which age and experience has brought me, I look down with pity upon such weakness), we descended into the town. Crossing over an old stone bridge we were ushered at once into narrow winding streets with the houses protruding forward, each story farther over the street, as though reaching out in a friendly way to the neighbor on the other side, who in turn leans respectfully forward to meet it half way. In a short time the greater part of the party disappeared in a florist store, and as I prefer the old houses, set myself to try and make out some of the sayings carved in the wood-work. On one read, "Wer Gott vertraut, hat wohlgehat" (who God trusts has well built), and a lot more which I have forgotten.

The old Rathhouse (Townhall), is a finely preserved building from the sixteenth century. I planted myself in front of it and tried to puzzle out the inscriptions, when I became aware of a group of giggling school children playing on the steps. I would see their head peeping round the corner, then a shout of laughter, and the heads would disappear, only to have the same scene repeated. When the rest of the party came up, we went through the building, which had nothing of remarkable in it to hold us long. After making our way through the town, we crossed the Fulda on a beautiful new bridge, and climbed, by a winding path, the very steep hill on the other side of the valley, from the top of which a high tower built on the site of an old ruin command a superb view of the entire surrounding country. It was already past sunset as we reached the top of the tower. The moon, nearly full, was beginning to shed her silvery light over the landscape, and her image was reflected back from the smooth surface of the Fulda at one foot, far, far below us. The three valleys opening out in the three directions, formed a perfect Y, and seen from this height the town was even more picturesque than from the other side of the valley. Although the walls are entirely removed, or used to form the side of buildings, it was perfectly easy to see where they had formerly stood, for within a certain limit the houses were compact as possible, without a vestige of green to be seen among them, the outside this limit the town spread out with plenty of foliage and garden about each.

After seeing so many places of the kind, find I am beginning to have a clearer idea of the history of the development of the country—it begins to soak in, as it were. You see, if the very early times there was no such thin

as a walled town in Germany—and those old robber knights did all they could to prevent there being any strongholds not in their own hands. Gradually, however, as the merchant class grew in strength, and the power of the knights was weakened through the crusades and other causes, and as the emperors came to seek aid of the towns, against their too ambitious subjects, the towns gained more and more freedom, and the "Hanse," a combination of the merchants during several centuries, practically had the balance of power in their own hands. I will confess candidly that though I can talk glibly enough about the "Hansezeit," yet the more I would try to explain it, the less I would seem to know.

The churches and cathedrals belong anywhere along in the eleventh, twelfth or thirteenth centuries—the old castles are often more ancient, but the walls and towers, as well as the "Rathhäuser" belong to a later period. In front of the Rathhäuser is always the "market," where to the present day the peasant women come and sit behind their "Kiepen," in which they have their merchandise for sale. Several times a year booths are here erected and all sorts of articles exposed for sale.

I have already told you about the "Jahrmarkt" at Hanover, which comes twice a year and at which times all the public schools have vacation.

We staid up on the tower until the lights had begun to glimmer out among the trees in the valley below. In the town itself were none to be seen, for the houses are too close together to allow them to appear, and we found when we started to cross the town on our way to the station, that the aforesaid lights were very few and far between. We reached it, however, without any mishap, and had long enough time at the station for the members of the party (a German habit which I have not taken on), to drink two glasses apiece, before the train, for Göttingen came along. For the present I must say farewell, for I am already nearly half asleep, and I am sure you will wish I were quite.

E. S. KITE.

#### FOR "THE FRIEND."

Western Yearly Meeting of Friends was opened by a session of the Meeting for Sufferings, on Seventh-day morning, Tenth Month 3rd, at 10 A. M., followed by the Meeting of Ministers and Elders in the afternoon, in which the presence of the Lord was felt and the earnest concern of the meeting was that our annual gathering might be one of special blessing.

On First-day two meetings for public worship were held, both of which were well attended. The Gospel message flowed freely in both sessions, in which invitations to come to the loving Saviour and find rest to the soul that is weary and heavy laden, and warnings of the consequences of rejecting the offers of Redeeming Grace, were clearly set forth. The meetings were felt to be seasons of Divine blessings, and many hearts were made to rejoice in the feeling that the Lord was still mindful of his dependent children.

On Second-day the first session for Discipline was held. Reports were received from all the Quarterly Meetings. The names of representatives being called, all were present except four, for whose absence reasons were given. Asenith Baily, a minister from Ohio Yearly Meeting, attended the meeting, producing a minute of unity and concurrence from the Monthly Meeting and Quarterly Meeting to which she belonged; her Gospel labors were very accepta-

ble to the meeting; there were several Friends in attendance from other Yearly Meetings whose company was very acceptable.

Epistles were received and read from New England, Canada, Ohio, Iowa and Kansas Yearly Meetings. The reading of these tokens of brotherly love brought a feeling of tenderness and love over the meeting for those from whom they came; and a testimony to the feeling of tenderness present caused many to weep in the remembrance of the goodness of God to his church and people.

On Third-day morning the representatives proposed Abel H. Blackburn for Clerk, and Thomas Elmore for Assistant, who were united with. The meeting then turned its attention to reading the Queries and the Answers to them from the Quarterly Meetings. During the consideration of the State of Society, there was much earnestness manifested that the members of our Society should live in accordance with our profession, not being ashamed that the people of the world may know us by the peculiarities that we have ever characterized the Society of Friends.

On Fourth-day two meetings for worship were held. Both sessions were well attended, and again the Gospel message flowed freely, and Friends were much refreshed in spirit, many remarking that it was good for them to be there.

Fifth-day was the last session of the meeting, which was taken up largely by reports from Committees and reading Epistles to other Yearly Meetings. The subject of Education has claimed the attention of Friends more than usual this year, and parents were encouraged to endeavor to give their children a guarded religious education, if it did call for some sacrifice at their hands. A solemn feeling came over the meeting just before it closed, in the remembrance that some who met and mingled with us last year, have been called from works to rewards, and a desire was expressed that if we should never all meet again here in this world, we might meet in the Church Triumphant on high.

The meeting then adjourned to meet at the usual time next year.

#### FOR "THE FRIEND."

### A Crisis.

Many are feeling that a crisis involving serious consequences to our people and country has just passed. One of our statesmen speaks of it as deliverance from a perilously near approach to a precipice. Many men of different political views admit that a panic has been barely escaped; although some of these had hoped that after a time better conditions would have resulted. The writer regards the situation as a Providential deliverance from danger, and also as a warning that we cease from doing evil and practice more of well-doing; lest his anger be not passed away, and his hand be stretched out still.

I am reminded of the feeling of impending judgment that preceded the outbreak of our Civil War. My father had been for many years a deeply interested observer of the iniquitous institution of slavery, and earnestly desired emancipation might be peaceably brought about, if consistent with Divine Wisdom. He sympathized with and helped the negroes in his own neighborhood, and sometimes those who had escaped from bondage. With others he was instrumental in having a law passed by the State of Pennsylvania, against kidnaping the colored people. He also labored successfully in preventing the repeal of an important section of this law. Some years before his death

he said he did not wish to live to see a Civil War. A short time before his decease he expressed a feeling that slavery was about to be abolished, although he did not see in what way. He died in the Twelfth Month, 1850, several months before the firing on Fort Sumter.

Thomas Evans, who was a spiritual father to me, remarked that he felt that the punishment of the Nation for its complicity with slavery was coming; but he had craved that the Lord would spare us a little longer.

Will we not learn that national sins are punished when persisted in, as surely as individual sins? That a tariff adjustment and reciprocity in trade, will now of themselves restore prosperity to our country, I do not believe. Our expenditures for intoxicating liquors amount to more than a billion of dollars annually; a sum sufficient to liquidate the national debt, or to purchase all the gold and silver that the United States has coined. Notwithstanding high license, local option and local prohibition, the *per capita* consumption of these liquors is steadily and rapidly increasing. Participation in the profits of the manufacture and trade in these beverages, by licensing their sale, has reconciled our national Government, nearly all of the States, and many municipalities, to depend very largely upon the money derived from this unrighteous business for their revenue.

Seeds have been sown during the campaign just closed, which, if suffered to grow and mature, may produce a bitter harvest. Principles have been advanced that are at variance with sound morality. These have been listened to by hundreds of thousands, and no doubt accepted by many as truths. Men have been taught to believe that the capitalists and employers are the enemies of the laborer, the farmer and the employe; that they accumulated wealth by the unrequited labor of their work-people's hands; and that the remedy for this state of affairs is opposition and retaliation. It will require much wisdom and patient labor to set right those who have been thus misled. Persons who have suffered from unsuccessful business, or from reasonable expectations unrealized, or from severe losses on account of the monetary unsettlement for several years past, should not be passed by on the other side, but sympathized with and assisted by counsel, or in some other more practical way. To love our neighbors as ourselves is a great and noble attainment; and to place ourselves in their position when in trouble, may be a useful and needful lesson to many of us. Above all, let us remember that the Lord reigneth. That He is nigh unto all that call upon Him—to all that call upon Him in Truth. And that "the supplication of a righteous man availeth much in its working." James v: 16. R. V. E. M.

TIME-WORK OR PIECE-WORK.—One who is doing his best is pretty sure to have this recognized; and one who is not doing his best may be equally sure that it will be known. A keen observer said, in passing a building that was in process of construction, "I can always tell whether those fellows are doing 'time-work' or 'piece-work.' In one case the blows of their hammers drag along slowly, and seem to say 'By the day, by the day'; in the other case the hammers strike briskly, and say 'By the job, by the job.'" Consciously or unconsciously, our actions show to those around us the spirit that is prompting them. It is the work into which has gone the best life and energy of the worker that finally counts.—*Selected.*

FOR "THE FRIEND."

## Friendly Intercourse.

In a recent outing from home of a few days, the writer was favored to enjoy the company of congenial friends, and to partake of the sweetness of social intercourse with those who were endeavoring to walk in the footsteps of the flock of the companions of Christ.

Among the subject of conversation was the efficacy of prayer, and the goodness of our Heavenly Father in responding to those petitions which He first puts it into the hearts of his servants to offer unto Him.

One of the incidents related was that of a sea captain, who was striving to reach a harbor near Cape Ann, but his ship became almost unmanageable, and the darkness occasioned by the storm so great, that he could not tell where he was, and was compelled to let his vessel drive, at the imminent risk of being wrecked on the shore. In his extremity he prayed to the Lord for help, and a gleam of light was sent, which showed him the entrance of the harbor, in which he found shelter and safety.

Another interesting account was that of a manufacturer in Philadelphia, who had consented to give at his expense, an excursion to his workmen and their families down the Delaware River. He made it a condition that the captain of the boat should return in time for the party to take their suppers at their own homes. Towards evening a storm came up, and as he saw the dark and threatening aspect of the clouds, a sense of the danger to which the company was exposed so impressed his mind, that about five o'clock in the afternoon he was led to pray to Him, who controls all things, that He would spare the lives of the people. They reached home in safety. On meeting with one who had been on the vessel, he inquired where they were at five o'clock, and was answered that they were near Chester (a few miles down the river), and that amidst the blackness of the storm an open space, up which they came, seemed like a lane with a wall of thick darkness on either side.

In the course of conversation, our late worthy Friends, Jacob and Phebe W. Roberts were remembered. Phebe's gift in the ministry was a very acceptable one to people in general. She was much led to encourage her hearers to be faithful to the duties called for at their hands, and to hope and trust in the Lord. The remembrance of her and her services is still precious. When Jacob Green, of Ireland, was in this country many years ago, and met with those Friends, he turned to Jacob and said: "Take care of that little woman." It is believed that he faithfully performed this. While somewhat original and bluff in his manner, he was a kind-hearted, sensible man, and a valuable Elder in the Church. Some years ago, one of our ministers felt a concern to pay a religious visit in Ohio, and his mind turned to Jacob Roberts as a companion. He wrote to Jacob suggesting his going with him, and received a letter, which must have crossed the other on its way, offering his services—if a plain countryman would be acceptable. One of the company mentioned that when he was put on the Committee to have charge of the Westtown School, he met with Jacob Roberts, who was also under that appointment, and had been for some years. Jacob wished to caution him not to be unduly sensitive to remarks that might be made, and expressed it in this characteristic way: "The first thing there has to do is to put on the hide of a rhinoceros."

Several other Friends were brought into kindly remembrance—such as David and Morris Cope, Henry Wood and Sarah Street, of Ohio. One who was intimately acquainted and had travelled in company with Henry Wood, said that when out on religious service, he was remarkable for the steadiness with which his mind was directed towards the object of his visit. He did not allow it to relax in social enjoyment until he had felt after any duty that might open. In this he was like Sarah Cresson, of a previous generation, who said she never went into company without in the first place endeavoring to feel whether her Master had any service for her.

An anecdote told of the late Morris Cope was instructive. On one occasion, when a document, prepared probably by a committee, was under the consideration of the Meeting for Sufferings, a proposition was made to strike out a certain paragraph, the omission of which would have greatly weakened the force of the essay. Morris inquired what was before the meeting, and when the clerk stated that it was a proposition to omit that paragraph, Morris remarked, "If you want to say that the exercise of the meeting for the last forty years is of no account, that is the way to do it." No one ventured to oppose this decided statement, and the paragraph was retained.

The subjects introduced into our friendly conference were not all of modern date. An anecdote was told of Nicholas Wain, a prominent Friend of last century, who in his younger years had been a successful lawyer. One day a young man came into his office and told him that he had an offer to be trained as a lawyer without cost. Nicholas simply replied, "I had an income of ten thousand a year, and I quit it."

J. W.

## My Elephant.

His name was "Colly;" he and I were young together.

In those days the business between Boston and India was not done by sending messages to and fro by telegraph wire under the sea, as it is now-a-days. The cargoes were sent from here by sailing vessels, and a sort of confidential clerk, called a "supercargo," was sent with each vessel, to take charge of the business at the end of the voyage, and to buy the return cargo. When I was a young man I went several times to India as supercargo, and once, in the year 1832, as I was about to sail from Boston to Calcutta, on my third voyage, at the age of twenty-two, a man came to me, who wished to import an elephant, and asked me to take an order from him to buy a large elephant and bring it home to him.

We made an agreement, and signed a written contract, which stated that the elephant's height should be measured at his shoulder; a certain price to be paid for ten feet in height, with one hundred dollars added for every inch beyond ten feet, and one hundred dollars less for every inch less.

After I had reached Calcutta and attended to business connected with the ship's return cargo, I started one day to go to an indigo plantation, about seventy miles up the river Hooghly, where, I was told, a man lived who had a herd of elephants. He received me most hospitably and took me out to a grove, where he kept about twelve elephants of different sizes and ages, each chained by one hind leg to a tree. He invited me to make my own choice among them; but as I was quite ignorant of their valuable points,

and had not the slightest idea how to judge of them, I told him I would prefer to have him select one for me. This, however, he refused to do, saying that he would not take the risk; and so I finally pointed to a fine, large fellow, who seemed not too old (he was about thirty years old), and said: "There's the one I want."

"Oh," said the owner, "how came you to choose him? I would rather give up any of the others, for he is my finest and bravest tiger-bunter, and I really don't want to spare him." I stood firm, and declared that I would have that one or none, and so we closed our bargain. The high creature measured at the shoulder ten feet and one inch, and I paid for him twelve hundred rupees—equal at that time to about six hundred dollars. I then arranged for his native keeper, or mahout, to come with him to Boston; and although my host pressed me cordially to stay longer with him, and made a tempting proposal (which I longed to accept) to take me next day on a grand tiger hunt, I felt that my business duties and responsibilities were too heavy to allow me to risk my life with a tiger. So, with many regrets, I took leave of my hospitable, pleasant friend, turned my back on the tiger, which, of course, I should have "bagged," and hurried back to town to prepare for my voyage, and make all ready to lodge our giant passenger on board ship.

I had a house, or pen, built for him on deck, and knowing that we should arrive off the New England coast in winter weather, I had a warm covering made for him, thickly wadded with cotton. Fancy an elephant dressed in wadded pajamas!

They swam him down the river nearly all the way from the plantation, and kept him for a few days outside Calcutta, until all was ready. There they put on him a heavy belt, or girth, which I had had made, of four thicknesses of canvas, with heavy iron rings at the top, and he was driven to the dock after sunset, as it was forbidden to bring an elephant into town by day.

At the dock we had a crane such as is used for hoisting heavy goods, and its strong hooks being lowered, and caught into the iron rings on the elephant's waistband, the poor old fellow, trumpeting with terror and dismay, was swung, like a monstrous bale of goods, into the big pen on deck, where he was to spend the next six months at sea. He stayed there very comfortably through the long voyage, petted by all on board. He and I became great friends; and every morning, when I went to his pen to talk to him, I carried in my jacket pockets some pieces of ship biscuit, which he learned to find and take out with his trunk.

His usual food was either rice or gram (a kind of dried pea), and we had a large quantity on board for his use. After cooking it, the mahout would make a sort of hen's nest of hay, fill it with the cooked grain, and lay it as far inside the elephant's mouth as his arm could reach. Eight or ten of these "bird's-nest puddings" were needed for one meal; and when Colly wanted a glass of water, he would draw up into his trunk a whole pailful of one draught, and then, turning the end of the trunk into his mouth, squirt it down his throat. The mahout had a large shovel to use for cleaning out the pen, and one day, when he had left it standing at the side, Colly took it up by curling his trunk into the hole in the handle, and began to scratch himself with the blade all over his sides and wherever he could reach. After that he would never let the mahout have that shovel, but kept it for his own "back-scratcher."

At last our long voyage was over, and we arrived safely at Boston. Colly was as anxious as every one else to go ashore, and a wide, heavy gangway, or landing-stage, was placed from the hip to the pier for him to walk ashore; but he had only taken one step when he felt the planking sag under his weight. He drew back, and he hauled, with all his cries and urging—even abbing him with a sharp goad—could not make him venture farther than to try it with one fore-foot. I told the man to keep quiet and wait, and let him take his own way, for I was sure he would be as glad to be on land as we would be to have him get there.

Before long he began to feel his way again, cautiously pressing on the gangway with both fore-feet; then kneeling down on all four knees, he slowly hunched himself along in that position all the way across to the pier. It seemed wonderful that he should know that by spreading the weight of his body over a large surface he could get over more safely than by bearing on his feet.

He was then delivered to his new owner, who kept him for a short time in an old barn in East Boston. I went there two or three times and took friends to see my big pet, whom I was very sorry to lose sight of, when he was soon after removed to Paris unknown.

During the next six years I went several times to India, and once brought home a rhinoceros for the same man who had had the elephant. Finally I was obliged to take some months away from business, and go for my health to the West Indies. After spending the winter on a coffee plantation in the island of Cuba, I came in the spring to Havana, to sail for home. While waiting there for my vessel to be ready, I was walking idly along the street, when a man came eagerly toward me, calling me by name, and seeming much pleased to see me. When he saw that I did not recognize him, he said: "Why, don't you remember me? I'm the man for whom you bought a rhinoceros, and now I want you to come this afternoon and see my show of animals; the rhinoceros is among them, and I'd like to have you see him. Promise me that you will come. The show begins exactly at three o'clock, and you will really do me a great favor."

I was willing enough to make the promise, as my hours of waiting were slow and tedious. I betook myself that afternoon to the place described, and found my man at the door, impatiently looking out for me. A large audience was already seated in an amphitheatre, and before us, in the nearest cage, was a large rhinoceros. As I stood looking at him, the showman began addressing the crowd, jabbering to them in Spanish. I had learned a little of the language during the winter, and after a time it suddenly struck me that he was speaking of me. I turned about, and saw that every eye seemed to be fixed on me.

"Look here," I cried, "what are you doing? What are you saying about me?"

"Hush! Hush!" said he. "Don't expose me now. I am only telling them that you captured this rhinoceros by a terrific struggle, after fighting him all day in a swamp."

"Let me get out of here!" I said. "I'm not going to stay to be talked about in any such fashion!" So I turned away and walked around through a side passage of the rambling old building, until I came out in a place where I saw an elephant just beyond. As I looked at him I seemed to see a likeness to my old pet of six years before, and I called out to him: "Colly!"

Immediately he raised his head and looked towards me, moving his great ears forward in excitement. As I drew nearer to him a keeper appeared—an American—and called out to me to keep away. "Don't go near that elephant!" he said. "He's very cross to-day, and I dare not go near him myself."

But without realizing my danger, I had already come within the huge creature's reach, and before I could withdraw, he put his trunk around my waist, and drawing me gently up to him, between his tusks, held me pressed against his forehead as tenderly as a human mother would hold her child. I patted him and talked to him, but I was glad enough when he un-wound his trunk from my body and let me go. Then he began feeling about with his trunk for my sea-jacket pockets, where he used to find ship-biscuit at sea, and I called to an old black woman who sat near by with cakes for sale, and bought out her whole stock to feed the good old friend who had remembered me so many years.

The keeper watched all this scene in great excitement, and finally came forward, begging me to tell him what it meant. "For," said he, "I would not have given a farthing for your life when I saw you in the elephant's grasp!"

"Oh," said I, "he is an older friend of mine than he is of yours;" and then I told him the story of my old acquaintance with Colly, and of our long voyage together six years before.

When I turned to leave the place the dear old fellow stretched his head forward to see me as long as he could, seeming to wish I would stay with him; but after one long look backward at the noble creature, I turned a corner and never saw him again.—*Our Animal Friends.*

### Items.

*The Luciferians.*—One of the curious vagaries of the human mind is shown by the existence of a French sect who worship Satan under the name of Lucifer, as the principle of intelligence and life.

*A Sectarian Movement at West Point.*—Under this heading *The Independent* gives the following information: "The Government provided, some years ago, a chapel on the reservation for religious worship in addition to that used by the chaplain. This chapel has been free both to Protestants and Catholics. Both have used it, and there has been, so far, no conflict or difficulty of any kind between them. It is not a denominational church, but is maintained by the Government for all who wish to use it.

"Recently the parish priest of Highland Falls started a movement for a Catholic chapel to be located on the ground he owned within the military reservation on Government grounds. The building is intended to be for the exclusive use of Catholic worshippers. The proposal did not, as we are informed, originate among the officers or professors of West Point, and does not command their united support. It is an outside movement, and the money is to come wholly, or almost wholly, from outside sources.

"The question that immediately occurs is, How can the ground be obtained for the proposed denominational building? Manifestly Colonel Ernst, the chief officer, has no power to make such a grant; neither has the Secretary of War. Congress alone, by special enactment, can appropriate Government land for such a purpose. It appears, however, that the Secretary of War has the power to issue a license for the erection of temporary structures, such as sutlers' sheds. The license is temporary and revocable; and those who are working for the church expect to get it. They must have a degree of confidence that the property will eventually be secured. Do they count on holding the land under a mere license? Do they have an idea that no complaint will be filed and no demand made for its revocation? Or do they expect

to ask Congress, after the chapel is built, to make the grant permanent? It is significant that it is not to be a temporary structure; it is to be built of stone. If they are allowed to erect it, they could make a strong appeal against any proposition to remove it.

"We trust that the Secretary of War will refuse a license for any denominational church whatever. We do not see any good reason why it should be granted. If such a favor is conceded to the Catholics, it might be conceded to the Presbyterians, the Methodists, or any other denomination that asks for it. It is a dangerous innovation, and ought to be prevented. Let there be a general protest against this movement, not because it is Catholic, but because it is sectarian. Denominational favoritism is forbidden to the Government of the United States."

## THE FRIEND.

ELEVENTH MONTH 28, 1896.

In the life of that worthy elder, Joseph Pike, of Cork, edited by the late John Barclay, the editor introduces some paragraphs concerning George Keith, of whom he says:

"On his mind becoming imbued with dissatisfaction towards Friends, the first occasion he took against them in point of doctrine was this: That they did not sufficiently preach Christ's outward or personal appearance, sufferings and death, etc. Indeed, he represented that these important truths were suffered to go into oblivion, were even dead and buried among the Quakers, and that he was raised up to be an instrument in the hands of the Almighty, by whom, in a heavenly vision, he had been expressly instructed to revive and proclaim these ancient foundational truths. Well might Thomas Ellwood exclaim, 'Judge, now, what a conceited opinion this man hath of himself, and what evil thoughts he hath left in concerning Friends, that he could let fly a slander which affects not only all our ministering Friends, but even the body of Friends in general. That suggestion,' continues he, 'is as false as it is foul.' For these great and weighty doctrines, not only always since we were a people, have been, but still are, at this day owned, received, believed, confessed to and acknowledged by the body of Friends, and declared and set forth in our public meetings, in the openings of the Divine Life and in the movings, guidance and directions of the Holy Spirit."

And John Whitney gives a similar testimony as follows: "For my part, I will freely declare (having been conversant among the Quakers from my childhood, and can remember longer ago than George Keith was a Quaker, and have had intimate acquaintance with many of the most eminent among them for many years, and heard their declarations and read more of their books than ever George Keith saw, perhaps, that I never heard or found that they did in the least slight or undervalue Christ's coming or suffering in the flesh, or the fruit and benefit of it in order to salvation; but only that people had made the historical belief of the outward transactions of it all their faith that they counted necessary to salvation, and had neglected the inward work of it. Therefore were they raised up of the Lord to turn people's minds to the measure of Christ's Spirit in themselves, that thereby they might come to know and partake of the benefits of it."

And Ellwood also makes a similar observation, to this import, "That the apostasy in the early ages of the Christian Church was rather

from the inward life and power of godliness than from an acknowledgment of the outward appearance and work of Christ in the flesh; inasmuch that, while the latter doctrines continued, from age to age, to be admitted and preached upon every sect of professed Christians, the doctrines relative to the manifestation of Christ by His Spirit in the heart were generally departed from, lost and forgotten. Therefore," continues he, "when it pleased God to raise up and send forth a true Gospel ministry again, in this latter age of the world, to restore Christianity and to gather out of the many professions a peculiar people to himself, it was agreeable to the Divine wisdom to bring to light that which had been hidden, to restore to the nation that which had been lost, to turn people to that which they were most ignorant of and strangers to, rather than that which they professed to know before and had been all along trained up in."

It is a satisfaction to the editor of THE FRIEND to revive these ancient testimonies to the sound and well-balanced character of the doctrines held by Friends in the beginning (and which might be greatly enlarged), because, in some parts of professing Christendom there is a tendency to undervalue the importance of sound doctrines and to speak slightly of them as dry, dogmatic assertions. We remember hearing that worthy minister, Ellwood Dean, of Ohio, in a sermon accompanied by the flowings of Divine life, point out the fact that, although one who had been convicted of sin and repented, should thereafter live a blameless life, yet he needed forgiveness for past sins, and this must be experienced through the atoning grace of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

It is unsafe to rely on the strength of our own intellect in religious matters, in which the only safe guide is the Spirit of Christ, which must be followed and obeyed with the simplicity of a little child.

#### SUMMARY OF EVENTS.

**UNITED STATES.**—The President has issued a proclamation respecting boundaries of land reservations in Alaska, which were found to encroach upon lands belonging to the Greek Church, in contravention of Russia's cession of Alaska.

The official vote of Ohio is as follows: McKinley, 527,945; Bryan, 475,995; Bryan, Popular, 2,652; Levering, 5,969; Bentley, 2,775; Palmer, 1,831; McKinley, 1,232; Palmer, 1,729; Bentley, 630.

The official vote of Kansas is: Bryan, 171,810; McKinley, 159,341; Levering, 1,721; Middle-western Populist, 1,232; Palmer, 1,209; Bentley, 630.

Complete official returns in South Dakota, show that the fusionists captured most of the State offices and the local judicial authorities. The Republicans elected three State officers.

Full returns in Wyoming, but with three counties unaffiliated, received by the Democratic State Committee, give all three Democratic Electors small pluralities. The Republicans will control the Legislature in both branches.

The Philadelphia and Reading Railway Company, the successor of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad Company, has been organized with Joseph S. Harris as President. Under the new arrangement, Reading affairs will go on in practically the same hands.

A long distance telephone is now operated from Boston to St. Louis, a distance of 1,400 miles. Bank clearances in the principal cities of the country were extraordinarily large last week, and the New York Bank Clearing House issued a statement unprecedented in its changes, showing the enormous release of bonded money since the election. On Tenth Mo. 17th, the banks here held the election, twenty of the New York banks had less of in the local treasury five per cent reserve. Today there are but three under the limit. Some of the banks have earned 217,062,000 specie, and 1,285,059,928 tenders. Their deposits have increased \$22,500,000. Most of the gain was made last week. Deposits increased \$21,707,800,

legal tenders 57,079,000 and specie 24,206,500. Loans gained 89,553,300. The surplus reserve increased 57,801,650 to \$22,500,000. These changes are almost unprecedented in the history of the Clearing House. Just before the election call loans were 97 per cent, while mercantile paper was unsalable and time money exceedingly difficult to get. Now call loans are 2 1/2 per cent. Time money is easily obtained at 4 1/2 per cent. for the different material, and commercial paper is in excellent demand.

A coal-burner, on the 21st inst., received an order for 2000 tons of charcoal pig iron for Budapest, Hungary. The iron is required for the manufacture of car wheels and the order "is the largest ever received for export by any American firm."

A Seattle despatch says that, owing to the crippled condition of the Great Northern and Everett and Monte Cristo Railroads there is liable to be a serious food famine in towns in the Cascade flooded district. Lumbermen of Seattle say that, as a result of the recent flood, 90 per cent of the shingle bolts cut in northern Washington were swept down the various rivers and out to sea, and that from 3,000,000 to 5,000,000 feet of logs were driven through the booms and lost.

The Southern Pacific Railroad's steamer, San Benito, from Tacoma for San Francisco, was driven ashore on the morning of the 22nd, two miles north of Point Arena, on the California coast. Five of the crew were killed, and the crew of the steamer *Point Arena*. Early the next morning, twenty-seven men were rescued by the steamer *Wheat*, after they had been clinging to the rigging of the wrecked steamer 25 hours.

Deaths in this city last week numbered 374, which is 10 less than the previous week and 15 less than the corresponding week of 1889. Of the whole number 190 were males and 184 females; 45 died of consumption; 42 of heart disease; 34 of pneumonia; 17 of diphtheria; 14 of nephritis; 14 of apoplexy; 14 of crop; 12 of old age; 13 of typhoid fever; 13 of bronchitis; 11 of inflammation of the stomach and bowels; 11 of convulsions, and of various causes.

Births, 419; deaths, 374. Marriages, 110; new 48, 119; 129; 55, 112; 113; currency, 85, 101; 106.

**COTTON.**—Demand from spinners was light, but the market ruled steady on a basis of 7 1/2c per pound for middling uplands.

Wool. Prime bran in bulk, quoted \$10.00 a \$10.50, and spring do, in sacks, at \$9.75 a \$10.50 per ton.

**FLOUR.**—Winter super, \$2.50 a \$3.10; do, extras, \$3.15 a \$3.30; Pennsylvania roller, clear, \$4.10 a \$4.30; do, do, straight, \$4.40 a \$4.60; Western winter, clear, \$4.10 a \$4.30; do, do, straight, \$4.40 a \$4.60; do, do, patent, \$4.70 a \$4.90; spring, clear, \$3.75 a \$4.15; do, do, straight, \$4.25 a \$4.50; do, do, patent, \$4.60 a \$4.75; do, favorite brands, higher. City mills, extra, \$3.15 a \$3.40; do, clear, \$4.15 a \$4.40; do, straight, \$4.50 a \$4.75; do, patent, \$4.80 a \$5.00. **RYE FLOUR.**—\$2.75 per bbl. for choice Pennsylvania. **BUCKWHEAT FLOUR.**—\$1.45 a \$1.60 per 100 pounds for good to choice, new.

**GRAIN.**—No. 2 red wheat, 87 1/2c; No. 2 mixed corn, 28 1/2c; No. 2 white oats, 24 a 24c.

**BEEF CATTLE.**—Extra, 4 1/2c; good, 4 1/4c; medium, 4 1/4c; common, 3 1/4c.

**SHEEP AND LAMBS.**—Extra, 3 1/4c; good, 3 1/4c; medium, 2 1/4c; common, 2 1/4c; culls, 1 1/2c; hants, 3 1/2c.

**HOGS.**—3 1/2c for good Western, 5 a 5 1/2c for others, and 4 a 4 1/2c for State.

**FOREIGN.**—Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson, M. D., the celebrated English physician and author of Hygiene works, died in London on the 21st instant, from apoplexy, with which he was stricken on the 18th, and from which he never rallied. He was sixty-eight years of age.

During the last twenty-five years the import of wheat into Great Britain has increased by 152 per cent, while the quantity of home-grown wheat has diminished by 45 per cent.

The London water supply question will be dealt with in Parliament in a bill drafted by Baron James of Hereford, and promoted by the London County Council. The Government has its hands full of contentions measures, and will not oppose or support interference with the legitimate vested interests which the bill involves, with which he was stricken on the 18th, and from which he never rallied. He was sixty-eight years of age.

millions outside. It is understood that after the bill has been debated a special commission will be appointed to report on the County Council scheme and other proposals. No definite conclusion can be expected within several years.

The new Spanish loan has been subscribed for to the amount of 579,000,000 pesetas, though only 250,000,000 pesetas were required. A peseta is 20 cents. Captain General Ycaza has arrived in Havana on the evening of the 23rd instant from Pinar del Rio. His return has caused much comment.

The insurrection in the Philippines is extending to all the provinces. Extensive precautions are being taken at Porto Rico to prevent surprises by filibuster in the event of the news from Cuba and the Philip being taken to have a character as to encourage a rising of the islanders.

AdVICES have reached Kingston, Jamaica, from Port de France, capital of the island of Martinique, to the effect that very heavy rains that have fallen throughout the island, have caused all the streams to overflow their banks, and that immense damage has been done to property. A number of persons in the interior, all of whom are believed to have been negroes, have been drowned.

It is officially announced that a treaty between Italy and Brazil has been signed.

The jute trade of India is of the annual value of \$50,000,000. There are about 2,000,000 acres under culture.

The railways of Japan transported 37,000,000 passengers in 1889.

Victoria Methodists have voted—15,000 to 2500—for the amalgamation of all the Australian Methodist dists into one body.

A St. John's despatch says that a British syndicate is arranging for the purchase of the petroleum deposits on the west coast of Newfoundland. "Boring which has been made show a flow of rich oil, yielding 84 per cent. lubricating oil and 43 per cent. for illuminating purposes.

When the trans Siberian railway is completed it will be possible to travel around the world in less than forty days.

#### NOTICES.

**WESTTOWN BOARDING SCHOOL.**—Applications for the admission of pupils to the school, and letters in regard to instruction and discipline should be addressed to WILLIAM F. WICKERSHAM, *Principal*. Payments on account of board and tuition, and communications in regard to business should be forwarded to EDWARD G. SNEYDER, *Superintendent*. Address, Westtown P. O., Chester Co., Pa.

**WESTTOWN BOARDING SCHOOL.**—For convenience of persons coming to Westtown school, the stage will meet trains leaving Philadelphia 7.17 and 8.46 A. M. and 2.53 and 4.32 P. M. Other trains are met when requested. Stage fare on regular trips, fifteen cents on special trips, twenty-five cents each way. To reach the school by telegraph, write West Chester Phone 85 EDWARD G. SNEYDER, *Supr.*

By appointment of Concord Quarterly Meeting meeting for worship for its young and middle-age members is proposed to be held in Media on the afternoon of First-day, the sixth of Twelfth Month 1890, at two o'clock.

A YOUNG woman Friend desires a situation as a assistant in household duties.

Address—"M." 100 N. Church St., West Chester, Pa.

**MARRIED.**—On the twenty-third of Ninth Month 1890, at a Meeting held at Winona, Columbia County, Ohio, DANIEL D. TEST, son of Zachariah and Drusilla Test, the latter deceased, and MARY C. BRANTINGHAM, daughter of Alfred and Ann Brantingham.

Eleventh Month 19th, 1890, at Friends Meeting-house, Moorestown, N. J., HENRY W. LEEDS of Atlantic City, and LYDIA M. ROBERTS, of Moorestown.

DIED, at his residence near River-ton, N. J., Fifth Month 16th, 1890, J. GARDNER TAYLOR, in his fifty-third year of his age; a beloved member of Westfield Preparative Meeting. We believe it may truly be said of him, "Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God."



# THE FRIEND.

A Religious and Literary Journal.

VOL. LXX.

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## Diary and Letters of Deborah Brooks Webb.

(Continued from page 146.)

1864.—Sixth Month 26th.—How I feel that I love, thee, Oh, Lord. Oh, thou art worthy of the adoration of my whole being. Thou forgivest all my iniquities and transgressions, for I have had to repent my want of faithfulness his day. How merciful thou art? I renew my covenant with thee, to serve thee more continually. Oh, bless me, Lord, I beseech thee.

Seventh Month 3rd.—Thou saint to me, oh Lord, "commit thy way unto the Lord, trust also in Him, and He shall bring it to pass." I did try and thou didst help me. Like as a father pitieth his children, so thou didst pity me in my conflicts to-day and through the week. Oh, be with me in my journey, and preserve me from all evil. Keep me prayerful.

The following letter of encouragement was received about this time by her from our late esteemed friend, Samuel F. Balderston, in relation to her appearance in the ministry.

"Seventh Month 12th, 1864.

"My dear friend, Deborah Brooks:—Very thankful do I feel, more than I can express, on thy account, forasmuch as thou hast found strength to give up to the call of Him, who has a right to our best service and is worthy of all we can offer unto Him, for all we have or can have, is all his own.

"I do desire thy encouragement in every good work, and my heart is filled with gratitude, that several mouths have been opened of late in our meeting. My prayer has been, that the Great Lord of the Vineyard would raise up and send forth into his garden both servants and handmaidens to labor for the advancement of truth and righteousness in the earth, and amongst us as a people.

"Let us look singly unto Him, who is all-sufficient for us, whose power is over every other power, and whose promise is sure, 'I will never leave thee nor forsake thee,' dear friend. 'It is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in princes.' My soul longs for better times amongst us, when the Lord shall arise and have mercy upon Zion; when his Divine presence and power shall be more known in our assemblies, and his name exalted above every name, and also when Divine love and

godly zeal shall take the place of that indifference and lukewarmness which is displeasing in the sight of Him, who demands the surrender of the whole heart.

"May it please Him to arise for his great name's sake, and for his dear Son's sake, and for Zion's sake, and cause this wilderness to become like Eden again, and this desert like the garden of the Lord, that joy and gladness may again be found amongst us, thanksgiving and the voice of melody."

"Under feelings of near Christian sympathy with thee and unity of spirit, I am sincerely and affectionately thy friend and fellow pilgrim, "S. F. BALDERSTON."

D. B. spent her vacation in the summer of 1864 in New England, and writes to L. H. B.:

"Boston, Seventh Month 28th, 1864.

"Time passes away so quickly, and I find it so difficult to seize quiet opportunities amidst all the company and sight-seings incident to home visits of this kind, that letter-writing, except those to tell of intended visits, seems sometimes almost out of the question. This must be my excuse to thee, for not hearing earlier from me. I wanted to sit right down after receiving thy last kind messenger, and say how relieving it was, but time would not permit. How nice it would be if some of my present enjoyments could be shared with thee. Two weeks ago to-day I left Philadelphia for Newark, and remained with sister Sarah one night, then took the Sound boat to Groton about five o'clock the next afternoon. That part of Long Island Sound between Long Island and New York is called the East River, and it was delightful sailing on it, that evening. I never enjoyed a ride so much. The water, just as formed by his hand, underneath, the calm sky above, the beautiful banks each side, covered with objects of interest, and we floating in such a palace, the genius of those who devised it having also been bestowed by the same Bountiful Hand.

"It seemed as though we were surrounded by his living presence, perhaps that gave all the charm to me. What is worth so much as his love, good presence and countenance in this world? Is not that why thou loves the country so much? How much more delightful it is to be able to see the Divine Hand in all. Luther could say, 'All is thine, and we are thine.'

"We got in our berths again about nine o'clock, rose again near one and took the cars for Providence. Brother Stephen met me about four, and conducted me to his home, where I got a good nap and felt better, having been sick some on the cars. The change of water almost always affects me at first, being a little impregnated with sea-salt, I suppose. What a pleasant visit with kind and attentive kindred I had there. One day I went to bathe in 'old Ocean' at Newport, and enjoyed those fine breakers highly; another, we dined on a 'clam bake' and chowder by the Narragansett Bay.

"Last week, on Sixth-day, I came to my darling sister S's. Her son is still at home on account of his wounds, but must go back soon.

Another son went to the Gulf, but we fear has been lost. Come and see me, when I get back, for it seems impossible to tell all.

"The last two pages of this letter are being written, on the twenty-first, at my niece's, at Somerville, near Boston, where her husband has bought a nice home. How I would like to introduce you to each other. She is so gentle and lovable. Yesterday and to-day have been such busy days. They want to show their curiosities, and I am just as glad to see most of them. We went to the Natural History Rooms, a public school in the morning, and in the afternoon to the Boston Museum. This is well worth seeing, so do visit it whenever this way. Everything is so nicely marked. I never could believe there was anything like a mermaid before, but there were two—a kind of fish about two feet high, with a head resembling a monkey, found in or near Japan.

"This morning we had a delightful walk amidst beautiful scenery beyond Charlestown. The country is so dry, it has rained scarcely any for nine weeks here, and the air seems filled with fine dust. We went to Charlestown this afternoon, visited the prison and walked around Bunker Hill Monument. I hardly expected ever to see this place, but it seemed all right to go, and I guess it was not wrong. Tomorrow we intend to see a public school examination, and the next morning go down to 'Sandwich,' so it will probably continue for two weeks more, then it will be our turn to entertain company. But dearest Laura, thou wilt rejoice for me, that I feel so calm and happy. It seems to me sometimes that I feel the dew of heaven on my spirit, and the passage, 'I will be as the dew unto Israel,' came so sweetly to-night. I hope thou hast much peace in quiet patience and trust. My dear aged aunt, Avis Keen, at Lynn, a minister for many years, said last Seventh-day, 'that once in early life, being very anxious, she heard a voice say, 'Trust more and toil less.' Trust in the Lord, with all thy heart, and lean not to thy own understanding.'"

"PROVIDENCE, Eighth Month 4th, 1864.

"Dearest L.—. . . My dear friend, if this belief did not pervade my mind, that our friendship was as firm as though tried by fire and water, I should be much troubled at this long delay. The original of these words, or the former copy, was given according to date to Anna's husband to mail for me, and he being in a hurry in the morning concluded to wait until noon before dropping it in the box, and hung up his coat in the office. In the course of an hour the building caught fire and he barely escaped with his life. A piece of the coat was taken from the water in the cellar, and this letter found in the pocket. My first impulse was to send the first, but the smell of fire had passed upon it. The fire turned the red post-stamp black. It is quite a curiosity. Excuse my copying instead of writing anew, for being storm-staid here there seemed a little chance to copy, but not compose. Lysander's loss was

over one thousand dollars, besides a three hundred dollar watch, etc. The thick hunting-case was recovered, but the inner works were ruined.

"Sandwich and Scituate have since been visited with much pleasure, and now I am homeward bound. . . Thine truly, D. B." (To be continued.)

FOR "THE FRIEND."

### Cain Quarterly Meeting.

On the twelfth of Eleventh Month I went to Cain to attend the Quarterly Meeting, held in the old stone house at Cain, on the brow of the North Valley Hill, overlooking the great Chester County limestone valley.

The journey from Philadelphia to this spot is an interesting one geologically. After passing through the gneiss rocks about Philadelphia, the railroad gradually approaches the valley, and for a number of miles keeps on the ridge of hromyrica shales which border it on the south, and which as we go westward greatly widens. This rock is a peculiar one, very slaty in structure, comparatively soft and having a greasy feeling, like talc. Probably from this character it was formerly called Talc Slate. The soil it makes is less fertile than that derived from the decomposition of the Gneiss rock, which contains feldspar, but it readily responds to the efforts of the farmer, and produces good crops when manured.

As the road approaches Downingtown it gradually descends into the valley, and we find there a heavy bed of limestone rock, which extends westward into Lancaster County and eastward to and beyond the Schuylkill River. This valley is believed to have been in former ages occupied by an arm of the sea, and the limestone to have been formed by the deposition of corals and shells, ground up by the action of the waves and afterwards consolidated into rock by pressure, heat and other forces which have made such wonderful changes in the earth's surface. These calcareous materials must have been deposited in horizontal beds, but now the layers of rock are steeply inclined, a clear indication of the stupendous forces which have operated in this region.

At Downingtown we were met by a kind friend, who seems to consider it a part of his life work to wait upon Friends.

The Ridge which bounds Chester Valley on the north—North Valley Hill—rises quite abruptly from the lower ground. Two or three miles beyond Downingtown, a lively little stream—Beaver Creek—comes down through a gap in the hill, giving the motive power in the distance of about a mile to five mills. Up this ravine, the road climbs to the top of the hill, and leads to the beautifully situated meeting-house. The rock of the North Valley Hill is a Primal Sandstone. After meeting, we dined at the house of a friend, situated at the foot of the hill, where Beaver Creek emerges from the ravine. In the yard were some large flag-stones, probably taken from the hillside. Penetrating these were some branching crystals of black Tourmaline. The composition of the mineral is principally of silic, alumina and oxide of iron. These ingredients were doubtless present in the material out of which the sandstone was formed, and a portion of them was dissolved in the heated water which at one time permeated the mass, and from this solution they were crystallized in the form in which we now see them.

One of the company who dined here was a Friend from North Carolina, and the conversation not unnaturally turned somewhat on the

trials which Friends in that State endured during the late civil war. Among the incidents related was the following:

Friends generally were opposed to the secession movement, but besides that, their peace principles would not allow them to join the army. The Confederate drafts were enforced with unrelenting strictness, and thus many Friends were brought into much suffering. On one occasion a woman Friend who was in delicate health called her young family together and told them that she expected her husband would be taken in the next draft, and she did not think that she could survive the shock, and they would be left without father or mother. One of the children, about five or six years old, was deeply affected, and, when alone, prayed earnestly to his Father in heaven that his earthly father might be spared. Some of the neighbors had determined that the Quaker should be drafted, and especial care was taken that his name should be put into the box from which the drafted names were to be drawn. But the prayer of his child was answered, and his name remained untouched.

At one time some Confederate troops came into the neighborhood of Friends' settlements, and arrested five Union men who had acted as pilots in facilitating the escape of some Union men to the Chowan River, which was then the boundary line, in those parts, between the portions of the State under the control of the Union and Confederate forces. The prisoners were to be marched to the Chowan River, and then put to death. As the party approached Winston, a Union gun-boat coming up the river fired some shells over the town, which so alarmed the commander that he ordered his command to disband and each one to take care of himself. The five prisoners at once made their way to the wharf, and were received in safety on the Union vessel.

The war was unpopular in many parts of North Carolina, and of those who were conscripted many deserted from the ranks. After some unsuccessful efforts to capture them, the Confederate officials seized the wives of the deserting men and carried them to camp, and as there was no one left at home to cook and care for the children, many of the men surrendered themselves, and thus obtained the release of their wives.

During the Revolutionary War the approach of the British army caused much fear among the farmers of Chester Valley. The mistress of one of the households gathered up her silverware and gave it to a German boy in her employment, with instructions to hide it safely. Some months after, when the alarm had subsided, the boy was questioned as to what had become of the silver, and he produced it from under a flat stone in the bottom of Beaver Creek, where it had been hidden.

On the side of the turnpike road leading westward from Downingtown stands a stone, with the inscription, "I. M. to T.," meaning one mile to Downingtown. The stone-cutter misunderstood the order, and it is said all the stones on the road, which leads to Harrisburg, have "T" instead of "D," owing to the German pronunciation. J. W.

"SWEET is the answer of a good conscience. He who pays his whole-hearted homage to truth and duty is not without his solace and enjoyment when to the eyes of others he seems the most lonely and miserable."—*The Scottish Reviewer.*

## The Grand Canyon of the Colorado River.

BY BISHOP WARREN.

Before me lies a thin bit of red rock, rippled as delicately as a woman's hair, bearing marks of raindrops, that came from the South. It was once soft clay. It was laid down close to the igneous Archaean rocks when mother earth was in her girlhood and water first began to flow. More clay flowed over, and it was hardened into rock. Many strata, variously colored and composed, were deposited, till our bit of beauty was buried thousands of feet deep. The strata were tilted variously and abraded wondrously, for our earth has been treated very much as the fair-armed bread-maker treats the lump of dough she doubles and kneads on the molding board. Other rocks of a much harder nature, composed in part of the shells of inexpressible multitudes of ocean's infusoria, were laid down from the superincumbent sea. Still the delicate ripple marks were preserved. Nature's vast library was being formed, and on this scrap of a leaf not a letter was lost.

Beside this stone now lies another of the purest white. It once flowed as water impregnated with lime, and clung to the lower side of a rock now as high above the sea as many a famous mountain. The water gradually evaporated, and the lime hung like tiny drops. Between the two stones now so near together was once a distance of more than a mile of impenetrable rock. How did they ever get together? Let us see.

After the rock making, this vast plain was lifted seven thousand feet above the sea and rimmed round with mountains. Perhaps in being afterward volcanically tossed in one of the old world's spasms, an irregular crack ripped its way along a few hundred miles. Into this crack rushed a great river, perhaps an inland ocean or vast Lake Superior, of which Salt Lake may be a little remnant puddle, and proceeded to pulverize, dissolve, and carry away these six thousand feet of rock between the two stones. There was fall enough to make forty Niagaras.

I was once where a deluge of rain had fallen a few days before in a mountain valley. I tore loose some huge rocks and plunged down a precipice of one thousand feet. The rock at the bottom was crushed under the frightful weight of the tumbling superincumbent mass and every few minutes the top became the bottom. In one hour millions of tons of rock were crushed to pebbles and spread for miles over the plain, filling up a whole village to the roof of the houses. I knew three villages utterly destroyed by a rush of water only ten feet deep. Water and gravitation make a frightful plow. Here some prehistoric Mississippi turned its mighty furrows.

The Colorado River is one of our great rivers. It is over two thousand miles long, reaches from near our northern to beyond our southern border, and drains three hundred thousand square miles of the west side of the Rocky Mountains. Great as it remains, it is a mere thread to what it once was. It is easy to see that there were several epochs of work. Suppose the first on top of the upper limestone rock to the depth of several thousand feet. This cutting is of various widths. Just here it is eighteen miles wide. But as such rocks are of varying hardness, there are many promontories that distinctly project out, say, half a mile from the general line, and rising in the centre are various Catskills and Holyokes, with defiantly perpendicular sides, that persisted in resisting the

tightly rush of waters. Their foundations were it away by the mighty flood, and occasionally ic slides thundered into the chasm, leaving the all positively perpendicular.

We may now suppose the ocean waters near exhausted and only the mighty rivers that ad made that ocean left to flow. Indeed, the sing Sierras of some range unknown at the resent may have shut off whole oceans of rain. The rivers that remained began to cut a much arrower channel into the softer sand and clay below. From the great mountain rimmed lateau rivers poured in at the sides, cutting teral canyons down to the central flow. Between these stand the little Holyokes aforesaid, ith greatly narrowed base. Then I go down ith most reverent awe and pick a little ripple-in-marked leaf out of its place in the book of ature, a veritable table of stone written by the nger of God, and bring it up and lay it alonge of one formed cone after at the top. They oth be brothers formed by the same forces and r the same end.

Standing by this stupendous work of nature ay after day I try to stretch my mind to some rge computation of the work done. A whole ay is taken to go down the gorge to the river. t takes seven miles of zigzag trail, sometimes ightfully steep, along shelves not over two et wide, under rock thousands of feet above nd going down thousands of feet below, to get own that perpendicular mile. It was an in-ense day's work.

There was the river, a regular freight train, unning day and night, the track unincumbered with returning cars (they were returned y the elevated road of the upper air, burdened ith dissolved rock and earth. A slip into this iver scarcely seemed to wet the foot; it seemed ather to coat it thickly with mud rescued from a plunge toward the sea. What unimaginable ounts the larger river must have carried in ounted ages. In the short time the Missis-ppi has been at work it has built out the land t its mouth one hundred miles into the Gulf.

In the side canyon down which we worked ur sublime and toilful way it was easy to see e work done. Sometimes the fierce torrent ould pile the canyon bottom with every vary of stone from the whole mile deep into one remendous heap of conglomerate. The next ush of waters would form a channel through is and pour millions of tons into the main iver. For years Boston toiled in feeble imitation of Milton's angels to bring the Milton Hills to the Back Bay and South Boston Flats. Boston made more land than the city original-ly contained, but it did not move a teaspoonful ompared with these excavations. The day as full of perceptions of the grandeur of vast ock masses never before suggested, except by he mighty mass of the Matterhorn seen close y from its Herault shoulder.

The section traversed that day seemed like a ighty canyon full of vast sublimities while e were in it, but the next day, seen from the im as a part of the mighty whole, it appeared ite indeed. One gets new meanings of the ords almighty, eternity, infinity, in the pre-ence of things done that seem to require them ll.

In 1869 Mayor J. W. Powell attempted to ass down this tumultuous river aided by nine een, and with four boats specially constructed o the purpose. In ninety-eight days he had ade one thousand miles, much of it in extrem-est peril. There was no possibility of climbing o the plateau above for weeks at a time.

Any great scene in nature is like the woman yu fall in love with at first sight for some pose of head, quietly carriage, auroral blush of color, penetrative murmur of voice, or a glance of soul through its illumined windows. You do not know much about her, but in long years heroic endurance of trials, in the great dignity of motherhood, in the unspeakable comforts, and in the supernal and ineffable beauty and loveliness that covers it all, you find a richness and worth of which the most ardent lover never dreamed. The first sight of the canyon often brings strong men to their knees in awe and adoration. The gorge at Niagara is one hundred and fifty feet deep; that is far short of six thousand six hundred and forty. Great is the first impression, but in the longer and closer acquaintance every sense of beauty is flooded to the utmost. I was out before "joyous day stood tiptoe on the breezy mountain tops."

I have seen many sunrises in this world and one other. I have watched the moon slowly rolling its deep valleys for weeks into the sunlight. I knew what to expect. But nature always surpasses expectations. The sinuosities of the rim sent back their various colors. A hundred domes and spires, wind sculptured and water sculptured, reached up like Memnon to catch the first light of the sun, and seemed to me to break out into Memnonian music. As the world rolled, the steady light penetrated deeper, shadows diminished, light spaces broadened and multiplied till it seemed as if a new creation were veritably going forward, and a new "Let there be light" had been uttered. I had seen it for the first time the night before in the mellow light of a nearly full moon, but the sunlight, really seemed to make, in respect to breadth, depth, and definiteness, a new creation.

One peculiar effect I never noticed elsewhere. It is well known that the blue sky is not blue and that there is no sky. Blue is the color of the atmosphere, and when seen in the miles deep overhead, or condensed in a jar, it shows its own true color. So, looking into this inconceivable canyon, the true color came out most beautifully. There was a background of red and yellowish rocks. These made the cold blue blush with warm color. The sapphire was backed with sardonyx, and the bluish white of the chalcodony was half pellucid to the gold chrysolite behind it.

One great purpose of this world is its use as significant symbol and hint of the world to come. The communication of ideas and feelings there is not by slow, clumsy speech, often misunderstood, originally made to express low physical wants, but it is by panorama, charade, and parable, making things and relations of earth as hintful of greater things as a bit of float ore in the plains is suggestive of boundless mines in the upper hills, and as the joy of finding one lost lamb in the wilderness tells of the joy of finding and saving a human soul. One never goes to any of God's great wonders to see sights, but to live life.

The old Hebrew prophets and poets saw God everywhere in nature. The floods cap their hands and the hills are joyful together before the Lord. Miss Proctor, in the Yosemite, caught the same lofty spirit, and sang:

"Perpetual masses here intone,

Uncounted censers swing,

A psalm on every breeze is blown;

The echoing peaks from thine to thine

Greet the intwelling King;

The Lord, the Lord is everywhere,

And seraph-tongued are earth and air."

Christian Advocate.

## The Bakers' Just Grievance.

There occurred in THE FRIEND of Seventh Month 20th, 1895, brief reference to a public complaint made by journey-men bakers and confectioners of Philadelphia, against the demand for the serving of fresh bread and pastry, and of tea, on the First-day of the week. The grievance of these unjustly-worked men has not been forgotten. The Woman's Health Protective Association having had their sympathies enlisted in the matter, have recently, by a committee which had been appointed, made report of their investigation to a conference to which had been invited representatives of ministers' meetings, delegates from labor unions, proprietors of bakeries, and representatives of the journey-men bakers.

This report, as commented on by Charles Roads, an earnest, sympathetic Methodist minister, who was present, "showed," he says, "a condition of things in our city, and which existed in all large cities more or less, that is really incredible for shocking, filthy degradation, unhealthiness, and petty but intolerable tyrannies over work people. What do you think of baker-shops with pet dogs, cats, birds, mice, cockroaches and other vermin abounding everywhere? With beds in the same room for the men who are compelled to labor seven days in the week and from fourteen to eighteen hours a day? Places were described where the room was hardly ever scrubbed or washed, and men who seldom found time to wear any other clothes than the light garments comfortable in the close and hot underground bakeries."

Not only the sanitary aspect of the subject was discussed, but the personal degradation consequent upon such conditions of daily toil, with the ethical question of no First-day rest and no right observance of the day. They must start in to work at six o'clock in the evening of Seventh-day, and continue until about ten o'clock on First-day morning, when their state of exhaustion and heat is such that they are ready to throw themselves down upon a couch, which is not infrequently in the same room where they have been baking. "In many cases, however," says C. Roads, "they go out to deliver the bread to customers, many of whom are selfish and thoughtless church members who must have absolutely fresh bread on Sabbath morning, though it is gotten by the life-blood or heathenish despoiling of fellow-men of all religious and civilized privileges."

It is further remarked that the addresses "of these cruelly oppressed work-people were remarkable for good sense and moderation. Their regard for the rights of their employers was in striking contrast with the popular notion that work-people who are 'discontented' are anarchistic and violent in language. They ask for the enactment of a law which will close bake shops and confectioneries on the Sabbath and regulate their sanitary condition and work hours."

In four States, of which New Jersey is one, laws have been enacted which it is hoped will be held constitutional, and will prove practicable. It is proposed to petition the legislature of Pennsylvania for a similar statute at its coming session. J. W. LEEDS.

"To the reformer, in an especial manner, comes home the truth that whose ruleth his own spirit is greater than he who taketh a city. Patience, hope, charity, watchfulness unto prayer,—how needful are all these to his success!"—*The Scottish Reformers.*

### HOLY SPIRIT, LEAD THOU ME.

MELVILLE WYANS MILLER.

O Holy Spirit, lead Thou me!  
Thy Jesus blood I come to Thee,  
And in His name alone I pray  
That Thou wilt lead me day by day.  
Except Thou art  
Within my heart,  
Except Thou come and lead my soul,  
I cannot reach the heavenly goal,  
Nor do on earth the Father's will,  
Except, dear Lord, Thou come and fill  
My soul each day,  
And show the way  
Of safe and sure escape from sin,  
The precious Christ I cannot win;  
And so I come and cry to Thee,  
O Holy Spirit, lead Thou me!

O Holy Spirit, lead Thou me!  
In Christ's dear name I plead with Thee,  
Take Thou my trembling hand in Thine,  
And lead me, Comforter divine!  
Teach me Thy will,  
And do Thou fill

My soul with Thine own self each day,  
That I may do as Thou shalt say,  
That I may yield myself to Thee  
And be as Thou wouldst have me be.  
Thou hast the power  
To lead each hour—

O come, dear Lord, in all Thy might  
And flood the way with heavenly light;  
Make plain my path and lead Thou me,  
O Holy Spirit, lead Thou me!

O Holy Spirit, lead Thou me!  
Except each step I walk with Thee,  
I cannot keep the narrow way,  
Nor yet please Thee a single day,  
Be Thou my guide,  
With me abide,

And lead my wayward soul until  
With joy I do Thy blessed will,  
Until I love with all my heart  
To follow Thee; Thy strength impart,  
Thy power bestow,

Until I know  
Beyond all doubt that Thou art near  
To help me conquer every fear,  
O let me thus be led by Thee,  
Thus, Holy Spirit, lead Thou me!

O Holy Spirit, lead Thou me!  
Lead me as seemeth best to Thee;  
Take Thou my little life and choose  
For me my path; if Thou canst use  
Me any way

O then I pray  
That I may always hear thy call  
And, hearing, faithful be in all  
Thou givest me to do and be.  
Help me each day to trust in Thee;  
And I beseech

Thee, Lord, to teach  
The things of God to me and guide  
My steps aright; yes, let me hide  
Myself in Thee and ever be,  
O Holy Spirit, lead by Thee!

—Christian Advocate.

### THE CARPENTER'S SON.

"Is not this the carpenter's son?"

The query of the one, prompted by pride,  
Showed what was the offence; and still offences,  
How oft we judge ourselves, how oft we find  
Should be despised; no calling can be mean  
If it is useful. No occupation  
Honorable, and properly performed,  
But what may elevate. The Saviour wrought  
With his reputed father as his trade—  
Doubtless industriously. He was one  
In all things faithful; his every act so showed  
We fail'd to comprehend his dual life—  
He seem'd so human, and, withal Divine  
He taught by precept—by example more;  
Of whom 'twas said, "No fault was found."

I.

"I was dumb, I opened not my mouth; because thou didst it."—Ps. xxxix: 9.

### A Brief Account of the Life of Daniel Barker.

Daniel Barker, son of Enoch and Elizabeth Barker, was born Seventh-day of Tenth Month, 1803, in Randolph County, North Carolina. He was of very delicate health in childhood, and after he was grown he suffered a great deal of bodily pain, having had one hip and shoulder put out of place, and his breast bone fractured by a tree falling on him; still he was able to do light work, and raised a large family of children, five boys and six girls. He was a wheelwright by trade, also a farmer, and could turn his hand to almost any kind of work.

He was married the seventeenth day of Second Month, 1825, to Lydia Davis, who proved to be a faithful and agreeable companion, both in spiritual and temporal affairs, for fifty-three years, after which she was called from works to rewards; she having been an Elder thirty-three years. Daniel was always religiously inclined, and had many Divine visitations in his youth; his motto being all through life, to do as he would be done by. When he was but a small lad he dreamed he was in a great crowd and some one gave him a large water-melon and a trumpet, and told him to take the melon and go around to all the people and blow the trumpet as he went, which he did, but when he finished his round his melon was gone.

That dream, I believe, was a foresight of his work in the ministry; the trumpet representing his voice and the melon what he had to communicate, because he said his feelings when speaking in meeting were just such as he had while going around and blowing the trumpet. We heard him say if there had been the encouragement in his young days that there was of late years, no doubt but he would have been preaching before he was fifteen years old. He was of a very timid disposition, from which he suffered a great deal in his mind; even after he felt that he was called to preach the Gospel, he could not for a long time overcome sufficiently to arise in meeting and relieve his mind of the few words which were from time to time presented clearly to his view; the enemy trying all the while to make him believe that if he did begin he would not hold out; so he let one call after another pass without yielding, each one causing deeper distress of mind, until he felt that he could bear it no longer, and at last he decided to obey if the call to speak in meeting was ever renewed again; which shortly occurred and at the same time a voice seemed to say to him, if thou fails this time all will be done; so he arose and spoke the words which were presented to him at that time, which had a great effect on the meeting, and he felt much peace of mind. From this time on he always endeavored to move forward in this line as he was led by the light and life of the Holy Spirit.

In First Month, 1843, he was acknowledged as a minister by Holly Spring Monthly Meeting, in Randolph County, N. C. His father, after travelling as a companion with him to some meetings which he had appointed, said to him: "I can tell thee something which, I expect, will surprise thee; there was exercised in thy sleep, when thou was but a child, just like thee is now while speaking in meeting. Thy mother and I have listened to thee many times and we believed then, if thee lived and kept thy place, thee would be a preacher;" but it surprised him only to know that they heard him.

Second of Seventh Month, 1843, he writes as follows, "It has rested for some time on my mind to pen down some of my experience in passing through many trying seasons and deep

afflictions of body and mind, having experienced a considerable share of both, which I believe has been as the chastening of the Lord, through adorable mercy, designed for the humbling of my spirit, and drawing my mind into a state of whole dependence on Him, the everlasting Fountain of Light and Life; blessed forever be his Holy Name; He has not left my soul in the pit, but has often appeared to the comfort of my poor drooping mind, delivering me as out of the mouth of the destroyer, and making a way for escape where there seemed to be no way. Though many have been my backslidings and turnings aside from the true path of rectitude, yet He hath still followed me in judgments, always remembering mercy O, may the remembrance of these things bring me into a more steadfast watchfulness and entire resignation unto his Divine will and requirements, at all times and on all occasions, being prepared to say in sincerity and in truth, no my will, but thine, O Lord, be done."

At one time, while lying down to rest, whether awake or asleep I do not know, he appeared to be in a room, on one side of which he saw pictured a man with an awful, fierce, disagreeable looking countenance, and after inquiring who that was, he was told it was Satan, and was bid look on the other side of the room which he did, and there he saw another picture with an exceedingly beautiful and lovely countenance, and told that was Jesus Christ. This scene made a deep and lasting impression on his mind, and he often spoke about seeing more or less of one or the other in the countenance of people with whom he met.

From 1841 to 1847 he was engaged much of the time in visiting the meetings and Friends in North Carolina and Virginia. He then visited Ohio and Indiana Yearly Meetings, and in 1851 attended most, or all, the Yearly Meetings on this Continent. In 1853, his wife accompanied him, visited meetings in Canada, Iowa, Kansas and Indiana. In 1855 he visited some meetings and Friends of Indiana Yearly Meeting, some Indians under the care of Friends attended the setting up of Western Yearly Meeting, also attended Baltimore Yearly Meeting. In 1855, visited New York and New England Yearly Meetings. In 1866, Ohio Yearly Meeting, and some meetings in Tennessee. In 1868 he labored amongst Friends in Philadelphia and Baltimore. In 1875, he again visited meetings and Friends in Canada, also attended Indiana, Western Iowa, Kansas, Ohio and Baltimore Yearly Meetings. In 1881, he attended Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, and in 1882, he labored amongst Friends in the verge of Baltimore Yearly Meeting. He also travelled extensively in North Carolina after this, and between the times of his visits to the Northern and Western States, laboring earnestly for the salvation of souls, and for the upbuilding of the cause of Zion.

While writing sketches of his travels through one journey, he says, "How necessary it is to those who go into the work of the ministry to watch, yeo, to keep the eye to their Leader, and move only under his direction; may this be my situation at all times, giving the praise to Him to whom alone it belongs."

For the benefit and encouragement of those who may read these lines and who have the care of children, especially mothers who are left to train them in the way they should go, I will pen down a portion of two of his letters written to his family at home, which, with many other show his great anxiety for the welfare of his children.

ren, both spiritual and temporal, while under the care of their mother in his absence; and was fully concerned when at home with them, for when he would often gather them around him and read a portion of Scripture, after which he would often engage in fervent prayer or speak in testimony, thus drawing their minds from the things of this world and pointing them to the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world; earnestly exhorting them to be obedient to the manifestations of the Holy Spirit a their hearts; often reminding them of the uncertainty of time, and the necessity of being prepared for a better world when called to give an account of the deeds done whilst here in the body.

(To be concluded.)

### Brandy is Sapping the life of the French Nation.

A bill for the increased taxation of alcoholic drinks has been before the French parliament over a year. In one of the debates in the chamber of deputies Dr. Sannelongue said as he summed up a long presentation of government statistics and medical facts concerning the injury to the public health worked by the abuse of alcohol:

"In France alcoholism has really existed only for fifty years and in the world only for a century or two. Looking at the spectacle which alcoholism now presents to us everywhere, we have the right to ask what will become of humanity under such conditions."

Dr. Leon Labbe, after a long examination of the subject, said in the senate:

"I do not wish to use words for effect, but I am forced to acknowledge that this question concerns the very future of our nation."

The amount of alcohol taxed for human consumption in France has been trippled in ten years. Within fifteen years the number of recognized liquor shops has increased by more than one hundred thousand, bringing the total number close up to five hundred thousand for over than forty million of men, women and children.

From Saturday evening, when workmen are paid, until Monday evening (not morning) you cannot walk one hundred yards in the working-men's streets without meeting a drunken man. Monday is taken to wind up the debauch, when he week's wages have not been already spent. A case is cited of one workman who had lost his reckoning of time and staggered back to the factory on Monday. When told what day it was, he at once left work on principle. Monday evening is the noisy time. Little parties are to be met coming home from the resorts in the suburbs—father, mother, children and friends—staggering along together to the tune of some sentimental song shouted at the top of their voices. They have all been drinking the same liquor—brandy, at six or even four cents a glass when there is money enough; otherwise the cheaper potato spirits or poisonous bitters and their injurious drinks are used. These can be sold at almost any price, since they cost the seller only a cent for many glasses. They are cheap because they are made of the refuse "heads and tails" from the distilleries of industrial alcohol.

The hardest drinking is done by the iron workers and coal heavers. In a mill employing one hundred and fifty men the manager knew only five whom he could send safely into the city. Even to these he did not dare intrust any distant commission, as without supervision they would leave their work for drink. In another

establishment fifteen men were relatively sober out of two hundred. None of the others could walk fifty yards along the street without stopping to drink at a liquor shop. One of them never went to his work or left it unless accompanied by his wife.

Dr. Tourlot, while at his detective work, saw one hundred and fifty glasses of bitters sold in ten minutes in a saloon near one of the large factories. He took particular pains to observe the lower class of workmen along the wharfs. For this purpose he served in one of their resorts. At the zinc counter there are men in rags drinking. Around the door are women and children, with hungry faces, waiting for the little money that may escape the clutches of the liquor seller. These dock workers earn from five to seven cents an hour. They scarcely pay more than five cents a day for food, and for two cents they can lodge at the Sniffing Flea or some similar inn. All the rest of their money goes for strong drink.

The coal heavers at the docks constitute a higher class of workmen. They earn from two to three dollars a day and feel themselves well. They do not drink, so to speak, in working hours, contenting themselves with five or six cups of coffee during the day. With each cup they take four cents' worth of brandy (more than two "ponies"). But when night comes, they drink up all that is left of their pay except what the wife has managed to get from them. Often the wives grow tired of this existence and become worse drunkards than the men. After thirty-five years of age the muscular strength of the coal heaver is gone, and he becomes a common workman along the wharfs.

### SELECTED.

WE take a kind of personal pride in the following statement by ex-Senator Ingalls, of Kansas, in regard to the effect of prohibition in that State. We were there when that memorable contest was going on and cast our vote for prohibition; and we recollect the predictions freely given out as to the evil effect of it, should it be adopted. Ingalls knows whereof he affirms, and it makes us glad to hear his testimony as given in a *Furor* article.

"Kansas has abolished the saloon. The open dramshop traffic is as extinct as the sale of indulgences. A drunkard is a phenomenon. The barkeeper has joined the troubadours, the crusader and the mound builder. The brewery, the distillery and the bonded warehouse are known only to the archaeologist. Temptation being removed from the young and inferior, they are fortified and redeemed. The liquor seller, being proscribed, is an outlaw, and his vocation is disreputable. Drinking being stigmatized, is out of fashion, and the consumption of intoxicants has enormously decreased. Intelligent and conservative observers estimate the reduction at ninety per cent. It cannot be less than seventy-five. . . . One of the most significant and extraordinary results is the diminution of crime in the State. At the January (1889) term of the district court of the county in which the capital is situated there was not a single criminal case on the docket. Many city and country prisons are without a tenant. The number and percentage of the convicts in the State penitentiary have been remarkably diminished."

"In the economy of God, no effort, however small, put forth for the right cause, fails of its effect. No voice, however feeble, lifted up for truth, ever dies amidst the confused voices of time."—*The Scottish Reformers*.

### Diminution of Game in Africa.

The vast herds of game which once ranged over the steppes are being rapidly reduced in size and number. Plains which, in the days of Andrew Smith, Oswell and Gordon Cumming, were thronged with antelope, are now treeless, and many of the species seem destined soon to follow the quagga and white rhinoceros into extinction. Man, no doubt, has played a leading part in the annihilation of the enormous herds that once thronged Cape Colony. The fact that, during the last few years, the game has retreated from the Somali coast into the interior, shows how easily it can be driven from a district. Nevertheless I doubt the justice of charging sportsmen with the main responsibility for the destruction of the big game.

In South America a mammalian fauna, much richer than that of Africa (for it included no less than fifty-eight genera of animals larger than a big dog), has been destroyed since a time which, though before the date of the human occupation of the continent, was geologically recent. Man has, no doubt, helped to exterminate some species, but his influence has probably been insignificant compared with that of natural agencies.

Lions are abundant on all the game-fields, and Jackson and Mackinnon once saw twenty-three in a single herd on the Kapti plains. The number of animals such a herd must destroy every year is enormous, and disease is probably more effective in the process of destruction. When Jackson returned from Uganda in July, 1890, he saw, between Baringo and Naivasha, herds varying in size from one hundred to six hundred buffaloes, six times in a single day, and Tekei, while at Njemps, in January, 1888, shot no less than fifty-three individuals in the month.

In the same district, in 1893, I did not see a single buffalo. Five years before, the buffalo was almost the commonest of the big game in British East Africa. The whole number I saw was four—a herd of three in the Tana Valley, near Nyatana, and a single bull in the valley of the Thika-thika. The explanation has been supplied by Gedge, who followed Jackson a few months later. Several times a day his caravan had to diverge from its path, to avoid the stench from a rotting carcass—in fact he saw fifteen in one day, but he did not see a single living buffalo. Cattle disease had swept through the country and destroyed them all.

The gnu and the giraffe have suffered almost as badly. I only saw one of the former, and one herd of the latter, both on the Kapti Plains, but in the valley of the Thika-thika I found giraffe bones nearly every day, and once saw the remains of six skeletons on a single march. Giraffe and gnu are both subject to the same disease as the buffalo, and thus, in British East Africa, they have almost shared its fate.

Though disease unquestionably aids in the work of extermination, it can scarcely cause the destruction of whole faunas, for one malady only seems to attack a few species. We must look to some other cause to account for the vast accumulation of bones belonging to animals of different species and of different habits, from which most of the remains of fossil mammalia have been derived. These huge piles of bones have always been a puzzle to geologists, for, as Sir Henry Howorth remarks, "Nor would any causes we know to be operating now, account for the caches or heaps of incongruous beasts found in precisely the same fresh condition, and yet piled together in confused masses. This

mixture of animals of different habits and habits—of carnivores and pachyderms and herbivores—is most puzzling, especially when the remains show, so often, a common freshness and an unworn and an ungnawed appearance. Death certainly has no favorites, and is singularly neutral in its methods, but it does not, in its normal moods at all events, collect great mylodons and thickly-hided megatheres, nimble opossums and safely-cuirassed glyptodonts, caries and mastodons, and kill them together and bury them together."

This singular association of bones is one of the arguments on which Sir Henry Howarth bases his theory of the destruction of the great extinct mammalia by a deluge. On the march across Laikipia, however, a different explanation of the phenomenon impressed itself forcibly, and even painfully, on my mind. The plateau had been described to me as one of the richest game-fields in Africa, and I trusted to it to supplement our scanty food supply.

Here and there, around a water-hole, we found acres of ground white with the bones of rhinoceros and zebra, gazelle and antelope, jackal and hyena, and among them we once observed the remains of a lion. All the bones of the skeletons were there, and they were fresh and ungnawed. The explanation is simple. The year before there had been a drought, which had cleared both game and people from the district. Those which did not migrate crowded around the dwindling pools and fought for the last drop of water. These accumulations of bones were, therefore, due to a drought, and not to a deluge.

The only animal in the extermination of which man is playing the leading part is the elephant. The date of its extinction, however, is far distant, for, in some districts, it is still so numerous as to be a serious plague to the inhabitants. On the borders of the Kikuyu country elephants occur in such abundance and do such serious damage to the plantations, that an elephant-hunter would be welcomed as warmly as if he were a medieval knight-errant come to do battle with the dragon. Lions, also, are numerous, and do terrible damage to the herds. Their tracks occur everywhere, and though I only saw them thrice, I heard them very frequently.

J. W. GREGORY.

The action of those warm-hearted Peruvians who dispatched a vessel with a cargo of provisions, tents and clothing, valued at forty thousand dollars *soles*, in aid of the sufferers by the terrible fire at Guayaquil, Ecuador, as well as the promptness with which the Peruvian Government ordered a war vessel at Paíta to collect all available supplies and hasten with them to the stricken city, should receive more than passing notice. This is not the mere generous outpouring of superabundance toward a friendly State, but the sharing of their own insufficient store to help suffering kinsmen. For Peru is poor. She has struggled against adversity for years, since the time when her generous defense of brow-beaten Bolivia called down upon her the crushing power of Chile. Not only has she been poor as a nation, but her people have been plunged into poverty, against which they have struggled with fortitude akin to heroism. Hence, to bestow gifts with such free hand as this is magnanimous and self-sacrificing in the highest degree. And to this must be added the circumstance that Peru and Ecuador have long been estranged on account of a boundary dispute that nearly led to war.—*The Independent*.

#### SELECTED.

THE notorious Sheats Law is a thing of the past. Conceived in sin, and brought forth in iniquity, it has had a short, inglorious life, and has died a fitting death. For alleged violation of this statute, seven teachers of the Orange Park School were indicted, arrested and bound over in the sum of two hundred and fifty dollars each to appear before the Clay County Circuit Court for trial at the Tenth Month term. At a hearing on the twenty-first, Judge R. M. Cole presiding, a motion was made by counsel for the defense to quash the indictment. This apparently might have been easily done, but the defense preferred to get a decision upon the main question, the constitutionality of the law. The State's attorney was therefore allowed to file additional information, and two of the indicted teachers voluntarily gave him facts to support their own indictment. An exhaustive and masterly argument was then submitted by the counsel for the defense, Bisbee and Rinehart, of Jacksonville, objecting to the statute as vague in its terms and contradictory in its provisions; as unconstitutional in that the body of the statute contained what was not in its title; as arbitrary and unreasonable, creating a crime where none existed, and so going beyond the police power of the State; as needlessly abridging the natural rights of property, contract and personal association, thus conflicting with the Fourteenth Amendment to the National Constitution; as discriminating against the rights of teachers to pursue their lawful and useful calling unimpeded by restrictions laid upon men of no other business or profession; as being founded simply and solely upon the distinction of color in violation of the Fourteenth Amendment. The reply of the State's Attorney entirely failed to meet this powerful and just impeachment. The Court without hesitation decided that the body of the statute, in exceeding the scope of the title, violated the Constitution of Florida, and that the law was therefore unconstitutional, null and void.—*The Independent*.

HOW A BOY MEASURED A TREE.—He is not a boy in a book; he lives in our house. He seldom says anything remarkable. He eats oatmeal in large quantities, and tears his trousers, and goes through the toes of his boots, and loses his cap, and slams the doors, and chases the cat, just like any other boy. But he is remarkable; for he asks few questions and does much thinking. If he does not understand he whistles.

There was much whistling in our yard one summer. It seemed to be an all-summer performance. Near the end of the season, however, our boy announced the height of our tall maple to be thirty-three feet.

"Why, how do you know?" was the general question.

"Measured it."

"How?"

"Foot rule and yardstick."

"You didn't climb that tall tree?" his mother asked anxiously.

"No'm; I just found the length of the shadow, and measured that."

"By the length of the shadow, and measured that?"

"Yes'm; but twice a day the shadows are just as long as things themselves. I've been trying it all summer. I drove a stick in the ground, and when the shadow was just as long as the stick I knew that the shadow would be just as long as the tree, and that's thirty-three feet."—*Bright Jewels*.

A GREAT "BASE LINE" SURVEY.—The United States Coast and Geodetic Survey has just finished its labor in the field upon the most stupendous geodetic survey ever undertaken in any country, and which gives to the United States the longest base line upon which to establish subsequent surveys in existence in the world. It is known as the transcontinental arc, and lies along the thirty-ninth parallel of north latitude, extending from ocean to ocean. Its eastern end is at a point on the Atlantic coast ten miles south of Little Egg Island light-house, below Cape May, and its western end is six miles north of Punta Arenas lighthouse, on the Pacific, several miles above San Francisco.

According to the radius of the thirty-ninth parallel, as given by Bessel, the famous astronomer of Königsberg, Germany, who first calculated the diameters of the earth and measured the distance from the earth to sixty-one Cygni, the nearest fixed star, the length of the arc as measured by the Coast and Geodetic Survey officials is one hundred and eleven feet in error, and according to the radius of the same parallel as fixed by Sir Andrew Clarke, of Glasgow University, the error is ninety-eight and a half feet. But General Duffield, superintendent of the survey, declares that these variations from the heretofore established standards show error in them, and not in the calculations of his scientists. By the measurements made on the line, and which have been aggregated in the office here, the arc at sea level for the entire distance—that is, following the curvature of the earth's surface—is 2,625.8 miles in length. The establishment of the radius of the thirty-ninth parallel from these measurements is a matter for further calculation.

The value and vastness of the work just accomplished cannot be intelligently appreciated by the unscientific mind. It was begun by the Survey nearly, if not quite, half a century ago. Progress upon it has been spasmodic, but some work has been done every year since the beginning. It has cost the Government about \$1,000,000, but the expenditure is said by the officials to be fully justified by the importance of the project.

Russia and China are the only other countries on the globe wherein a base line of anything like equal magnitude is possible, and in neither one is it likely to be surveyed for many years. The longest base line heretofore surveyed was that in India, running north and south, about a thousand miles in length.

European scientists have been greatly interested in the progress of the American arc, and its completion will doubtless cause the receipt by the Coast and Geodetic Survey officials of many congratulations from abroad.—*Friends' Intelligence*.

In the English Notes, in our last issue, appeared a reference to a speech made in London by a cultured Indian gentleman, in which he spoke of the chief drawback to the Christianizing of India being the loose morals and practical contempt for Christianity manifested by the European residents. This is not to be wondered at, and we were prepared for similar statements from other quarters. McNabb, of Foochow, China, contributes an article on "Foreign Community Life" in the pages of the *Missionary Review of the World* for Tenth Month, in which he comments on the same sad facts. Open and disgusting immorality abounds in all the treaty ports. The Europeans seem recklessly and viciously immoral. Is it any wonder that it has

seen said: "The Chinese at first feared and respected those who came to their shores. By degrees the respectful fear of the Chinese passed into haughty contempt. These community people constitute the mighty barrier to the progress of Christian missions in China."—*Recorder.*

**Scripture Illustration.**

"**BIND THEM ABOUT THY NECK.**"—The reference here is to a custom common among many peoples in all ages, the wearing of some small article suspended from the neck, next the skin of the breast. They have generally been looked upon as charms, to avert evil from the wearer. Sometimes they signify the special caste. The young Brahmin, when initiated into the rites of Brahminism, has a silken thread bound loosely round his neck. This thread he must ever wear through life. To cast it aside is apostasy, and he greatest struggle in the baptism of a Brahmin convert is the breaking of this thread. Not unlike the symbolism of the Brahmaic thread was the golden *bull* worn by patrician boys among the Romans, and the *lorica*, a scrap of eather, with signs or letters written on it, worn by all free-born boys, whether of noble rank or not. The charge in this passage is to cling to mercy and truth more tenaciously than to rank and fortune. The custom goes back into the earliest antiquity. On the oldest mummies of Egypt are found words written upon scraps of papyrus, tightly rolled up and sewed in linen, and suspended round the neck; and the custom of wearing these amulets appears to have been derived from Egypt by the Israelites. But instead of the little figures of the various deities, or the *scarabæi*, with the name of the god or king inscribed, which were also often used by the Egyptians, they used words and verses from the aw, written on tiny strips of parchment, and rolled up, which were supposed to avert the evil eye, or remedy deleterious influences on heir children. Not only is this continued by the Jews, but the custom has descended to the Arabs of the present day, who use sentences of the Koran stitched up in leather, and hung from the neck of adults as well as children. The talnuds has many allusions to the use of these charms, which were believed often to cure diseases. They were in use also among the early Christians, but were denounced as leading to superstition, and finally forbidden by the council of Laodicea.

"**WRITE THEM UPON THE TABLE OF THINE HEART.**"—Not on the tablets which thou useth or the daily memoranda. These tablets were thin wooden boards, on which wax was thinly spread, and a style, or small pointed stick, served as a pen. When done with, the writing, thus cratched, was obliterated by simply warming the wax and smoothing the surface for future use, as plates are used by modern school-boys. The permanent impress on the heart is contrasted with this perishable writing.—*H. B. Tristram, n S. & Times.*

**EXTRACT FROM THE LETTER OF A DECEASED FRIEND.**—"A piety which brings peace and confidence, as the result of regeneration, is a piety which practises self-denial, endures the cross, despises the shame. The one who possesses his piety will be industrious, temperate, frugal, making money when he can honestly, and giving freely but judiciously. Doing good to the souls and bodies of men, feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, visiting the sick. This piety despises a slavish conformity to the world's

fashions, and condemns and repudiates its follies. Yet it is ever courteous and refined. It manifests itself alike in the parlor, the kitchen, the nursery, the counting-room, the exchange, the field, the barn, the political assembly, the halls of legislation and of justice, as well as in the assembly of the Church, exemplifying in practice "Whether, therefore, ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do to the honor and glory of God."

**Items.**

**Land Grabbing Nations.**—The *Independent* states that in 1884, Great Britain held control of about 8,400,000 square miles outside of Europe. This area has now increased to about 11,000,000 square miles. The French territory has advanced from about 665,000 square miles in 1884 to 3,291,000 square miles. The most of this addition has been in Africa. Germany had no foreign territory in 1884, but has since taken under her control more than 1,000,000 square miles, mostly in Africa. The Congo Free States, under the control of the King of Belgium, contain about 11,000,000 square miles. *The Independent* adds:

"These figures, which we take from a careful historical summary in the London *Times*, shows plainly what was evident to every impartial observer, that land-grabbing is not a sin of a single nation. If it be a sin, Great Britain, France and Germany are about equally in fault. There is no question that their action, arbitrary as it sometimes has been, utterly indifferent to the supposed rights of the native population, has been on the whole for their benefit and for the progress of civilization. The next twelve years is likely to see this division of the world among three or four great European powers carried a great deal further, unless China shall speedily learn the lessons of its lately broken up. The Turkish Empire will probably, to Great Britain, and probably Persia to Russia.

Egypt will go to Great Britain, and France will move steadily forward to the border of Egypt. But what will become of the Transvaal and the Portuguese possessions in Africa depends on whether the South African colonies shall become an independent republic."

**The Venezuela Dispute.**—Late information from England brings the cheering news that the British Government has consented to an agreement with Venezuela, the practical issue of which will probably be to refer the boundary dispute of the Government to the decision of arbitrators. We ought to be grateful to the Prince of Peace for this additional evidence of the spread of righteous principles.

**THE FRIEND.**

TWELFTH MONTH 5, 1896.

In our issue of Eleventh Month 7th we inserted an editorial from the New York *Independent* on the "Moral Issues of the Campaign." This has elicited at least half a dozen communications—about half in approval and about half in disapproval of the article. Of those who united with the sentiments it contained, a part would have preferred that it should have been issued before the election, so as to have had some influence on that event. In reply to these Friends, the Editor says, that he desires to remember that *THE FRIEND* is not a partisan paper, and that he does not wish to contend for either of the two leading parties any further than in so doing he can promote the great principles of morality. Indeed, for several past years, he has been so impressed with a sense of the evils that flow from the consumption of intoxicating beverages, that his vote has been given in support of prohibition, as the most important issue that claims the action of our citizens.

The correspondence in connection with the article referred to furnishes an instructive illustration of the extent to which men of equal intellectual ability, and honesty of purpose, are influenced by their predilections, and by the atmosphere in which they live. Two of those who have favored the Editor with their criticisms, think the Editor of the *Independent* unjustly condemns the Chicago convention for the plank which denounces the Federal Government for interfering in the Chicago riots which grew out of the railway strikes; and that it is not just to say that that utterance "accuses law and order, and excuses rioting and disorder." While we do not remember the occurrences of that trying period with sufficient accuracy to decide between *The Independent* and our critics, yet our impression is strong, that the charge in *The Independent* is practically correct, whether verbally so or not; our intelligent readers can determine this point for themselves. Probably they will generally unite in the assertion that "arbitrary interference by Federal authorities in local affairs ought to be avoided," and yet many may think that interference was justified by the circumstances and situation at the time.

Another correspondent diverges into a consideration of the hardships which induced the workmen at Chicago to enter upon the strike. This has so remote a connection with the question at issue, that it need not detain us. He criticises also the statement of *The Independent* that "the Government sold its bonds for gold," etc., saying that although this was partially true, yet the great bulk of the bonds was bought with legal tender. He thinks, and we have met with similar assertions elsewhere, that the financial legislation of the country has been directed to favor the capitalists and to oppress the poor.

We do not know on what grounds such a charge is made, although we can readily conceive that persons hearing this statement repeatedly made, may honestly come to believe its truth. It has been one of the glories of our country that the path to eminence and fortune was restricted to no class of its inhabitants (except by the system of slavery), and that any one possessing the requisite abilities, and willing to practice the needed exertion and self-denial, might advance therein. Indeed we need not go far back until we find that the most wealthy of our citizens sprang from families of very moderate means.

The point in this campaign which has given the Editor the most uneasiness and concern, has been what seemed to him the effort, for partisan purposes, to induce the laboring classes to look with enmity on the more wealthy, and to imagine themselves to be unfairly treated.

It would be a happy circumstance for our country, if the ordeal through which we have just passed, should induce honest and well intentioned men to use their efforts to remove everything which is unjust and unequal from our laws and practices, and to cultivate that spirit of benevolence which aims at the universal good of mankind.

The fact should also be inculated that the laboring and the monied classes are each necessary to the other, and that those dispositions should be cherished which would tend to harmonious relations between the employer and employed. We think it is cause for gratitude that the excitement which during the recent campaign occasioned much apprehension in some quarters, has so generally disappeared, and the results of the election have been so quietly and universally accepted.

Hullab H. Bonwill again appeals to the

benevolent for help for Indians and white people in Kansas, many of whom are very destitute. Clothing and bedding for men, women and children may be forwarded to Doughton, Wilkins & Co., 204 Market Street. The needful repairing will be done on the articles purchased. She also wishes twenty-five dollars to purchase shoes, etc. The money may be forwarded to Joseph Hall at Friend's Book Store, 304 Arch Street, Philadelphia.

#### SUMMARY OF EVENTS.

**UNITED STATES.**—The Treasury Department has issued a call for the redemption of United States 6 per cent. bonds, amounting to \$9,000,000 face value, issued under the act of Seventh Month 1st, 1862, and Seventh M<sup>o</sup> 2nd, 1864, in aid of certain Pacific Railroads. These bonds are commonly known as currency sixes, and became due First Month 1st, next.

Colonel Wilson, Superintendent of Public Grounds at the national capital, reports that 1,315,440 persons at the act of the Washington monument since it was opened to the public eight years ago, in Teuth Month, 1888.

The official vote for Oregon gives McKinley electors 45,711; Bryan electors, 46,739. Of Missouri: Bryan, 365,652; McKinley, 304,940; Prohibition, 3,160; of Kansas: Bryan, 249,849; McKinley, 249,849; National Prohibition, 293. Of Iowa: McKinley, 289,293; Bryan, 223,741; Palmer, 4,519; Levering, 3,192; Bentley, 353; Matech, 453. Of Idaho: Bryan, 23,192; McKinley, 6,234; Bryan's plurality, 16,687. Prohibition vote, 181. The vote on equal suffrage amendment was: For, 12,126; against, 6,282; majority for amendment, 5,844.

The officials of the Secretary of State of Georgia say that there was no election in Charlton County, Ga., and nobody in the county knew that there was an election. The famous Okefenokee swamp covers most of the territory of Charlton County, which is on the Florida line. According to the reports, the are several towns in the county, with Walker's Hill as the County seat, but all efforts of the Secretary of State to get returns from there has proved unavailing, and it is considered a certainty that no election was held.

A despatch from San Antonio, Texas, says: "The rush of corn shipments to Mexico through here has been the heaviest ever known during the past three years, and the transferring capacity of the roads at the border has been taxed to its fullest. The great bulk of corn comes from Kansas, Iowa and Nebraska, where it is purchased for 10 cents to 15 cents per bushel, and sold in Mexico as high as two dollars per bushel, Mexican currency. In addition to these shipments by rail, heavy quantities are being made by water for the more southern States of Mexico."

Complaint is made that in the Cape Cod cranberry bogs the native pickers have been supplanted by Italians, Finns and Swedes, and that thus another American industry has passed into the hands of foreigners. In regard to another and more celebrated New England industry, that of wilding, visitors to the Cape of recent years have not failed to notice that Portuguese immigrants and West Indian negroes form the bulk of the crews. The New York *World* says Provincetown has a large and thrifty Portuguese colony inhabiting almost the very spot where the Filizian mothers did their work, and was doing in the new land. From the lower portion of Allegany County, Md., the farmers reported recently a strange migratory movement of a large number of hawks. A flight of hawks, about two miles in width, that was fully three hours in passing, crossed the valley in a southwesterly direction. "The sun was obscured for a mile by the moving black cloud." One farmer was satisfied as to the species of the birds, fired into the flock and brought down six. They were found to belong to the bird, and not to the chicken hawk species.

Deaths in this city last week numbered 359, which is 15 more than the previous week, and less than the corresponding week of the previous year. The total 179 were males and 210 females; 32 died of consumption; 46 of pneumonia; 25 of heart disease; 21 of diphtheria; 17 of bronchitis; 15 of old age; 12 of apoplexy; 12 of nephritis; 12 of cancer; 11 from casualties; 11 of inflammation of the stomach and bowels; 10 of bright's disease; 10 of cholera; 9 of convulsions; 9 of inflammation of the brain; 9 of paralysis.

**MARKETS.**—U. S. 25, 95, 119, 110; new 4's, 119 1/2 120; 5's, 113 1/2 114; currency 6's, 101 1/2 106.

COTTON was quiet, but steady, on a basis of 7 1/2c per pound for middling uplands.

WHEAT—Winter wheat in bulk, quoted \$9.50 a \$10.25 and spring do, in sacks, at \$9.50 a \$10.25 per ton.

**FLOUR.**—Winter super, \$3.00 a \$3.25; do., extras, \$5.40 a \$3.60; Pennsylvania roller, clear, \$4.25 a \$4.50; do., do., straight, \$4.00 a \$4.75; Western, winter, clear, \$4.25 a \$4.50; do., do., straight, \$4.00 a \$4.75; do., do., patent, \$3.50 a \$5.00; spring, \$4.75 a \$5.00; straight, \$4.00 a \$5.00; do., do., patent, \$4.75 a \$4.95; do., favorite brands, higher. City mills, extra, \$3.50 a \$3.75; do., clear, \$4.25 a \$4.50; do., straight, \$4.00 a \$4.85; do., patent, \$4.90 a \$5.10. **RYE FLOUR.**—\$2.75 per bbl. for choice Pennsylvania.

**GRAIN.**—No. 2 red wheat, 92 1/2 a 93c.

No. 2 mixed corn, 29 a 29 1/2.

No. 2 white oats, 24 a 24 1/2.

**BEEF CATTLE.**—Extra, 4 1/4 a 5c; good, 4 1/4 a 4 1/2; medium, 4 1/4 a 4c; common, 4 1/4 c.

**SHEEP AND LAMBS.**—Extra, 2 1/4 a 3c; good, 3 1/4 a 3c; medium, 2 1/4 a 3c; common, 2 1/4 a 2c; cuts, 1 1/4 a 2c; lambs, 3 1/4 a 3c.

Hogs, 7 a 7 1/2c; for Western, and 4 1/2c for State.

De-patches from the northwest of the 25th and 26th of Eleventh Month, report that the heaviest storm known in Montana for years is raging all over the State, and the mercury at different points is from 10 to 40 degrees below zero. The storm which had been raging in Minnesota and the Dakotas for forty-eight hours, is the worst since the great blizzard of First Month, 1888. Railroad traffic is almost suspended owing to the snow.

Benjamin Arthrop Gould, the well-known scholar and astronomer, died in Boston on the 26th ult., as the result of a fall.

**RUSSIA.**—The *Nova Venetia*, an inspired St. Petersburg journal, says: "The policy of Russia is not to support the action of the other Powers, but to enforce her own will. No matter what massacres of Armenian and other Christians may occur, the isolated action of Russia is a practical reality."

The Berlin Government is fully aware that this is the policy of Austria, and is dreading about what Austria's developments, Germany well knowing that Austria is ready to strike at an opportune moment to check the ascendancy of Russia in Turkey. The sum of the present position is that the Porte, backed by Russia, will continue to play its old game of delusive reforms with impunity.

On condition to recently a feather dealer in London received 6000 birds of paradise, 300,000 birds of various kinds from the East Indies, and 1,400,000 humming birds. In three months another dealer imported 256,328 birds from the East Indies.

There is a striking outlook for a settlement of the dock laborers' strike at Hamburg. Committees have been appointed on both sides to make some concessions. The strikers number 6000.

The latest discoveries among the older rocks of the Palaeozoic age, says "Popular Science," shows the existence of dragon flies measuring over two feet in the expanse of wings. These are much larger than the reported traces of enormous insects discovered about a year ago. The wings were found at a horixant period was upon the same gigantic scale.

The wife of Nansen, the famous Arctic explorer, is the owner of a remarkable carrier pigeon, which, after being away from his home for nearly two years, winged its way back over a thousand miles of frozen waste and yet another thousand of ocean and frost and plain. After the striking white wing, brought to Nansen, telling his wife that he was well and that the expedition was doing finely.

It is stated that the British Colonial Office has decided to send a commission to the British West Indies to examine into the critical position of the sugar industry.

A decree was issued on the 26th ult., by General Weyler notifying all growers of corn in the province of Pinar del Rio, Havana and Matanzas to ship all corn in their possession to the nearest towns and settlements. After Twelfth Mo, 20th all corn found in the possession of farmers will be regarded as contraband and the owners liable to imprisonment. Permission has been refused planters in Cuba to grind sugar cane at their own risk.

Official statistics show that there are now 17,340 soldiers sick in the various military hospitals in Cuba. Of this number 1438 are suffering from yellow fever.

The month of March, 1862, presents an instructive object lesson in Government control of railways has been followed by the debate in the Brazilian Congress, growing out of the bill to lease the Brazilian Central Railway to a foreign syndicate.

The Central road, with its branches, covers 500 miles of the best traffic producing districts in the Republic. The main line extends from Rio Janeiro, on the north, to St. Paul, in the south, with an important branch west to the State of Minas. The road was built some years ago by the Government, at an expense of \$150,000,000, and earned for a time an income of \$16,000,000 annually, several millions of which being clear profit. Of late years competition on the road has been given as a reward for political activity, the various of one party succeeding each other with the various changes of administration. In many cases the salaries were largely disproportionate to the character of the service performed, while in nearly every case the best experts were employed, the ablest and highest were unfit for their places. The debates in the Congress which disclosed these facts also showed conclusively that the road, instead of being a paying investment, is steadily losing money at the rate of \$2,000,000 a year.

Advices from Winnipeg, Manitoba, state that the worst blizzard in years raged the latter part of last week throughout the Canadian province. At Winnipeg snow drifts eight to ten feet high are common and the wind was blowing at the rate of fifty miles an hour.

#### RECEIPTS.

Received from Joseph C. Dixon, Australia, £1 5s. and from Herbert Everett, Australia, 16s 8d.

#### NOTICES.

**WESTTOWN BOARDING SCHOOL.**—Applications for the admission of pupils to the school, and letters in regard to instruction and discipline should be addressed to WILLIAM F. WICKESHAM, Principal.

Payments on account of board and tuition, and communications in regard to business should be forwarded to EDWARD G. SNEDELL, Superintendent. Address, Westtown P. O., Chester Co., Pa.

**WESTTOWN BOARDING SCHOOL.**—For convenience of persons coming to Westtown School, the stage will meet trains leaving Philadelphia 7.17 and 8.46 A. M. and 2.33 and 4.52 P. M. On Saturdays, if requested. Stage fare on regular trips, fifteen cents on special trips, twenty-five cents each way. To reach the school by telegraph, wire West Chester Phone 85. EDWARD G. SNEDELL, Sup't.

By appointment of Concord Quarterly Meeting: meeting for worship for its young and middle-age members is proposed to be held in Media on the 4th of the month of First-day, the sixth of Twelfth Month 1886, at two o'clock.

A YOUNG woman Friend desires a situation as an assistant in household duties. Address "M," 109 N. Church St., West Chester, Pa.

**THE MORAL ALMANAC AND FRIENDS CALENDAR** for 1887 are now ready and for sale at Friends' Book Store, No. 304 Arch Street, Philadelphia. Almanac four cents without cover, and five cents with; post extra. Calendars, five cents each—if mailed, ten cents.

**FRIENDS' TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION** will hold a meeting in 180 N. SIXTH ST., Philadelphia, Twelfth Mo 12th, 1886, at 2.15 P. M. Austin G. Appar, of Trenton, N. J., and A. M. G. O'NEILL, of Philadelphia, are the officers on Nature Study in schools. Anna Woolman and Anna Yarnall will also address the meeting.

WM. F. OVERMAN.

**FRIENDS' INSTITUTE LYCEUM.**—The next regular meeting of Friend's Institute Lyceum will be held 140 N. SIXTH ST., Sixth-day, Twelfth Month 4th 1886, at 8 o'clock, P. M. Prompt attendance is requested.

**TUSKEGEE INSTITUTE.**—Booker T. Washington, of the Tuskegee Institute, Tuskegee, Alabama, appeals for second-hand clothing, towels, bed-spreads, quilt sheets, carpets, pillow cases, etc. Friends having such articles are willing to contribute are requested to send them to:

PAXSON, COMFORT & CO., 529 Arch St. HAINES, JONES & CARRICK CO., 1136 Ridge Ave or WM. H. HAINES, 5433 Wayne St., Germantown, and they will be forwarded to Tuskegee.

DIED, at her residence in Salem, Ohio, on the ninth (teeth) of Ninth Mo, 1886, MARGARET W. DARTINGTON, widow of William Dartington, in the sixty-ninth year of her age; a valued mother and elder of this Month's Meeting.



# THE FRIEND.

A Religious and Literary Journal.

VOL. LXX.

SEVENTH-DAY, TWELFTH MONTH 12, 1896.

No. 21.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

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PHILADELPHIA.

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JOSEPH WALTON,

MOORESTOWN, BURLINGTON CO., N. J.

Entered as second-class matter at Philadelphia P. O.

## Diary and Letters of Deborah Brooks Webb.

(Continued from page 154.)

1864.—Eighth Month 26th.—The following from a letter to a brother and sister:

"PHILADELPHIA, Eighth Month 26th, 1864.

"I wanted to go to Arch Street Meeting yesterday, not having attended any for a week. L— went with me, and we were well paid for the effort. Thomas Evans rose with the words, Oh, Ephraim, what shall I do unto thee? Oh, Judah, what shall I do unto thee? For your goodness is as the morning cloud, and as the early dew it goeth away." He thought this was the heartfelt language of some, and gave us encouragement to greater watchfulness and prayer. The last part of the same text had been mournfully in my mind in remembrance of the past week, and his words confirmed my apprehension of my greater need of withdrawal from the world. Oh, to be in the world and not of the world. The Apostle said, that when he was at 'home in the body, he was absent from the Lord,' and he chose rather to be 'absent from the body and present with the Lord.' I often think of this, and desire strength to be faithful. Sometimes heart and flesh and strength fail in the thought of being as a fool, always. Then tribulations work patience and joy in Him, so I am comforted in the prospect of the end. I thought afterward, what should I not be willing to pass through, to be able with Divine power to comfort others, as He confirmed, strengthened and comforted me, even under a cross. I sometimes so wish that everybody knew the Saviour and the rest there is in Him. Thomas quoted Lamentations, third chapter, twenty-seventh, twenty-eighth and twenty-ninth verses, which always come very close home to me."

Ninth Month 18th.—Oh, my God! My God! How am I before Thee? Thou didst preserve me in my journey and kept me near to thee and gave me peace. But how have I repaid thee since? I have given up to one temptation and another, till I am covered with sin. Thou art merciful, and hast strengthened my hands marvelously this day in my secret prayer for the coming week. I come unto thee, poor, worn and weary. Help, Lord, for all the Godliness ceaseth in me without thy succoring aid.

Tenth Month 9th.—Thanksgiving redound to thee this night for thy mercy. Last night, while

I was beseeching thee for it, here in my quiet chamber, thou remembered me and stayed the raging fire at my school-room. All praise be unto thee. Oh, help me to live more and more faithfully before thee.

16th.—I do not feel much condemnation this night for the week past. O, Lord, thou knowest my trials, how I want to be as an empty vessel before thee, and how words come into my mind out of meeting, and make me fear they are my own planning. I can appeal to thee, that I try to be like clay, without a will. Oh, Lord, have mercy on me; give me clearness, give me faith.

23rd.—I feel joy and peace in my soul this day, and a trust in Divine mercy. I have tasted living bread and living water during the week, and have been permitted sometimes to sit in Heavenly places in Christ Jesus. What shall I render unto thee, O, Lord, but the adoration of my whole soul. Make me faithful in every duty.

30th.—A morning of peace and an afternoon of conflict, drawing nigh to my Saviour, asking Him to humble me. This evening remembered the Comforter promised to those that love Him. Help me to show I love thee by keeping every commandment, oh, my Lord and my God.

Eleventh Month 6th.—I have not been entirely thine this week; given up to some unusual temptations. Oh, when shall I get every hoof out of Egypt, and not serve my old taskmaster in any one thing? Forgive, oh Lord, and blot out. Thou hast cheered me this day, oh, my Father. Thou enable me to give up, and then come close to me, and told me thou loved me. Oh, it was precious, and I felt thy banner over me was love.

3rd.—The twelfth chapter of Isaiah has comforted me so much this week, and I have indeed drawn water out of the wells of salvation sometimes.

20th.—My heart feels sad to-night, I am afraid I am not led by the pure Spirit of Christ. I cling to thy feet, to be cleansed from all filthiness of flesh and spirit; crucify all my vanity and every lust, and lay me lowly in the dust.

22nd.—This day was Monthly Meeting, and I am confirmed in believing that I am led by the spirit of self love and vanity. Oh, Thou who cast up seven devils out of Mary Magdalene and still loved her, cast this wicked spirit out of me. Pour out in thy mercy thy Holy Spirit! The unclean spirit will not go out of me, but by my submitting more and more to fasting and prayer and silence. Oh, God of mercy, help me, that I bring not disgrace upon thy cause. Oh, shut me up forever or take my life away.

27th.—The past week has been one of as great humiliation and contrition as I ever passed through. I felt when I laid down last night that He had given me a holier spirit, and that I sought his glory more continually. Lead me in the paths of judgment, oh, Lord.

TO L. H. B.

"Twelfth Month 1st, 1864.

... "Sometimes I feel that 'The joy of

the Lord is my only strength.' When we can turn inward and feel his presence there, watching over us and protecting us, giving our daily bread and the living water, forgiving us all our trespasses and shortcomings; this is joy indeed, with which none can intermeddle. My thoughts since Third-day have been so much on the little seed of the kingdom planted in every heart, the world over, whether they ever heard of the Saviour or not, or know of the Bible. The principle is in every one, and they know whether they do right or wrong. It is the Saviour's spirit, whether they know it or not. How I wish that every one of us, who are taught to know what it is, and esteem it, would bow more and more deeply to it, that it may grow and increase, and send forth its branches into all our conduct, like the spreading tree, that we may sit down and rise up and walk under the shadow thereof. Solomon says, 'I sat under his shadow with great delight, and his fruit was sweet to my taste.' How often I think, 'Hide me under the shadow of thy wing,' and do now desire it for thee, dearest, for I know thou often feels exposed and tempted, in thy struggles to come out from the world and be separate from its chafy spirit. Oh, that we may each one of us be gathered in the end as pure wheat into his garner there, forever to celebrate his great mercy in visiting and saving us. Oh, dear L—, how I love thee this moment, and desire that we may both strive each day to walk in white before Him. . . . The school-room often brings around me many chasteing cares. Twenty-two little ones are to be instructed by words, by books and by example, and I am to keep calm, sweet tempered and good. How can it be done unless helped by his good Spirit. These words sometimes come so sweetly, 'When earthly vapors close around thee, climb to the mountaintops of faith and prayer. Dearest L—, think of me, and pray for me sometimes, too, when thou art bowed in deepest humiliation, before that high and Holy One, who dwells also with the contrite and humble heart. There is much more that I could say, but sometimes I find I am to 'pour out my soul' only before Him. Be assured of my endeared love and intent.

"D. B."

Twelfth Month 4th.—I do not think my heart has been enough established in fear, before the Almighty. I wait and ask for wisdom, but I forget the fear of the Lord that is wisdom, and to depart from evil is understanding." Oh, that I might with my whole heart depart from everything which is not for me to indulge in. I have renewed my covenant with thee this afternoon, and thou art a covenant-keeping God. Oh, Lord, I am weak and afraid I shall slip from mine unless thou help. Be merciful unto me, and bless me, with full dedication.

18th.—I have been strongly tempted all the week with words of a supplication which it seemed as though I must utter to-day, but I besought the Lord to lead me only by his Holy Spirit, and when I woke this morning, it seemed as though He folded me in his arms, and He

strengthened me in meeting to resist, for I feared I was seeking mine own honor only. How despicable I am! I feel very thankful and peaceful to-night for his mercy to me.

25th.—Oh, my precious Lord! give unto me some certain evidence that I am led by thy Holy Spirit only. I gave up to-day to what seemed required of me, but thy peace and calmness sometimes seem to be mine, yet again I doubt.

31st.—This is the last day of the old year. I have not always been faithful, but God has been so good and merciful, I feel his abounding goodness this night. His love fills a soul that was once so cold. What shall I render unto thee for all thy benefits? A full and dedicated heart is all I have to bring.

First Month 1st, 1893.—I felt in meeting to-day as though all my sins were forgiven, that a new white robe was given me, and I must try not to spit it.

8th.—My spirit and mind have not been enough inward. I am too carnally minded. Help me, oh, Lord, to be more spiritually minded, and give me life and peace. I must watch and pray more. For a little while in meeting this afternoon I felt as if I really loved God and my Saviour, with all my heart and mind and soul and strength.

14th.—I mourn over my want of inwardness and seeking to enjoy Holy Communion. It seems as though He was close to me, but I do not enough seek to sup with my dear Lord and Master.

22nd.—A good deal of self-denial at times, but not enough dedicated to thee, Lord, my good and merciful Master. Help me to abide in thee continually.

(To be continued.)

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In the fraternal life insurance associations the amounts required to be paid are very small and form but a small percentage of the sum promised to be paid. The "Ancient Order of United Workmen" is perhaps the oldest and largest of these associations, and one of its officers estimates the amount paid in by each member at two hundred dollars, for which he holds a certificate for two thousand dollars, payable at his death. The total membership of the "A. O. U. W." is 262,000. Each holds a certificate of two thousand dollars, which makes \$724,000,000. The members who die early and while the order is rapidly growing, will probably be paid, but no sensible man can suppose that the great bulk of these obligations will ever be met. As the rate of death increase, the assessments required to meet the demands will become so heavy that the members will refuse to pay them, and the association will split to pieces by its own weight.

"Evermore restrain  
Evil and cherish good, so shall there be  
Another and happier life for thee."

—J. G. Whitner.

### A Brief Account of the Life of Daniel Barker.

(Continued from page 157.)

This letter was written in 1847, while visiting in Wayne County, Indiana:

"Most Endeared Lydia:—

"How my spirit is made at times to feel for thee, and to breathe to the God of every good and perfect gift that He would in his adorable goodness and mercy be pleased to be with thee in thy deep exercises and tender care over our dear children, enabling thee to discharge this great and important duty to the peace of thy own mind; my greatest desire for them is, that they may be brought up in the fear of the Lord, yielding obedience to all his requireing, that so they may be counted worthy of an inheritance in the heavenly Jerusalem, which is of more value than all the treasures of this transitory world. I am firm in the belief that as thy eye is kept single unto Him He will bless thy most feeble efforts in this respect. I trust at times I feel the force of the many fervent desires for my preservations. I have been preserved, I think, in a remarkable manner as to my health, and wonderfully borne up under many deep trials, having seen, as it were, a Divine hand preparing the way before me; I hope the Lord, in his mercy, will enable us to commit the keeping of our souls to Him, for He is able to do for us more abundantly than we can ask or think. I greatly desire that you, my dear children, may at all times be obedient to your dear mother, and mind the things that belong to your peace and everlasting happiness, often retiring in spirit before the Lord in order to know his will concerning you, with desires to do it, and often reading the Scriptures which are able to make you wise unto salvation, through faith in Jesus Christ."

The following letter was written while laboring in Tennessee, on his way to Ohio Yearly Meeting, Eighth Month 20th, 1866:

"FRIENDSVILLE, Blount Co., Tenn.

"My dearly beloved wife, and my greatest earthly treasure, with the dear children and our aged mother, for whom my spirit is often bowed before the throne of grace, with breathing desires for your preservation in every way, as for my own, from everything that would destroy that peace of mind designed for the followers of the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sins of the world, to enjoy. Oh! how I do desire that we may all labor earnestly to be resigned to the will and disposal of our Heavenly Father in all things, and as we feel our weakness and inability of ourselves to arrive to that state of mind in which we can say in sincerity and truth, Not my will, but Thine, O Lord, be done. May we present ourselves before Him in humility and full faith, acknowledging our weakness and his almighty power, with breathing desires that He would help us, and strengthen us with might in the inner man, drawing so in love to Him above everything else, that a willingness may be wrought in us to suffer afflictions and bear whatever bereavements or tribulations He may see fit to permit, in order that He may be glorified and we prepared for an inheritance amongst the saints in light, when done with time here below, remembering that time is short, and eternity hath no end, and then, I have no doubt, there will be an experiencing of strength to be given in proportion to every trial, for He knows best what is best for us, and he will do right; and the promise is, that He will never leave nor forsake those, his humble dependent ones, but will lead them

by the still waters of Shiloh's peaceful streams and cause them to lie down in the green pastures of life and salvation; then may we safely trust in Him and He will bring it to pass. O dearest one, remember He keepeth those in perfect peace, whose minds are stayed on Him."

He attended meeting diligently as long as his bodily strength would admit, and encouraged others to do the same. The last six or eight years of his life were spent mostly at home much of which time he was engaged in reading the Scriptures and other religious literature, and would often speak of the goodness and mercy of God, and our entire dependence on Him. He said he knew he had not always done as he ought, but he felt that his sins were all forgiven and often expressed a desire that when his time came to leave this world, he might die easily, which was mercifully granted. I heard him say that the following lines of poetry had many times been a great help to him:

Comfort take, thou child of sorrow,  
All is ordered well for thee,

Look not to the anxious morrow,  
As thy day, thy strength shall be.

While he gradually became more feeble, his mind also failed, until many earthly things appeared to him entirely obscure; still he seems to have a clear view of a spiritual life, and would very often have a word of encouragement or warning for those who came to see him, and bidding them farewell, he would often say, "The way to farewell is to do well, and I want us all to do well here so we can farewell it eternally. He was confined to his bed about one week with influenza, or lagrippe, much of which time he was unconscious, still he was often engaged in prayer, or speaking as though he was in meeting, even quoting Scripture as correctly as ever, earnestly exhorting those around him to be faithful in performing whatever was required of them. Thus he appeared to be laboring for the advancement of the Redeemer cause as long as he was able to speak, and finished his work here, we trust, to the glory of God, and to the honor of his ever worthy Name. The last few hours of his life he was not able to speak, his breath all the time growing shorter until he quietly ceased to breathe, as one gently falling asleep, and thus departed this life about eight o'clock on the morning of the first day of First Month, 1892, in the eighty-ninth year of his age.

Written by his daughter, Elzena Shields, in 1896.

[To the preceding outline of the life-work of this worthy Friend, the Editor desires to add his own testimony. Some twenty or more years ago he attended Canada Yearly Meeting, held at Pickering, near the north shore of Lake Ontario. There were present a large number of ministers and others from different parts of the country, and among them Daniel Barker. Most of the strangers belonged to the fast school of those professing to be Friends, and several of them exhorted us to be in the frequent or daily practice of uttering vocal prayer in our families, without sufficiently calling attention to the necessary prerequisite of feeling the Divine call and preparation for the service. After several had spoken, Daniel arose and related his own experience. When a boy of about fifteen years of age, he was in a tender frame of spirit, and when he had been unwatchful at home had done anything wrong, he could not be comfortable without retiring alone and seeking forgiveness from his Heavenly Father.

On one such occasion, the thought presented

o his mind, "Why is it that when I pray, it is always without the utterance of words? I do not speak as the ministers do, when praying in meeting." Following on the suggestion, he knelt down and attempted to offer vocal prayer, but although his heart had been full of secret petitions, all seemed to disappear, and no ability was felt to pray with the spirit. This experience was at first somewhat puzzling to him but

depths of the mine. Nothing could be purchased without a dispute. Over every counter there was wrangling from morning to night. The workman and his employer had a quarrel as regularly as the Saturday came round. On a fair day or a market day the clamors, the reproaches, the taunts, the curses, were incessant; and it was well no booth was overturned and no head broken. No merchant would contract making some stipulation in which he was of business were often on into which all per- thrown. The simple laged without mercy hands grew even more frank. The price of shoes, of ale, of oat- rarer found that the bit received, it was called , when he wanted to a loaf of rye bread, Selected.

No. 166.

BRIEF ACCOUNT

OF

SARAH S. COLE,

OF SALEM, NEW JERSEY.



SARAH S. COLE, daughter of Richard and Hannah S. Cole, and grand-daughter of Ananias Sayres—who was the first sheriff of Cumberland County, New Jersey—was born in Salem County, in the same State, in the year 1795. She was an unusually lovely girl, of pleasing manners, and was much admired, both for her personal charms and for the brightness of her intellect.

Previously to her last sickness, she was greatly exercised concerning the everlasting peace of her immortal soul; and knowing she had broken covenant so often with her God, she said she was afraid to try to renew it again; and often expressed to her mother that she must be more wicked than others. It is believed that the admiration of her suitors was ensuring to her soul. It became her usual practice during the day to retire into silence by herself, and she was often drawn into humble supplication to the Father of all our mercies for the renewal of his precious covenant with her. In his own time He was pleased to hold forth the sceptre of his love in a wonderful manner, and removed the cloud which had so long overshadowed her mind.

One day when she had been alone for some time her mother feeling anxious, sought her, and on entering the room, Sarah joyfully exclaimed: "Oh! that I could tell thee what I have seen and felt; but it is past expression. The goodness and mercy of the Lord are indeed wonderful. He has followed me

with, Sammy Hick, near York, England. Whit-Monday in last a Methodist preacher, endeavoring in the der and brutality, to the way of salvation. ight treatment, a young rushed to his side, and ot to touch the preach- on was Sammy Hick. A writer in the *Chris- little narrative of his e became an earnest d much public favor, uthful, honest man—but an Israelite indeed, 2."*

stomachally called, epach the Gospel, but it ) theological training. one night, he told his pression on his mind, sleep again, with the nder a delusion. Nev- o resist the impression id say, "I have only ermined that it shall n who has tea." He ntinued to do so until

him as a man of strong is not lacking in good at distress among the id, preaching the while, stance. Being told at d come, that there was the locality, and he a y expressed his belief arts of Roman Catho- believing, and praying as he went, he came into the great man's presence. Recapitulating some of the scenes of want and woe which he had seen, Sammy continued, "I have given away all I had, and am sixty miles from home, and if I had a toll-gate to go through I have not a penny to pay my way, and if something is not done, the people will die and it will bring a judgment upon our land." The appeal was favorably heard. The man of means gave a large contribution, and likewise assisted in a committee of relief.

Among other trials that this man of faith was called to endure, was the circumstance of being

wronged by a relative out of the large sum of ten thousand dollars, yet he was enabled to say concerning it, "The loss never robbed me of one hour's sleep.

Visiting a sick woman once, and giving her six pence, with which she seemed to be wonderfully pleased, he began to sympathize, as he left the sick chamber, "Can six pence make a poor creature happy? How many six pence have I spent on this month of mine, by feeding it with tobacco? I will never take another pipe while I live, and will give the poor whatever I save from it."

Having been taken sick, his medical attendant said to him, "You must resume the use of the pipe, Mr. Hick." "Never more while I live," he replied. "It is essential to your restoration to health, and I cannot be answerable for consequences should you reject the advice given." "Let come what will," was the firm answer, "I'll never take another pipe. I've told my son so, and I'll abide by it." "You will in all probability die then." "Glory be to God for that. I shall go to heaven. I have made a vow and I'll keep it." He lived several years after that, his release a happy one, nearly his last words being, "Peace, joy, love."

J. W. L.

A Sand-Storm of the American Desert.

That the "Great American Desert" still exists, in spite of strenuous efforts on the part of certain politicians, railroad corporations, and other interested parties to obliterate it from the maps, is a fact only too well known to many thousands of disappointed settlers, army people, prospectors and travellers over certain lines of railway. Most especially is it in evidence on the route of the Southern Pacific road, which traverses its desolation for hundreds of miles, and whose tank cars for the transportation of water form an important item of equipment. It is true that portions of its unproductive lands are irrigable (at a vast expense, and may thus, in the distant future, be reclaimed to the uses of agriculture. At the same time, it is equally true that wide areas lie so remote from revivifying influences that, unless subjected to radical climatic changes, they must always remain desolate, wind-blown wastes, exhibiting the characteristics and phenomena of all deserts existing under similar conditions.

With a thunderous roar the sand-storm hurls itself upon its victims, driving them before it with irresistible fury. No animate form may oppose it and live, but man or beast so ill-fated as to be caught within its dread radius must submit to be driven forward like an autumn leaf, blinded, choked and sorely lashed, until some sheltering lee is reached, or the fury of the storm is exhausted. If he stumbles and falls, or sinks through weakness, he is lost, and the skeletons of former victims are stripped of their heated covering to furnish him a sepulchre.

Although the sand-storm is generally of short duration, it sometimes lasts for hours, and has been known to rage for days with unabated fury. While thus exercising its evil powers it destroys life and changes the whole aspect of the country over which it sweeps, moving hills and valleys to new positions, filling dry water-courses, burying the little oases nourished by infrequent springs, and obliterating trails. In the old days of slow-moving wagon trains it was a menace and a calamity, while even in this era of railroads, it brings distress and peril to the traveller. It fills the most carefully protected cars with its stifling dust, blocks the track with

celebrated as joyously as ever in the hamlets; the cream overflowed the pails in Cheshire; the apple juice foamed in the presses of Herefordshire; the piles of crockery glowed in the furnaces of the Trent, and the barrows of coal rolled fast along the timber railways of the Tyne. But when the great instruments of exchange became thoroughly deranged, all trade, all industry, were smitten as with a palsy. The evil was felt daily and hourly in almost every place and by almost every class—in the dairy and on the threshing floor, by the anvil and by the loom, on the billows of the ocean and in the

strengthened me in meeting to resist, for I feared I was seeking mine own honor only. How despicable I am! I feel very thankful and peaceful to-night, for his mercy to me.

25th.—Oh, my precious Lord! give unto me some certain evidence that I am led by thy Holy Spirit only. I gave up to-day to what seemed required of me, but thy peace and calmness sometimes seem to be mine, yet again I doubt.

31st.—This is the last day of the old year. I have not always been faithful, but God has been so good and merciful, I feel his abounding goodness this night. His love fills a soul that was once so cold. What shall I render unto thee for all thy benefits? A full and dedicated heart is all I have to bring.

First Month 1st, 1895.—I felt in meeting to-day as though all my sins were forgiven, that a new white robe was given me, and I must try not to spot it.

8th.—My spirit and mind have not been enough inward. I am too carnally minded. Help me, oh, Lord, to be more spiritually minded, and give me life and peace. I must watch and pray more. For a little while in meeting this afternoon I felt as if I really loved God and my Saviour, with all my heart and mind and soul and strength.

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Evil and cherish good, so shall there be Another and happier life for thee."

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Jesus Christ."

The following letter

in Tennessee, on

Meeting, Eighth Mont

"FRIEND

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Lord, be done. May

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by the still waters of Shiloh's peaceful streams and cause them to lie down in the green pastures of life and salvation; then may we safely trust in Him and He will bring it to pass. O dearest one, remember He keepeth those in perfect peace, whose minds are stayed on Him."

He attended meeting diligently as long as his bodily strength would admit, and encouraged others to do the same. The last six or

## 2

### BRIEF ACCOUNT OF SARAH S. COLE.

from my youth until now; but oh! how hard it is to get human nature under our feet, and to know Christ Jesus to be All in all! Oh! dear mother, the covenant is now renewed—never I hope to be broken. I believe I have seen my sins sweep away like froth on the foaming billows; and I thought I saw they should not impede my everlasting peace. Oh mother join me in praising the Lord Jesus! Come life or death, I feel my will given up to the Lord. Now I do experience what my dear brother Charles wished for me when he prayed; 'I might be more weaned from the world, and be favored to see what he felt.'" "Oh! what a favor," she continued, "if we are all called home to that happy place, where no poisonous thing shall ever enter to disturb our peace! O, peace! how has my heart sought thee and through the Lord's great goodness, I have found thee! Let us, mother, praise and honor Him, the Great Author and Preserver of my being! who, in his loving kindness has condescended to visit me, a poor worm of the dust, and not only has visited but taken me into his favor."

Her mother saying one day: "My dear child, I am sorry to leave thee so much alone." She replied, "Oh mother, do not say *alone*, I have had the best of company! If thou only knew the sweet union and communion that I have with the dear Emanuel at those seasons when thou hast to leave me, I feel my spirit drawn home to its God—its Saviour. I often think it is possible such a poor weak worm of the dust can be so highly favored? I believe it is partly on thy account dear mother, that thou mayst be made willing to give me up."

She was often engaged in supplication, and on one occasion in the following manner: "Oh Lord! wilt Thou be pleased in Thy condescending mercy, to strengthen me to bear with patience everything which Thou mayst see best to inflict, until I become prepared and fitted for Thy kingdom! I think my sufferings light so that I can but win Thee, and Thou wilt be pleased to take me for Thy own. Oh most gracious Father! look down in mercy upon my aged parents and be pleased to support them under every trying dispensation—enable them to go in and out before my dear little brothers so as to lead them in the way of all truth. Oh Father! touch their tender minds as with a live coal from off the altar—meet them in a

those pressing to be a friend, and several times exhorted us to be in the frequent or daily practice of uttering vocal prayer in our families, without sufficiently calling attention to the necessary prerequisite of feeling the Divine call and preparation for the service. After several had spoken, Daniel arose and related his own experience. When a boy of about fifteen years of age, he was in a tender frame of spirit, and when he had been unwatchful about had done anything wrong, he could not be comfortable without retiring alone and seeking forgiveness from his Heavenly Father.

On one such occasion, the thought presented

his mind. "Why is it that when I pray, it is always without the utterance of words? I do not speak as the ministers do, when praying in meeting." Following out the suggestion, he knelt down and attempted to offer vocal prayer, although his heart had been full of secret editions, all seemed to disappear, and no ability was felt to pray with the spirit. This experience was at first somewhat puzzling to him, but

depths of the mine. Nothing could be purchased without a dispute. Over every counter there was wrangling from morning to night. The workman and his employer had a quarrel as regularly as the Saturday came round. On a fair day or a market day the clamors, the reproaches, the taunts, the curses, were incessant; and it was well no booth was overturned and no head broken. No merchant would contract making some stipulation in which he was if business were often on into which all per- thrown. The simple lagel without mercy lands grew even more frank. The price of shoes, of ale, of the bit- received, it was called when he wanted to a loaf of rye bread. —Selected.

wronged by a relative out of the large sum of ten thousand dollars, yet he was enabled to say concerning it, "The loss never robbed me of one hour's sleep."

Visiting a sick woman once, and giving her six pence, with which she seemed to be wonderfully pleased, he began to soliloquize, as he left the sick chamber, "Can six pence make a poor creature happy? How many six pence have I spent on this month of mine, by feeding it with tobacco? I will never take another pipe while I live, and will give the poor whatever I save from it."

Having been taken sick, his medical attendant said to him, "You must resume the use of the pipe, Mr. Hick." "Never more while I live," he replied. "It is essential to your restoration to health, and I cannot be answerable for consequences should you reject the advice given." "Let come what will," was the firm answer, "I'll never take another pipe. I've told my son so, and I'll abide by it." "You will in all probability die then." "Glorify be to God for that. I shall go to heaven. I have made a vow and I'll keep it." He lived several years after that, his release a happy one, nearly his last words being, "Peace, joy, love."

J. W. L.

BRIEF ACCOUNT OF SARAH S. COLL.

3

narrow place where they cannot turn to the right hand nor to the left, but cause them fully to surrender unto Thy blessed will; that they may grow in Thy love and fear, and be a comfort to their parents. Oh Lord! be pleased in Thy adorable goodness to strengthen my mother to give me up with a willing mind. Make her to see it is best for us both as thou hast mercifully permitted me, and I can say in truth: "Thy will be done."

Shortly before her decease she dictated a letter to a young man to whom she was engaged to be married, in which she says: "I must inform thee my time here is almost ended, and I feel nothing in my way to impede my happiness. The Lord in his infinite mercy has been pleased to visit my soul with the day-spring from on high. Oh! that it may be thy situation is the desire of thy friend who never expects to see thee in this present world! But, oh! that we may meet in the world above where sickness and sorrow cease, and the weary soul shall forever be at rest! O, the sweet peace I have experienced; it is worth striving for."

"I have been made renewedly sensible of the importance of living a Christian life. This to human nature seems to be an attainment of an high and exalted nature; but let us not be discouraged with the difficulties which attend the journey through this checkered scene; but let us remember to our comfort and consolation that those who earnestly and diligently seek virtue, shall find her. But mark the difference—those who do not seek shall not find. Then, O, my dear friend! hasten, I entreat thee, to become acquainted with true experimental religion! Remember it is to be in this life that we must engage in the contest if we would obtain the victory. Endeavor to retire, yea, frequently retire in subjection to know thyself wholly resigned and given up to the Lord. Oh! how I deceived myself in this respect; I once thought I knew myself, but found by painful experience that I could do no good thing. But the Lord in the riches of his mercy has been pleased to hold forth the sceptre of his love and in his adorable goodness hath enabled me to sing his praise as on the banks of deliverance. What, oh! what must be the prospect of those who never sought God with full purpose of heart! It is the whole heart He calls for, and He loves an early sacrifice.

with, Sammy Hick.

near York, England.

Whit-Monday in last

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That the "Great American Desert" still exists, in spite of strenuous efforts on the part of certain politicians, railroad corporations, and other interested parties to obliterate it from the maps, is a fact only too well known to many thousands of disappointed settlers, army people, prospectors and travellers over certain lines of railway. Most especially is it in evidence on the route of the Southern Pacific road, which traverses its desolation for hundreds of miles, and whose tank cars for the transportation of water form an important item of equipment. It is true that portions of its unproductive lands are irrigable at a vast expense, and may thus, in the distant future, be reclaimed to the uses of agriculture. At the same time, it is equally true that wide areas lie so remote from revivifying influences that, unless subjected to radical climatic changes, they must always remain desolate, wind-blown wastes, exhibiting the characteristics and phenomena of all deserts existing under similar conditions.

With a thunderous roar the sand-storm hurls itself upon its victims, driving them before it with irresistible fury. No animate form may oppose it and live, but man or beast so ill-fated as to be caught within its dread radius must submit to be driven forward like an autumn leaf, blinded, choked and sorely lashed, until some sheltering lee is reached, or the fury of the storm is exhausted. If he stumbles and falls, or sinks through weakness, he is lost, and the skeletons of former victims are stripped of their heated covering to furnish him a sepulchre.

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is ever in the country, and the people who celebrated as joyously as ever in the hamlets; the cream overflowed the pails in Cheshire; the apple juice foamed in the presses of Herefordshire; the piles of crockery glowed in the urnaces of the Trent, and the barrows of coal rolled fast along the timber railways of the Tyne. But when the great instruments of exchange became thoroughly deranged, all trade, all industry, were smitten as with a palsy. The soil was felt daily and hourly in almost every place and by almost every class—in the dairy and on the threshing floor, by the anvil and by the loom, on the billows of the ocean and in the

strength led me in meeting to resist, for I feared I was seeking mine own honor only. How despicable I am! I feel very thankful and peaceful to-night, for his mercy to me.

2th.—Oh, my precious Lord! give unto me some certain evidence that I am led by thy Holy Spirit only. I gave up to-day to what seemed required of me, but thy peace and calmness sometimes seem to be mine, yet again I doubt.

3rd.—This is the last day of the old year. I have not always been faithful, but God has been so good and merciful, I feel his abounding goodness this night. His love fills a soul that was once so cold. What shall I render unto thee for all thy benefits? A full and dedicated heart is all I have to bring.

First Month 1st, 1865.—I felt in meeting to-day as though all my sins were forgiven, that a new white robe was given me, and I must try not to spot it.

8th.—My spirit and mind have not been enough inward. I am too carnally minded. Help me, oh, Lord, to be more spiritually minded, and give me life and peace. I must watch and pray more. For a little while in meeting this afternoon I felt as if I really loved God and my Saviour, with all my heart and mind and soul and strength.

14th.—I mourn over my want of inwardness and seeking to enjoy Holy Communion. It seems as though He was close to me, but I do not enough seek to sup with my dear Lord and Master.

22nd.—A good deal of self-denial at times, but not enough dedicated to thee, Lord, my good and merciful Master. Help me to abide in thee continually.

(To be continued.)

**FRACTIONAL LIFE INSURANCE.**—The *Christian Chronicle* contains an article designed to expose the unsoundness of the ground on which many of the so-called beneficiary insurance associations are built. In ordinary life insurance societies, the insured are required to pay an annual premium, which, when properly invested and the interest received is compounded, will be sufficient to pay the sum insured, supposing the individual to live the average length of human life. Hence, if the society is properly and rightly managed, there is a reasonable security that the necessary funds will be forthcoming to pay the obligations which the society has incurred.

In the fraternal life insurance associations the amounts required to be paid are very small and form but a small percentage of the sum promised to be paid. The "Ancient Order of United Workmen" is perhaps the oldest and largest of these associations, and one of its officers estimates the amount paid in by each member at two hundred dollars, for which he holds a certificate for two thousand dollars, payable at his death. The total membership of the "A. O. U. W." is 282,000. Each holds a certificate of two thousand dollars, which makes 872,400,000. The members who die early and while the order is rapidly growing, will probably be paid, but no sensible man can suppose that the great bulk of these obligations will ever be met. As the rate of death increase, the assessments required to meet the demands will become so heavy that the members will refuse to pay them, and the association will fall to pieces by its own weight.

—Extreme restraint

Evil and cherish good, so shall there be  
Another and happier life for thee."

—J. G. Whittier.

### A Brief Account of the Life of Daniel Barker.

(Concluded from page 157.)

This letter was written in 1847, while visiting in Wayne County, Indiana:

"Most Endeared Lydia:—

"How my spirit is made at times to feel for thee, and to breathe to the God of every good and perfect gift that He would in his adorable goodness and mercy be p' thy deep exercises and t children, enabling thee and important duty to mind; my greatest desir may be brought up in yielding obedience to al they may be counted w in the heavenly Jesus value than all the trea world. I am firm in th is kept single unto Him feeble efforts in this r I feel the force of the n my preservations. I I think, in a remarkable and wonderfully borne trials, having seen, as i preparing the way befo in his mercy, will enabl of our souls to Him us more abundantly th I greatly desire that may at all times be obce and mind the thin; peace and everlasting I in spirit before the Lo will concerning you, w often reading the Script make you wise unto sal Jesus Christ."

The following letter v ing in Tennessee, on t Meeting, Eighth Mont

"FRIENDS:

"My dearly beloved earthly treasure, with our aged mother, for w bowed before the throng desires for your pr as for my own, from ev stroy that peace of mi lowers of the Lamb of the sins of the world, t desire that we may al resigned to the will an only Father in all th weakness and inability to that state of mind' sincerity and truth. No Lord, he done. May v fore Him in humility edging our weakness a with breathing desir and strengthen us with drawing so in love to else, that a willingness may be wrought in us to suffer afflictions and bear whatever bereavements or tribulations He may see fit to permit, in order that He may be glorified and we prepared for an inheritance amongst the saints in light, when done with time here below, remembering that time is short, and eternity hath no end, and then, I have no doubt, there will be an experiencing of strength to be given in proportion to every trial, for He knows best what is best for us, and will do right; and the promise is, that He will never leave nor forsake those, his humble dependent ones, but will lead them

by the still waters of Shiloh's peaceful streams, and cause them to lie down in the green pastures of life and salvation; then may we safely trust in Him and He will bring it to pass. O, dearest one, remember He keepeth those in perfect peace, whose minds are stayed on Him."

He attended meeding diligently as long as his bodily strength would admit, and encouraged others to do the same. The last six

4

BRIEF ACCOUNT OF SARAH S. COLE.

When death, awful death stares them in the face and then, prepared or not, they must go, dreadful is their situation.

"Oh! my dear friend make [Christ] thy choice, and thou never wilt have cause to repent it: I hope thou wilt not take it amiss that I invite thee so ardently, earnestly and pressingly to seek the Lord; for I am brought to see the necessity of it. It is the last advice from thy true friend."

She was often exercised in anticipating the hour of death, fearing she could not bear it quietly. But one morning her mother coming into the room she clasped her neck, and said: "O, dear mother, what a precious Father I have! He has been pleased in his infinite mercy to remove all my fears; promising to be with me in the hour of departure and support me through all. I think I shall live two days from this. Oh, mother! sit down and help me to praise God for his many favors towards me! My pain of body is at times great, but my peace of mind makes up for all."

The day before her departure she believed her work was nearly done, and the next morning said to her mother: "Do not go down to thy breakfast, but let it be brought up, for this is the last day we shall spend together in this world." She was asked if she felt more poorly. She replied, "No! but I feel convinced this is the last day of my stay here. O, dear mother! do give me up willingly. Remember it is the willing and obedient that shall be blessed. One request I have to make—that thou wilt sit by me and not grieve." She then desired her mother to read to her, which she did until she said it was enough and that it would be the last reading that she should ever hear. She then lay very quiet and composed, waiting for the solemn change. She slept sweetly for a little while and revived about 12 o'clock, and engaged in fervent supplication on behalf of her father and her two little brothers and others, and then was just heard to say, "Sweet Jesus, come, and if consistent with Thy will, take me to thyself. Oh! yes come quickly, I long to give up this body of clay. Without Thee there is no Balm in Gilead, nor any Physician there! O sweet Jesus! take me to Thyself! Thou art my precious friend—my Saviour." She then quietly departed on the 21st day of the Sixth Month, 1846.

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those professing to be Friends, and several of them exhorted us to be in the frequent or daily practice of uttering vocal prayer in our families, without sufficiently calling attention to the necessary prerequisite of feeling the Divine call and preparation for the service. After several had spoken, Daniel arose and related his own experience. When a boy of about fifteen years of age, he was in a tender frame of spirit, and when he had been unwatchful and had done anything wrong, he could not be comfortable without retiring alone and seeking forgiveness from his Heavenly Father.

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The sense of comfort and relief which this short communication conveyed, endeared the old man to me, and this feeling was further strengthened a few years after, when at North Carolina Yearly Meeting, by a visit to his home. At the Boarding School, where we had previously tarried, there were many strangers, some of whom were advocates of practices inconsistent with the former usages of the Society. The change from this atmosphere to the quiet peace that prevailed in D. B.'s household, was most grateful. It was like escaping from a rough wilderness to smooth pastures.—[Ed.]

MACAULAY, in the twenty-first chapter of his "History of England," has a long account of the distress caused by the disorders of the currency in the reign of William III, and their correction by Parliament under the advice of Newton and Locke. After giving the facts in detail, he says:

"The evils produced by this state of the currency were not such as have generally been thought worthy to occupy a prominent place in history. Yet it may well be doubted whether all the misery which had been inflicted on the English nation in a quarter of a century by bad kings, bad ministers, bad parliaments and bad judges was equal to the misery caused in a single year by bad crowns and bad shillings. Those events which furnish the best themes for pathetic or indignant eloquence are not always those which most affect the happiness of the great body of the people. The misgovernment of Charles and James, gross as it had been, had not prevented the common business of life from going steadily and prosperously on. While the honor and independence of the State were sold to a foreign power, while chartered rights were invaded, while fundamental laws were violated, hundreds of thousands of quiet, honest and industrious families labored and traded, ate their meals and lay down to rest in comfort and security. Whether Whigs or Tories, Protestants or Jesuits, were uppermost, the grazier drove his beasts to market, the grocer weighed out his currants, the draper measured out his broadcloth, the huck of buyers and sellers was as loud as ever in the towns; the harvest home was celebrated as joyously as ever in the hamlets; he cream overflowed the pails in Cheshire; he apple juice foamed in the presses of Herefordshire; the piles of crockery glowed in the urnaces of the Trent, and the barrows of coal rolled fast along the timber railways of the Tyne. But when the great instruments of exchange became thoroughly deranged, all trade, all industry, were smitten as with a palsy. The evil was felt daily and hourly in almost every place and by almost every class—in the dairy and on the threshing floor, by the anvils and by the loom, on the billows of the ocean and in the

depths of the mine. Nothing could be purchased without a dispute. Over every counter there was wrangling from morning to night. The workman and his employer had a quarrel as regularly as the Saturday came round. On a fair day or a market day the clamors, the reproaches, the taunts, the curses, were incessant; and it was well no booth was overturned and no head broken. No merchant would contract to deliver goods without making some stipulation about the quality of coin in which he was to be paid. Even men of business were often bewildered by the confusion into which all pecuniary transactions were thrown. The simple and the careless were pillaged without mercy by extortioners whose demands grew even more rapidly than the money shrank. The price of the necessities of life, of shoes, of ale, of oatmeal, rose fast. The laborer found that the bit of metal which, when he received, it was called a shilling, would hardly, when he wanted to purchase a pot of beer or a loaf of rye bread, go as far as a sixpence."—*Selected.*

#### The Village Blacksmith, Sammy Hick.

On the fair ground, near York, England, upon a certain, so-called Whit-Monday in last century, John Bardsall, a Methodist preacher, a helper of Wesley, was endeavoring in the midst of scenes of disorder and brutality, to declare to the ungodly the way of salvation. Being threatened with rough treatment, a young man of powerful build rushed to his side, and warned the rude crowd not to touch the preacher. The latter's champion was Sammy Hick, the village blacksmith. A writer in the *Christian Standard*, giving a little narrative of his life, says of him, that "he became an earnest Christian, and soon gained much public favor, for he was an upright, truthful, honest man, no sham or make-believe, but an Israelite indeed, in whom there is no guile."

Sammy, as he was customarily called, experienced a concern to preach the Gospel, but it came as the result of no theological training. Waking from his sleep one night, he told his wife what was the deep impression on his mind, but she bade him go to sleep again, with the intimation that he was under a delusion. Nevertheless, he was unable to resist the impression of assured duty, and would say, "I have only one talent, but I am determined that it shall never be given to the man who has ten." He began to preach, and continued to do so until he died.

The account speaks of him as a man of strong faith, as also one who was not lacking in good works. In a time of great distress among the working-classes of England, preaching the while, he gave away all his substance. Being told at the place to which he had come, that there was but one wealthy man in the locality, and he a Roman Catholic, Sammy expressed his belief that the Lord had the hearts of Roman Catholics in his hand, and so believing, and praying as he went, he came into the great man's presence. Recapitulating some of the scenes of want and woe which he had seen, Sammy continued, "I have given away all I had, and am sixty miles from home, and if I had a toll-gate to go through I have not a penny to pay my way, and if something is not done, the people will die and it will bring a judgment upon our land." The appeal was favorably heard. The man of means gave a large contribution, and likewise assisted in a committee of relief.

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heavy drifts, cuts down telegraph poles with its sharp flinty particles, grinds clear glass into opaqueness, and in a thousand ways renders life miserable and a burden.—*Harper's Weekly.*

### THE LICHEN.

HENRY BURTON.

I hear the bleating of the flock,  
The curlew's cry upon the wold,  
Yet heed them not, but lay my sick  
Upon the scuffed floor of my rock.

You live your threescore years, and then  
The willing hands, the lighted face  
Are covered o'er in Death's embrace;  
Such are the little lives of men.

Over the centuries of years  
My life, a golden current, runs;  
Nor do I count the setting suns—  
My life is linked with vaster spheres.

I spin my little threads, and make  
A ladder of the braided light;  
And Bethel's angels, in the night,  
Come down to speak to souls that wake.

Out on the farthest margin I stand;  
My bridge of golden chains I throw  
Across the dark abyss below;  
I take in mine the dead world's hand,

And say, "O dead earth, rise and live!  
My voice is but the Master's call,  
The Life of life who made us all—  
Wake from thyself, and learn to give!"

Seest thou the harvest in the shock?  
The orchards in the plain below?  
I turned my silent wheel, and lo!  
The loam fell off the granite rock.

I live that higher life may be;  
I teach the heather bells to ring,  
I help the summer fields to sing,  
I wake the humming of the bee.

So leave me on my lonely wold;  
And if my service be not much,  
I still can brighten all I touch,  
And turn the dullest grain to gold.  
—*Christian Advocate.*

FOR "THE FRIEND."

### Niagara Falls Utilized.

The announcement has been made by the public press, within the past week, that electric cars are running on the streets of Buffalo, by power transmitted from the falling water of the great cataract, twenty-seven miles distant. This achievement of modern science may be ranked as the crowning triumph of the age. A brief sketch of some of the prominent features of the work will probably interest the readers of THE FRIEND. The facts are collected from the *Scientific American* and *Appleton's Cyclopedia* of 1894.

In 1886 the Legislature of New York chartered the Niagara Falls Power Company to use the water drawn from above the Falls on the American side, by a canal which should turn the turbine wheels, located at the bottom of a pit about one hundred and fifty feet deep under this canal, for running factories and other commercial purposes. At this date electric machinery for transmitting power was in its infancy, and it is only within the past five years that the inventive genius of man has perfected the apparatus which give a new and wider scope to the use of Niagara's latent energy. The knowledge deep before attempting to company thus formed, laid their foundations strict any physical work, by appointing a commission of the most eminent scientific men and practical engineers in the United States and Europe, to devise plan— Among them

were Dr. Coleman Sellers, of Phila., Sir Wm. Thompson, of England, Theo. Turrettini, of Geneva, and others. They offered a prize of twenty-five hundred dollars for the best scheme, and several of one thousand dollars each for subordinate plans. The work was begun in 1890, and has only been completed this year. It consists of a canal starting from the bank of the Niagara River, a few miles above the cataract, one hundred and ten feet wide at the river side, one hundred and eighty feet at its lower end, and fourteen hundred feet long. Here the power-house is built, and on the side of the canal next it are fourteen gates for the water to flow from, whence it falls through immense vertical iron tubes, seven feet in diameter, called "penstocks," one hundred and forty feet in depth, to the turbine wheels at the bottom of the tunnel, which is cut from this point to the river below the Falls, near the Clifton bridge. This tunnel is shaped like a horse-shoe, twenty-one feet high, about nineteen feet wide at its greatest diameter, two hundred feet below the surface of the ground, and seven thousand feet long. It is lined with brick throughout, and cased at the lower end for a distance of ninety-five feet with steel plates, to prevent the erosion of the water, which rushes through it at the rate of twenty miles an hour.

The turbine wheels attached to each "penstock" are designed to develop five thousand horse power each, under a head of one hundred and forty feet of water, and with two hundred and fifty revolutions in a minute. These wheels turn a vertical shaft which runs from them up to the surface of the ground in the "power-house," and to the top of this shaft are geared the wheels and belts which turn the dynamos and other machinery. The shaft is made of steel tubing, thirty inches in diameter, and with the machinery placed upon it, weighs one hundred and fifty thousand pounds.

Any one can realize how difficult an engineering problem it must have been to support this immense weight at the bottom, with the addition of the column of water, whilst revolving two hundred and fifty times a minute. The hardest steel block on which it would rest and revolve, would be bored through in a short time, unless a part of the superincumbent pressure could be uplifted. This has been effected by a very ingenious device. The steel shaft is not placed inside the "penstock," down which the water falls, but near by it. The two disks of the turbines, upon which the blades or buckets are fastened, are placed one at the bottom and the other at the top of a cylindrical case or drum. The water from the "penstock" is admitted into this drum at the side, near the bottom of it. The greater part of the water rises by the immense hydraulic pressure, and forces itself through the upper turbine disks and buckets, thus bearing up the weight of the shaft, whilst it performs its allotted task of driving the revolutions of the machinery at the same time. The other part of the water falls to the bottom of the drum, and drives the lower turbine wheel, the two co-operating to the same end. The turbines were built by the I. P. Morris Company, of Philadelphia.

The total horse power of Niagara Falls has been computed at nearly seven millions. This is estimated as being equal to the consumption of sixty-five thousand tons of coal per day. The tunnel now built is capable of delivering a flow of water sufficient to generate one hundred and twenty thousand horse power. Ten wheels and dynamos are ready to operate. They are said

to be capable of running all the manufacturing plants of Buffalo.

The most important problem for the financial success of this colossal undertaking is its ability to transmit the energy gathered in the power-house to distant cities without too great waste on the way. In 1878 Sir Wm. Siemens stated that there would be sixty per cent. of loss in transmitting one thousand horse power by electricity over a distance of thirty miles, but since that date electrical science and construction have made vast strides, so that much better results have been obtained; and it is estimated by some experts that power can be economically conveyed from the Niagara works to Albany for lighting that city or running manufactories.

A statement appeared in the *Ledger* on the twenty-first instant that the experimental test made by the Buffalo Street Railway Company, on two of its lines, of the electric power from the Niagara Power Co., has proved so successful that the power will be gradually extended to other lines of the system. This seems to give a practical solution to the question of transmission so far as thirty miles.

The public generally are perhaps as much interested in the question of the esthetic effect of these uses of the waters of Niagara on the grand scenery, which gives the spot a world-wide celebrity, and inspires a jealousy on the part of all lovers of nature lest commercial cupidity should rob us of a heritage of sublimity and beauty which every American claims a share in. Curtis Brown, writing in the *Cosmopolitan* for the Ninth Month of 1894, says: "No one visiting the Niagara Falls reservations when these enterprises are fairly begun, or half a dozen years from now, when perhaps they will be fully developed, would find any outward and visible sign of them, except the mills along the hydraulic canal basin, which for years have formed part of the view from the Victoria Park. There is little danger also to the Falls themselves. The vast mass of water speeding over the precipice will suffer but little diminution, three-quarters of a foot perhaps, not more."

John Bogart, State Engineer of New York, estimated that the tunnel above alluded to would reduce the depth of the water at the crest of the American Falls about one inch and four-fifths; and the five hundred thousand horse power required for both Companies now incorporated, will take about nine inches from the depth of the water, when running to their full capacity, so that there would be no obvious difference in the appearance of the Cataract to an observer.

While the harnessing of the mighty energies of the waters of Niagara by means of the turbine wheel and its applied mechanism, for the service of man, seems wonderful to contemplate, yet it is so much in line with the means we are familiar with in the force of gravity, that it fails to excite our admiration, in comparison with the subtle power of the electrical and magnetic influences set in motion to supplement and carry out the former. We can see the *rush of water*, but not the electric current that speeds with almost infinitely greater velocity through a small wire, carrying with it the concentrated strength of the great cataract to the distant points, whence it can best serve the wants of humanity. The Dynamo is the agent which effects this transmission. Let us look a little into the philosophical principles and mechanism which enter into the composition of this latest triumph of human invention.

If we magnetize a needle by drawing it across



a loadstone or natural magnet, and suspend it by a thread tied around the middle, it will point north and south. Take a spool and wind around it fine wire covered with silk or cotton. Suspend the magnetized needle so that one end of it will be near, but not touching, the open end of the spool of wire. Then by an electrical battery send a current of electricity through the wire around the spool, and that will make the coil an electro-magnet, which will attract the north end of the needle to it. If the other end of the needle, or south pole, be then brought near the end of the spool, it will be repelled by it. This simple apparatus will give us an illustration of the principle on which the dynamo acts.

The machinery is complex, but its operation all depends upon the revolution of large coils of insulated wire, around a magnet always at right angles to its length. Currents of electricity are excited in the coil as it revolves rapidly by the poles of the magnet, first in one direction as it passes the North pole, then in the reverse direction as it passes the South pole; but by a very ingenious contrivance for shifting the contact of the ends of the wires as they pass the poles in the revolution of the coils, a continuous current in one direction is propelled through the carrying wire.

The vertical shaft that reaches up from the tunnel under the power-house at Niagara, is set whirling by the rush of the waters through the turbine wheels at its base; its motion drives the great coils of copper wire in the dynamo in their revolutions around the enclosed magnet with tremendous velocity, transmitting a powerful current of electric force to the wires stretched to distant places, ever drawing from the earth below a supply of magnetism to do the bidding of busy men.

In thus reviewing the works of man, and admiring the inventive skill displayed through them, let us not fail to look beyond his finite powers to trace them up to the infinite Source of all wisdom, with humble gratitude to the Creator of every good and perfect gift; remembering that as the engine is motionless without the steam, and the dynamo inert until the magnetic impulse is drawn from the earth, so the human brain is powerless unless endowed with energy from the Divine hand, and upheld every moment by his power.

The votaries of science and skill are ever most to be admired when they exhibit the pious humility of that prince of scientists, Sir Isaac Newton, who valued the Bible above all other books, and near the close of life compared himself to a child gathering a few pebbles on the sea shore, whilst the great ocean of truth lay undiscovered before him.

CHARLES RHODES.  
HADDONFIELD, Eleventh Mo., 1896.

GOODNESS AND USEFULNESS.—Goodness conditions usefulness. A grimy hand may do a gracious deed, but a bad heart cannot. What a man says, and what a man is, must stand together,—must consist. His life can ruin his lips, or fill them with power. It is what men see that gives value to what they say. Paul had the right order, "Take heed unto thyself, and unto the doctrine." Being comes before saying or doing. Well may we pray, "Search me, O God! Reveal me to myself. Cleanse me from secret faults, that those who are acquainted with me, who know my down-sittings and my uprisings, may not see in me the evil way that gives the lie to my words."—*Selected.*

## The Church and the Theatre.

By Newton Hall (of London) as reported in Christian Literature and Review of the Churches.

I am here to affirm that the theatre of the present day as a whole is calculated to do moral injury both to performers and spectators, and therefore should not receive the sanction of the Christian Church.

I know what will be urged in opposition to this thesis. That we are born with a natural love of dramatic representation. That the theatre cannot be driven out of the world as long as multitudes crave the pleasure. That the Christian Church should therefore try to improve and render harmless what is neither desirable nor possible to destroy. My reply is addressed not to those who regard pleasure as supreme, but who confess Christ as King, who for his sake are willing to deny themselves unnecessary pleasure rather than injure their own spiritual interests, or those of others. I have no personal antipathy to the drama, to the Greek tragedies, and the plays of Shakespeare. Nor have I any personal knowledge of the theatre.

But my father in his youth frequently acted at theatres, and when he became a Christian his whole soul revolted against the theatre as he had known it. He then became the proprietor of the best country newspaper in Kent, and to show his opinion of theatres, he would not advertise the theatrical companies which came to Maidstone. It was a great sacrifice, for the theatres pay very well.

My brother Arthur, who is one of the most devoted clergymen I ever met, as a young man in London, was frequently at theatres, and knows all about them, and has been behind the scenes and in the front. He is as strongly opposed to theatrical presentations as my father was. What I refer to now is the present stage, not to the theatre of former days.

Now there are practical difficulties in connection with the carrying on of the stage. The theatre is a place of amusement; it does not profess to be a place of instruction. To make it pay the rent of the building and the cost of the company, it requires continual attendance, or else it does not pay; therefore there must be a great motive to please, not the minority, but the masses. Secondly, there is a difficulty in providing an entertainment to suit the masses. Professor Henry Morley says that almost all the plays represented in London are translations from the French, and that this ought not to be very obvious. A critic in a secular paper says: "The plays frequently offered are thoroughly Parisian, with personages so objectionable and incidents so gross, that it excites surprise that they have escaped the censure of the Lord Chamberlain."

Mr. Burnand, a great play-writer, in the *Fortnightly*, says, "It is simply impossible for a girl to enter the theatre, and to prepare to be an actress, without all her moral senses being shocked at once, and if afterwards she feels more easy about it, it simply proves her deterioration."

I now wish to speak of the influence of the play on the actors themselves. Garrick boasted that he so entered into the vile character he assumed, as to feel that it was he himself. Dr. Johnson said, "If you really feel such a monster, you ought to be banged every time you perform it." Mrs. Siddons, who was a great actress, when her sister married a respectable man, though poor, said, "Thank, God, she is off the stage." I do not at all say that all actors are immoral. But there is a danger, and it can

be said of very few. Rosseau said, "I observe in general that actors are men of bad morals and given to low practices, and actresses lead a loose life." Is that very improbable? On the stage, as we know it is falsely called love presented as a man and woman kissing one another, and is not that likely to deteriorate their sense of modesty? What is one of the principal attractions of the theatre at the present day? Is it not women scarcely dressed, or dressed so as to represent nudity? Are not women presented in men's attire, and men in women's attire, and is not that calculated to unsex the individual so acting?

A lady who was well introduced to me, and who had been a leading singer at a leading church, and had a fine voice, came from America for the purpose of preparing for the theatrical profession. She thought she could be an actress without injury, but she got told she could not get on. She could not get put into the leading parts. Unless a lady had plenty of money to purchase a position, or unless she was willing to sell herself to the patron of that theatre, she had no chance. So she gave up her idea and went back to America again.

Actresses, says an author of repute, have won rapturous applause from whole generations of men, who consider that, where their pleasure is involved, no risks of life or honor are too great for women to run. My brother Arthur had a conversation with an actor who had become a religious man. In fact he could not go on with his profession. All day his mind was filled with c-stumes, face-painting and grimaces. He had no peace until he gave up his profession. He spoke to my brother of the late hours, the long rehearsals from twelve to four, the constant flirting, the frequent familiarity with the actresses in all sorts of costume, having to go to a great distance after the theatre was over, the profession of love to each other in the family of actors leading to evil. Could a converted man tolerate that?

Dumas, the French novelist, in answer to some critic about plays, said, "You are right not to take your daughter to see my play, but you should not take her to see the theatre at all. The theatre, being a picture or satire of social manners, must ever be immoral, the social manners themselves being immoral." I remember reading a defense of the theatre by a theatrical manager. He was accused of putting on the boards things which young people should not see. He replied, "Certainly, we play for men and women; we represent the world as it is; as it is, it is not fit for the young."

I know a gentleman who was the editor of one of our leading daily papers, a worldly man. He resigned. I asked him why. He told me it was because of the continual advertisements of the theatre, and the favorable comment always made by the theatrical critic. He could not stop the advertisements as editor, and therefore he gave up a very lofty and lucrative position, because of the character of the theatres, and the way they were advertised and praised in the London newspapers. Very seldom have I seen an editor acting as a censor of the theatre, as they very often do of the pulpit, and denounce and condemn theatres of an immoral character. Then, as to the influence on actors. In the book of essays called "Obiter Dicta," there is a reference to Tom Davies, and the point is that the profession of an actor demands that a man must destroy his own identity. Dr. Johnson once said to Tom Davies, "Tom, what are you to-night?" "That is difficult to answer," said

Tom, "with any true sense of human dignity. The doctor prescribes fun. Fancy being every night taken as a safe prescription for the blues, to adopt as a trade making people laugh by delivering for one hundred nights another man's jokes in a costume which the author of the jokes would blush to be seen in." That seems unworthy of a man of character.

Although I have not been to theatres, I have had something to do with those who have been. A lady—a remarkably gifted actress—came one day to my church. She became convinced of the Bible truth, and, after great trouble and difficulty from her friends, she renounced her Romanism and became a Bible Christian. She continued to attend theatres. I did not press her to give it up. I never preach against this sort of thing; I always preach Christ. But at last she did give it up. I asked her how it was she had given up a lucrative profession. It was not, she said, through anything she had read or heard. But in her own room, and on her knees, she had prayed to become holy, humble, and pure. "I went to the theatre," she said, "but I never would take an immoral part. But I had to act, and be for the time what I was acting. I felt I could not be one thing at one time and another at another time, and so I have given up my theatre." Montague Stanley was a great performer, but he became a Christian, and then gave up the profession, and perfected himself in drawing to support his wife and family.

My argument is that it deteriorates actors and actresses. We cannot lawfully take pleasure in any performance that does them injury. The theatre, as at present carried on, must be injurious to a large multitude of young people. Mothers can hardly like to take their young sons and daughters to see the scenes of sensuality and immorality at some of our theatres. It is a pleasure so doubtful, that we Christian people ought to be willing to sacrifice the pleasure in order that we shall not be partakers of that which to so many is so injurious. We should live as those in the constant presence of Him who has said, "I am with you always," and do those things which are well pleasing in his sight.—*Friends' Intelligence.*

### Water Baptism and the Supper.

To the Editor of *The London Friend*.

DEAR FRIEND.—The longer I live in a heathen land, and the more I watch the effect of these so-called Christian rites upon native converts, the more I am convinced from the formality, bitterness, schisms, and often sin, which they give rise to, that they are not of God, and that it is my duty to teach that they are not.

Of late years much has been said and written by thoughtful and often holy men of God about the evils, the social and religious separations, even amongst the professing followers of our Lord and Saviour, not to speak of the bondage in this life, caused by the man-made ceremonialism of the Christian Church. And yet with such a history as that Church possesses, its members seem oblivious to the consequences of the teaching and practice of those ceremonialism, which are spreading the wide world over, covering the light and life of Christ in the hearts and lives of those to whom the Gospel is preached.

What appeared lately about the "secret subtle workings of the Romanist and the Ritualist" is indeed true. It said in *the Christian*, "It seems to us that the great danger lies in the oblivious of all danger on the part of the Protestant Churches." We, as sharers in the in-

timable blessings of the Reformation, ought to be ashamed of this state of things. It is not only the fascinating rites and ceremonies of the Greek, Roman and Ritualistic churches which are the causes of stumbling to precious souls, but our Protestant, evangelical and Non-conformist Churches are doing harm by the teaching and practice of water baptism and the supper, as Divinely-appointed rites of the Christian Church; when all who are prepared to lay aside their preconceived views, and to accept the light given to us in these latter days, must see these rites have not come to us from our Lord. Neander tells us that "Many of those who joined the Church, bringing their pagan notions with them into Christianity, sought in baptism a magical lustration which could render them at once entirely pure. Their longing after reconciliation with God remained covered under a grossly material form, and they sought in Christ, not a Saviour from sin, but a bestower of an outward and magical annihilation of it."

It is cheering to read such a bold statement as John Bradford, of Wadhams College, Oxford, made in his sermon entitled "One baptism," when he said, "That God did send John to baptize with water is admitted, but I deny that Christ ever did send any one to baptize with water. This is coming to the point. Here I stand and challenge any man to show me when and where Christ ever commanded any one to baptize with water." And yet, strange to say, intelligent men who read their Bibles, in spite of the distinct statement of the inspired word that there is but "one baptism" (Eph. iv. 6), which John (John i. 23), our Lord (Acts i. 5), Peter (Acts xi. 16), distinctly contrast with "John's water baptism," "add to the prophecy of this book," and put the word "water" into our Lord's great commission to his Church in Matt. xxviii. 19, Mark xvi. 16. They must know that these "divers baptisms, carnal ordinances (rites and ceremonies), were only imposed until a time of reformation" (Heb. ix. 10), and that Jesus, the world's great Reformer, "blotted out the bond written in ordinances, which was contrary to us, and He hath taken it out of the way, nailing it to the cross" (Col. ii. 14). How strange, I say, when they must know that there was "a disannulling of the [carnal, v. 16] commandment going before for the weakness and unprofitableness thereof" (Heb. vii. 17), and have experienced the blessedness of being "buried with Him by baptism unto death" (Rom. vi. 4), that they should last after the "beggarly elements."

It is cheering also to read what Archbishop Whately has the boldness to say about the observance of "The Supper," "that it is both paradoxical and superstitious, and therefore a stumbling-block to the progress of Christianity." These are but echoes of the teaching of many good men who have had the courage to declare their convictions and have dared to differ from the fashionable teaching of the day.

If our Lord and Master were visibly to appear in our Churches now, as "a teacher sent from God," would it be in the costume of a modern parson sprinkling with water at the "sacred font?" Would He be found taking part in the immersions in water of adults? Would He be found, in this the nineteenth century, taking part in a defunct Jewish feast? No, but we should hear again his rebuke of Mark vii. 7, 8: "Howbeit, in vain do they worship Me, teaching for doctrines the commandments of man. For laying aside the commandment of God, ye hold the tradition of men."

How sad it is, then, that those who love their Saviour, who preach his Gospel in our meeting-houses, who teach his holiness at our conventions, do not shake off these traditions of men which are causes of stumbling to so many souls. If they have not the courage to give up these things, "whereby their brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak" (Rom. xiv. 2), they at least should acknowledge that they are not of Divine origin, and thus free themselves from the responsibility of leading men by their silence to think they are God-given, and hence binding upon them.

The teaching and practice of water baptism and the supper have been, and still are, causes of bitterness amongst those who should be one in Christ Jesus, and deluded souls are substituting these shadows for the "one Lord, one faith, one baptism." They are accepting the letter, and rejecting the Spirit which giveth life. I heard with sorrow lately of some Christians brought up as "Friends," asking how it was that such men as Andrew Murray, F. B. Meyer, whose writings had been such a spiritual blessing to them, taught and practised water baptism, and the partaking of bread and wine, as Divinely-appointed rites of the Christian Church. Westcott and Hort, in their Greek New Testament of 1890, give their reasons for pronouncing the words in Luke xxii: 19, 20, "this do in remembrance of Me," to be probably a very early interpolation (see Appendix pp. 63, 63). It is refreshing to hear the testimony of such as Hannah Whitall Smith, who have formerly been led to practice water baptism and the supper, and who have now given them up again, that they might not come between them and their Lord.—*Albert S. Clarke, in The London Friend.*

### Natural History, Science, etc.

*Modified Flora.*—The nyika is a broad zone lying west of the coastal plain of East Africa. The soil is sandy and porous; and water is scarce except during the rainy seasons. Most of the zone is occupied by thin thorn scrub.

During the rainy season, however, a change comes for a while over the nyika. The whole country is then sodden with moisture, the paths which have generally been worn into hollows, are occupied by streams; the valleys are converted into swamps. The vegetation suddenly appears to wake up; the baobabs burst into flower and then into leaf; the grass becomes green; creepers climb over the acacias and cover them with a mass of large white flowers, among which the convolvulus is especially conspicuous. But as soon as the rains cease, the nyika reverts to its normal condition. The grass withers, the undergrowth dies and disappears, prairie fires break out and sweep across the country, and the traveller has to march for days over charred blackened wastes, which a month before had been green with turf and gorgeous with flowers. The most remarkable feature in the flora of the nyika is its specialization to resist desiccation and death during long periods of drought. It is modified to enable it to survive the hot, dry season in four different ways, each based on the principle of reducing the loss of moisture in transpiration." The simplest contrivance is the adopted by the baobab (*Adansonia*), the leave of which remain on the tree only during the rainy season. A second plan is used by many of the acacias, in which the leaves are reduced to mere spines or needles, the fleshy tissue being lost, and only the veins or "vascular bundles" left. A third arrangement for the same end is

the reduction of the surface of the leaf in proportion to its mass; thus the leaf becomes thick and succulent, and the number of "stomata" or pores through which moisture can escape, is lessened, as in the fibre-yielding plants, such as the aloe. The last and extreme method is the entire disappearance of the leaves, which are represented only by thorns and spines, while evaporation is effected by the green, succulent stem. The loss of moisture from the plant is therefore greatly reduced, for the surface on which it can take place is small in comparison with that exposed on a leaf-bearing tree. The plant secures, in fact, a minimum of surface with a maximum of mass. The thick, succulent stems, moreover, contain special stores of moisture, and reservoirs of milky juice or "latex," which, being confined in special vessels or elongated cells, can only escape by the slow escape of exosmosis. The plants in which this adaptation has been developed are the most remarkable looking in East Africa. Such are the species of *Aristolochia*, a genus which has one representative, the birthwort (*A. Clematitis*, Linn.), established in England; and the forms in the nyika are huge spherical bulbs, sometimes three feet in diameter, from which long trailing branches, armed with thick spines, spread over the ground. The bulb is full of juice; this is reported to be very poisonous, and the only animals that attack the plant are the ants. The spurges (*Euphorbiae*), offer a still better illustration, for they occur in two very different types. In the grass-plain, as on Laikipia, this family is represented by small herbs, with leaves and structure like the common spurges of our woods and fields; but in the nyika, the species such as *Euphorbia nyika*, (Pax.), are lofty candelabra-shaped trees, from thirty to sixty-feet in height, with thick, succulent stems like the cacti. In other places, in the Bariugo basin, a closely allied genus forms hedges and thickets, which can only be traversed at some risk; for the spines are sharp and brittle, and if they run into the flesh they break off, and deposit an acrid juice which causes ulceration.—*J. W. Gregory.*

*Mosquitoes at Salt Lake in Africa.*—Life is almost insupportable on account of the mosquitoes. These creatures sting at all hours of the day, and are quite active in shady places during the very hottest part of it. It is only by keeping to paths which are vigorously patrolled by brilliant blue and red dragon-flies that one can avoid them. Sleep is almost impossible, and even the *pachydermatous Suahili* used to come and complain to me that he could get no rest at all. The only manner in which I could obtain any relief was by arranging a fire and counter attraction of sleeping porters in front of the sole entrance to my hut, and even then, some always got inside my net.

I think it is chiefly on account of this that the few villages on the lake are inhabited by such a miserably puny and unhealthy set; because at night their houses are kept constantly full of choking smoke from fires of green wood, which is almost worse than the evil itself. I am not sure that this is the true explanation, or I have noticed on Tanganyika and on the Shire River, a similar wretched condition in these families which spend their lives in canoes and live chiefly on fish—a practice that certainly always produces a very weak development of the lower limbs, while of course a constantly moist and humid atmosphere is always unhealthy in a tropical climate.—*A Naturalist in Mad-Africa.*

The International Federation of Lord's-Day Societies has made a report as to the work done in the year. Among the items of interest are the following: In France the Paris League for Sunday Rest has enrolled over four thousand members. Many shops are closed on Sunday, including the great *Magnificent Louvre*. In the army Sunday is a day of rest, and contractors are not now obliged to work on that day. In Lyons there are more than one thousand shops and stores closed entirely on Sunday. A commission has been sent to England from Germany to inquire into the laws applying to Sunday labor in factories and in workshops. There has been a marked advance also in Austria, owing to an enactment in December, 1895, that on Sunday all work, industrial and commercial, shall cease, except such as is absolutely necessary. In Switzerland Sunday laws have been passed in nearly all the cantons. The post and telegraphic service are reduced one-half. No freight trains are run, and the freight depots are closed. Each employe on railroads, steamboats, street road cars, and in the post office is allowed fifty-two days of rest, and seventeen of these must be Sundays. In Belgium, on account of the anti-religious feeling, the Sunday as a day of rest is not named in the law which guarantees one rest day in each week for women and children; but in practice it is thus observed to a very great degree, and in many departments of labor Sunday work has been reduced. In Holland there are no Sunday newspapers, the railway traffic is reduced, and Sunday hours of rest are given to public servants, though a whole day on each Sunday is an exception, not the rule. In Denmark shops are closed at nine A. M., and also factories, except where work is essential. In such cases the employe's get alternate Sundays. In Norway and Sweden factories and workshops close on Sundays, and no intoxicating liquors are sold from five o'clock Saturday afternoon until eight o'clock Monday morning. There is not even bread making on Sunday, and street railways are closed until afternoon. In the cities there is only one postal delivery at eight o'clock in the morning, and railway servants get every third Sunday. The movement has extended to Russia, where a new law as to Sunday is in preparation, and where the post offices are open only from twelve to two, and public houses are closed until eleven o'clock in the morning. In Spain the Sunday work of young persons under eighteen years of age in factories is prohibited. In Japan, of the six hundred newspapers and periodicals not one is published on Sunday. In India the Christian Literature Society is active, and has accomplished considerable.—*The Independent.*

Items.

*Slavery in Zanzibar and Pemba.*—As these countries are under the control of the British Government, it is expected that emancipation of the slaves will soon be decreed. Friends in Great Britain have felt a great degree of responsibility for the care which the emancipated slaves will need, especially on the Island of Pemba, where a large number are employed on the clove plantations. At the late Meeting for Sufferings, a Friend offered to go out and establish an industrial mission—agreeing to purchase a clove plantation, and to watch over the interests of the present slaves. The Meeting for Sufferings, without finally committing itself to this responsible undertaking, encouraged the Friend to go to the place and make the necessary investigation and report.

*Abolition of Slavery in Madagascar.*—The French authorities in Madagascar have issued a decree proclaiming the abolition of slavery.

THE FRIEND.

TWELFTH MONTH 12, 1896

It is said that during the late election campaign, one of the political parties employed seventeen thousand three hundred stump-speakers who were stationed in two-five Western States, under contracts to speak nightly during the last two weeks of the campaign. Added to this, was the distribution of thousands and thousands of printed documents, in which the issues at stake were discussed. There was evidently an intense earnestness which spared neither labor nor expense to convince the people, and secure their votes.

Some of the religious papers have said that if the same earnestness and effort were used to turn sinners from the evil of their ways, very glorious results would be achieved by the Church of Christ. While we believe that the influence of the professing Church would be largely increased by a corresponding increase of zeal, and that a Divine blessing may reasonably be expected to attend the faithful performance of those labors called for by the Head of the Church, yet it is well to remember that "transformation of apostate man is work for Him who made him;" and that a change of heart from corrupt to holy, no man can make for himself, even less for others. For this change we are dependent upon the visitations of Divine Grace, and submission thereto, and co-operation therewith. These visitations give the ability to forsake sin, and enable us to advance in that path which leads to the realms of celestial happiness. It is the union from on high, the blessed Holy Spirit, which must inspire the preacher, and it only can enable him to speak in the demonstration of the Spirit, and with heavenly power; and it is the Divine Power accompanying his labors which alone can so work on the hearts of the hearers, as to turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan to God.

We would not willingly discourage any of the Lord's servants from laboring in his cause—but we believe it would be wise for all such to heed the caution expressed by the apostle, "Not that we are sufficient of ourselves to think any thing as of ourselves; but our sufficiency is of God."

SUMMARY OF EVENTS.

UNITED STATES.—The President's message was read in both Houses of Congress on the 7th inst. It is recognized as an able document. The affairs of the nation are reviewed. Protection has been given to our citizens in Asiatic Turkey, as far as possible, but the difficulties of active interference, in the deplorable condition of that country, are pointed out. Our interest in Cuba, peculiarly is second only to Spain, and that country, he thinks should give aid to us to the Island. He further says: "Whatever circumstances may arise, our policy and our interests will constrain us to abide to the application of the sword and the Venezuelan Government has accepted the arbitration as agreed upon by Secretary Olney and Sir Julian Pauncefote. An extra session of the Venezuelan Congress will be called as soon as possible in order that the men-of-war may be received on board by the necessary treaty between Great Britain and Venezuela.

An increase in the public debt, less cash in the Treasury, during Eleventh Month, 1896, was \$1,100,000,000, cash in the Treasury, \$8,740,000,000.

On the 3rd inst. President Cleveland issued a proclamation, which suspends the law relieving ves-

sels from German ports from cargoes dues and other charges in American ports. This is done upon evidence that American vessels are not given the same privileges in ports in Germany. It is retaliatory in its nature.

**Supervising Inspector General Dumont** reports that during the last year 221 persons lost their lives on steam vessels, out of 100,000,000 passengers carried. This was a decrease in loss of life of 173 persons from the year before.

**Dr. William H. Furness, 34**, has just returned, after more than a year's absence, from the Archipelago, where he has been making collections for the museum of the University of Pennsylvania, principally in Borneo. He penetrated countries never visited before, and brought back valuable information. A Des Moines despatch says that the "Tobacco Trust" has discovered that the Iowa Cigarette Prohibitory law "cannot be enforced because of interferences with the Inter-State commerce," and that on the 30th ult. 1187 shipments of cigarettes were received from New York and sold in the original packages, no attempt being made to prevent it.

Chief Wadlin, of the Bureau of Statistics of Labor, Massachusetts, says that "eighty-four per cent. of all persons employed in the manufacturing establishments had intemperate habits that led to the crimes committed by them: 31 per cent. were drunk when crime was committed, and 96 per cent. are addicted to the use of liquor."

Before the New York State Investigating Committee of Moral Suicides, Dr. Johnson testified, giving the names of several saloons, where he had visited and found to be worse than mere drinking places. He quoted the Superintendent of the Lowery Mission as saying that the Raines law is being used for immoral purposes. Not only is this true, but there is evidence that the reduction in the number of saloons has not decreased drunkenness. On a cruise, from Third to Fifth Avenue, New York, with, inclusive, there was a heavy increase in the number of arrests for drunkenness. I. F. Fink, the publisher and Prohibitionist, told the committee there was more drunkenness in Brooklyn under the new law than under the old, as well as an increase in immorality.

Brother "Fingle," a Catholic priest, said he knew a great deal about the working of the Raines law in his section from personal observation and special information, and also that a talk with eight or ten representatives of the Catholic clergy, made him sure that his opinion was theirs. "It is my firm conviction," he said, "that drunkenness is on the increase since the opening of the new law. We have had on our poor roll a great increase of mendicants. We have had in our gine in and out of tenement houses a larger number of drunken brawls to settle. We have had a greater number of complaints from women, mothers and families; a larger number of complaints that children could not go to school on account of want of clothes, the husband drinking." He also put the blame on the magistrates.

The funded debt of the railways of Pennsylvania is \$897,995,473, which, with a capital stock and floating debts, makes a total capitalization of \$2,007,191,545. According to the census of 1890, Mississippi had 274,242 white voters and 159,659 black voters; and yet the total vote for Miss-issippi this year was but 61,893. South Carolina had 192,257 white voters and 122,949 black voters; and yet the total vote of South Carolina this year was 63,978.

The California almond growers, in convention at Sacramento, on the 1st inst., adopted a memorial to Congress asking for a protective tariff. It is said that there are over 25,000 acres of almond orchards in California.

Texas despatches report that a severe blizzard had been raging in portions of that State during the forty-eight hours ending on the 15th ult. At Houston, San Antonio and Eagle Pass, the heaviest snow-storm of recent years is in progress.

Heavy snow-fall on the 2nd inst. in portions of Virginia, North Carolina and Georgia.

Deaths in this city last week numbered 341, which is 43 less than the previous week and 73 less than the corresponding week of 1895. The total for 1896, to date, was 13,780, and for 1895, to the corresponding date, 15,587, showing a decrease of 1,807. Of the deaths, 482 were males and 1,525 females; 31 died of pneumonia. There was a consumption of 3,055 lbs. of meat, 26,200 lbs. of coal, 14,000 millions of the staple and breads, 411 of apples; 10,620 gallons of 2nd quality apple, 9 of medicinal wine, 27 of medicinal wine, 29 of medicinal wine.

**GRAIN.**—Wheat, No. 2, 45¢; No. 3, 44¢; 48¢; 49¢; 50¢; 51¢; 52¢; 53¢; 54¢; 55¢; 56¢; 57¢; 58¢; 59¢; 60¢; 61¢; 62¢; 63¢; 64¢; 65¢; 66¢; 67¢; 68¢; 69¢; 70¢; 71¢; 72¢; 73¢; 74¢; 75¢; 76¢; 77¢; 78¢; 79¢; 80¢; 81¢; 82¢; 83¢; 84¢; 85¢; 86¢; 87¢; 88¢; 89¢; 90¢; 91¢; 92¢; 93¢; 94¢; 95¢; 96¢; 97¢; 98¢; 99¢; 100¢.

**COTTON.**—Spinners bought springly on a basis of 70¢ per pound for middling uplands. **FEED.**—Winter bran in bulk, quoted \$9.75 a \$10.50 and spring do., in sacks, at \$9.75 a \$10.50 per ton. **FLOUR.**—No. 1, in sacks, at \$4.25 a \$4.50; do., extras, \$3.75 a \$4.00; Pennsylvania roller, clear, \$4.25 a \$4.50; do., do., straight, \$4.00 a \$4.75; Western winter, clear, \$4.25 a \$4.50; do., do., straight, \$4.00 a \$4.75; do., do., patent, \$4.50 a \$4.75; do., favorite brands, higher; city mills, extra, \$3.50 a \$4.25; do., do., straight, \$3.50 a \$4.25; do., do., patent, \$4.00 a \$5.10. **RYE FLOUR.**—\$2.75 per bbl. for choice Pennsylvania.

**GRAIN.**—No. 2 red wheat, 91 a 94¢. No. 2 mixed corn, 27 a 28¢. No. 2 white oats, 24 a 24½¢.

**BEEF CATTLE.**—Extra, 4 a 5¢; good, 4½ a 4¾¢; medium, 4 a 4½¢; common, 3½ a 4¢. **SUPPER AND LAMBS.**—Extra, 3¼ a 4¢; good, 3¼ a 3½¢; medium, 2 a 3¢; common, 2 a 2½¢; lambs, 1¼ a 1½¢.

**HOGS.**—5 a 5½¢. For Western, and 4 a 4½¢. For State. **FOREIGN.**—From the Board of Trade returns the percentage of wheat in the "Home" crop of the year ending Ninth Month 30th, 1896, that nation's trikk bill has increased \$18,849,920 over the previous year. This seems to indicate that "regulation" does not "regulate" in England.

Joseph K. D. Patmore died in England on the 25th of last month. He was the author of the best-selling title "The Home" in the "Home." It was borrowed from Friends' Library. Since 1847 he was Assistant Librarian in the British Museum.

Emigration to America has created so great a dearth of labor in the agricultural districts of Germany that Chinese coolies are now being imported for field work in the provinces of Silesia, East Prussia, Posen and Pomerania. Coolies are content to work for 20 cents a day, and if they continue to arrive in large numbers emigration of German peasants to this country will likely receive a great impetus.

It has been discovered that the Executive Committee of the Socialist party are lack of the local organizers of the Hamburg strike. They are working out of the interest of the laborers in the interest of the Social-Democratic Party. It is said the strike would have been settled if the Socialists had not intervened. It is thought the Government will soon take some action.

The Turkish Ambassador to Russia has telegraphed to the Porte that the understanding exists between Russia and Great Britain in regard to the reforms in Turkey. This information has created a sensation in the Sultan's circle.

Eight hundred deaths from the plague in Bombay were reported to date. Crowds of panic-stricken natives are fleeing from the city, and trade and travel are seriously affected.

Spanish merchants and financiers decided to attempt to raise 400,000,000 pesetas to loan the Government.

In Eastern Australia a hundred million sheep and great herds of cattle and horses now feed upon pastures covering flat ground which thirty years ago was a desert of soft sand, so "rotten" that the feet sank at every step. This once worthless ground has been beaten into compact soil by the feet of the sheep and cattle, and it is believed that other great desert expanses in Australia may be turned into productive pasture, and in a similar manner.

A terrific wind storm, accompanied by heavy rain, swept over the Windward and Leeward Islands last week. The loss of life is known to have been great. A number of sugar, coffee and cotton estates were inundated.

A St. Johns despatch says that "the purchase of the Newfoundland Railway by the Government will bring the cost of the road to \$19,000,000, which is 95¢ per head of the population."

The Newfoundland Government has decided to purchase the Newfoundland Railway for the sum of \$1,775,000. The railway company, besides handing over its lines to the Government, will relinquish all its contracts for coal and timber within its colony.

Having near capture in Cuba, the necessity of carrying on farming operations in Cuba, otherwise a disastrous famine is inevitable.

#### NOTICES.

MEMORIALS OF QUARTERLY MEETINGS is held at Moorestown on the 11th inst. Friends from Philadelphia will take train from foot of Market Street at 8:30 A. M. for East Moorestown.

**FRIENDS' TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION.**—A meeting will be held at 140 N. Sixth Street, Philadelphia, on Second-day, Twelfth Month 12th, 1896, at 2:15 P. M. All interested are cordially invited.

1. Prof. Austin C. Apgar, of Trenton Normal School, will lecture on "Nature Study in Schools—Lack—Needs and Methods."

2. A talk on the Movements of Growing Plants, with illustrations, by Anna Woolman.

3. A paper, "Nature Work and its Possibilities with Little Children," by Mrs. M. A. Hunt.

4. Discussion—M. Helen Lyndall, Girl's High School and Dr. Emily G. Hunt.

Prompt attendance requested.  
EMILY S. CHEYNEY, Secretary.

A YOUNG man with considerable business experience desires a position with a Friends' Office.  
Address "C" Office, 11th Street.

**WESTOWN BOARDING SCHOOL.**—Applications for the admission of pupils to the school, and letters in regard to instruction and discipline should be addressed to WILLIAM F. WICKESMAN, Principal. Payments on account of board and tuition, and communications in regard to business should be forwarded to EDWARD G. SMEDLEY, Superintendent. Address, Westown P. O., Chester Co., Pa.

**WESTOWN BOARDING SCHOOL.**—For convenience of persons coming to Westown School, the stage will meet trains leaving Philadelphia 7:17 and 8:46 A. M., and 2:53 and 4:32 P. M. Other trains are met when requested. Stage fare on regular trips, fifteen cents, on special trips, twenty-five cents each way. To reach the school by telegraph, wire West Chester Phone 85.  
EDWARD G. SMEDLEY, Sup't.

**FRIENDS' INSTITUTE LYCEUM.**—The next regular meeting of Friends' Institute Lyceum will be held at 140 N. Sixth Street, Sixth-day, Twelfth Month 14th, 1896, at 8 o'clock, P. M. Prompt attendance is requested.

**TUSKEGEE INSTITUTE.**—Booker T. Washington, of the Tuskegee Institute, Tuskegee, Alabama, appeals for second-hand clothing, towels, bedspreads, quilts, sheets, carpets, pillowcases, etc. Friends desiring to contribute are invited to bring them to the depot. They are willing to contribute are requested to send them to  
PAXSON, COMFORT & CO., 529 Arch St.

HAINES JONES & CABERY CO., 1136 Ridge Ave., or WM. H. HAINES, 5453 Wayne St., Germantown, and they will be forwarded to Tuskegee.

**THE MORAL ALMANAC AND FRIENDS' CALENDAR** for 1897 are now ready and for sale at Friends' Book Store, No. 304 Arch Street, Philadelphia. Almanacs, four cents without cover, and five cents with; postage extra. Calendars, five cents each—*if mailed*, ten cents.

**MARRIED** at Friends' Meeting-house, Sixth and Noble Streets, Philadelphia, on the tenth day of the Eleventh Mo., 1896, DAVID HESTON and ESTHER A. HAINES, both of this city.

**DIED**, of apoplexy, First Month 16th, 1896, of the Pennsylvania Hospital, Phila., while in the capacity of steward and superintendent, JONATHAN G. WYRAMS to the sixty-sixth year of his age, a member of Christ's Monthly Meeting, New Jersey. Our dear friend filled up a useful and untiring life in the Divine fear and love, and we doubt not has now entered into the joy of our Lord, to rest from his labors, through the merits and mercy of that Saviour whom He trusted and served. Let His faithfulness on Me, though he were dead, yet shall I stand.

Eleventh Month 3rd, 1896, SARA W. WILLIE (formerly Hull), wife of David P. Willis, at their residence in Lino County, Iowa, in the thirty-fourth year of her age. She was a member of Springville Monthly and Particular Meeting of Friends; a consistent and exemplary member, being strong in the work of the Holy Spirit, a member of the Society and faithful in their support, giving evidence of being under the preparing Hand, for usefulness in the Church. During a protracted illness of several months duration, a struggle for resignation to the Divine will was often the clothing of her spirit, and finally through the mercy of our Heavenly Father she adapted the language, "Not my will, but thine be done, O Lord!" Her close was peaceful, giving evidence to relative and friends that her purified spirit is forever at rest.

# THE FRIEND.

A Religious and Literary Journal.

VOL. LXX.

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PHILADELPHIA.

Articles designed for insertion to be addressed to

JOSEPH WALTON,

MOORESTOWN, EURLINGTON CO., N. J.

Entered as second-class matter at Philadelphia P. O.

Diary and Letters of Deborah Brooks Webb.

(Continued from page 192.)

TO L. H. B.

"PHILADELPHIA, Second Month 15th, 1865.

"I have indeed been remiss in not writing sooner. It has often been on my mind, but the very right time did not seem to come, and unless it is right, a long connection of words would profit little. I almost always feel the responsibility of writing to my young friends to be great, and beseech Him, who can direct every minute circumstance in life to bless my endeavors to be of some service.

"Dost thou ever think of me during all these storms? There is something very joyous to me a storm, particularly snow storms. They seem to be like such a lot of little white birds coming down, and the covering is so beautiful and pure or the dark earth. I have seen storms of thunder and lightning so awful, that I have wished they would cease, but still their very awe has been acceptable to me.

"I love to feel the majesty and power of the Almighty one, who is so merciful and condescending, too. Sometimes lately I have been afraid I love Him too easily, and besought for a greater dread upon my spirit. 'I will be sanctified in them that come nigh me.' He forgives our transgressions so soon, that I often feel like the one to whom much was forgiven and who loved much. Thou hast such good views of his wonders there in the country, and not a glance from the window but can bring thee a token of his power. Thou hast the heart to prize it too, and that is still better.

"How thankful I am that He has touched thy heart, and led thee to seek the knowledge of Him, whom to know is life eternal. I hope my dear Laura is not shunning the cross in anything. A jealousy has been with me ever since thy last visit on that point, but I know not why, and cannot and should not judge. O, my dearest, we must be broken to pieces upon the rock Christ Jesus—nothing else will do. Poor Job was broken at the last, and I have felt his state more than ever of late, and thankfully, too, putting my hand upon my mouth, feeling the vileness of my nature—nothing in me good, only kept alive and allowed to walk the earth by his goodness, but sometimes feeling a desire to depart and be at rest.

"Your visit was appreciated by me, for poverty in the conversational line is so often my lot, that it must be the person's goodness of heart only that prompts a visit to me. Dear E. W.! How changed! I could not see that peculiar modest, winning look that had so frequently attracted my heart towards her before. Perhaps it was the way she wore her hair. I like best to remember her as in former times. There is no prejudice; it is merely the uncontrollable attraction of the heart. I hope she may be preserved meek and lowly, like a little child, at his feet. How I long for that for thee, too, my dear! O, for preservation; O, for preservation for my precious L. Thou art tempted, without doubt, but try to beg to be delivered from evil each day, and He who can open every eye will show thee the snares of thine enemy. Why I have written thus I know not, it may prove a warning some time. Remember thy poor struggling friend at times. Storms of temptation have been in her path; but one Friend remarked to me, 'Storms purify the air.' I have found it so, for I can love and fear Him more deeply and walk more faithfully from them. Thanks be unto Him, who can give the victory to thee and to me.

Thine truly as ever,

"D. B."

Second Month 5th.—My dear Lord instructed me last night in a vision. All the week I had been tried with words coming into my mind, as though they must be expressed in meeting, and a little inclination in me at times, to remember them. I went to bed feeling that my Father pitied me. About the middle of the night I dreamed I was a servant girl with several others, and that they had formed a plot to injure the mistress and rob her house. I knew it was wrong to go with them, but was afraid to oppose them, so went out upon the roof while they engaged in their guilty work. Soon the mistress came and caught them, but they escaped and threw me a pair of shoes, saying they might be my share. The other articles were recovered, but my shoes I never had the courage to restore, but thought I would wear them sometimes. There seemed to be a vague impression that they brought me into disgrace afterwards. I tried to turn away from this unpleasant dream, but soon the passages, "Being shod with the preparation of the Gospel of peace," and "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God unto salvation," etc., came to mind, and I was instructed that I had been stealing shoes, and that I must be shod only with his power, and my heart must be lifted up for this "Holy Ghost to come upon me and the power of the Most High to overshadow me, if He ever called me again to his work." "Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place wherein thou standest is holy ground." Oh, most merciful God, preserve thy poor servant, help me to be like clay in thy hands, and increase my faith. Preserve me in holy reverent silence and submission of soul before thee, oh, Father.

TO L. H. B.

"Sixth Month 6th, 1865."

"It does seem almost as if I had neglected thee wrongfully, but my heart has been with thee many a time, where feeling was too deep for utterance even with this medium. Dost thou ever know, my dear, what it is to have a heart full of prayer and petitioning, and to feel that the Spirit maketh intercession for us, according to the will of God? What a blessed assurance we have, that He knoweth what is the mind of the Spirit, and that all things shall work together for good to them that love God! How rich is his mercy! How unsearchable are his ways, and his judgments past finding out! Who hath first given to Him, and it shall be recompensed unto Him again.' O, dear Laura, let us serve Him fully, being like good old Joshua, whatever others do, we will serve the Lord.

"I have been deeply impressed of late with his mercy in taking away all our sins, casting them behind his back, or into the depths of the sea that we cannot find them. O, He forgives all our shortcomings and shines upon us with the blessed light of his countenance. We indeed see his mercy towards our nation. We have had a sad bereavement, but if it may be, it came just in time to save our people from sinful exultation."

Yes, my dear, it is an inexpressible comfort to feel that his good Spirit does visit all, everybody. How long it has driven with and waited for us. When cast down, remember He looks at the contrite in heart, and regards them as a Father does his children. My heart would faint many a time, and I my spirit be overwhelmed if it were not for this supporting assurance. My thoughts so often stray, instead of every one being brought into subjection to the obedience of Christ. I met with a verse which touched the right chord:

"O to grace, how great a debtor"

Daily I am constrained to be.

Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter

Bind my wandering heart to thee."

"And another:

"Were the whole realm of nature mine,

That were an offering far too small,

Love, so amazing, so divine,

Demand my heart, my life, my all!"

"A very interesting work, which seems to be comments on the book of Exodus, has been loaned me, and I am enjoying it so much. The writer spiritualizes almost everything. The crossing the Red Sea and the wilderness journey is very interesting. Oh, let us not murmur at anything, as they did, but in everything give thanks; though there may be some bitter cups meted out for our refinement and sanctification. The last word seems most to help and good when we look at our own poor souls, but let us look

This letter anticipates its proper place a few months.

Referring no doubt, to the recent assassination of President Lincoln.

away to Him, who is able to do more for us, than we can ask or think.

"Dear Laura, next-thou be blessed indeed, rich in faith and love, heir of the eternal kingdom, is the prayer of thy loving friend,  
"DEBORAH BROOKS."

12th.—I have been discussing some passage to come to mind, or that the Lord would speak to me, when suddenly these words came, "The Lord looking down, loveth such as wait and watch for Him," accompanied with the feeling, that I ought to give them to others. I did so soon, but did not find them for myself afterwards. I am afraid I gave away what was for myself. Oh, Lord, for preservation. Teach thy poor child. Why do I not have more peace? These words came to-night, "Oh, that thou hadst hearkened to my commandments, then had thy peace been as a river, and thy righteousness as the waves of the sea." Oh, help me, Lord, this week.

(To be continued.)

### Getting Something for Nothing.

A dangerous thing in the moral world is the desire of getting something for nothing. It is this desire that leads the thief to break the house and the highwayman to take the road. It is this desire that causes the gambler to substitute gaming for honest labor, and to try by a lucky deal to become the possessor of the money or goods of others. It is this desire that prompts men to bet on horse races and elections—the desire of getting other men's property without giving a fair equivalent. It is this desire that leads men to reckless speculation in futures and real estate and to the formation of trusts and monopolies. It was this desire run mad that led England into the South Sea Bubble and caused ruin and untold misery to thousands—that led France into Law's Mississippi Bubble, and came near plunging the nation into total bankruptcy. It is this same desire that is causing the desolation of hundreds of our American homes every year—this desire which is so fatal to the incentive to honest effort.

Let it be put down as an axiom that it is impossible to make something out of nothing. No way has ever been devised, or ever can be devised, of getting something for nothing, in which one party does not suffer to the extent that the other gains. If the thief steals, the owner must lose the goods stolen, if the gambler wins a thousand dollars, his opponent must lose that amount; if a syndicate buys up all the wheat on the market and makes a fortune out of it, somebody must pay dear for flour; if a company waters its stock, somebody must buy water; if people ride on a bubble, they must expect to be precipitated when the bubble bursts. There is but one correct and thoroughly honest business principle, and that is to give value received in every transaction. An equivalent must be given. This equivalent may be in labor, in goods, in money, in what you please; but it must be an equivalent. All else is on a false basis and leads to evil.

This experiment of making something from nothing has been tried time and again by nations as well as by individuals. Kings and parliaments have issued paper money and false coins and inflated currency, and always with one result. History will be searched in vain for a single instance of fiat money which has held its own for any considerable time and which has not resulted in loss either to the Government or to those who trusted the Government.

And the experiment has failed in every instance for one simple reason: the money did not represent actual value. Kings and nations cannot speak value into existence. It never has been done.—*Calvin S. Brown, in The Independent.*

FOR "THE FRIEND."

### Man—His Nature and Relation to His Maker.

In man are found three distinct essentials to his being, viz: body, mind and soul.

The psalmist David referred not alone to his body when he exclaimed, "I will praise thee, for I am fearfully and wonderfully made: marvellous are thy works, and that my soul knoweth right well" (Ps. cxxxix: 14), for presently he refers to a higher One as speaking to his soul, saying, "How precious also are thy thoughts unto me, O God! how great is the sum of them" (v: 17).

He who created the light created the eye to behold the light and all created things in that light. He who created sound formed the ear to hear. So of Christ, the Eternal Word, by whom all things were made, it is said, "In Him was life, and the life was the light of men" (John: 1: 4). The eye and the ear of the soul must then be opened by God, that they may see and hear the things of God, for "the things of God knoweth no man, but the spirit of God" (1 Cor. ii: 11). This then, is God's new visitation to the man, by his grace in Christ.

Modern scientists aver that the original source of all terrestrial light is the sun. From it we know that perpetual streams of heat and light do flow. It may also be the prime fountain and source of all electrical action, which also furnishes light, and as for wood, coal or other animal or vegetable matter, they all owe their combustible properties to the sun's action, at some, it may be remote, period of their formation. By means of these subtle agencies, man transmits his thoughts thousands of miles along the bed of the ocean, causes the very tones of his voice to be heard hundreds of miles distant, transports himself a mile a minute, delineates objects in the perfection of outline, light and shade. Such marvellous power has the mind of man been permitted to acquire over matter, or the powers of nature.

But what are these to Him who made them all? Who gave to man such power to subdue the elements to his will? Can we fathom his power? Can we limit his knowledge? Ah, no, his Name remains forever, Almighty, Omnipotent, All-seeing, Omnipresent. The best and wisest of men have acknowledged, "Thou understandest my thoughts afar off." "There is not a word in my tongue, but, lo, oh, Lord, thou knowest it altogether" (Ps. cxxxix: 4). "Such knowledge is too wonderful for me; it is high, I cannot attain unto it" (v: 6).

He who created all these things, and man himself, empowering him to subdue them to his purpose, is the Eternal Word, the Sun and Source of all spiritual light to the soul of man.

It has pleased God that in Him should be hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge. He quickens and enlightens the soul to see and understand the things of God. He unlocks the seals and opens the heart and the understanding. And these gifts He dispenses to those who love and fear Him of his own free grace, and not according to the power or cultivation of man's wisdom or intellect. For, as the man strong in body is often inferior in mental power to one possessing less bodily vigor, so likewise the man of great intellectual capacity often falls

short in the fervor of his soul, to him who, though of weaker mind, is enlightened and strengthened in his soul by the Holy Spirit. Not that weakness in one commands the strength in another, for, all things else being equal, he is best fitted for work in the world, who is able both in body, mind and spirit, for that which he is called to do, and all may be laid on the altar of God's service.

In man rightly ordered, Christ is the Head and all in the man is governed in the love and fear of God. The mind is preserved from harboring evil thoughts, which the enemy of souls may shoot as darts at the man, and from the lusts and motions of the flesh to sin, and the body is made a servant to righteousness alone, nor is it permitted to do evil. Indeed every thought and deed is brought to the judgment seat of Christ. Such is the man who walks with God, who obeys the command, "Be ye holy, as I the Lord your God am holy."

It may indeed please God to call the weak and despised of the world, and to fill them with Divine power, and to ordain strength out of the mouths of babes and sucklings, that his name alone must be glorified; yet must we remember that it would not be right for us to desire to be weak in either bodily or mental gifts, as though being so would commend us to God or draw down Divine favor, for truly what are all these things before Him?

All must be laid in the dust and we become humbled as little children; so must the kingdom of God be received, that each one may sit at the feet of Jesus, our Teacher Divine, and do as He said, "Learn of me." Therefore whilst not slothful in our lawful business or calling, let us at the same time "be fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." Let Him reign in us whose right it is, "Sanctify the Lord God in your hearts." "And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly; and I pray God your whole spirit, soul and body, be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ." (1 Thess. v: 23)

W. W. B.

DUTY, OR PRIVILEGE?—How common it is for us to feel that we have a duty to be at work in Christ's service! How rare it is that we realize the privilege of doing any work for Christ. We almost think that Christ needs our help and that therefore we ought to take hold and do what we can for Him. We are liable to lose sight of the fact that Christ is in no sense dependent upon any of us for any service whatsoever, and that He simply confers an honor upon us when He permits us to do anything in the prosecution of his Heavenly work here on earth. Even under a human administration there are many places to be filled, and many applicants for those places. Whether the position be as a representative in a foreign land, or as a worker in a subordinate place nearer home, he who is asked to accept it, and to receive its honors and its emoluments accordingly, can hardly suppose that he deserves any credit for taking the position, and so for being a share in the toils and the triumphs of the administration which appoints him to it. Why, then, should any Christian disciple suppose that he confers a favor on his Divine Master by accepting a position of service and of honor at home or abroad, when those who are worthier than himself might have been selected in his stead? And when we realize the privilege of working for Christ, we shall not want to neglect that privilege in term time or in vacation.—*S. S. Times.*

FOR "THE FRIEND."

Visit to Logan's Quarry.

On the twenty-fourth of Eleventh Month, I left home to pay a visit, long contemplated, to one of the quarries of Chester County, Pa.; the point most especially aimed at was what is known as Logan's Quarry—about two miles west of Juniouville. A kind friend met me at West Chester, and to his good services I am indebted for the success of the excursion.

Our first visit was to the limestone quarry in the Chester County Poor-house farm. The limestone contains Magnesia, and is quite crystalline in structure, but does not present the neat faces of rock which are visible in Baker's quarry, described in a recent number of THE FRIEND. A bed of rotten gneiss containing such mica occupies part of the quarry, and here is also much quartz. Indeed, the most of these limestone deposits, south of the great valley, contains more or less quartz, in some cases so much as to destroy the value of the stone for agricultural purposes. A geological friend told me that he was consulted about a limestone which looked well, but would not burn into lime. On analyzing it, he found that it was more than half quartz.

Several interesting minerals have been found in this quarry, among them Chesterite, which was once regarded as a variety of feldspar. It occurs in cavities in the limestone in the form of crystals. As the quarry had not been worked for some years, circumstances did not favor our making much of a collection. Some of the poorest inmates were at the quarry, loading an x-cart, with earth, to repair the ice-dam. On acquiring after minerals, they referred us to one they called "Chesterite Billy," who had resided at the institution for several years, and appeared to have taken more interest in such matters than he others. We hunted him up, and he said the Chesterite was found in pockets in the limestone, and promised shortly to procure specimens for us.

Soon after breakfast the next morning we started for Logan's quarry. The men were at work on a bed of beautiful white stone, which might be called marble. Overlaying this was a large quantity of limestone sand, which is found to be a very useful material for raising plants from cuttings, the roots seeming to grow unusually readily from the cuttings inserted into it, to green-houses.

One of the inducements to visit this quarry was to obtain specimens of tremolite, a mineral which is often found in this locality. Tremolite is considered as one of the varieties of Hornblende, a mineral which possesses many forms, which are identified as belonging to the same group, by certain peculiarities of the crystallization. The dark green or black individuals are called Hornblende, and contain considerable iron; actinolite generally presents lighter green colors, and is usually crystallized in long, slender prisms; tremolite has white fibres, and contains a mere trace of iron. It is mainly a compound of silica, magnesia and lime. It derives its name from Tremola, in Switzerland, where it was first found.

Not being familiar with the quarry, we did not meet with the mineral at first, and so went to the house of the proprietor. His sister produced a tray of minerals, and showed us several specimens, one of which was very beautiful, the fine delicate fibres were arranged side by side, as if a strand of very fine cotton had been transformed into rock. The owner knew it as cotton-stone. We admired the smoothness and glossy

texture, and returned to the quarry to make a further search. We soon found on one of the blocks of stone, quarried for the limekiln, a coating of tremolite, which furnished us with several very good specimens of this beautiful mineral. It seems probable that in the process of hardening the original ocean sediment of corals and shells into limestone rocks, the silica, lime and magnesia of which Tremolite consists, had been taken up into solution in heated water, and subsequently crystallized into the beautiful fibres in which we found it.

Logan's quarry has produced some large crystals of sulphure of iron, or iron pyrites, and we saw a large piece of rock, which was penetrated by numerous crystals of dark Turmaline. Like the Tremolite, these were probably formed by crystallization from aqueous solution, in remote ages. Turmalines are found of various colors. The composition of the black is mainly of silica, aluminum and iron, mixed with small proportions of several other ingredients. The green species contain less iron, but some lithia, and in the red the iron disappears, and its place is partially supplied by boracic acid and manganese.

Well pleased with our success, we returned homeward by another road, which crossed the serpentine barrens of Newlin township, where considerable quantities of that valuable mineral, Corundum, had been dug. The works are at present abandoned, but a large area of perhaps one hundred acres was marked with the piles of earth and rock, which showed where exploration had been made for corundum. The variety in the appearance of the stones lying on the surface, made me wish for the presence of a skilled mineralogist, who could have pointed out the different species that were exposed to view.

On this barren spot grew quantities of the Mountain Pink (*Phlox subulata*), which much frequents the serpentine ridges, and in the Fourth and Fifth Months covers them with a sheet of bloom. I was surprised and pleased to find some of them in flower at this late season of the year. I supposed that the mildness of the weather had so favored the growth of the plant, that the flowers which in ordinary course would have appeared next spring, had ventured to show themselves at this early period.

Although it was an unexpected pleasure to find *Phlox* in bloom, yet it was not very surprising, for during the Eleventh Month I had met with several similar instances. The winter Jessamine, whose yellow blossoms are among the earliest which show themselves, after winter has passed, had been in flower for a week or two. Among those I had seen in bloom were the Round-leaved Mallow (*Malva rotundifolia*), whose fruit, composed of numerous small capsules, aggregated into a flattened head, the children were accustomed to call cheese; the Yellow Dandelion; the Peppergrass, (*Lepidium Virginicum*), and the common Chickweed (*Stellaria media*), a hardy plant which Dr. Darlington says may be found in flower, in mild winters, in every month of the year.

On the whole, the trip was a very interesting and instructive one. J. W.

MEMBERS of a church who adhere to the old constitution and confession of faith, although constituting a small minority, are entitled to the church property when the rebellious majority have adopted a new constitution and refuse longer to submit to the organic law of the association. (Bear et al., Trustees, vs. Heasley, et al., Mich. S. C., 1894.)

Against the Teaching of War in History Text Books.

"Particularly by the study of the ancient poets and historians," it was justly remarked by William Ellery Channing, "the sentiments of early and barbarous ages on the subject of war are kept alive in the mind; and though Christian by profession, some of the earliest and deepest impressions are received in the school of unevangelized antiquity." On the same theme the eminent essayist, John Foster, wrote: "Who can tell how much that passion for war, which, from the universality of its prevalence, might seem inseparable from the nature of man, may, in the civilized world, have been reinforced by the enthusiastic admiration with which young men have read Homer and similar poets, whose genius transforms what is, and ought always to appear, purely horrid, into an aspect of grandeur." It was, hence, a sufficiently frank admission that was lately made in a leading religious journal by an apologist for the Boys' Brigade scheme, that "all healthy boys have a love of soldiery born in them," leaving as a not unfair inference the corollary that the youth who did not resent an attack upon his rights or strike back when assaulted, must be weak and unwholly.

It is a lamentable but natural sequence of this emulation of the false-heroic models found so largely in pagan classics, as contra-distinguished from those moulded upon the pure Christian type, which heretofore have been kept too much in the background, that the school history text-books of our day are so largely what they are, a compend of the battles of one's country, with a very pronounced bias under the label of patriotism for "my country, right or wrong." That was therefore a much needed testimony penned by Rector Alex. Mackay-Smith, in responding to an invitation to be present at the conference on international arbitration in Independence Hall, on last Washington's birth-day, in which he said, "Our children are nurtured on stories of British cruelty in the Revolutionary war; the devil, to them, has a red coat, and carries a Queen Anne musket. My great-grandfather was an officer in that war, but I wish we could forget the whole conflict. My own children are growing up to dislike England because of that old war as told in their school books. It is time to stop it. Patriotism is the noblest virtue, but it must not be nourished in hate. A little common sense as well as Christian charity on both sides is needed."

At the meeting here referred to, Prof. W. Hudson Shaw, of Oxford, England, deprecated the undemocratic policy and some of the language of the premier, believing that they did not fairly represent English public sentiment, which he said was largely in sympathy with American institutions, and for lasting peace between the two countries. He found fault, in a mild way, however, with the text-books used in American schools, which incited enmity toward the mother country in the minds of our youth. Felix Adler, of New York, endorsed Professor Shaw's mild protest against un-called-for anti-British sentiment in American text-books, and said he felt at liberty as an American to make the protest in stronger language. The audience, the newspaper report says, heartily applauded reference to the subject.

It was to help counteract this most pernicious method of acquainting our young people with the history of their country, that I brought out in 1877 my United States History, and some

years later, my smaller history, more especially for the use of schools. Several editions of each of these were issued, but as there are none now for sale, I shall not be charged with advertising the books. In the pre-tory note to the first issue, the following avowal from my personal experience of the pernicious pedagogic battle-drilling referred to, is thus stated:

"This persistent indoctrination of warlike ideas resulted in producing an intensely partisan feeling, so that the very name of 'British' or 'Mexican' became a hateful sound to our patriotic apprehensions. Indeed our principal concern appeared to be to learn how much greater was the battle loss in killed and wounded on the part of the British, than was that of the Americans. It is not using too forcible an expression to say that there was begotten in our youthful minds something of the malignant sentiment of murderers. Of the moral loss occasioned by a state of warfare, together with its exceeding expensiveness, we had no conception. To supply, in a measure, this lack of information, and to promote the knowledge of those things in the past and present history of our country which tend to its peace, prosperity and true renown, are the purposes of this work. The rule of political action recommended may be concisely expressed by that vigorous Anglo-Saxon word—straightforwardness."

We have lately had some very recent exemplifications of this teaching of international antagonism, on the part of the lads and young men in some of the public schools, colleges and universities of Spain and the United States respectively. The Philadelphia *Record* tells of a small boy who made a quantity of crayon-colored paper flags of Spain, which, in an explosion of patriotism he threw one by one into the kitchen fire, and then "schemally loaded his Fourth of July pistol with caps and fired a salute in honor of the event."

For a number of years Herman Molkenboer, of Bonn, Germany, has been corresponding with editors, essayists and teachers in various countries of Europe and America, for the purpose of propagating information upon this matter, and seeking, by representations to governments and school boards, to effect a change in the usual harmful way of presenting patriotism in the history text-books. In an address last year to schoolmasters and teachers, in Stockholm, Sweden, by M. F. Rasmussen, the mischievous effect of the present almost universal pollution of school-books and popular histories with the war spirit and eulogies of the battle field, was vigorously presented. It was declared to be a national curse. "The war spirit is the evil spirit of schools, and the war spirit is the evil spirit of the community." In Denmark, a handy manual of history has been lately issued, in which the author, N. E. Højberg, has forbidden to give the warrior a place of honored prominence in comparison with the useful citizen, the philanthropist, the artist, the inventor, the engineer. In Glasgow, Scotland, since the first of this year, the local school board having been memorialized upon the subject of the presentation of peace and against the teaching of un-friendliness towards foreign nations, acceded to a request that a lecture, illustrated by fine-line drawings of scenes described on the battle-fields of eastern France, be given the scholars, and that copies of the anti-war essay of M. Sève, a government schoolmaster of France, which obtained the prize offered by the International Arbitration and Peace Association, be distributed to the teachers.

In the year 1853, I laid before the then United States commissioner of education, John Eaton, the desirability (as it seemed to me) of issuing a bulletin upon this matter for the information and right stimulation of our teachers, proffering some material if such was desired. The commissioner, in reply, said that while he could not promise to use such material as a bulletin, he would be greatly obliged for any statement of facts I might be able to send him.

The present commissioner of education, W. T. Harris, having also been written to on the foregoing subject, has replied that he thinks the presentation of the matter is "timely," and will "do good in the way of developing a feeling in favor of international arbitration." The commissioner surely occupies a position wherein he can greatly advance this very important reform, and I think it is not hoping too much to believe that he will be found actively interesting himself in so furthering it.

In a late number of the *Herald of Peace*, of London, is a stirring editorial on "The Education of the Young in Pacific Sentiments," wherein cheering recognition is given to the fact that "at peace congresses and meetings there is being manifested an increasing sense of the importance of taking definite and systematic measures to educate the young in pacific sentiments and to indoctrinate the minds, both of school children and college students, with sound and humane principles in relation to the evils of war and the blessing of international concord." Allusion is made to the recent agitation of the subject in some of the European states, as well as in England, while occasion is taken to specially point out how our text-books in America, in treating of the Revolutionary War, have sedulously fostered the bad feeling in omitting to point out how it was that the obstinacy and folly of George the Third, and of Lord North, did not rightly reflect the prevalent opinion of the British people generally upon the matters then at issue with the colonies. Green's History of the English People is cited as a historic work of the better, unprejudiced class.

The *Arbitrator*, likewise of London, has also a valuable editorial which refers to the visit to United States this summer, of Samuel Plimssoll, favorably known for his successful efforts in connection with the amelioration of the international steamer passenger service. The distinct purpose of his visit was to make examination of a large number of our school histories, with the object of obtaining data upon the genesis and perpetuation of an alleged very antagonistic feeling in the United States toward the mother country. "Before he left this country [England], he searched thirty-four of the histories used in our Board Schools, without finding any unkind allusion to the United States, but he asserts that the opposite is the case in America. As a practical result of his inquiries, it is reported that he has persuaded the federal commissioner of education to deal with the subject in his next report. To a New York reporter, Mr. Plimssoll sensibly commented upon the sort of history he found in American school-books. "It seems strange to me that you should allow the ill feeling caused by a war of one hundred and twenty years ago to still exist. You must remember that nine-tenths of the English people were opposed to the war at the time, and that the remaining one-tenth, the governing class, was divided within itself on the subject. Why let the nets of a datt old king, who was in retirement for insanity two or three times,

cause an everlasting animosity toward the England of to-day, which has no more to do with that time than the United States of to-day has?"

This matter of the great folly of King George in his treatment of the claims and grievances of the American colonies was well enlarged upon by Edwin D. Mead, editor of the *New England Magazine*, in an address on "The True Historic Relations of England and America," delivered not long ago at Lake Mohonk. "This then," he concludes his theme, "is what we want to make our people know, that in the American Revolution England did not hate us, but that the best men in England were our friends from that time to this,—the men of the Revolution and fathers of our constitution finding their greatest eulogists in English statesmen like Brougham and Gladstone. . . . The English historians, Green, Gardiner and the rest, tell the story of the American Revolution precisely as we desire to have it told; and above all, the boys and girls in the district schools are taught this history from their text-books in the right way, in the way which makes them love and admire us and our fathers, instead of hating us."<sup>8</sup>

In our own country, John Bach MacMaster, has given us a history modelled somewhat after that of Green, in making more prominent the social and industrial conditions of the people. Arthur Gilman, author of "A History of the American People," wrote me (1885) about the time that that work was published, relative to his non-use of battle pictures: "I avoided the class of cuts upon which you animadvert, because they are usually not true (being simply imaginative), as well as because I think them improper to be placed before children. I have written more or less on historical subjects, and find myself constantly drawn away from strife toward the contemplation of the peaceful progress of civilization. Wars must doubtless be recorded, but let us not emphasize their details."

Nearly seventy years ago (in 1828) that conscientious educator, Emma H. Willard, of Troy, New York, deprecating the large space usually given to the wars, made the effort to supply a text-book of United States history of a more beneficent character than those ordinarily in use. Sometime before the civil war, a friend of New York city (Ruth Murray, I think) made an essay in the same direction. About 1880, appeared the compendious class book of Dr. Edward Taylor, and two or three years ago, the one compiled by Prof. A. C. Thomas, of Haverford College. This, I understand, is being revised for a new edition.

It will not suffice that the history compiler's standpoint be that of forbearance and amity between the United States and Great Britain, or between the Anglo-Saxon peoples the world over. The conscience of professing Christendom appears to be slowly coming up to the apprehension that the settlement of the misunderstandings and grievances of its component nations by resort to fighting, is not only expensive and barbarous, but that it is morally wrong.

When that deeply inquisitive disciple of Confucius, Li Hung Chang, visited Gladstone

<sup>8</sup>The following was noted, some years ago, after looking over an English compilation, *Little Arthur's History of France*. "While this book, for children mainly, contains fifteen illustrations, one of these is a murder scene, eleven are representations of battles or other warlike subjects, and one has reference to an incident of war. There remains, then, but one picture, in addition to the map, which does not suggest to enquiring youth, that man is, above all things else, a fighting animal."



month or two ago, and asked him what he thought of war, England's greatest statesman liberally replied: "War benefits nobody, in all cases one country is in the wrong, and every often both countries are in the wrong." A good marginal note indeed for the new text-book of history that shall tell of Earl Li's noble tour.

JOSIAH W. LEEDS.

**GROWING OLD.**

They call it going down the hill  
When we are growing old,  
And speak with mournful accents  
When our tale is nearly told;  
They sigh when talking of the past,  
The days that used to be,  
As if the future were not bright  
In immortality.

But it is not going down,  
'Tis climbing higher and higher,  
Until we reach the mountain  
To which our souls aspire;  
For if the natural eye grows dim,  
It is but dim to earth,  
While the eye of faith grows keener  
To see the Saviour's worth.

For though in truth the outward man  
Must perish and decay,  
The inward man shall be renewed  
By grace from day to day;  
Those who are planted by the Lord,  
Unshaken in their root,  
Shall in their old age flourish  
And bring forth clearest fruit.

It is not years that make men old,  
The spirit may be young  
Though fully three-score years and ten  
The wheels of life have run;  
God has himself re-ordered  
In his blessed Word of Truth,  
That they who wait upon the Lord  
Shall oft renew their youth.

And when the eye, now dim with tears,  
Shall open to behold the King,  
And ears now dull with coming age  
Shall hear the harps of heaven ring,  
And on the head now hoary  
Shall be placed a crown of gold,  
Then shall we know the lasting joy  
Of never growing old.

**WHEN MOTHER SITS DOWN BY THE FIRE.**

MARY BURR BANES.

When the five o'clock chime brings the easiest time  
That is found in the whole of the day;  
When Larry and Gus and the others of us  
Come in from our study or play;  
When we push the big chair to the hearth over there,  
And pile the wood higher and higher,  
And we make her a space in the very best place—  
And mother sits down by the fire.

There's a great deal to say at the close of the day,  
And so much to talk over with mother;  
There's a comical sight or a horrible plight,  
Or a ball game, or a meeting of other;  
And she'll laugh with Larry and sigh with Harry,  
And smile to our heads and desire;  
At a triumph won or a task well done—  
When sitting down there by the fire.

Then little she'll care for the clothes that we tear,  
Or the havoc we strike on her taylor;  
For the toil and the strife of our everyday life  
She will wear as a little bit harder;  
Then our lady is she, and her knights we would I be,  
And her trust don't they deeds will inspire;  
For we long then anew to be generous and true—  
When mother sits down by the fire.

—The Independent.

"He who would benefit his fellow man must walk by faith, sowing his seed in the morning, and in the evening withholding not his hand."  
—The Scottish Reformer.

**A Search for Truth.**

[This pamphlet printed by J. E. Southall of Newport, Monmouthshire, England, is an autobiographical narrative of an ex-convict officer of the Salvation Army. It is reprinted with slight omissions.]

"DEAR FRIENDS:—Some of you have been concerned at the change in my manner of life, and have thought I was backsliding from my Christian profession, and seeing that no man liveth to himself alone, I have felt constrained to give you some account of what had led to the change, in order that none may be discouraged by what they have thought to be my unreasonable rejection of some common customs. I am the more inclined thereto because I have removed from the midst of some of my acquaintances before there was much opportunity for explanation. In the change I humbly believe I have been under Divine direction, and my quotations of scripture chapter and verse are made in the interest of those who believe the Holy Scriptures to be the one rule for the Christian. For myself, I accept the Holy Spirit of Christ as the primary and universal rule, and this accords with the scripture statement, "As many as are led by the Spirit of God," they are the Sons of God, and others. That is the Spirit who inspired the Holy Scriptures, and consequently will never be contrary to them.

"In my boyhood and afterwards, I came in close contact with many professors of the various sects of religion who seemed to have no confidence in the reality of their ground of faith, but almost all spoke and acted as if their forms and ceremonies were carried out, so that, if in the final event the Bible proved true, they would be all right, and if not, there would be no harm done; and indeed with solemnity I write it, religion was often treated like a system of fire insurance. Yet in my soul I knew that there was such a thing as real religion, and I often yearned for power to overcome the evil in my nature, but as I look back in the light of subsequent events, I believe that many of the sermons I heard, and books I read, tended to convince rather than assist me. In despair I got careless of restraint, and allowed myself to run into evil courses, although hypocritically professing Christianity, and many times entering into controversy with others on religion. At last I heard some new converts of the Salvation Army detail their experience, in which they spoke with confidence of a personal spiritual communication with Christ, and I felt that I had found some who knew God.

"I went from them with a fresh hope and desire for purity, that I too might know and serve God. For months my mental struggles were intense, I knew I was in a hopeless stony nature, but I felt that it would be a terrible thing, for flesh and blood, to let God have his way with me. I felt that, to obtain the pearl I must give up all to which I clung; in short, I must pay the price. I again went to a S. A. meeting, and in the craving for onward and upward, instead of looking to the Light of Christ within, I went to the "penitent form": I was bidden "only believe," but I felt they were blind guides, as I knew what was required, and went away still miserable.

"Some months later I heard the word "converting" used in a quotation from Holy Scripture, and it was so applied to my mind that I was enabled to submit my will to the discipline of God's Holy Spirit, that He might truly convert me from evil to righteousness.

"Alone, I dealt with God. Smoking was a terrible habit to me, which I had attempted to combat in vain, but faith, which is the gift of God, was given me, and I was enabled there and then to destroy my smoking apparatus, and the taste for tobacco has never returned, the taste for strong drink was also taken away—and now came a still greater conflict: It was required of me that I should confess and make restitution for wrongs which I had done. It was terrible, and I could only get so far as to say that I was helpless, but that I would submit at such time and as far as He would give me power to do so; this was accepted, and the peace in my soul was sweet.

"The entire history of my spiritual struggles need not be given. I found few who could sympathize with me, and all my conflicts were without human intervention. Yet with all this I was very busy as to the outward; I wanted others to know something of salvation, and too often I ran without being sent. Among other things I induced the Salvation Army to open meetings in our neighborhood, and was prominent in the meetings. For a time I was carried on by the excitement, and bore an appearance of satisfaction even after I had begun to have misgivings as to the spirituality of the S. A. system; nevertheless, I felt a living desire to be heart what God would have me to be; and in my first I prayed "Lord make me real," even when my mouth uttered other words. I was now required to make the confession and restitution which had been shown to me before, and I felt that it was more than I could endure, especially after having recently made such an outward profession, and had made acquaintance with Christians around. Long and fierce was the struggle in which I had weligned made shipwreck of faith, but finally I was, through grace, enabled to humble myself as in the dust; my confessions, etc., were received with surprise, but I was favored beyond expectation, and I came out of the conflict spiritually stronger than I had been. I continued my human best to convey to others the tidings of salvation, but was, to a very large extent, using the borrowed words so depreciated by the ancient prophets, although from time to time I felt that I was blessed in what I did. Gradually my eyes were opened to see the errors of the S. A. system, that even though some souls were brought to a degree of spiritual light, they were not left directed to the Spirit of Christ within them, but while in the tender soil were impressed with the importance of submission to the Salvation Army discipline and the rule of its officers, and so my growing soul has, I believe, thus gone back into the darkness; others by a spurious or bastard birth have made a fair show for a time, but gradually disappeared; and in this City of which I knew most, not five per cent of those who professed as salvatists, are now professing Christians.

"On the subject of prayer I felt especial concern, as I was satisfied that we can only pray truly as we are directed by God's Holy Spirit; but by certain people being called on to pray according as the desire of the other might suggest, the Spirit's leading was defeated, and practically there grew in every individual a deplorable formality, and regular attendants knew what words to expect in most of the prayers. I shrink sometimes to hear persons addressing the Trinity, and asking that souls should be brought out in that particular meeting, and telling God that His honor was at stake, as they had published the condition, viz.—Asking in Faith. I need not

detail how the Army system works out, suffice to say that subsidiary officers are in dread of displeasing their superiors by showing decrease in numbers or finances, and hence are tempted to highly color and exaggerate their reports and statistics, and the spirit of emulation is continually appealed to by Staff Officers and in the 'War Cry.' I first expostulated with officers and then with William Booth, but my remarks were treated as signs of back-sliding, and eventually I could only find peace in withdrawing.

"My feelings, in the eager rush to carry the news of salvation everywhere, had been that unless men were told with the outward voice or else read from a book or paper of the way of salvation, they could not be saved from the punishment of hell; but several scriptures were gradually opened to my mind, as Rom. ii: 14 and 15; Luke xii: 47 and 48; and I felt that God was just, and would not damn souls without mercy, because of mine or another man's failure to keep up a regular round of preaching, singing and praying. This gradually took shape in my mind, but was still in a crude form, when I obtained an old copy of 'Barclay's Apology.' The teaching of Barclay answered to the Witness within me in most things, and in time I came to see the symmetry of the Truth, as owned by Ancient Friends.

"For some time after I left the Salvation Army, I taught a class in the Primitive Methodist school, spoke in their meetings on some occasions, and was much pressed to enter into membership with the people; it would have been pleasant to do so, but I dared not, as I felt I should not long be free to acknowledge that kind of worship which is done in man's will; and although I know good men in various sects who know God and the power of his resurrection in their souls, yet I feel that it is in spite of their religious surroundings, and not a consequence. Later on I felt that for me, it would be wrong to continue to attend formal worship, and found it right to sit in quietness in my own house and wait upon God after the manner of Friends, even though with no human companion.

"I felt for a long time that it would be pleasant to be near Friends (or Quakers) with whom I could hold converse, but as I came in contact with them and their modern literature, I found a mere shadow of the spiritual religion of Fox, Barclay, Penn, etc., and which had so answered to the Witness in my own soul. I found Friends' quiet singing more to my taste than the singing in most sects, but afterwards learnt that machine music was adopted by them in some places, and it led me to examine the subject, when it was shown me that music and singing as such, could not be worship, although an individual may, under the influence of the Spirit, express himself in song, or otherwise, as it shall please the Great Master of Assemblies to direct him.

"I now briefly state, viz.:—the principles which I believe are held by true Friends.

"Every man born on this earth, and while yet a dweller thereon, has such light given him that, if he will, he may escape perdition, and the Light named, is a manifestation of Christ in the soul. God is a Spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth.

"He is mentioned in Holy Scripture under various names, characters, and similitudes, to enable our finite minds to grasp some idea of his majesty, power, and glory.

"He is omnipresent, so that any place is suitable for worship if we can come into the

'silence of all flesh,' hence no building or place is holier or better than another. It is not allowable to uncover the head to honor any building, or man, or woman, because that is an act of worship due only to God. Oral expression of worship, prayer, or discourse, should be under the direct influence of the Holy Spirit, and any words spoken under his directions to whom all hearts are open) shall be as seeds falling on prepared ground; and to such words shall the ancient promise apply, 'My word shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please.'

"Absolute truth is required of all, whether in names, descriptions or assertion, hence in naming months, or days, I cannot give to them the names of heathen gods, the existence of which I do not believe, even though it be a custom with the world generally (Josh. xxiii: 1, Ex. xxiii: 13, Ex. xxiii: 2). Neither can I address one person as 'you,' seeing that 'you' is plural. Also truth requires the disuse of flattering words as 'Sir,' 'Worship,' 'Honor,' 'Reverend,' 'Mr.,' 'Mrs.,' 'Miss.'

"True baptism is Spiritual, i. e., a baptism into the nature, power, and influence of Christ, all types and shadows being done away now that the Jewish law is abrogated.

"Communion with Christ is Spiritual, and does not require the consumption of bread and wine, which was the outward part of the Passover Feast which Jesus directed his disciples (who were Jews) to continue, with a new meaning so often as that National Feast was partaken by them.

"The Word of God is Christ, and not the Scriptures, although they are words in all or in part written according to the Will of God. The Scriptures can never bring salvation, which must be by spiritual contact of the soul with Christ, with or without a knowledge of the Holy Scriptures. In some cases 'word' is applied to some special command or message from God, but never to the Bible as a concrete book.

"It is wicked to take an oath, whether for private or public purposes. All oaths are forbidden by Christ, who said that our communications should be yea or nay, viz.:—Simple assertion without undue adjective, interjection, or forcible language.

"War, and the spirit that begets war, are contrary to the Spirit of Christ, and are utterly evil, and therefore unnecessary.

"As the Gift of God cannot be purchased with money, neither can spiritual gifts be dispensed by man in his own will. So it is evil for men to sell their supposed ministry for a money payment, and those who contribute thereto partake of the evil.

"That pride is evil, and it is wrong to deck our bodies and houses with mere ornament and trimming, yet cleanliness, decency, and order are desirable and necessary to every Christian.

"The Jewish law is of no effect as a compulsory institution, but many of its precepts, when voluntarily complied with, prove advantageous from a moral and sanitary point of view. Self-denial is absolutely necessary in the Christian life.

"For what I have written I alone am responsible, being at this date unconnected with any organized body or church."

"We should not forget that 'the kingdom of heaven is within'; that it is the state and affections of the soul, the answer of a good conscience, the sense of harmony with God, a condition of time as well as of eternity."—J. G. Whittier.

## A Vaccine Farm.

In Marietta, Pa., in Lancaster County, where the richest farming land in that great State is found, is situated a model establishment known as the Lancaster County Vaccine Farms. Here is a series of buildings in which five hundred head of cattle could be under treatment at the same time if necessary—as might be the case in a great epidemic like that of 1872 should gain headway in the country. The animals selected are young heifers ranging from one to two or a half years, raised by the surrounding farmer for their future milk cows. These animals are rented to the vaccine propagators, being brought to the stables and prepared, and passed through the vaccinating process, and recovered to some health, and returned to their owners in about thirty days.

The animals are brought either in wagon built expressly for the purpose or are driven. They are thoroughly groomed and allowed to recover from the agitation of their journey. The temperature is taken morning and evening and they are tested with tuberculin for tuberculous. If any are found with this disease a price is fixed and they are at once killed, so as to remove all danger of infecting the locality. So careful has been the watch, and so resolute the destruction, that the whole region is wonderfully free from diseased animals of any kind. The accepted candidates are then removed to a stable that is as light as a lady's parlor, the floors being of a concrete that is washed into trapped drain pipes, and they are flushed so often as to be perfectly clean. The diet is that which experience has shown will produce the most perfect health, and just as great care given during the inevitable "sickness" that follows vaccination; for it is found that if moist food or unpalatable water is offered, an animal will often refuse to eat or drink for twenty-four hours, and at certain critical seasons this will result in the failure to form a proper vesicle and so far is unprofitable, pecuniarily viewed.

The operating room is flooded with sunshine but protected from the ingress of flies by window screens. When the animal is secured by the proper appliances, the operator, dressed in a clean suit of white duck, washes his hands in a bichlorid solution and scowries a spot that has previously been washed with bichlorid solution and shaved twice, and dried with a clean towel. The knife used has been carefully sterilized, and every precaution taken that no particle of dust shall get into the wounds. The lymph is carefully rubbed into the wounds, and the operator waits for the disease to run its course.

The vesicle is in a proper condition for the removal of the lymph in from five to seven days. A "crust" is formed that our fathers thought was the right material to use in the old-fashioned, human, arm-to-arm process. There are possibilities of this crust being contaminated by particles of dust, and if this dust is from dirt hay, the potent bacterium of lockjaw may be there. This is removed, and beneath it is a layer that is at once removed, for it often contains the bacteria of pus, which while worthless as vaccine, can set up a distressing inflammation in a new subject. All the area about the vesicle is washed with bichlorid before beginning the removal of the lymph. The ivory "points" on which it is taken are soaked in alcohol, placed on a screen and a lighted match applied, and afterward placed in a hot-air sterilizer, and arranged in wooden clamps holding, dry. Then as the lymph oozes up from the bared and cleansed vesicle, it is painted with

terized brushes onto the points; and just as minute care is given to packing it for sale.

The operating room and the packing room are finished in wood matched to avoid cracks, carefully painted and varnished, and very frequently washed down with bi-chlorid solution. —*The Independent.*

### Natural History, Science, etc.

**Observing Nature.**—When among the mountains of South Africa, Scott-Elliott had an attack of fever. He says, "I went into the hut and remember nothing till next morning, about ten o'clock, when the natives gave me a chicken and rum roots to satisfy a raging hunger.

"That day I crawled a few hundred yards into the jungle while my men were seeking the hings left up the hill, and sat down on a fallen log to watch the forest. Such moments can be but rarely permitted to a conscientious naturalist, whose whole time should be spent in tirelessly grabbing things not seen before, and ridding grasshopper after flighty and restless insects; but they are very pleasant when one can allow oneself a rest. A beautiful bird, which I believe to be a toucan, ran up and down a branch, using its broad, expanded tail as a balance. A troop of monkeys were feeding not far off, and seeing me perfectly still, came quite close. They were probably a species of Cercopithecus, with brown fur and white eyebrows and imperial. Their expression is very melancholy and depressed. Eight or nine of the older males came within five or ten yards, and regarded me severely; then they would slowly produce an enormous smile with an extremely comic effect. This is intended to frighten the observer, and is quite a common habit of monkeys. I have seen, e. g., the Colobus monkey doing the same thing.

"These things only happen when one has no run and is in a very patient condition. To those who are not by nature naturalists, it is a useful hint to remember that if one wishes to observe the habits of any living creature, from a humble bee to an antelope, the essential is to remain absolutely still. The very slightest movement directs the attention of any wild thing to the place, and it at once becomes suspicious. When quite still, they do not in most cases distinguish the difference in color. It is just as hard for us to see an insect when it is quite quiet, as the slightest movement reveals it if one watches patiently.

**Bark Cloth.**—The fig producing this cloth is very widely cultivated all through the Victoria region, and up to six thousand feet on Ruwenzori. On one of the rare occasions in which I managed to arrive unexpectedly in a Wawamba Valley, we heard from every hamlet the knocking of the heavy wooden mallet with which they beat out the strip of bark which is taken from a tree. They usually cut away a nearly complete cylinder from as high as they can reach to the ground. This is spread upon the trunk of a tree, and every portion is gently and regularly hammered till it becomes almost twice as wide as before. The cloth so formed is rather coarse in texture, but of a very nice brownish terra-cotta color. It is very easily torn, and becomes often completely spoiled by a single shower.—*A Naturalist in Mid-Africa.*

### Items.

**Silver-Trick Drawings, State and National.**—"The Waste of Personal Liberty" versus the Warnings of Abstinence for the Public Good.—There

is a good deal of earnest, even angry complaint from some of our large cities, notably New York and Philadelphia, that there are thousands of children for whom there has been no public school accommodation provided. The prevalence of prohibition, or, we will say, of personal abstinence for the individual good and the public good, would give the country in one year; 3,000 new public school houses in cities, costing \$10,000 each, and 10,000 for the towns and the country districts, averaging \$4,000 each, with 5,000 kindergartens and day nurseries for the children of the poor, at \$2,000 each; 1,000 industrial schools, costing \$50,000 apiece, supplemented by 2,500 public libraries at an average of the same liberal figure. As our abstinent people would be in a generally better condition to attend places of worship, we could provide 500 new church edifices in cities at \$40,000 each, and 3,000 in the outlying districts at \$10,000 each. Our hearts being then presumably enlarged, we would be able to supply for the relief of unfortunate, indigent and suffering humanity, 200 public hospitals, costing \$500,000 each, 100 houses for incurables, at \$75,000 each, 500 hospitals for consumptives at \$100,000 each, 50 orphan asylums at the same cost, 100 training institutions for nurses at \$50,000 each, and 1,500 poor women's employment rooms and soup kitchens at \$1,000 apiece. Although our prisons and penitentiaries would no longer have even one occupant per cell, our fund could spare \$100,000 apiece for 150 preventive and reformatory institutions, not forgetting the provision of public baths and gymnasiums, 200 houses for incurables, at \$75,000 each, and to build 200 public parks adjacent to the cities, of 1,000 acres each, costing \$400 per acre, together with 200 farm colonies of the same area, at one-fourth the expense per acre, for the "submerged tenth." Nevertheless, we would have still a very snug sum in hand that would have otherwise gone upon the nation's one thousand million dollar liquor score, wherever something else-able might be done in improving the country roads.

The legislature of Pennsylvania has been strenuously implicated for one million dollars, to make a routing beginning toward the improvement of the roads of that commonwealth, but with the *billions* of the waste-fund which we have been speaking, there could be constructed substantially surface-stone roads, of fourteen feet width, costing \$4,000 per mile, on each side of the three trans-continental railway systems, extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific Oceans, or a total length of 24,000 miles of mechanized roadway, after which, starting afresh, we could build a grand canalized-avenue, six times the width of the above, and costing \$24,000 per mile, the whole ten thousand miles' circuit of the United States.—*J. W. Lovell.*

## THE FRIEND.

TWELFTH MONTH 19, 1896.

It is instructive to observe how earnestly the Apostle Paul exhorted those formerly on whom rested the care of the congregation at Ephesus, "Take heed unto yourselves, and to all the flock over which the Holy Ghost hath made you overseers, to feed the church of God."

The duties of an overseer, in our own branch of the Christian church, are weighty and important, and they cannot be fully performed without watchfulness and devotedness to the cause of Christ; nor without the Divine help, which must be sought for and looked after in all labor that is designed to promote the spiritual welfare of others.

It is no light matter for any one to watch over the members of the Church; since he must give an account of his stewardship to the Great Master of us all. Those who are faithful herein, will be impressed with a sense of their own frailty, and of their dependence for preservation on a higher power; and hence will be enabled

to enter into sympathy with those who are in danger of being drawn from the right way by the varied temptations which as a rule surround them; they will seek to strengthen, and to encourage faithful perseverance in well-doing.

If any of their fellow-laborers have yielded to the tempter, they will seek their restoration in the spirit of 1-st Paul's "Shepherd." We cannot not off his sheep because of their wanderings, because of their backslidings, because of their infirmities, because of their diseases, nay, not because of their hardness; but pursue them with his love, findeth them out, visiteth with his correcting hand according to their need, and with his sword, and methinks in his heart, that He hath made them tender and pliable once more. He pours in the fresh oil of his salvation and sweetly health them."

Those who are faithful overseers in our meetings have a just claim upon the sympathy of their fellow-members, and yet we would not at times they are subjected to uncharitable reflections and censure from some of the more lukewarm or thoughtless, who have little sense of the weighty nature of the service devolving upon them; and are therefore more easily drawn into unjustifiable criticism, and into an erroneous construction of their language and actions.

Would that all under our name, whether younger or older, were concerned to "walk in Truth, the service, enjoyment and possession of it" in their hearts, and so to walk as to bring no disgrace upon it, but to be a good say in the places where they live, and thus "walk sweetly, meekly, tenderly, peaceably and lovingly one with another."

A few months ago we gave notice of the issue of a new edition of Stephen Grellier's Journal in one volume of over nine hundred pages. Price, one dollar and a half bound in cloth, and two dollars bound in half morocco.

The Friends who have charge of the Book-store, 304 Arch Street, Philadelphia, having stated that this price, moderate as it might be, had been objected to by some purchasers, the Book Committee of the Meeting for Sufferings, at its meeting on the 11th inst., concluded to lower the price, and authorized their agent hereafter to sell the cloth bound copies at one dollar each, and these in half morocco at one dollar and a half, with the hope that this change would lead to a more extensive sale of this valuable work, and encourage some, who know its worth, to purchase copies to give to others, to whom its perusal would have a beneficial effect.

### SUMMARY OF EVENTS.

**UNITED STATES.**—On the 18th inst. three legislative resolutions relating to Cuba were introduced by Senator Cameron, Miss and Call. The first acknowledged the independence of the island and directed the Secretary of the United States Government to exert Spain to bring the war to a close. It was referred to the President to take possession of the island with military and naval forces of the United States, and to hold possession until the Cuban people organized a government. The third recognized the independence of Cuba as a free and independent Government, and extended to it all rights in the present and within the jurisdiction of the United States. The resolutions were reported to the Congress on the 17th inst. and the last was laid on the table Tuesday.

Reports from Washington state that the House Committee on Ways and Means will introduce once a tariff bill, with the expiration of the tariff act of an extension of the tariff, after the expiration of the tariff act of Mexico. The report of the committee was heard by the House on the 17th inst.

A complete list of returns on the 24th inst. (1896) is as follows: Bryan, 404,000; Polk, 22,000; Levering, 6,000; McKinley, 100,000; Polk, 124,000.

The *Public Ledger* says editorially: "Nobly will support for a moment that the overwhelming vote—104 to 7—by which the House passed the bill forbidding the sale of intoxicating liquor in the Capitol between the members' antipathy to alcohol. The tastes and habits of the average Congressman are too well known to admit any such supposition."

At Fort Smith, Ark., a dispatch says that a marked inclination of the desperate in which the drinking habit is now held in this country."

A Pierre despatch says that it has been learned that owing to a blunder in the preparation of the ballots the vote by which the South Dakota Constitution was adopted is having to be counted on a second day, it is said. Among the amendments was one repealing the prohibitory article.

By the last census there were 73,045 men in the United States, of whom 40,741 were paper and 32,304 were women. This embraces only those who were inmates of almshouses.

At Fort Smith, Ark., despatch says that the Dawes Commission and delegates of the Choctaw Nation have reached an agreement looking to the division of their lands and the ultimate abandonment of the tribal system.

Evangelist Moody said in New York last week: "I know that you would say in favor of the Sunday newspaper, that it is the Monday paper that causes Sunday work, and so on. But there are 200,000 boys selling papers on Sunday. Would you like to take your boy one of them? For myself, I never read a Sunday paper; I wouldn't have one in my house. You may talk about Temperance, but I believe right down in my heart that the Sunday paper does me more harm than Tammy any ever did. Why, look at this one item. There were 23,000 divorcees last year in this country. The Sunday papers describe everything of that sort at great length. Tell me that doesn't put the idea in many a man's head to go and get a divorce? Let your wife see a man and a woman, dressed up on Sunday when he has plenty of time, and the devil tempts him to do the same thing. There were 3000 murders in this country in 1890; in 1895 there were 12,000. They are increasing all the time. I have fought this thing right along. We never had a Sunday paper till the war came, and we got along very well. I think you would find that if this sort of thing have been lowering their tone ever since. I believe if this Republic gives up the Sabbath we are going to have anarchy."

A special despatch from Morgantown, W. Va., says that the most expensive purchase of coal lands ever made in the world was consummated there on the 30th inst. The tract contains 40,000 acres of land, all in Preston County, lying between Oakland, Md., and Granton, W. Va. The price paid was \$2.00 an acre. T. L. Merrill, the well-known civil engineer and geologist, who has completed a map of the tract, says it is unquestionably one of the richest coal fields in the world, the vein at least being 300 feet thick and of splendid quality for coking. The field will be tapped by two railroads. A line from the Baltimore and Ohio will go out from some point along the main line, and the Cheat River Railroad, which will be built next year from Point Marion, a few miles north of Morgantown, to the region where the syndicate is directed to purchase the land. It is the intention of the syndicate to erect a number of soaking plants at different points and make a coking region which will rival in size the big Connellsville region.

A Florida correspondent of the *Savannah Morning News* says: "Major W. E. Martin, of the Plant System, with headquarters at Tampa, is now negotiating with the agents of a Japanese colony for a tract of 10,000 acres of land upon which the colonists desire to establish a colony of 10,000."

A school of 300 of binish, snappers and sail water turtles have attracted large numbers of grand amateurs to the waters of Lake Umbagog.

It is known that the long new deposits of Arkansas are more extensive than has heretofore been believed. Instead of pebbles, it is alleged, they have been found, and veins varying in width from four inches to six feet. In places almost pure iron is found, suitable for making iron and steel.

It is reported that the great fire which destroyed the grand opera house in Fayette Street and in Eastern Washington has been almost destroyed by a city fire.

Belated reports from points in South Dakota say that six and probably eight persons perished as the result of the recent blizzard. Two thousand sheep were killed and 100,000 head of cattle.

Deaths in this city last week numbered 427, which is 25 more than the previous week and 57 more than

the corresponding week of 1895. Of the whole number 221 were males and 206 females; 66 died of pneumonia; 49 of consumption; 30 of heart disease; 24 of diphtheria; 19 of apoplexy; 17 of cancer; 15 of convulsions; 14 of cramp; 12 of uremia; 12 of bronchitis; 12 of typhoid fever; 12 of infection of the brain; 11 of Bright's disease; 9 of mania; and 9 of old age.

*Markets*. Dec.—U. S. 2½, 95; 4½, reg, 109; 110; coupon, 110; 111; 112, 85, 115; 120; 15, 113; 114; 114½; currency, 68, 104 to 104.

COTTON.—Spot, unchanged: middling uplands, 7½; middling low, 7½, per pound.

FEEDS.—Winter bran in bulk, quoted \$9.75 a \$10.50 per 100 lbs.

FLOUR.—Winter super, \$2.90 a \$3.20; do, extras, \$3.30 a \$3.50; Pennsylvania roller, clear, \$4.25 a \$4.50, do, straight, \$4.50 a \$4.75; Western winter, clear, \$4.25 a \$4.50; do, straight, \$4.50 a \$4.75; do, patent, \$4.80 a \$5.00; spring, clear, \$3.75 a \$4.10; do, favorite brands, higher. City mills, extra, \$3.20 a \$3.65; do, clear, \$4.25 a \$4.50; do, straight, \$4.00 a \$4.50; do, patent, \$4.90 a \$5.10. RYE FLOUR.—\$2.75 per bush, for choice Pennsylvania. BUCKWHEAT FLOUR.—\$1.20 a \$1.30 per 100 pounds, as to quality.

GRAINS.—No. 2 mixed corn, 27½ a 27½c.

No. 2 white oats, 26½ a 24½c.

BEEF CATTLE.—Extra, 41 a 60; good, 41 a 42½; medium, 41 a 42½; common, 37 a 42c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS.—Extra, 41 a 42½; good, 32 a 33½; medium, 31 a 32; common, 24 a 25; culls, 2 a 2½; lambs, 7 a 8½c.

Wool, 50¢, easier, caused by the mild weather; Western, 5 a 5½c.

FOREIGN.—The London correspondent of the *New York Tribune* writes: "The *Chronicle* emphasizes the fact that a new international conference on the silver question will be impracticable unless preceded by the adoption of a definite schedule of rates by the United States to the Powers. The meaning of this is that England, even with a group of bimetallics in the Government of the day, will not take any interest in proposals for a conference unless the question of the ratio, which is sought to establish between gold and silver, is clearly and definitely stated. This is a most important point of view for the legislators to bear in mind. English monometallics, in arguing the case with bimetallics, invariably ask: 'What ratio do you propose?' And when no answer is returned they dismiss the whole subject with a contemptuous gesture. If a ratio be named in proposals from Washington, a definite basis of action will be outlined, and the conference will probably be inaugurated."

The London representative of the *New York Times* observes: "We have it officially now, that Russia and France invited England to co-operate in a general partition of this empire, and that England declined on the ground that the division of China is opposed to British interests. Obviously, it is still more of first importance to have Russia and France, and not the Chinese coast without any international guarantees whatever. In sheer self-defence England ought immediately to reoccupy Port Hamilton. She stipulated the right to do this whenever the Chinese allowed any Russian advance on the north, and the British public has a right to be more exigent than of confidence to bear that it has been ordered."

The London correspondent of the *New York Evening Post* writes: "The report of Dr. Le Neve Foster, official mineralogist, brings England face to face with the fact of possible coal exhaustion. He says that the supply will not stand a yearly increase of three and a half per cent on the output, and that six years of the time probably will become apparent without a lifeline. Professor Jevons's estimate was that a century of the present rate of progress would exhaust English mines to a depth of 4,000 feet, which is 1,500 feet deeper than the deepest mine."

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The Secretary of State for India has made this strong statement: "The Government of India cannot but acknowledge the great obligation under which it is laid by the benevolent efforts made by missionaries, who, self-denyingly and self-denyingly labor are introducing the Christian religion into the life of the great population of the Indian Empire."

By the collapse of a building in Xeres, in Andalusia, Spain, on the 11th inst., 110 persons were buried, 1,000 dead bodies and 46 seriously injured persons had been taken from the ruins at last accounts.

At the late fair in Philadelphia, a nickel piece of twenty-five centimes (5 cents). It will be found

most useful, as at present there is no coin between the half-rain (10 cents), and the 10-centime or 2-cent piece.

The Madrid newspapers are greatly excited over President Cleveland's references to Cuba and Spain. The Krupp syndicate is arranging to buy the Brazilian system of railways, and will pay 300,000,000 marks for it.

The bubonic plague, which has been prevalent in Bombay for some time past, is spreading rapidly. There were fifty-five new cases and thirty-nine deaths from the disease in one day. The mortality in the city for last week from all diseases was 1,000.

The annual "cattle crop" of New South Wales is about 400,000, with an annual consumption in Sydney of 110,000 head. The Queensland "cattle crop" is about 1,000,000 head, with an annual consumption of about 300,000 head.

An agent for the Cuban Junta at Jacksonville has received a letter from a friend in Cuba saying that General Maceo died by the treachery of the Spaniards, and his own staff surgeon, Dr. Zertucha, who betrayed him. It is said Maceo received a request from Marquis Alameda for a conference with a view to ending the war. Maceo, with his staff of thirty-four repaired to the appointed place, where they were surrounded by 600 Spanish soldiers, who shot every one except Dr. Zertucha. Minister DeLome desires that opinion of this report may be withheld until the Spanish side of the question shall be received.

#### NOTICES.

A YOUNG MAN with considerable business experience desires a position with a friend's firm. Address "C" Office of THE FRIEND.

A YOUNG WOMAN Friend desires a situation as home keeper, or as companion for an elderly person. Address "E" West Chester, Pa.

SARAH J. BEDEL wishes to inform Friends she has removed from 2928 Fourth Street to 2115 N. Seventh St., and is willing to do any shopping desired.

FRIENDS' INSTITUTE LYCEUM.—The next meeting will be held at 140 N. Sixth Street, Sixth-day, Twelfth Month 18th, at 8 o'clock, P. M.

FRIENDS' LIBRARY will be open Lyceum nights from 7.15 to 7.45.

WESTTOWN BOARDING SCHOOL.—Applications for the admission of pupils to the school, and letters in regard to instruction and discipline should be addressed to WILLIAM F. WICKERSHAM, Principal.

Payments on account of board and tuition, and communications in regard to business should be forwarded to EDWARD G. SMEDLEY, Superintendent. Address, WESTTOWN P. O., Chester Co., Pa.

WESTTOWN BOARDING SCHOOL.—For convenience of persons coming to West-town School, the stage will now leave for Philadelphia on the 15 and 28 of each month, at 2.55 and 4.52 P. M. Other trains are met when requested. Stage fare on regular trips, fifteen cents on special trips, twenty-five cents each way. To reach the school by telegraph, wire West Chester Phone 86.

EDWARD G. SMEDLEY, Supt.

DEATH, at his daughter's, near Tonganoxie, Kans., on the thirteenth day of the Seventh Month, 1896, at his eighty-fifth year, JANE BALDWIN, a member of Cuthowood Monthly Meeting of Friends. The deceased was born in Randolph County, N. C., the fifteenth of the Tenth Month, 1810. She removed with her parents to Indiana in 1825, and was married to that State to Abner Baldwin in 1840. They came to West Chester, Pa., and settled near Tonganoxie, where he deceased the third of the Fourth Month, 1887. His dear mother, during a long life, was firmly attached to the principles and testimonies as taught by early Friends, and whilst in health she was often her pleading for their maintenance, and was faithful in attending meetings whenever opportunity afforded although in her last declining years. Her dear daughter, at the meeting of her own. Her friends and relatives had the comforting hope that through redeeming love an mercy, she has been gathered with the just of a generation.

At his residence near Columbus, N. J., Eight Month 14, 1896, CHARLES WATSON, in the eighty-fourth year of his age; a member of Upper Spinfield Monthly and Mansfield Particular Meeting.

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Diary and Letters of Deborah Brooks Webb.

(Continued from page 176.)

1865.—Second Month 19th.—Deeply tried in meeting to-day, with words of a supplication, which were with me all the week. I feared they were not his words, and did not give up, but 'as on the point of doing so at last, when dear J. S. stood up with, "Come unto me all ye that labor," etc. I could seem to come to Him after that, and lay my burden on Him. "Lead me out of temptation, but deliver me from evil," my frequent prayer. Save me, Oh, Lord, save me for thy mercies' sake. Make me faithful in my daily walks, that I may have thy blessing. O, sit by, be pleased, thou Great Refiner!

26th.—Gave up to-day, and feel a degree of ease and quiet rest in Him, whom I really want to serve with my whole heart.

Third Month 5th.—One of my dear little ones has been called from earth. How I long to be directed what to say to make a profitable impression on the children's minds. Come with thy Holy Spirit, dear Lord, into my school-room. Little Sallie seemed so particularly conscientious and pious spirited.

12th.—Gave up to-day to what was before me. Lord, thou knowest the way that I take, preserve me in thy will only.

19th.—A quiet week, but much encouraged to persevere in calm trust.

26th.—Gave up again to-day in humble trust. "Search me, O, God, and know my heart; try me, and know my thoughts, and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting." "Friends are very kind to me, but O, Lord! I rest in thee. If I'm wrong, teach me in thy mercy. He has showed me this week of the "River of the water of life," and my poor soul has tasted it."

Fourth Mo. 2nd.—Quiet day, and strengthened in the Lord. He who regards the sparrows will look upon my confidants.

9th.—"Be not deceived, God is not mocked," was received to-day in meeting. Oh, I think it for me. O, make me more and more pure in every motive; mine eye single. I would turn thy reproofs; be pleased to pour out thy spirit upon me, make known thy Word unto me.

16th.—First day of Yearly Meeting. Very sorrowful from a sense of former iniquities, but

encouraged to look to Him, who can save to the uttermost. O, Lord! make me like a little child, led by thy Holy Spirit, that I sin no more.

23rd.—My birth-day has passed, and was witnessed to by much searching of heart. The Lord has been good to me. This morning Ann Branson was at our meeting and spoke of Jonah. I felt it very much and gave up to what had been with me for weeks, but I had kept it, fearing it was my own cogitations instead of the pure leadings of my Saviour. I thank thee so much, my dear Lord. I cannot doubt so again, but be very simple and obedient. Help me to dwell with thee, my Beloved, with my mouth in the dust. I feel as though thou wast bringing me forth to the light.

Fifth Mo. 7th.—Dear Lord, I feel as though I had abundant cause to bless and praise and adore thy Holy name, for a little evidence this day that I am not following " cunningly devised fables," but the merciful leadings of thy good Spirit. O, help me to be obedient; lead me by thy power!

14th.—For some time it has seemed as if my Heavenly Father said, "Go to Woodbury Meeting." To-day, in sure obedience to what seemed right, I went, and was helped, though by his mercy, and to-night feel a song of praise and thankfulness. Please, dear Father, bless my kind brother and sister. Friends were very kind, but we returned directly home, after making a call.

21st.—Dear Father, Oh, I want more humiliation of soul, more watchfulness and prayer and fasting. Help thy poor child to bow down. Mary Lewis was at our meeting to-day—she belongs to the Hicksite meeting at Beverly—and spoke to us very well, in true Orthodox doctrine. We understand they almost persecute her at her own meeting. Her testimony was mostly to the young, very plain and stirring, and our Friends felt unity.

28th.—Ann Branson again at our meeting, and my Heavenly Father called me to say a little. "She afterwards used some of the same words, and my heart and faith have been again strengthened to trust in the Lord, and over all He says to me. Glory be unto thy Holy Name forever."

Sixth Month 4th.—Feel comforted to-day, by the living presence of my Lord, for it has seemed as though the Father looked upon my contrite heart. I mourn so over my inclination to vanity. I want to feel more humiliation, and my own unworthiness of the least favor. I have found it very hard to say, "Thy will be done," this week; though I have said it many times, still my fear comes back: He will help me. In Isaiah He said to me, "I am the Lord thy God, that divided the sea, whose waves roared." "The Lord of Hosts is his name, and I have put my words in thy mouth, and I have covered thee in the shadow of mine hand." Blessed Lord, I thank thee for this little evidence, and for all thy great mercies and favors the past week; a visit to Ann Branson, and from Abbie Wood to

the school, and intercourse with other esteemed Friends. Give me, O, Father, a more and more earnest desire to glorify thy name.

6th.—Dear John Stokely recommended to dig and beg so as to get down to the seed of life, in meetings, and said, let our prayer be "Preserve me, O Lord, as the apple of thine eye, keep me in the hollow of thy hand, that I turn not to the right hand or to the left. Help me to work out by my soul's salvation, with fear and trembling, that all I say and all I do may be to thy glory and honor." I have spoken unadvisedly in school the past week so many times, and feel sorry. Preserve me, Oh, Lord, in mercy.

Seventh Month 2nd.—Vacation has commenced, and I am looking forward to going out of town, and my soul has so dreaded going to other meetings; but to-day my heart has been strengthened to believe the Lord will be with me, and that He really does call me. Thy favors are so very many to me, a poor worm of the dust. What shall I render unto thee, O, Lord.

Eighth Month 6th.—My heart is full of thanksgiving to the Lord for his mercy in being so near me, all my journey. I do not deserve it, for sometimes I have sinned; but thou, O Lord, hast forgiven and received me again to thy favor. Oh, help me the remainder of this vacation, dear Lord! Help me to fast and to pray.

On the twenty-second of Seventh Month, my dear Friend Miwera Carter departed this life, we humbly hope, to rest. I was thankful in being there just at that time. O, Father, bless my friends for all their kindness to me, a poor creature.

14th.—Last School-day was our Quarterly Meeting, and a very good one indeed, such a good, calm feeling, so much good counsel, and in the last meeting encouragement.

27th.—My visits for this meeting are over now, and the retrospect is not entirely pleasant, because I have not kept entirely under the cross, all the time. Oh, I have to mourn. Help me, O, my dear Lord, to bow down very low, each day under thy cross; keep me, that I slip not away, and grieve thy Holy Spirit. Oh, that I may "bear about in my body, the dying of the Lord Jesus," that I may feel his life also. I gave up to thy will in meeting this morning, and thou wast me Acts second chapter, twenty-eighth verse to comfort me with thy peace.

Dear William Green was at our meeting a week ago last Friday, and I feel so encouraged and thankful to my Lord for relieving me of doubts. I thank thee, O Father, that I can say by thy strength, "Here am I, do with me as best pleaseth thee."

Ninth Month 3rd.—I feel as if my whole will was not laid in the dust, as it should be, and I am trying to be entirely his.

Tenth Month 1st.—The Lord indeed takes me into the wilderness, but He speaks comfortingly unto me and feeds me with Heavenly food, when I try to walk faithfully before Him. He gives me the Valley of Achor, or secret trouble in Parkerville, Chester County.

indeed, but supports me, and assures me it is for my good, that I may be purified and love and serve Him, with a full soul. Oh, spare not anything evil within me, dear Lord, but in the end bless me and let me only praise Thee forever.

10th.—She thus writes to her young friend, L. H. B.:

"My Heavenly Father knows how much chastisement I need. He will have my heart and life. Pray for me, my dear friend, that I may dedicate it all to Him. I do indeed petition for thee, at times, that the Lord would bring thee to himself. Dear Laura, let us try each day to perfect holiness in his fear. Oh, He knows the path that is best for us to walk in. How sweet it is, to know our peace made, and kept daily with Him. Then He will hold our hand, and take us at last into that Heavenly City, where none can say, 'I am sick.'

"Glorious, honor, thanksgiving and praise be forever given unto Him, from our grateful hearts."

15th.—She writes in her diary: "A favored meeting this morning, wherein we were enjoined to 'Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world.' Help me so to repent, dear Lord, that I may indeed find thy grace and favor.

Bevern Braithwaite was at meeting this afternoon, and I feel as if I was to go back to the furnace and be all melted over again. What a mercy, O, Lord, that thou art willing to do anything with me. Behold the clay, form me as thou wilt, only make me holy.

Eleventh Month 12th.—Some cold and so indulged in temptation. It would have been better for me to suffer and then have felt the Divine life more abundant in me, and so have enjoyed more heavenly communion to-day.

Thou, dear Lord, hast helped me over mountains this week, and praise has filled my soul in the midst of affliction. I feel my heart fixed, trusting in God.

19th.—Still indulged too much. It seemed as though the waves of temptation raged around me. Oh, that my feet might be still more firmly planted in the bottom of Jordan. Do with me, dear Lord, what thou wilt, only make me faithful and steadfast, serving Thee.

Twelfth Month 3rd.—Helped to be more faithful and feel confidence in the Lord. My heart is more united and devoted to Him. Oh, I pray thee, dear Lord, give us a mild winter, on account of the poor, suffering "freedmen." Thou canst do it. Oh, hear my prayers for it in thy mercy to us all.

10th.—A week of considerable faithfulness in my daily walk and of many favors. O, Lord! Thou art good to me in spirit. When will thou turn my captivity outwardly. When shall I bring all the tithes and give thee the uttermost farthing, that thou mayst pour me out a blessing? Oh, continue thy mercy and help me to bear all the cross, until I am wholly thine indeed.

17th.—Almost overwhelmed with grief, but trusting in thee. Thou dost help me to be faithful, and I can to night give thanks at the remembrance of thy holiness, and that thou visitest poor man to make him partake thereof. Shall I not be willing to pass through any trial to be able in his hand to comfort others when similarly situated? Oh, dear Lord, thou knowest how much humiliation I need.

(To be continued.)

The glories of the world always lose their charms when Jesus is spiritually enjoyed.

## Self-denials for Jesus Christ.

BY THEODORE L. CUYLER.

The first lesson to be learned in the school of Jesus Christ is a lesson of self-denial. He placed it at the very gateway of his kingdom. "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me." The reason for this command is that "self" is naturally selfish and monopolizing, and Christ as King will not accept the mere corner of any one's heart. He demands the throne.

If self-denial is the first lesson to be learned, it is always the hardest grace to practice. It treads on our corns; worse than that, it often cuts us to the quick. The daily battle with every Christian is to subdue that artful, greedy house-devil, self; and the highest victory of our religion is to keep our Divine Master enthroned in our heart. "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me?" Peter's noble answer to this test question ran on through a long life of toil and sacrifice, and ended up with a sublime martyrdom for his Master. The occasions in which you and I can make a sacrifice that deserves to be called heroic are very few; but in the little acts of our humble every-day lives we can put Christ above self, and we ought to do it, and to love to do it. The business man who is content with a smaller profit rather than even seem to be grasping or overreaching, practices a Bible self-denial. The Christian who suppresses a joke or a witticism because it might burlesque sacred things practices the same grace. When we speak out a bold but unpopular truth, we honor our Lord at the expense of cowardly self. It is easy to swim with the current; a dead fish can do that. Christ's injunction to his followers is to "come out, and be separate" from the world. That often requires us to cut loose and be accounted singular, and provoke a stare, or a sneer, or a scoff. Slavery to a false public sentiment and to worldly fashions is a subtle snare from which the Church is suffering most sadly. This world can never be converted by a compromise.

There are thousands of professing Christians who are unwilling to deny themselves the paltry gratification of a glass of wine on their tables or at a social entertainment. They cannot but know that this use of intoxicants is an evil example to others, and may cause a "weak brother to stumble." They know that they are aiding those drink-usages which underlie all the drunkenness and dramselling and misery which flow from the se usages. Because it is fashionable to partake of wine or other ensnaring drinks and to offer them to others, they do not hesitate to do both. They actually countenance and practice what is manufacturing drunkards! The Apostle laid out an infinitely nobler principle when he said: "It is good neither to drink wine nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth or is made weak." He enjoins self-denial for the sake of our fellow-men; and until those who profess to be followers of Jesus are willing to give up every indulgence that is a direct temptation to others, Christianity will be shorn of much of its power. When every pulpit trains its artillery against both deceiver and dramsop, when every Christian realizes that he is his "brother's keeper," when Sunday-schools teach total abstinence, and parents banish the temptation from their own doors, we shall see a revival of the temperance reform that will revolutionize society and save countless souls.

If we look facts squarely in the face we must acknowledge that the chief hindrance to the

progress of Christianity is sheer selfishness; and the only real progress in saving our fellow-men lies in the road of self-denial. A witty minister once said to me: "I have no trouble in getting my people to do—everything they like to do." It is the duties which pinch the hardest that pay the best. The newspapers chronicle the donations of certain millionaires as "munificent;" in Christ's sight they are not as large as the hard-earned dollar which the poor needlewoman drops into the collection plate. Out of the stuns will come heroes and heroines who will find a seat alongside of Judson and John G. Patton and David Livingstone. All crucifixions of pride, and covetousness and love of ease, all immolations of self for Jesus' sake are a sacrifice that has the savor of a sweet smell. "Ye did it unto me" is the benediction with which Christ pays his servant on the great day of reckoning. He will be the richest who surrenders most for Him.

"Lovest thou me more than all these things?" is Christ's scale of measurement. Giving up in order to please Him counts as much as any taking up; in fact, the pinch on selfishness-order comes in the former way than the latter. Paul's keeping his body under for Christ's sake was as grand a service as his sermon on Mars Hill. One of the hardest things for our selfishness is to give up having our own way and to let God have his way. The essence of loyal obedience lies just there; and it is just there that selfish pride and willfulness must be met and conquered. We have got to say "no" to self before we can say "thy will, O Lord, be done." Whoever is perfectly willing to let Christ give every casting vote, has attained to the much-talked-about "higher life."

With Christ once enthroned in the heart, everything becomes tributary to Him. That is the searchlight to be turned on your heart; do you love Him more than your money? Then He will hold the key to your purse. Do you love Him more than your ease? Pray for the grace that pinches self! If it cuts down pride and cleans out covetousness all the better. This battle with self will go on to the last; and it is not to be mere "beating the air." Every victory makes you stronger. Whatever you and I may gladly lose for Christ's sake will be laid up for us as our eternal treasure in Heaven.—*The Independent.*

THE "QUIET DAY."—The "Quiet Day" suggested by the Evangelical Alliance was extensively observed, not only among pastors, but also in theological seminaries. The forenoon and afternoon were usually spent in prayer and conference by the pastors, and in the evening the officers of their respective churches met with them. Reports of the observance of the day may be summed up in such sentences as the following: "The day was one of profound thought, great solemnity, and much profit;" "Very profitable, spirit excellent, evening meeting with laity very strong;" "A holy day. None came but felt he had met God;" "I thank God you suggested the day;" "The unanimous testimony was that the service was one of deep spiritual blessing;" "The deepest spiritual interest was manifested, and no doubt other meetings will be the outcome;" "The services were of unparalleled interest. We could not but recognize manifestations of the special presence of the Holy Spirit." In a number of communities the "Quiet Day" led to active measures for the immediate organization of a local church alliance.—*Christian Advocate.*

Catherine Louisa McCheane.

The subject of this little memorial was the daughter of William C. and Caroline McCheane of Matlock, Derbyshire, and was born at King's Leath, near Birmingham on the evening of Second Month, 1876.

She was from a child, of a tender loving disposition, and early manifested a desire to do that she believed to be right.

When about ten years of age she had a severe illness, which appears to have been a time of Divine visitation to her, as she afterwards said, that she had then prayed for her Heavenly Father that she might recover, and she would try to live more closely to what she felt was right. From that time her character was more markedly religious, and the seriousness of her deportment, and the sweet peaceful expression of her countenance, showed that she was endeavoring to walk the steps of her dear Redeemer.

The following extracts from short memoranda made by her from time to time, will show something of the progress of the work of Divine grace in her heart.

1891—First Month, 25th.—“This morning woke with a sweet feeling of inward peace and comfort, with a heart full of gratitude to the giver of all good gifts, for the refreshing slumber I had had during the hours of night. My heart seemed to overflow with love to Him . . . and I felt, O! how good we ought to be who are favored with so many blessings from the outstretched hand of the good Shepherd, who has made all things for our happiness and comfort.”

28th.—“Oh, we ought never to grieve so long and tender a parent, who has loved us so very first, and is waiting for us to come to Him and taste of his goodness, who is such a merciful and gracious Father, the Omnipresent and Omnipotent. May I grow up in his holy care, and feel his presence very near and dear to me, day by day, on my journey through this assuring world, whose pleasures are transient, at the joys of the world to come are everlasting, and will never pass away.”

Ninth Month, 9th.—“I have been thinking that a poor frail creature I am, yet how graciously the Lord careth for me day by day during my journey through this life. I wish I was more grateful for his protecting care over me, than am so unworthy of his love and tender care.”

Ninth Month, 25th.—“It is sorrowful to behold how many are so full of their sensual pleasures and transient amusements that they forget to thank God for giving them a Light within to discern between right and wrong, and also slight the gentle loving voice which calls to them, and tells them in the secret of her own souls to cease to do evil, and learn to do well, and to turn from the foolish and live. It is a sweet and still small voice, and those who are lowly, meek and childlike hear this gentle voice calling to them, and they rejoice to hear it. Oh, that I may always be kept in a humble, lowly state of mind, that I may not turn aside to the vain things of this life, and say I am preserved from the allurements of the world, and all the evil things of it, and always listen to this voice in my heart.”

Alluding to the beauties of nature around her, she writes:—

“I have always been very much pleased to see the wonderful works of our Heavenly Father in other places, but never felt them as I have since I have been at Matlock. How beautiful is the scenery around us; how sublime! It seems like a glorious picture spread before our

eyes to draw us to admire the handiwork of Him who made all so fair and lovely. Everything tends to draw forth feelings of gratitude and praise to Him, and to a realization of that verse in Scripture, ‘The earth is full of the goodness of the Lord.’”

In reference to the death of a near neighbor, she remarks:—

“Who knows how soon any of us might be called to put off mortality, as we shall all sooner or later have to do. O! I hope I shall be prepared when the great change does come.”

The sweetness of her mind seemed to increase during the last few months of her life, and her face was often lighted up with the love that filled her heart, from the Light of Christ in her soul.

For some days previous to her decease she had been ailing, but was not thought to be seriously indisposed, and in the morning of the day on which she died she spoke of getting up, but was advised to remain quiet.

While the family were assembled in their own house for the usual First-day morning meeting they heard sounds coming from her room, and on going to her were startled by her telling them that she was *that day going to her Heavenly Father*.

Medical advice was obtained as soon as possible, but acute pneumonia having set in, though all was done that could be for her recovery, it was unavailing.

The sweet state of mind in which, through Divine mercy, she was preserved when thus so suddenly summoned from this state of being, will be best seen from her own expressions. She said that when they first heard her she had been singing praises to her Heavenly Father, and desired her dearest ones all to come and take leave of her, and ardently and affectionately embraced each in turn, saying—“Farewell, dearly farewell, you must all come to me, all come to me; I go to my God through Jesus Christ. He has taken me to the beautiful land of everlasting bliss: I have been to the very gates of heaven.” “Don’t try to bring me back again—In my Father’s house are many mansions, and He has prepared one for me, where I shall dwell for ever, in that land of peace and joy.”

One of her sisters having gone out of the room to bring something for her, she asked to have her brought back, and again earnestly entreated all the family to come to her, saying—“Come to me in the realms of everlasting joy—Father, Father, take me, take me now to thy home of love—Thou art love.”

Speaking to her younger brothers, she said she had not, at times, lived so closely to her Guide as she might have done, and hoped, in that, they would not follow her example but keep close to their Saviour. Later on she entreated all to keep to meetings, and to “wait silently and in prayer” upon God, saying—“O, how I love my God, no tongue can tell how I love my God!” “O, my dear Saviour, how I love Thee!” with more to that effect.

She also remarked—“I have had a good meeting to-day.”

The melody of her voice while she was speaking was beautiful, and the heavenly covering of Divine Love was very precious and comforting. Over and over again she said—“He will take me to-day.” “Don’t hold me.”

Seeming to get a little better she feared she—  
—This was not singing to any set music with which she was unacquainted, but the melodious overflowing of a heart filled with Divine love.

was coming back, but said—“If it is his will, it must be for the best,” repeating several times—“He will see it done.”

At one time a cloud seemed to me over her, and she was much distressed, saying—“O, what shall I do, I have lost my way, it is dark” and she prayed earnestly for help. Her mother encouraged her to trust in the Lord, who would never leave nor forsake her, and after awhile she broke forth in joyful tones—“O blessed be God, He hath shown me the Way, Christ is the Way, the Truth, and the Life! Oh, my God, Thou art very good! Jesus, dear Jesus, how I love Thee! Lo, I come to do thy holy will in heaven; then, let us sing praises to Thee for ever and ever, in everlasting peace and joy. Farewell, farewell all, in the love of the Lord, dearly farewell.”

A radiant smile illumined her face, and her heart seemed to overflow with love and earnest longing for the eternal welfare of the rest of the family, nothing of a temporal nature appearing to find a place in her thoughts.

She said it was better for her to go to her Heavenly Father now; that if she lived, she might be drawn aside into unfaithfulness.

She continued for about two hours thus remarkably enlarged, speaking mostly with a clear voice and with great emphasis. During the afternoon she frequently expressed a little, but could not say much at a time, and seemed quite resigned either to go or stay. At one time she said, she believed her Heavenly Father had been preparing her for this sickness for some time.

About six o’clock a decided change took place, and she passed quietly away at about twenty minutes before seven that evening, the first of Fourth Month, 1894, in the nineteenth year of her age.

Her remains were interred in the Friends’ burial ground, Bakewell, on Fourth-day the fourth of Fourth Month, 1894, in the presence of a considerable number of friends and others.

After her decease a letter was found in her pocket, written to a young friend, from which the following is extracted:—“Hast thou ever tried to be a disciple of Christ? I tried several times when I was much younger, and sometimes succeeded, and at other times was led away through unfaithfulness; I am going to try to be one of Christ’s disciples from now, and will try, with his help, not to displease Him in thought, word or deed. It says in the Bible that whatsoever we do, we should do it all to the glory of God. I want to ask thee if thou wilt try also with me for I think it is our duty to walk worthy of the profession to which we belong, for Jesus Christ’s sake, and if we try to please Him, He puts his love into our hearts, which stimulates us to walk in his fear, and mind his proofs.”

In publishing the foregoing particulars respecting our dear young friend, we desire that others, both older and younger, may be stimulated to follow on in the path of watchfulness and humility, that, like her, they may be prepared to enter the haven of rest, whenever the final summons may come.

“For the grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men, teaching us that denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world.”—Titus iii: 11, 12.

“Behold I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me.”—Rev. iii: 20.

## KING FROST HAS COME.

The winter winds shut down the lid,  
And Jack Frost turns the key,  
And summer's treasures safe are hid  
From storms that are to be;  
A treasure chest,  
Is old earth's breast,  
Safe locked for you and me.

Then swift the wind's wild shuttles fly  
To spin the blankets rare,  
All's sit, and warm, and many ply,  
Of snowflakes in the air.  
A deep light,  
And downy white,  
She wraps round with care.

And so we spare a little while  
Our treasures from our sight;  
The verdure which makes summer's smile—  
The flowers, the earth's delight—  
And turn to see  
What joys there be  
Around the hearthstone bright.

But just a scrap of summer's wealth,  
A bit of summer bloom,  
We'll win to brighten heart and health,  
And cheer our winter room.  
So, Heaven, which takes  
Our dearest makes  
Its own cheer mid earth's gloom.  
—Fied's Magazine.

## IN THE FOREFRONT.

NUSAN COOLIDGE.

Once a small, childish dancing company,  
We ran behind the ranks of older ones,  
Half seen, half noticed, very proud to be  
Part of the gown procession with the drums;  
Each making stride they never met us three,  
Of our small status—that was small price to pay  
For sharing in the glory of the day.

Where are the ranks that seemed to us so tall,  
So full of fire and force and valor brave,  
So full of sweet wisdom, knowing all  
That man can know, or children doubly crave  
To understand with their weak powers, and small?  
It seems a little time since thus we ran,  
Yet we, the children then, now lead the van.

The stately forms which towered like forest trees,  
The limbs which never tired (as we supposed);  
The wills which ruled our infant destinies  
The strength beneath whose shadow we reposed,  
Authority, love, shelter—all of these,  
Yielding like straw in temper to the brand  
Of Time's fierce wind, have left us in the front.

'Tis we who are the stalwart leaders now  
(Or seem so to the little ones behind),  
The tireless marchers whom the gods employ  
With the keen vision, the all-judging mind,  
The will which questions not of why or how,  
But rules and dominates all lesser fates,  
Regardless of their puny loves or hates!

How strange it seems to feel, who once were led!  
To feel the pressure of the quick young race  
Following and urging on behind our tread,  
Rejoice and eager to usurp our place,  
Crowding us forward—though no word be said!  
'Tis but the natural law which stars obey,  
Following in order due through night, through day.

O march which seemed so long and is so brief!  
Whether by rough ways led or smooth greenward,  
Under clear sun or lowering clouds of grief,  
With minor, or with major, or with Lord!  
Who art of mortal folk the full reward!  
We will keep on content and fearlessly,  
Nor seek for rest until we rest in thee.  
—N. S. Times.

THE MIRROR IS FISHING.—A mirror can be used to advantage in fishing. The mirror is fastened to the end of the line, below the hook. When a fish approaches it sees its counterpart in the mirror and imagines it to be an interloper; the duple cannot resist the impulse to at once swallow the tempting bait to prevent the other from getting it. *Evening.*

FOR "THE FRIEND."

## Intercollegiate Sports.

I was gratified to learn from a graduate of Westtown, that the Friend appointed to the recently-constituted position of Principal at that Institution, had expressed his non-concurrence with a proposal that during the period of the present brief vacation, some of the pupils might play a match game of football with the pupils of another school. Viewing the extravagances and excesses into which sports of this character run, it is greatly to be hoped that our young members may be willing to observe discretion in their pursuit, keeping them within the bounds which a reasonable Christian limitation would dictate. It is extremely easy to run into vanity and peril in this matter of amusements, relaxing exercises and entertainments, if we have no use whatever for the cross in their regulation, or, it may be their rejection.

When the writer of this note, quite a number of years ago, began to call attention to the grave peril, in various particulars, which indulgence in intercollegiate sports involved, or would involve (all of which has been verified), the illustrative instances to be pointed to were but a tithe of those which have since occurred. One of the latest warnings, happening last month, was the match game between Vanderbilt University and the University of Nashville. A mixed committee of the two Institutions has been investigating the causes of the trouble and summing up the damages. After speaking of the slugging and general fighting, the report concludes:

"The game closed a few moments later in an outrageous melee, discreditable to those students of each Institution who engaged in it, in which melee some players, some students, an official in the game, and spectators connected with neither Institution, engaged with fists and canes, some knives and pistols being drawn and displayed. Only the merciful providence of God prevented results worse than black eyes and sore heads."

Let us have continued regard to this "merciful providence" by keeping out of the intense partisan rivalry and unseemly newspaper publicity, with other evils, which follow in the train of intercollegiate sports.

J. W. L.

FOR "THE FRIEND."

[We have received from an Armenian residing in the western part of Pennsylvania, the following translation of a letter sent to him by a fellow-countryman at Constantinople.

The letter which accompanied it states that the writer is a native of Van, a city of Armenia, about thirteen hundred miles east of Constantinople; that he had inherited considerable wealth from his father, and was a good business man, but had lost all his property through the Kurds and Turkish officers, and had been forced to go to Constantinople to procure a living. The letter may prove interesting to our readers as giving some insight into the conditions which surround Turkish Christians.—Ed.]

CONSTANTINOPLE, September 28, 1896.

DEAR FRIEND:—After having been in prison nine months and eleven days under indescribable torture, I obtained my liberty to-day at ten A. M., but do not know the reason for my release.

My idea in writing this, my first letter in my new and strange life, is that I should like to go to America if I get from thee a satisfactory answer, otherwise I intend to go somewhere else.

It is almost impossible for me to go to Van, where I have neither home nor family.

Having been ill while in prison, I still feel quite weak; I think of going to a hospital and hope I shall receive thy letter so as to be able to decide what to do by the time I have fully recovered.

In the first part of my letter I have used the word "indiscrutable," let me illustrate it by a few events.

When the police first took me in hand, I was a companion of seven other Armenian prisoners, in a small room which was hardly large enough for two. It was damp, filthy and foul, and we were severely whipped and compelled to listen to terrible oaths every day. We used to get as rations three loaves of bread, which was twelve or fifteen days old. However, one of us took sick and died, and three of our company were assassinated in a cruel manner under our eyes. We were hopeless of being released, and we had nothing to do but take care of each other's wounds.

Our first duty was to pray and worship God asking for Divine help, not for us, but for our brethren and children, and for all those who are under torture; being guilty of nothing—but suffering only for their national and religious name.

Our mothers taught us nothing more suitable for those days than this, "In my distress I called upon the Lord, and cried unto my God. He heard my voice out of his temple, and my cry came before Him, even into his ears." So that when we were left by ourselves we could not find comfort in anything except in prayer.

Three of my companions were taken from my room, but I do not know anything about them, and am very anxious to hear what became of them.

This morning, about ten o'clock, they took me from my room and told me that I was free and ought to pray for the Sultan and to be obedient to the laws of the Government; but I do not know when I was not obedient, neither do I know how they had the right to murder all my family—among them my only son, who was only two years and eight months old.

It is not possible to explain fully my present circumstances, which are quite intolerable, but I presume the remedy of it is to get away from this wretched country. But it seems to me that it would not be wise to run away to America without knowing something about it. The error of doing that would cost me more than that of going to Russia or to some other neighboring country. Therefore I will be obliged if thou wilt do me the favor of answering this at the earliest opportunity.

Hoping this finds thee well, I remain,  
Respectfully thy friend.

A GOOD story is told by the *Daily News* in connection with the late Sir Benjamin War Richardson's advocacy of Temperance. He had been on a visit to one of the three or four small towns in England which have no public house. Although there were four thousand people there, the doctor was nearly starving. One day a young medical man came to Sir Benjamin for advice as to taking the practice, an Sir Benjamin, placing his hands on the young doctor's shoulders, said: "Take my advice, a don't. Those wretched teetotallers not only sbr accidents, but, when wounded, heal so fast that there is neither pleasure nor profit after the first dressing." This story is quoted for the benefit of our temperance friends.



**The Christiansburg Institute.**

The readers of THE FRIEND, especially those of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, will remember at the time of the last Yearly Meeting, the Friends' Freedmen Association decided to place a Christiansburg Institute under the charge of Booker T. Washington, and guaranteed to him two thousand dollars in one year with which to conduct its affairs.

It will interest Friends to know that this undertaking was immediately entered upon by B. T. Washington, who placed Charles L. Marshall, one of his most trusted pupils and instructors, in charge of the Institute.

C. L. Marshall went up to the ground early in Seventh Month, and expressed himself as delighted with the situation and with the prospects of the Institution, which in his opinion overshadows great possibilities. He has proved himself an earnest, modest, intelligent and sympathetic worker. He has gained the confidence of the Executive Committee, and of Captain Charles S. Schaeffer, who has kindly agreed to audit each month the receipts and expenses of the Institution.

Partly through the kindness of certain mercantile firms of Philadelphia, a black-smith shop and also a wheel-wright shop are being opened, which beside being instructive to our pupils may be self-supporting.

Through the exertions of the women of the Executive Committee, a capital sewing machine and form for dress making, and the necessary principle instructions in that art have been supplied to the female scholars of the school.

Thirty or more pupils come to the school from a distance, and have been accustomed to find lodging in the neighboring town. That such pupils may be more under the direct oversight of the officers of the Institution is thought desirable by C. L. Marshall.

In this connection he writes as follows:

"Nothing offers better advantages for the moral and religious development of our young men and women than the establishment of a Boarding Department. Such a department has the power of throwing a strong arm of protection around boys and girls as will keep them in touch with pure religion, principles of right living and at the same time prevent their yielding to temptations which mean forever their ruin. A building that will shelter forty persons, with a dining-room, kitchen and laundry, is one of our greatest needs."

The school has twice been visited lately by a member of the Executive Committee. Letters from the Superintendent to this committee are as frequent as two a week, and are filled with expressions of earnest thought for the success of his undertaking.

Among his solicitudes thus expressed, is a desire that farming shall be thoroughly taught. We quote from a recent letter: "In my opinion there is no industry which could occupy so much of our time and attention as that of Scientific Agriculture."

Some little beginnings in this direction have been made by the control of from between an acre and a half and two acres of ground, and a donation of some agricultural tools from one of our Friends. Your committee think the possibilities and advantages in this direction should be borne steadily in mind as a practical suggestion, much benefiting the colored people of Virginia, and throughout the South.

The number of students enrolled at the end of last month was one hundred and thirty-two,

which number is expected to largely increase during the winter months.

The Institution is looking to the Freedmen Association for most of its support—all except the small sum which comes directly from the State Aid.

The officers of Christiansburg are animated by trust in this Association, and confiding in it, with confidence doing their duty to their trust, as is thus expressed in C. L. Marshall's last letter:

"The officers, teachers and students are day by day made to feel more and more the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of man through the generosity of the Friends' Freedmen Association, of Philadelphia.

Believing the Friends will individually and generally support the work of the Association by contributing to the pecuniary necessities of the school, the Executive Committee have circulated a postal card, asking that donations be sent to David G. Alsop, Treasurer, No. 409 Chestnut Street.

FOR "THE FRIEND."

**Is there Not a Cause?**

What is it that hinders any from coming forward and showing more fully to the world on whose side they are. Is it because the time is taken up so much with the things of this world, that there is no room left or no time to listen to that still small voice in the secret of the heart, saying, "This is the way walk thou in it;" and if taken heed to, will reprove, rebuke and chasten and lead into the right path. "The ways of Zion do mourn because none come to the solemn feasts." I am reminded of what the blessed Saviour said on one occasion to those that were with Him, "Will ye also go away?" This seems to me very pathetic language, and the query arises, How is it with some of us to-day? Will there be a going away from Him, from his entreaties and visitations? from Him who waits long to be gracious; how is it clear ones who know something of these things and are not willing to surrender? Will ye also go away and let others come in and take your places.

Oh, be willing to be entreated, and close in with the day of your visitation, and let not the things and pleasures of this world be your snare. There are those of you that have bright talents which, if you were willing to give up unto your Lord and Master, He would make use of you according to his will, for "He that doeth the will shall know of the doctrine."

The command formerly was, "Put off thy ornaments from thee, that I may know what to do with thee," and it remains the same to-day, for the Truth changeth not. Then that there may be more of a willingness to enlist under the Lord's banner in the day of his power, and let not the many things that are going up and down, the different organizations and societies, and the influence of surrounding things which are calculated to lead away and weaken the good or quiet way, and thereby lose ground; the enemy of all good is ever on the alert, and if there is not care extended, there will be a going with the current, and not allowing ourselves to come under his preparing hand to be moulded and fashioned as He would, and thus become his useful instruments.

So let there be a care how we are spending our time, talents and means, for which we must give an account in the day of reckoning, and if any are found wanting in the balance of the sanctuary sad will it be. Therefore now is the

accepted time, now is the day of salvation, and when the blessed Saviour knocks at the door of thy heart my brother or my sister, do not refuse an entrance to Him who will richly reward for faithfulness. Those that are willing to be obedient to the little openings secretly shown to them what to do and what to leave undone, these are they that will grow from one stature to another, and finally become pillars in the Church to go no more out. "It is first the blade, and then the ear, and then the full corn in the ear." Religion is growth, but all things are not to be learned at once, but as we each come to experience the new birth we will be babes in Christ desiring the sincere milk of the Word. Jesus said, "I have many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now." So that as there is a willingness to be led and guided by Him who knows what is best for us, and He sees our sincerity, He will watch over and care for us, although there may be baptisms at times to bear for our purification, yet as we keep a single eye steadily fixed on Him, He will not utterly forsake his trusting little ones, but will watch over them with an eye of pity, even "As a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him."

E. C. C.

FOR "THE FRIEND."

**A Remarkable Instance of Divine Preservation.**

At our late Yearly Meeting of Ohio, as the time was drawing to separate, in order to return to our respective homes, a very solemn silence spread over the meeting, which was broken by a petition, vocally offered up to our Father in Heaven, that He might be pleased to watch over us, and preserve us in our homeward journey, and if it was consistent with his will we might be permitted to arrive safely home.

The meeting closed about twelve o'clock noon, on the first of Tenth Mo., and near four o'clock that afternoon a company of seven of us took the train for our homes in Iowa, a distance of about seven hundred miles.

Our train made a stop at Cambridge, Ohio, and after pulling out of that station, just before it had attained its full speed, we heard a report that sounded like that of the firing of a musket, and the ball entered the window at our right hand, scattering pieces of glass neatly across the car, and passed out at the window at our left hand.

One of our company, just a few minutes before, had picked up a paper, and was leaning forward reading by the light of a lantern that was sitting on the floor of the car, and another one had just laid down on the seat when the report was heard. Had they both been sitting upright as they were a few minutes before, their heads would have been directly in range with the two holes in the windows made by the ball from the musket.

I have been induced to write this account for insertion in THE FRIEND, from a desire I have felt of late to call our attention to the circumstances connected with the incident, and more particularly those of us who were exposed to such imminent danger, and to the wonderful interposition of Divine Providence in his protecting care over us.

G. W. MOTT.

**A LOST ART.**—If the art of being quiet is lost in the craze and rush and mad ambitious of the world, it is time it was sought and found again. To the Thessalonians, the Apostle, after telling them that they were taught of God to love one another, said, "We beseech you, brethren,

ren, that ye increase more and more; and that ye study to be quiet, and to do your own business, and to work with your own hands, as we commanded you; that ye may walk honestly toward them that are without, and that ye may have lack of nothing." (1 Thess. iv: 10-12.) This seems to reveal the secret of quiet lives. Again in his first epistle to Timothy, ii: 1, 2, the Apostle says, "I exhort, therefore, that first of all, supplications, prayers, intercessions and giving thanks be made for all men; for kings, and for all that are in authority; that we may lead a quiet and peaceable life in all godliness and honesty." Again the Apostle Peter says that Christian women should be adorned, not with braiding of the hair or wearing of gold, or putting on of apparel, "but let it be in the hidden man of the heart, in that which is not corruptible, even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price." (1 Peter iii: 3, 4.)

If God gives us a meek and a quiet spirit, and if we then work with our hands, pray for all men, and let alone ornament, folly and vain show, which tax our strength and serve merely to gratify the lust of the eye, we shall soon rediscover this lost art, the art of being quiet. And when we cease to do useless work, or indulge in useless fretting, and live devout, prayerful lives, we shall find quietness within our own hearts and peace within all our borders; for when the Lord "giveth quietness, who then can make trouble?" (Job xxiv: 29.)

H. L. HASTINGS.

FOR "THE FRIEND."

### A Reminiscence.

In the editorial of the Philadelphia FRIEND of Eleventh Month 28th, 1896, honorable mention is made of that worthy minister, Elwood Dean, reminding the writer very forcibly of some circumstances in his religious labors in which it was my privilege to participate. I may first say it was my privilege to know him and his valuable wife as pleasant visitors in my father's family ere he began to preach, and further, it was my privilege in common with my elder sister to go to their house and take turns in waiting on him in a severe fit of sickness, in the course of which he was brought to feel that if he was favored to regain a normal condition of health, he must devote at least a portion of his time to preaching the Gospel, and there is reason to believe that from this conviction he did not turn he dies away, far on being able to get out to meeting he began as a child learning to talk, to speak a few short sentences. I think the first considerable sermon that he preached was at my father's funeral. From shortly after that event he and I were widely separated, my settled home being in the State of Iowa, but still our intercourse was considerable, he several times visiting that land on Gospel errands, and perhaps never without being at my house. On one occasion I remember several transient friends being with us, our family reading being in the morning. He felt constrained to address us and presided in these words, "There is that at work in your midst that will eat out and destroy"—he said his feelings so we remain him that he covered his face with a napkin and went bitterly, then proceeded—"every vestige of Godliness! It is not checked! and guarded against!" Our transient company dispersed to their respective homes, and the rest of the day was pleasantly spent with he and his wife in making social calls on some of our neighbors.

At another time he and T. B. were making the canvass of the Society of Friends in this State, and he had given Friends to understand that he felt the time might be near at hand, when they might return home; but very early in the morning he informed their host and hostess that he felt constrained to make a visit if possible to some isolated Friends in a sparsely settled district, the farthest perhaps eighty miles distant, but by making a drive that day of from sixty to sixty-five miles, would land us at T. E.'s, his brother-in-law, also in a new begun place. Their host and hostess were old feeble Friends, unable to assist them. Their son across the road was called on. His zeal and will was sufficient, but circumstances forbid. He came over to my place just at the break of day, Christmas morn, and acquainted us with the unexpected turn and queried if I could not go and take the Friends. I had no reason to urge why it might not be so, only my team was not shod—in our neighborhood they did not need shoes, as they were not much drove. I rather consented than desired to go, and set off as soon as possible. Called at their lodging and took them in.

Ere the middle of the day we struck territory that was covered with snow and ice, and the road was in many places so smooth it was difficult for the poor animals to keep from falling. But there was no relief for us. No blacksmith's shops were likely to be met with; as a consequence night overtook us several miles short of our destination; but it was not stormy, but very cold. I saw my team was almost outdone, and I was seldom ever more exhausted with a day's work. At a late hour we reached the house of our friend Thomas Emmons, and who was greatly surprised at meeting us, and perhaps pilgrims were seldom more rejoiced to reach their destination than the preacher and his attendant, temporary though it was, for there lay before the preacher's mind another drive of fifteen or twenty miles to be performed in the near future. The following morning, considering the condition of my team, for some unknown cause, I felt restrained from continuing with them, quite to their discomfort. They said that they had no thought but that I would remain with them, and carry them back to Linn County. But I felt bound to leave them and return home, but deferred till afternoon to give my team more rest. Then we bade adieu with entire friendly feelings. I drove a few miles out of my way to a village, where my team could be shod, and I entertained by my relatives. The next day I reached home early in the evening, having driven something over fifty miles, still wondering to myself why it was so. But shortly after taking a wheel from the carriage to lubricate the spindle, found it so broken that it was a wonder that it had carried me safely home.

Then I could see that the hand of the Lord had been in it and we knew it not, for it seemed clear to my mind that if I had gone on in that sparsely settled district, with those dear Friends, they both being heavy, we should surely have been capsized or let down in a way to cause us great inconvenience, if not real suffering, for the weather was piercing cold.

In concluding this reminiscence, it is in keeping with the feelings of the writer to notice the fact that both Elwood Dean and Thos. Bunby, their wives, as also their host and hostess, from whence they started out that eventful Christmas morning—ventured because the call to Elwood was sudden and unexpected, and obedience on the part of each could not be considered other

than a great sacrifice, both of time and personal comfort—as also the host and hostess that took us in at a late hour that cold Christmas eve, together with the life partner of the writer, who so willingly encouraged and assisted him in making that hurried and unexpected start on that eventful Christmas morn, and welcomed my return, are all passed on to the spirit world, leaving the writer only to relate the events of that eventful Christmas day, and to realize that by the passing of a few more Christmas anniversaries he too must be numbered among the silent dead.

### A Tired Housekeeper's Lesson.

Several years ago I received a lesson from the dear departed editor of *The Advocate and Guardian*, H. E. Brown, that it may not be amiss to repeat.

I was a young mother then, and had three children, all babies together. My training as a housekeeper had not been good, as I had lost my mother in childhood, and my life up to the time of my marriage had passed at boarding-schools. A girl thus reared finds many trials in the cares, all new, of her household, children and servants.

The day that I speak of particularly had been a very trying one. Unexpected guests from out of town had arrived to luncheon, and every one knows what that may mean to a young woman who feels, perhaps too keenly, her own incompetence. The cook had not been at her best. The children had seemed (as they often do when we wish them to appear well) never quite as distracting, and I confess to the humiliation of losing my self-control.

The company had gone, and I was just beginning to congratulate myself that I could be as cross as I felt, when the doorbell rang, and I impatiently exclaimed, "A caller!" I stood waiting near the door, flushed and irritable, when my dear old friend entered. My greeting was not what it should have been, and she soon saw that something was amiss. Finally I burst into tears and said, "Oh, Mrs. Brown, I am so miserable! All goes wrong; every little thing conspires to annoy me, and, worse than all, I am not fit to be a mother. How can I govern my children when I am unable to govern myself?"

"My dear child," she answered, in a calm and peaceful tone that soothed my ruffled spirit, "I want to ask you one question: Are you abiding in Christ? That means living in Him resting upon Him all the time; not once in a while, but always, abiding continually in Christ. You will then be free from all little worries. He will lift you up to himself, where no storm can reach you. Abide in Christ."

I cannot tell you how sweetly and comfortingly she said these words: "Abiding mean continual, permanent, lasting. It is but your constant desire to abide in Him, and the whole habit of your life now so fretted will be changed into peace and joy."

Her coming seemed like an angel's visit, and the help that she gave me by this lesson at the moment that it was so needed has never been forgotten.

It is a mistake to imagine that forms of government in themselves are a nation's salvation. The real progress of a great country depends not so much upon the outward form of government as upon the inner conscience of its population, and the Christian integrity and wisdom of its legislators.—*The London Friend*.

**A Tainted Drama and Press.**

A mother recently bought theatre tickets for her two young daughters and two of their friends in order that they might hear a certain mous actress. Later she said: "I was shocked when I found out the character of the play. I did not suppose that Miss N. would appear in anything but a moral play; but this was so bad that the girls simply could not stand it. They did they could feel themselves blushing all over, and they came out at the end of the second act."

But what business had a Christian mother, knowing, as all of us know, the temptations of actors to present any play which contains "situations"—what business had she to buy tickets for an entertainment without understanding exactly what it was?

Another mother took her boy of fifteen to see a widely advertised French play. She did that the scenes and costumes were "so gorgeous." This was true. The play in question as a dream of color and of art, but its voluptuous beauty could not cover its sensuality. A lady who had chanced to hear it (to her great regret) said that she shuddered when she heard "the boy's visit."

"It could not fail to leave foul marks upon the soul of every one who listened to it," she continued. "Oh, if I only had an angel's wings and power, so that I could rub those marks from the heart of that pure child!"

It is possible that there is any mother who believes that any art impressions, any intellectual culture, which her boy might derive from a play or a book can atone for the loss of moral integrity suffered if, underneath the charming exterior, there is a vile and immoral story?

The indictments to be brought against some of our large daily journals are similar: though they take none of the pains to beautify and conceal their worst features, which the French take with their plays and books. These papers stand constantly on the very verge of obscenity, and taint every day, in blunt English, tales of shame and crime, elaborated to nauseous detail; tales which, from every possible motive, should be told, or mentioned only in the coldest and most distant manner. The sole effect of these sensational narratives is to corrupt society. Creators whom decent people never wish to know to see, are pictured, with their homes, their relatives, their very cats and dogs, in these widely read pages. Their silly or wicked deeds are edited at length under enormous "scare type" heads. Unspeakable men and women, most of whom fit only for our prisons and reformatories, are thus often made the topics of town talk, relating with their own importance, their piquant ambition of all their ilk to figure like themselves among the notorieties of the day.

No reputable merchant should advertise his wares in these ill-odored sheets. They should ever be allowed in any home. If they only exalted the silly, gave only twaddle for sense, not only made the insignificant appear important, they would still be odious but comparatively harmless. The literary sense would suffer, it is true. The brain of every reader would be a little weaker after seeing each issue—that could be all. But this is the least offense of a four or five "great journals" in the variousities of America who are the chief sinners; they are, as now conducted, powerful engines, deliberately planned to inflame the lowest curiosity and the basest passions of men, in order that the owners themselves may become rich.

regard only for our own welfare and that of our families would be a sufficient motive for us to keep these papers out of our homes and to deny them any sort of patronage; but there is a still higher one. No government of the people by the people can long survive, with such journals. Patriotism demands that every decent citizen of the Republic should denounce them, and should contribute to their starvation by every means in his power.—*Kid Upon Clark, in The Independent.*

**FROM A LETTER OF MARY PISLEY.**—"There is an evil that thou art guilty of which is visible to more than me, and that is thy slighting and neglecting week day meetings. If thou had appointed a day to meet any of those thy old noblemen of the earth, and thou slighted and neglected the appointment for weeks, you months together, would it not be a great affront and indignity to them? yea, and I am persuaded thou would not do it, for fear of offending them; and is the King of kings and Lord of heaven and earth, less noble, less discerning, when He is slighted and neglected?"

**THE FRIEND.**

TWELFTH MONTH 26, 1896.

In the *British Friend* of Twelfth Month, John William Graham, who recently spent some weeks in this country, has an article on "The Orthodox Body in Philadelphia." While giving them credit for "dignity in worship," and religious experience, he labors to discourage that adherence to the ancient usage of the Society as to plainness of attire, which is in measure maintained among its members. He intimates that it is liable to the same danger and formality and unspiritual externalism as attends the use of the sacraments; and compares it to the monastic habit and the salvation bonnet; and he thinks that wearing a uniform has the fatal effect of separating us from the world of men, among whom we ought to find fellowship, and from whom we ought to gather converts.

The article in question confirms our previous impression that its author is either not acquainted with the principles of true Quakerism, or that they are not congenial to his tastes and feelings. It is a sad circumstance that one who professes to be a member among Friends should ridicule a testimony that was borne by its earliest members, which the Spirit of Christ has required of thousands of their faithful successors from that day to this, and which experience has shown to have been as a useful hedge about them. We have never known of a Friend who placed his religion in the putting on of a plain garb, any more than in obeying any other of the things required by his Lord and Master. "It is required in stewards that a man be found faithful," and he who in the pride of his intellect rejects the simplest and most humbling requisitions, has little prospect of being favored with greater openings.

It is worthy of remark that the general tenor of the communications of our ministers is not to enforce plainness, although that is not altogether neglected, but to urge the necessity of that humble submission to the will of our Heavenly Father, without which there is no growth in grace or advancement in the highway of holiness.

The idea advanced by J. W. Graham, that wearing a uniform "has the fatal effect of separating us from the world of men," certainly does

not apply to those of our members who dress in the style of Friends. It may prevent the young and inexperienced from mingling in assemblies which are calculated to weaken their religious sensibilities; but plain Friends do mingle largely with others in business and social intercourse, and their consistent support of our testimonies and principles gives them a place in the esteem and confidence of their acquaintances which leads these to look with favor on their principles.

We sincerely desire that this article of J. W. Graham may not have the effect of influencing any of our young members, in whom the Spirit of the Lord is at work, to reject the pleadings of His Spirit, and this delay or prevent that full liberty from the thralldom of sin and Satan.

The attitude of J. W. Graham in the latter part of his article towards the separation of 1827, manifests either a sad want of appreciation of the condition of things at that eventful period, or a spirit of indifference as to the maintenance of some doctrine. The preaching in our meeting of sentiments at variance with the Scripture testimony, and that ever held by Friends, to the divinity and atonement of Jesus of Nazareth necessarily made it the duty of others to contend earnestly for the faith necessarily delivered to the saints. In this conflict there is reason to believe that the weakness of human nature was at times shown by a zeal not regulated by sound discretion. Yet this is not a justification of the charge made by J. W. G. that the attitude of the Yearly Meeting towards their former brethren was "a constant error." The initial steps of the separation were taken by the leaders of that party; and when this division had been consummated its adherents were no longer members of the same organization as those who remained, and therefore, according to the regulations of the Discipline previously in force, were not entitled to the privileges of membership.

It is a comfort to believe that the feelings engendered by the contests of a former generation have largely passed away; and that especially within the limits of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting there are many who can heartily sympathize with those who are members of the body that separated in 1827, and who feel a religious concern to maintain orthodox doctrine among their people. These dear Friends we can own as brethren beloved, and sincerely desire that a blessing may rest on their efforts to oppose the spread of Unitarian opinions among their fellow members.

The attempts made to depreciate the importance and rectitude of the struggle for the Truth maintained seventy years ago, remind us of a statement made many years ago by a distinguished Friend, to the point, "I see very little difference between being un- and ourselves and having no testimony against un-soundness in others."

In rebutting the insinuations against the Friends who adhered to the original principles of the Society, which J. W. G. has introduced into his article, it may be well to refer to the course taken by those valued and experienced ministers of the Gospel, Thomas Sulist and Ann Jones and Elizabeth Roberts, in 1842, and who were very useful in strengthening the hands of our Friends, and encouraging them to resist the invasion of principles which would lay waste a belief in the divinity and atonement of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. The Journal of Thomas Sulist bears full and repeated testimony to the character of the issues

then at stake, and to the duty of contending for the fifth ones delivered to the saints. He was well qualified to judge in such matters, both from his extended religious experience and from his personal observation, having been present at both New York and Ohio Yearly Meetings when the separations occurred there, and also having at different times listened to the unsound communications of some of their ministers.

It seems to us that the article of J. W. Graham too much ignores the sense of Divine re-quiring which lays at the foundation of practical religion.

A letter recently received from a concerned Friend in a Yearly Meeting where the fast element has met with considerable encouragement, speaks of the "so called sanctified band," as causing some uneasiness. They favor congregational singing. At some of their holiness meetings some profess to fall into a trance, and remain in that condition for hours, and then give in their experience, professing to have visited both places or states in the future world.

The writer of the letter says, "If the young people within the limits of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting only knew what I have seen in this fast movement, they would shun the very appearance of such an evil, which would destroy name and remnant of our once highly favored Society. The doors now stand open in many places for all these innovations to enter. By little and little they come upon us."

**SUMMARY OF EVENTS.**

**UNITED STATES.**—The census of the vote of New York State gives Levering 16,007. The total vote cast in all the States was 33,924,653. This is a gain of 1,321 more than in 1892. The vote for Knickerbocker is 109,145; for Bryan 67,858; for McKinley 60,759. The vote for Bryan and Sewall and that for Bryan and Watson are combined in the total vote given for Bryan. Only twelve States reported a separate vote for Watson and Bryan. His aggregate vote was 46,757. The Sound Money Democrats for Palmer and Tricker were 122,036. The Prohibition vote for Levering was 123,374. The National or Free Silver Prohibitionists cast 33,229 votes for Bentley. Matthews, the candidate of the Socialist Party, received 33,242.

The recent election plus 4 colored representatives in the Legislatures of more than half the States of the Union.

An important objection upon Senator Allen's resolutions to take up the Dingley Bill for debate was started in the United States Senate on the 10th inst. by Senator Vest, and was participated in by Senators Allen, Chandler, G. Hoar, Free, Hale, Alford, Sherman, and a number of others. The result of the debate was a complete success on both sides of the Chamber in the fact that the Dingley bill could not possibly be passed at the present session, and that the enactment of a new tariff law will have to cover over a new session of Congress, to be as favored as early as possible.

The Senate in its action on Foreign Relations by a practically unanimous vote ordered a favorable report to be made to the Senate on the 23rd, on the Cameron resolution authorizing the independent use of the Republic's money, and providing that the United States shall not officially deal with the Government of Spain until she has recognized the Republic as Spain and Cuba. This resolution was approved on a yeas and nays of 95 to 3. A vote of 101 yeas and 23 nays was also recorded on a yeas and nays of 68 to 31, on the resolution authorizing the President to employ the agents of the system who shall be able to read and write their own names, their language, but be provided made against the separation of families. This

is secured by providing that wife, parent, children and grand-children of male immigrants may be admitted, notwithstanding their inability to comply with the educational test. An exception was also made in favor of refugees from Cuba during the existence of the present disturbance on that island.

The Moscow, Indiana Territory dispatch says that the Choctaws and the Dawes Commission have signed a treaty providing for allotment of lands, town sites, reserve of coal fields for Choctaw schools and relinquishment of tribal government within eight years. The Cherokee, Creek and Choctaw tribes will be treated with the Commission after the holidays.

The New Orleans, Louisiana, gold fields of Salvador are in the majority. They are about the size and weight of a silver dollar, making it possible for swindlers to use them with comparative ease, and the profits are about as great as those accruing from counterfeiting without the element of danger. Money brokers, wishing to get to coinage, the foreign coin into American currency, say that the town has been flooded in this way for years past. Victims are bringing in reports from all quarters of the city, showing that the town is being thoroughly worked.

Stockholders of the Reading Railway Company have voted to increase the capital stock from 240,000,000 to 240,000,000. This action completes the plan of reorganization.

Deaths in this city last week numbered 384, which is 43 less than the previous week, and 90 less than the corresponding week of 1895. Of the foregoing, 219 were males and 165 females; 61 died of pneumonia; 28 of consumption; 26 of heart disease; 25 of typhoid fever; 24 of cholera; 20 of apoplexy; 13 of emphysema; 12 of nephritis; 11 of old age; 10 from cancer; and 9 of infantile.

**Markets.**—U. S. 2's, 95 1/4; 4's, reg., 102 1/4; 110; coupon, 110 1/4; 112; new 4's, 110 1/4; 120; 5's, 113 1/4; 114; currency, 65, 100 a 100.

**COTTONS** was quiet at 7 1/2 cts. per pound for middling upland.

**FLOUR.**—Spot bran ranged from \$9.75 to \$10.50 per ton for water in bulk and spring in sacks.

**FLOUR.**—Winter spring, \$2.85 to \$3.15; do, extras, \$2.25 to \$3.45; Pennsylvania roller, clear, \$1.25 to \$1.45; do, straight, \$1.50 to \$1.65; Western winter, clear, \$1.25 to \$1.45; do, straight, \$1.50 to \$1.75; do, patent, \$1.80 to \$3.00; spring, clear, \$1.30 to \$2.95; straight, \$1.25 to \$1.40; do, do, patent, \$1.50 to \$1.70; do, favorite brands, higher. City mills, extra, \$3.20 to \$3.60; do, clear, \$1.25 to \$1.50; do, straight, \$1.60 to \$1.80; do, patent, \$1.85 to \$5.00. **RYE FLOUR.**—\$2.75 per barrel for choice Pennsylvania. **BUCKWHEAT.**—\$1.20 per bushel for 100 pounds as to quality.

**GRAIN.**—No. 2 red wheat, \$2.25 a 2 1/2 cts.

No. 2 mixed corn, 2 1/4 to 2 1/2 cts.

No. 2 white oats, 2 1/4 a 2 1/2 cts.

**BELF CATTLE.**—Extra, 4 1/2 cts; good, 4 1/2 cts; medium, 4 1/2 cts; common, 4 1/2 cts.

**SHEEP AND LAMBS.**—Extra, 4 1/2 cts; good, 4 1/2 cts; medium, 4 1/2 cts; common, 2 1/2 to 3 cts; ewes, 2 1/2 cts; lambs, 4 to 6 cts.

**HOGS.**—Western, 5 1/2 cts.

**PORTLAND.**—Two shocks of earthquake were felt throughout Wales, the Midlands and the South of England early on the morning of the 17th instant. Houses were violently shaken. The cathedral at Hereford was damaged.

It is said again has notified the United States that she is satisfied with the friendly tone of President Cleveland's message and the attitude of Secretary Olney toward the Chinese resolution.

Spain has some of the finest iron fields in the world, but she has not carried out enterprise among the population that country that over 50 per cent. of the iron used is imported.

A delegation arrived at the Spanish Legation in Washington from Madrid says that "Maese's" death took place in legal right of Punta Brava, and was proved by the learned writers of the *Real Orden* in Gomez, in which he states that he killed himself in order not to dishonor the body of his General. The handwriting of the letter has been verified and also every detail of the letter.

It is asserted that the rebels in the Philippine Islands are still in the aid from Japan, and that Japanese officers are in command.

The Siberian Railway, when completed, will be nearly 5000 miles long. Already about 1700 miles have been completed.

An authority computes that \$1,350,000,000 is the amount of money lying idle in India in the shape of hoards or ornaments. In Amritsar, a Punjab city, there are jewels to the value of \$100,000,000. A wealthy jewel merchant of Benares has, it is said, always a stock worth \$5,000,000 on hand.

Official statistics of the babonic plague in Bonabay show that there have been 1094 deaths out of 1551 cases. Over 200,000 persons have fled from the city.

Within a few years, 200 artificial wells have been opened in Queensland, yielding 125,000,000 gallons of water a day.

Acconga, the highest mountain on this hemisphere, is to be thoroughly explored by an expedition fitted out by E. A. Fitzgerald, the explorer of the New Zealand Alps, which recently left England for Buenos Ayres. A geologist, a physicist, a chemist, and a part of the expedition, together with the alpine guide, Mattias Zrilbergren, Fitzgerald's observations will be on the effect of the atmosphere of mountain height on the human system, as he intends to scale Mount Everest, in India, the highest mountain in the world, if possible, in getting to the top, Acconga.

The metal gallium is much more precious than gold. It is quoted in the market at \$5000 an ounce avoirdupois. Traces of it occur in some zinc ores, some of which must be worked over in order to obtain a trifling quantity. Gallium is a very remarkable substance. At the ordinary summer temperature of 86 degrees Fahr. it becomes liquid like mercury.

**NOTICES.**

**FRIEND'S ISSUETTE LYCEUM.**—The next regular meeting will be held at 140 N. Sixth-st. N., Sixth-day First Month 8th, 1897, at 8 o'clock, P. M. Prompt attendance is requested.

**FRIEND'S LIBRARY** will be open Lyceum night from 7.15 to 7.45.

**WESTWON BOARDING SCHOOL.**—The General Committee meet in Philadelphia, First Month 8th, 1897, at 11 A. M. The Committee on Instruction meet the same day, at P. M. WM. EVANS, Clerk.

**WESTWON BOARDING SCHOOL.**—Applications for the admission of pupils to the school, and letters in regard to instruction and discipline should be addressed to WILLIAM F. WICKERSHAM, *Principal*. Do not come on account of board and tuition, as communications in regard to business should be forwarded to EDWARD G. SMEDLEY, *Superintendent*.

Address, Westwton P. O., Chester Co., Pa.

**WESTWON BOARDING SCHOOL.**—For convenience of persons coming to Westwton Scho. 4, the stage will meet trains leaving Philadelphia 7.17 and 8.46 A. M. and 2.55 and 4.32 P. M. Other trains are met where requested. Stage fare on regular trips, fifteen cents on special trips, twenty-five cents each way. To reach the school by telegraph, wire West Chester *Phone 85* EDWARD G. SMEDLEY, *Supr.*

**OFFICE OF "THE FRIEND,"** 207 Walnut Place Philadelphia, Pa.—On the 15th inst. some subscribers at Coal Creek, Iowa, mailed a P. O. money order for \$10.00, but did not mail it. Will the sender please forward the name for credit on our books?

**DEED.** at her home near Toledo, KANSAS, on the eighteenth day of the Ninth Month, of gall-stone SARAH J. BRICKELL, wife of G. W. Brickell, age sixty eight years and sixteen days. She was a member of Cottonwood Monthly Meeting of Friends; was a firm and an I practitioner in the Society, and was very much troubled by the great distress of Friends from their ancient principles. She was kind and helpful to the afflicted and needy. Her lamp was surely trimmed and burning. She gave evidence that she was entering her peaceful home.

At her residence in Moores-ton, N. J., TENTH Mo. 30, 1896, LADIA ROBERTS, in the seventy-eighth year of her age; a member of Chester Monthly Meeting.

At his home in Wilmington, Seventh Month 14th, 1896, DAVID C. WOODWARD, in the seventy sixth year of his age; a member of Wilmington Monthly Meeting of Friends. "Blessed is that servant whom the Lord when He hath sought shall find watching."

WILLIAM H. PILE'S SONS, PRINTERS, No. 422 Walnut street.

# THE FRIEND.

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MOORESTOWN, BURLINGTON CO., N. J.

Entered as second-class matter at Philadelphia P. O.

Diary and Letters of Deborah Brooks Webb.

(Continued from page 15.)

1866.—First Month 7th.—One week of the new year is past. Have I been devoted? I am trying to "bind the sacrifice with cords unto the horns of thy altar" this night. Give me what thou wilt, take what thou wilt away."

28th.—The Lord is so good to me, leading me and giving me peace. Praise be unto thy holy name; help me to bear my cross, dear Lord, more faithfully.

Second Month 4th.—Oh, my God! my God! how precious unto me are the flowings of thy life and love in my soul this night. Thanks be unto thee through my Saviour. Oh, my Lord, that shall I say of thy mercy to me ward. Thou givest strength and might to thy children.

From a letter to L. H. B., Second Month 7th, 1866, the following extracts are taken:

"Thy poor friend feels herself so much as day in the hands of the Great Potter, ready to be used in any way, that I seem sometimes to rave no will at all; if He sends loving Friends to me I am thankful, but if He takes them away, He always leaves himself and helps me to put my whole trust and confidence in Him that all things will work together for the ever-acting good of his children. I did not know, my dear, but He saw that I had done thee all the good such a poor, weak vessel could, and had closed up our outward communion. But thou hast indeed been remembered before my Lord many a time, and my heart's desire now is for thy sanctification. We need so much purifying, so much humbling, that human nature often shrinks from the suffering; but 'as thy day, so shall thy strength be,' my precious one, and faithful is He that calleth you, who also will do it." My eye fell upon a promise so comforting the other night, *this*, I think: "The Lord is faithful, who will establish you and keep you from falling." What else shall I say unto thee, but to hold fast unto the end, it is *that* crowns all. It is indeed true that we can come unto Him and cast our burdens upon Him, and He lighten us."

Third Month 11th.—Very much indeed to be thankful for. My Heavenly Father has answered some of my prayers, unworthy as I am, even to draw nigh and ask. I asked for a mild winter, so the freedmen need not suffer so much,

and thou hast given it to us two degrees warmer than for fifty years. Praises, high praises, be unto thy holy name.

Fourth Month 8th.—Oh, Lord, thou hast been so good to me, so many mercies, so many blessings, so much answer to prayer. Oh, I humbly pray thee to help me to serve thee more earnestly.

Fourth Month 19th.—My birthday, and the last day of the Yearly Meeting. We have had such a good, Heavenly time. There were no strangers on our side. Probably half of my life at least is now passed, and I can humbly say, "Hitherto the Lord has helped me" so much. I was brought low and He helped me. Oh, that I may walk more continually with my Lord in spirit, and dedicate myself to Him.

25th.—In a note to her friend, L. H. B., speaking of a change of residence, she adds, "Well, my dear, how are all the heavenly flowers in thy heart? Are they cultivated day by day, and do the white lilies of innocence send forth odors and incense, night after night, as thou seekst communion with thy Holy One? Or do the wintry storms sometimes so frown around thee, that thou canst find no sweet odor for thy Lord. Solomon's Songs, fourth chapter, sixteenth verse, often comes to my mind, and I am sometimes willing to submit to any wintry wind, if so be the summer comes after with its singing of birds, even thankful praises to my God. Let us, dearest, try to live the life of the ransomed, and so have part in that beautiful riddle, Isaiah, thirty-fifth chapter, tenth verse. Farewell in the same endearing love as ever."

"D. B."

Fifth Month 20th.—Moving into Twelfth St., and visiting has so engrossed my time and strength, that my notes here have been neglected, and now I have but a poor account to give of myself, having left the daily cross and weight of spirit too much. Oh, how great is thy mercy and goodness, dear Lord, to help me to come back and work in my own vineyard this day. Thou knowest my cross and sufferings, O Lord, may I not hope for a little crown at last, through thy unmerited mercy and loving kindness. We were assured to-day that the "sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared to the glory that shall be revealed."

Sixth Month 3rd.—Silent meeting all day, wherein I was led to covenant to be more faithful, watchful and dedicated during the coming week. How delightful it would be to feel no condemnation in the end. "I, even I, am He that blot out my transgressions for my own sake, and will not remember thy sins," comforted me this morning.

TO L. H. B.

"Sixth Month 14th, 1866.

"My mind went so much to thee yesterday, that I thought it was time to write, and at night I opened thy dear little book at pages one hundred and forty-two and forty-three, and concluded these are just the words to comfort Laura. Thou wilt find them in 'Thoughts of

Peace.' There are indeed many sweet extracts and assurances in it, as I open it occasionally and think of thee. I do desire our Father to strengthen thee and bear thee up in thy sore affliction. Oh! dearest L., what wouldst thou do without thy 'Rock,' thy precious Holy and Eternal One, to lean upon now. How merciful is our Lord to have sought thee and brought thee to his fold; and to give thee of the pure holy life in Him. Suffer nothing, my dear, to shake thy faith in the Lord's superintending care and goodness to thy soul, as long as thou art faithful in thy allegiance to Him.

"How I desire for thee, that the pleasures of this world, from which thou hast in degree been redeemed, may never captivate and enslave thee. A whole and dedicated heart, dearest Laura, lay upon his altar. The Lord hath need of more earnest souls. Some words, in the thirty-first Psalm, comforted my heart this evening, though feeling very unworthy to take it all to myself: 'Thou art my Rock, my Fortress, therefore for thy name's sake lead me and guide me.' 'Oh, love the Lord, all ye his saints, for He preserveth the faithful!'. . . In two weeks my nice little school will probably close. Next second-day we intend to spend at Dewey's lane. B-believe me, thy ever affectionate,

"D. B."

Seventh Month 15th.—She writes to her brother and sister from Newark, N. J., where there was no Friend's Meeting. "How I would like the privilege of going to meeting this morning. Drawing nearer to God alone is not quite like the fire, caused by many living coals, though I humbly believe regarded by our Father, who looks at the heart's desire to adore Him."

30th.—She writes in her diary: Been to Newark for two and a half weeks, and was preserved amidst peculiar temptations. Thanks be unto thee, O, my God. Thine everlasting arms are round about, unworthy as I am. Fill my soul, dearest Father, with heavenly love, that I may win souls to Thee, Oh, my Lord and King.

Ninth Month 2nd.—Been helped indeed by my blessed Lord, through what caused me so much anxiety (a visit in Chester County), but have not been entirely faithful in fasting and prayer. Oh, I want to commence this day, to try earnestly to walk without one sin, a stain on the robe which He cleanses for me, through washing in his blood. Help me, Oh, Lord.

16th.—Lord, thou hast helped me when I felt so low and poor and full of temptation. Oh, bless me, even me, wilt thou not, and give me the desires of my heart, if consistent with thy holy will. Oh, prosper thy works in the hearts of thy children. Look upon thy people with an eye of favor and renew our life in thee.

TO L. H. B.

"Ninth Month 15th, 1866.

"My heart has gone forth again and again to thee, these many weeks past, in tender love and sympathy. I know thou hast a right to expect me to write, but opportunity did not seem to present until now. It seemed to me, I

did thee so little good in thy last visit, and I have to leave thee to the Lord, humbly desiring that the Lord would solve all thy difficulties. I know He is good, and that his tender mercies are over all his works. Thy sister, too, has been called to her everlasting home. I hope you have a convincing evidence of her happy entrance there. How sad it must be to have no word from those we love. Dear Ruth Anna Eiche! How sad I should have been to have had no word from her, and how merciful our Father and Lord was to accept her last dedication. I am so thankful. She sat just in front of me in meeting, and was sometimes like a little screen to me. Thou canst understand? It would be selfish to wish to recall her to that blessed home, where we humbly trust she is rejoicing in the light and mercy of her Redeemer. The prayer of my soul is, 'Gather more, gather all into thy heavenly kingdom, O thou glorious, holy and eternal One!' Dear Laura, how is it with us? Are we living day by day with our armor on. . . . I understand that dear E. Pitfield's memorial is to be read in our next Monthly Meeting. Perhaps thou would like to come. It will be next Third-day. I loved her so much. Sometimes in her communications she would quote, 'Simon, Simon, behold Satan has desired to have you that he may sift you as wheat, but I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not,' generally adding that the dear Master prayed for us still, even for his tempted children. Is it not precious for us to think of, even now, my dear? I have no doubt thou often has thy conflicts, but hold on upon the anchor, 'The Lamb and his followers shall have the victory.' Thy deeply attached friend,

"D. B."

Eleventh Month 11th.—This day my uncle Paul Swift was interred. I hope he has entered the kingdom, having passed through much tribulation and bodily suffering for two years, which affected his mind somewhat.

How has it been with thee, O, my soul, these two months? Not all the time without sin. When shall I be free? When shall I be entirely crucified? No will but to thee, Oh, Lord, thou hast been so merciful to me, and accepted my contrite heart many times. This day have felt a renewed engagement to enter into covenant to follow the Lord faithfully.

Twelfth Month 7th.—I can indeed sing of thy mercies, O, Lord, for they have been so many. O, blessed Lord! I would praise thee. Help me to serve thee better.

30th.—The last First-day in the year.—I am not so dedicated as I should be. I come unto thee with full resolution, oh, Lord, to try to serve thee better. Accept my feeble prayer and thanksgiving for the multitude of thy mercies.

First Month 27th, 1896.—Turn thy hand yet more and more upon me, O, Holy Father, until I am what thou wouldst have me to be. Show me, oh, Father, how to worship thee in meetings with my whole soul. I am a child, teach thou me thy way.

(To be continued.)

A LETTER from an English Friend says of the late Darlington Conference, that it "has been another occasion for the reading of papers, and making of speeches, with which we cannot have much in common. It is a great feature of the present day to be using the intellect in religious matters by writing or preparing beforehand, in-

stead of waiting for fresh springs, but that kind of thing cannot have much root. The general tendency is very harmful."

#### Haddonfield Quarterly Meeting.

This body of Friends assembled at Moorestown, N. J., on the seventeenth of Twelfth Mo., 1896. The day was fine, though cold, and the attendance was large. We were favored with a good meeting, in which some sound advice was given in Gospel authority.

A concern to visit in Gospel love, some of the meetings of Ohio Yearly Meeting was spread before it, by one of our ministers; and was freely and fully united with by both men's and women's meetings, for, according to the recent change in the discipline, such concerns now require the concurrence of both branches of the church.

Beyond this, there was little or nothing in the business, out of the usual order. But a somewhat striking feature was the number of persons, not recommended ministers, who felt called upon to address the meeting, perhaps half a dozen or more, giving ground to hope that the Head of the Church was still preparing servants to act as his ambassadors, who might fill the places of those dignified instruments who have latterly been removed from among us.

One of the pleasant and profitable things connected with these gatherings of Friends is the opportunity for social intercourse which they present. Among the incidents related in conversation was the remark made by one who had filled a position in a large hospital, who referred to a hot spell of weather a few years ago, when several persons overcome with the heat were brought in as patients. It happened that a patient confined with a broken limb was located in the receiving room. After the heated term had ended this man said to the physician in charge, that he knew several of the men who had been brought in as sun-stroke patients, and he had noticed that all of them who were drinking men had died. He had been in the habit of drinking liquor, but had made up his mind to quit the practice, having seen its effect in lessening the power of the system to throw off disease.

The experience was also related of one who had been in the habit of smoking tobacco. Under the convicting power of Divine Grace he had become a religiously minded man, but this habit, acquired in his younger years, still clung to him. One day, after breakfast, he lighted his pipe and started to walk from his house to his shop. On the road he was suddenly stopped, and heard a voice distinctly say, "Thou must give up the use of tobacco." Startled, as he was, and believing it was a Divine command, he felt that he was so much a slave to the habit, that he did not know that he would be able to obey. While thus he-tating, the command was repeated, "Thou must give up the use of tobacco," with the addition of "Now," and coupled with the admonition, that the evil effects of his example were counteracting all the good that otherwise might be done by his preaching. He was so affected that he shook like an aspen leaf; but still hesitated to yield obedience. Then the voice came a third time, as clear and distinct as he ever heard an outward voice, "Thou must give up the use of tobacco," and the impression fastened on his mind, that if he refused to obey he could never gain admission to the kingdom of heaven. Like the Apostle Paul, he was not disobedient to the

Heavenly vision, but threw his pipe over the fence, and lifted up his heart to God, entreating Him for deliverance from the chains of his appetite. He never after indulged, and when asked how long it took him to overcome the desire for this plant, he said, "About three minutes." J. W.

#### To the Very End.

[We have received from a concerned Friend the following criticisms on an expression used in the account of D. B. Webb, which for number of weeks has been publishing in THE FRIEND. While the words "to the very end," literally accepted, may convey too strong an impression of the fears and exercises to which even the devoted servants of the Lord are subject, yet the experience of many such servants shows the Lord often permits them to be tried by a sense of desertion, and by fears that they may lose the standing to which they have attained. These trials, no doubt, tend to keep them humble, and to preserve them in that watchful state which our Saviour enjoined upon his disciples, "Watch and pray, lest ye enter into temptation," is a good watchword for all.—ED.]

In the first chapter of the very instructive "Diary and Letters of Deborah Brooks Webb," my attention was arrested by one little expression contained in the following sentence, which probably alludes to the later years of her life:

"When she sought Him He was always to be found, and she died soon wonderfully clear of the doubts and fears of which so many of the Lord's dedicated ones have largely to partake to the very end."

I apprehend it was unintentional in the compiler to convey the impression that the Lord's dedicated ones to the latest period of their lives were tried with uncertainty, but it seemed to me that such might be inferred from the expression.

We have the recorded testimony of a cloud of witnesses who have experienced for a longer or shorter period before their departure, a blessed, unmixed assurance that a happy immortality awaited them whatever trials and close proofs they had previously known, indeed we may not find one instance of such as these being left at last to doubts and fears. This particular feature in the Christian's experience it has long seemed to me is the greatest consolation that can be realized in this world.

Twelfth Month, 1896.

The Presbyterian, of Philadelphia, says:—"Nothing should interfere with home duties. Even great service for humanity cannot compensate for their neglect. Works of charity and business for the Church are of great price and should be attended to in their place and measure, but never at the sacrifice of loved ones entrusted to one's care and training. Home has the first and pre-eminent claim. Children are a God-given heritage. They must be rightly cultured and disciplined, as well as properly provided for. Father and mother must be able to say at the great day: 'Here are we, and those whom thou hast given us.' Platform oratory serves an excellent purpose, but it is a poor substitute for a home neglected in its gratification. Committee meetings and temperance and missionary work are valuable, but not at the sacrifice of family interests. Give your home the first attention; then devote what time, talent and effort you can to outside agencies."

While there is a valuable lesson contained in these remarks, it must not be forgotten that the

\* R. A. B., being hard of hearing, sat on the front seat facing the gallery, and D. B., before being recommended as a minister, sat behind her.

Lord has the right to dispose of his children as He sees right. It may please Him to send the father or mother of a family to a distance from the home circle; and it is in his power so to bless the sacrifice that those who are left behind will be better cared for than the parent will be able to effect without Divine assistance.

FROM "THE LONDON FRIEND."

### John Woolman, Tailor.

In our thoughts of Woolman we sometimes forget the fact that this Quaker saint was the village tailor of Mount Holly. We remember his service to which he was called in his own Society, for the freeing of the slaves; we remember, too, the extreme simplicity of his character, which gives much of its fragrance to his Journal; but it is not well that we should forget his daily calling.

Woolman has left us in no doubt as to his own attitude towards his trade. He regarded it as his "calling" in that simple and all-embracing mysticism which makes his character: "I believed the hand of Providence pointed out his business for me." The utterance is significant, because this man felt for the hand of God in every deed of his daily life, and one might almost say, especially in his trade. In the "Testimony" of Friends at Burlington concerning him, it is written:—"He was very moderate in his charges in the way of business, and in his lesures after gain; and though a man of industry, avoided, and strove much to lead others out of extreme labor and anxiety after perishable things; being desirous that the strength of our bodies might not be spent in procuring his unprofitable."

Every Friend who has read the Journal—and we can hardly believe that any earnest Friend has not done so—must be familiar with Woolman's strong conviction that trade is in reality a great religious service for the followers of Jesus, the carpenter of Nazareth. It is not only that all service is sacred, but that trade arrived on for motives of gain is the source of one of the oppression which in his vision lies, like a suffen gloom, over the dawn of Divine light and love. Human misery is the great problem which men have to deal with, yielding themselves as ready instruments to the hand of Divine love; and that misery was to his mind chiefly caused by the spirit of oppression, which poisons the river of commerce, and makes of it an overflowing stream of unrighteousness.

This thought becoming clear in his mind and emanating a profound conviction through his life, it was also revealed to him that a man's rading might and should be of itself an "int'ing language," and, pursued in the spirit of Jesus, should remind men of his love. Surely it is not impossible that a sacramental meaning would even now attach to the trade, carried on by a Christian spirit. The dealing out of the common bread by Jesus to his disciples had a typical significance; and is it not the highest evidence to believe with Woolman, that the hopekeeper's transactions, which are a handling of the common goods of the community, may be so symbolical of love and its great gift to men?

This idea of the true character and importance of his trade is continually expressed in his writings. In trade Woolman perceives the roots of war as well as of slavery. Where our treasure is, there also is our heart; we are blind to honor and pity when we refuse to place our savings in the keeping of God, and when our algers are the antithesis of our Bibles. That

is a doctrine which is simple and honest, and it is part of the unwritten creed of Quakerism. With a beautiful tenderness of conscience, Woolman besought his friends to look upon their furniture and their garments, "to try whether the seeds of war have nourishment in these our possessions." Just as many Friends refused to sanction slavery by avoiding the use of West Indian sugar, so Woolman sought to dis-countenance oppression by abstaining from any traffic which was based thereon.

"It is evident that all business which hath not its foundation in true wisdom is not becoming [to] a faithful follower of Christ, who loves God not only with all his heart, but with all his strength and ability." Such thoughts as these convinced Woolman that it was right for him to live in a contented poverty, or rather an austere but happy simplicity. For many reasons he loved simplicity; in materials it stood to him for honesty both to his customers and to those engaged in manufacture. He refused to trade in frippery and those things which "minister to the vain mind in men." All showy articles which made up for poor material by an extravagant avowal of splendor were distasteful and hurtful to him. These things could only encourage his customers to cumber themselves with much labor for the meat that perishes. Moreover, he was thoroughly alive to the economic meaning of luxury. He saw in the wasteful extravagance of the cultured and intellectual classes of society, the want and ignorance of the workers. And to his own simple industrious mind it was absolutely wrong to waste the energies of life upon trivialities—it was the worst form of idolatry, the sacrifice of living men before the golden idol of mammon.

John Woolman himself was a man of natural capacity, with a talent for "merchandise," and his business prospered in Mount Holly (a village some miles east of Philadelphia); but after much prayerful consideration he decided to give up his retailing and devote himself solely to tailoring. This conclusion was reached with an earnest sense of duty. Although there is little mention of his home life in his Journal, there is enough to assure us that he did not lightly put aside the thought of his wife and children's future. But he felt that he had no right to bind himself in the cumber of merchandise for the sake of his children, when he had other work given him to do. He definitely withdrew from the vain endeavor to exempt them from "those cares which necessarily relate to this life," believing for them as for himself, that his Heavenly Father knew their need, and that if they might rather be led to seek for the treasure of his kingdom, "all these things" should be added unto them.

It must not be inferred from this that Woolman was an idle man. He was naturally industrious, but he perceived that the continual "creaturely activity" of his trade, however holy, tended to disturb the inner peace of his soul, and made him somewhat less sensitive to the leadings of the Spirit of God. And while he valued industry and thrift, he was fully aware of the temptation which lies in them—the Martha-like busyness which has no time, for its much serving, to sit at the feet of the Master. Mere thrift and industry may render men callous to the appeals of humanity; that they have often done so, is sufficiently notorious; labor is given and taken as a drug to dull the mind, and make men capable of slavery.

So, although he loved his trade, and prospered in it, John Woolman did not extend it. He

had other work to do—work to which he was called as surely as to his needle and thread. No parochial genius, he went forth into the world and preached the Gospel. When he reached London, at the time of the Yearly Meeting in 1772, he was met by a vivid vision of the need and condition of the people. But the Yearly Meeting received him coldly and it was suggested that perhaps our friend would now feel himself liberated from this service and return to his home. But Woolman could not go back; neither might he live in England at the expense of Friends who had no unity with him. With a wonderful patience and simplicity, he trusted that Friends might be "willing to employ him in such business, as he was capable of, that he might not be chargeable to any."

It is not men who are in-ensable to love and happiness who suffer most; and there is every reason to believe that Woolman was peculiarly sensitive to pain and pleasure. He had the natural temperament of a poet; but his strenuous spirit was not fretted by the pettiness and vulgarity of trade; he was one of those great souls who preserve their tranquillity and independence of character in the market-place of life.

HENRY BINNS.

(Luton Hall.)

### Honesty in a Malay.

William Taylor relates that his friend Henry Reed, in a voyage from England to Australia in 1849, stopped at Cape Town. When the ship came to anchor, a Malay boatman tipped his hat to H. Reed:

"A boat, sir?"

"What will you charge to take me and my family ashore?"

"Thirteen dollars, sir."

"Thirteen dollars! Why, that is too much."

"No, sir; it is the regular price, and I can't do it for less."

"Very well," said H. Reed, "we will go with you."

When safely landed he paid the Malay thirteen dollars, about two pounds and fourteen shillings. The next morning a messenger called on H. Reed at his lodgings and said, "The Malay boatman who brought you ashore yesterday is at the door, and wants to see you."

"Dear me," thought H. Reed, as he was going to the door, "that fellow is not satisfied with his extortionate gains of yesterday, and wants to make another draw on me to-day."

"What do you want, sir?" demanded Reed.

"You made a mistake yesterday in the money you paid me," replied the boatman.

"Not at all, sir; no mistake about it. You asked me thirteen dollars for your work, and I paid you, and you'll not get any more," and added to the sentence in his own mind, "These boatmen are alike the world over."

"No," said the Malay, "you are quite mistaken; I charged thirteen dollars—"

"Yes," rejoined H. Reed, "and I paid it, and you ought to be satisfied."

"But," continued the son of Mohammed, "I meant Dutch six-dollars, and you paid me three times as much as I asked, and I have brought your money back"—handing him the money. "Thirteen six-dollars are nineteen shillings and sixpence, instead of two pounds and fourteen shillings."

H. Reed was satisfied to receive back his money, but especially delighted to find such an example of honesty where he least expected it.

AMBITION carries the torch of discord.

## A BUNCH OF BITTER-SWEET.

SARAH W. WESTEY.

O, Bitter-sweet, with thy berries red,  
How dear thou art to me!  
Reminding me of days long dead,  
When life was full and free.

O, Bitter-sweet, with thy berries red,  
A lesson thou teachest me!  
When summer's past and all else dead,  
Thou still canst radiant be.

O, Bitter-sweet, with thy berries bright,  
I would be like to thee:  
When hope is dead and all there is no light,  
I yet would nestle be.

## A YEAR AGO.

A year ago!

A year ago I had my baby here,  
With hair of gold, and eyes so blue and clear;  
A year ago I heard his pattering feet,  
And listened to his childish babble sweet,  
Now he has gone—gone whither? Who can say?  
I only know he left me that sad day,  
A year ago.

And is that all?

Is there no comfort for the aching heart?  
No balm to ease, no hand to bind the smart?  
Are all my hopes lost in a bleak no-morn,  
And is my baby wandering forth alone?  
My baby, whom I loved and tend-d-ds,  
And soothed to sleep with mother-croonings low,  
A year ago!

Nay, heart, not all!

For, see! beyond, in countries not unknown,  
My baby waits, well loved, and not alone;  
A strong Hand guides him, lest his feet should fall,  
And loving ears are quick to hear his call;  
He waits full happy, safe from all alarms;  
For Jesus took my baby in his arms  
A year ago.

—Exchange.

[Our aged friend Robert Knowles, of Paulina, Iowa, has forwarded to us the following narrative of a religious visit paid by Henry Knowles, more than fifty years ago.—Ed.]

Sixth-day, the sixth of First Month, 1843, I attended meeting at Loui-ville, where I met with our friend Joseph Edgerton and companion. First and Second-days visited their families. Third-day attended meeting at Leray, appointed by Joseph Edgerton; afternoon at Indian River—both favored meetings. At the close I gave notice of being at their week-day meeting. Fourth-day attended Indian River meeting to good satisfaction; Fifth-day attended Leray meeting again, in which Truth rose into dominion, and the Lord was exalted over all, blessed be his name, and his children praised Him. We are nothing; He is all in all. In the evening had a meeting in the school-house about eight miles on our way toward Canada, to which came Joseph Edgerton and companion from Ohio, and Lydia Hallock and husband from Vermont, in which we had a favored baptizing meeting together, many testimonies being borne to the truths of the Gospel, in which the inhabitants rejoiced, and we poor pilgrims were strengthened to hold on our way—six of us bound for Canada.

On Sixth-day, the thirteenth of First Month, started for Canada early in the morning, accompanied by our friends Jonas Smith and Samuel Childs; rode to the River St. Lawrence, which was very much frozen. No team having passed, after waiting about two hours with some anxiety, there was a boat came from the other side which had been four or five hours cutting out of the ice, which brought my daughter, Mary A. Knowles and her company, a very agreeable meeting. They were glad to find them-

selves on their native land again, and to see some of their old friends. Our company returned in the boat, and we were glad that we had an opportunity to cross, which seemed like a providential one, for there had no boat crossed before, nor did there afterwards, for the river froze right up again. There was much floating ice in the river, but we got safe over, and to a friend's house that night in Canada, where all six of us strangers lodged and were kindly cared for.

The fourteenth had a sitting in the family, and another in a friend's house not far off, who seemed afflicted—both favored times. Afternoon attended a meeting in a school-house near by, appointed by the strangers; then rode to Leeds at Harvey Derbyshire's.

First-day, the 15th, we all attended their meeting, held in Farmersville, which was a large, crowded meeting. Joseph was very much favored—we had a good meeting; then visited families, accompanied by H. Derbyshire and wife, in which I was engaged about ten days, and found many different states and conditions, and was favored to speak to them. On First-day, 22nd, attended their meeting again, which was a favored time; Truth reigned over all, and almost all were broken into tears; many wept aloud; the floor was wet in many places, and although it was near two o'clock, yet we had hard work to break up the meeting—they seemed both to leave their seats—a meeting long to be remembered by many that were there of different denominations of people; visited some more families, to good satisfaction.

Twenty-fourth, started for Kingston; 25th, arrived at John Fries; visited some families. Twenty-sixth, attended their week-day meeting. Had some close, trying times amongst them.

First-day, 29th, attended their meeting again. Thirtieth, rode toward the half-year meeting to Thomas Robinson's, then to our friend, Samuel Case's, and visited the families in that neighborhood and had a meeting with them, some close labor, and so felt care. Thirty-first, I attended the S. Lect. Meeting; Second Month 1st, attended the half-year's meeting for business; the strangers all attended, likewise Mead Atwater, from Lockport, N. Y. It was a favored one, though some close service was dispensed. Next day was their public meeting, which was large and favored, but I found it my place to sit them mostly through in silence. Then commenced visiting families, accompanied by ——. Had many close, trying opportunities, some that were hard to the natural part. Friends are very worthy in these meetings; some have mixed and mingled with it many ways; to the sorrow of the humble-hearted ones. My mind was dipped into deep travail and exercise with some, and under sorrow and distress for others. I had much and close labor among them, had to place things close home; some said well, some said ill, but it mattered not; the Lord was my guide and support; my only dependence. I attended West Lake and Ennetsburg meetings several times, and found some Friends in them all. I was very closely tried many times, but the Lord was near to preserve and protect; blessed be his name! O, how thankful I feel for his favors. We are poor creatures of the dust. I had sometimes to sound an alarm amongst them, to warn them of a day that was approaching, a storm that was arising that might sweep some of them away; that Satan had desired to have them, that he might sift them like wheat. Oh, how my heart doth tremble for this people, when I consider the situation of our Society—how we are run-

ning into the world, the pleasures and customs of it—the many different societies that are forming. We were to be a separate people. "Come ye out from among them, saith the Lord, and I will receive you; touch not the unclean thing." O, what need there is of getting down to the foundation. Where the Lord is to be known and there to dwell; where Christ is only to be found and the leaf is ever green.

From here to Cold Creek; visited the families there; found some sincere hearted ones who were encouraged, and the slothful and unfaithful warned; the Lord's presence being with us. Stayed at Esley Terrell's, who accompanied me, visiting the families up the lake to John Clark's, where is a small meeting in a very low state. Then on to Pickering. Attended their meeting, which was a trying one to me. The people kept coming in till the meeting was hal out, and then there seemed no settlement—hard, trying time. Visited the families much scattered, and very differently situated in every sense of the word, some loved Friends and some hated them. There were some valuable Friends yet some trying things.

Wm. Wright went with me to Mariposa visited fourteen families in the woods; attended their meeting, mostly to good satisfaction; then to Whit-Church to Henry Widowfield's, who accompanied me through that meeting, which was trying in some parts; yet comfortable and satisfactory in the main; then to Stephen Cady's at Young Street, who accompanied me through that meeting, where I had some close service yet found many valuable Friends that appears to be engaged for the cause of Truth, but had hard work to accomplish what they desired. Attended their Monthly Meeting, in which had to labor much for the cause of Truth an righteousness, showing them the inconsistency of mixing with the world and the world's follies; and exhorted them to join in with their rulers and help in the work; it was a favored meeting, and ended well; then to Tecumseh accompanied by Henry Widowfield. Some trying things there also, but I have learned in a things to be content. R. K.

FOR "THE FRIEND."

## Slavery.

The life of William Taylor, a Methodist Bishop, contains, the following incident, which shows the sentiments of the Methodists in Virginia, in reference to slavery. His home was in that State:

In the examination of character in the Conference, when my name was called, my presiding elder said, "No objections to Brother Taylor." Then, according to custom, it was in order for me to retire till the Conference should hear the report of my presiding elder as to my labors for the preceding year and the report of the chairman of the Committee of Examination on the Course of Study. But instead of promptly retiring, I addressed the chair, and asked an received permission to speak. I said, "Mr. Chairman, since the session of Conference last year the Lord has given me a wife. My wife is a heir to an undivided estate in which there is at about a dozen slaves. She is anxious to manumit her portion of them, but they will not enter into her possession, nor hence be at her disposal in any way, till the youngest heir reaches by majority by age or marriage. As we shall have much to do with the training of her coheirs—her young brothers and two young sisters—a hope, by the will of God and the concurrence of all concerned, to manumit the whole of th-



lives together and thus avoid the separation of families. If the Conference desires a pledge or the emancipation of all that may come to my wife, we will give it."

The bishop replied, "If J. A. Harding had made a manly speech of that sort at the Conference of 1844, it might have prevented a split but rent our church in twain. We want no petty pledge, Brother Taylor, than what you have just given."

I thus foreclosed all surmises and discussions about my connection with slavery. The issue a regard to the pardon of the slaves resulted just as I predicted. Within four years from that time the youngest he was married, and on the night of her marriage a deed of manumission was executed, signed by all the claimant heirs, and from my own pocket I gave them one thousand dollars in gold, and my father engaged her passage, and put them aboard a ship bound for Liberia, where they arrived safely a due time.

### Glimpses into Persian Life.

The people of Asia live in villages. I have not yet seen in Persia a detached farmer's house standing in the country alone. Such a man would live, if he could live at all, in perpetual fear and peril. Even the outlying houses of a village are often regarded as so dangerous as to be undesirable for any but the bold and unfeared. All the people live in communities, and their activities and enterprises inside are community enterprises.

In the threshing time, accordingly, the level space near each village chosen as the site of the threshing is a scene of color and life in which most of the village takes part. The people adhere with a conservatism that is both Islamic and Oriental to many of the customs of their fathers in the time of the patriarchs. The cut grain is laid on the hard, clean earth of the threshing-floor, and cut up by a roller set with knives or a broad sledge set with scores of flints, driven by oxen, cows, buffaloes. The cut straw will be trampled by oxen or buffaloes, tied six abreast and fastened by a rope to a high pole set in the midst of the floor. The inside ox is joggled so that he can take only halting steps and walk only in a small circle, and the heads of all are tied so close together that all must swing about with the ox.

The oxen are unuzzled as "they trample out the corn." The grain thoroughly cut and broken is tossed in the air and the coarse straw blown out by the wind. What is left comes into the hands of the man with "a ian in his hand," who thoroughly tries the grain from the chaff. The fan is simply a wooden shovel, with which the husbandman tuses the straw into the air. The wheat is then sifted by the women, who take as active part in all the threshing as he men, and is then carefully measured and heaped up, and so marked with indentations as to make any alteration or depletion of the pile evident. The straw is taken off to the village store-houses in great two-wheeled carts, with wheels of enormous weight, whose hubs are of most cumbersome proportions,—two feet wide and a foot or more thick. There is no oil for the axles of these carts. All the oil the people can afford is used for light or food. The wheels are greased by the simple process of stuffing green weeds into the hubs, that their juices may ease the mastoidic wagon.

The gleaners follow the threshers. The earth may seem as clean as a polished floor, but the women go over it with microscopic care, sweep-

ing the ground with their wisp brooms and picking up each stray grain. A Boaz could easily fill the vest of a glancing Ruth who followed his young men.

The country is full of illustrations of scriptural phrases. The fan separates the wheat and the chaff, and as the ungodly man the chaff is blown away. There are no trees save those that grow along the water-courses, and they flourish like the golly man "planted by the rivers of water." This afternoon, as we rode through the village of Hatidewan, where we are resting for Sunday on our way from Orumiah to Tabriz, we passed some shepherds who were separating the sheep from the goats in a large flock. The goats seemed surprised as each was seized and put outside with the other goats, but each one seemed at once to recognize that he was in his proper place and association. Could any figure better describe than this the great separation of those whose tastes eternally conflict, and who will recognize in the hour of judgment the appropriateness and justness of the Divine distinction?

In many villages the house-tops all connect, so that one is often unable to tell whether he is walking on the ground or on the house-top, and is able to tell, if at all, only by the holes which look through into the inner bloom of the dark home life of many of the village people. For these people the words of Christ about the suddenness of his coming, "Let him that is upon the house-top not go down to take out the things that are in his house," have a very real meaning. "Let him that is in the field not return back to take his cloak" has its meaning also. Wherever a man is plowing, his cloak will be seen lying at the end of the furrow. Two women grind at the mill still as they did in Palestine in the time of our Lord. Each village has its place where its people go out to welcome their coming friends and to bid good-speed to those who go. Wherever we have a congregation, and it is known that they are coming, little groups, sometimes large companies, come out to greet the missionaries. "Behold the bridegroom, come ye forth to meet him," sounds a cry which these people know well in its spirit. A hundred Bible passages have a new meaning, and the Saviour's boyhood life in Nazareth stands out with fresh meaning and distinctness. . . .

Miss Holliday of Tabriz suggests that future archeologists, studying the ruins of the homes of the Persians, will conclude from the doors that they were built for a race of dwarfs, and from the stairs that they were adapted for a race of giants. The floors are dirt, covered in the poorer homes with rush mats, and in others with carpets and rugs. The newer rugs are of poor design and color. The incoming of foreign tastes and dyes has unfortunately affected the styles of the new rugs. But often in a poor home one chances upon a beautiful old rug, which cannot be worn out of soft, fine color, and workmanship of almost perfect fidelity. There are no bedsteads in the villages, the people sleep on the floor, and during the day the blankets and rugs, which constitute the beds, are rolled back against the wall. During the summer the people sleep upon the house-tops or in the vineyards. Each vineyard is enclosed and threshing-floor has its booth, or raised sleeping floor, where the people sleep to keep guard over their crops. There are no chairs in the village houses. The floor is the seat of all as well as the bed.

At meals all sit about, Persian fashion, on their knees, the leg from the knee down, bent

directly back, and constituting the Persian chair. At the meal there may be large wooden spoons, but there are no forks and knives, save pocket-knives. Rice and masta, a sort of thick soured milk, and native bread made out of the whole wheat, in thin pieces about twelve by eighteen inches in size, are the staple articles of food. The pieces cannot be cut into leaves. They look rather like gigantic pan cakes, though they are, of course, baked hard. The bread for many weeks will be baked at one baking, and softened with water when desired for use. The chief Persian fuel is a mixture of cow-dung, straw and dirt. The women and girls are the scavengers of the village, and make the fuel, working it with their feet and hands, and making it into flat cakes, which are heaped up in conical piles, often decorated at the top with a weed or bunch of flowers. The stoves are underground holes, and there are no chimneys. The children are clad in one or two garments, and often, in these cold autumn mornings, run about the house-tops naked. They sit down with the family to the simple meals, and all partake together, dipping into a common dish. If there is meat, it is broken apart with the fingers, never bitten. It is regarded as impolite to bite meat or bread when they can be torn or broken. The bread is dipped into the different dishes, its flexibility rendering it possible to use it instead of spoons, and the sop is often dipped and given to an honored guest, as it was given to Judas in evidence of our Lord's understanding of his purpose. At this season of the year fruit constitutes a large proportion of the food of the people. The grapes are large, delicious, and abundant. Millions of pounds are yielded by the vineyards; most of these are made into raisins, and sent to Russia. Yesterday and to-day we have passed thousands of camel-bearing the raisins or going toward Orumiah for them. There have been unusual rains the past week, and as the people, with customary Persian torpidity, have nothing with which to cover the raisins exposed to the sun for drying, the rain has caused hundreds of thousands of toman damage. A toman is of the same value as a dollar. The people are very hospitable. There is always a welcome for the visitor, and a place for him about the meal. . . .

Into this simple life the missionaries brought, two generations ago, the message of the pure Gospel, and hundreds of these homes have received it, and been transformed by it. The native Christians are accustomed to speak of "dark" and "light villages," meaning to draw the distinction between those that have received the pure Gospel, and those that are with-it-at. The chance traveler can almost invariably tell the difference, and even the Moslem masters recognize it. It is the rule of the masters to have their own servants supervise the measurement of the wheat and mark it, but in some of the Christian villages the masters refer the whole matter to the villagers, saying that they can trust the Christians; and, in general, a Moslem distrusts a Moslem's word, while he acknowledges the truthfulness and reliability of their Christian subjects, whom a consistent Islamism cannot regard as other than infidels. Very hard, however, even at the best, is the lot of Christian subjects of a Muhammadan government. We must bear this in mind rightly to appreciate the significance of the work done here by Christian missions.—S. S. Trench.

"Evil is wrought by want of thought, as well as by want of heart."

### The Peabody and Slater Funds.

The last thirty years have witnessed many princely gifts for education in this country, but none more important than the Peabody and Slater trusts for popular education in the South. Measured by average life nearly a generation has passed away since George Peabody, in 1836, dedicated to this cause \$2,500,000, soon after augmented by an additional million. More remarkable even than the fact of the gift was the provision for its administration. One condition laid down by the donor was that Robert C. Winthrop should be the permanent President of the Board of Trustees in control of the fund, a position that he filled for twenty-eight years. The first vice Presidents were Hamilton Fish, of New York and Bishop Melville, of Ohio, and thus were united the Eastern, Central and Western States in the counsels that were to direct the new order of things arising in the South. From first to last the Board of Trustees has included three presidents of the United States, two Chief Justices of the Supreme Court, the most famous military men of both the Union and Confederate armies, distinguished bishops, financiers, like Drexel and Morgan, lawyers, such as Evans and Clifford, and representative citizens of Southern communities. At a later period "the professional educator appeared in the person of President D. C. Gilman, of Johns Hopkins."

By this constitution of the Board the problem of popular education in the South, at a critical moment of our history, was brought into the sphere of national councils. There was something in the prestige and experience of the men united in the cause that operated to break up local apathy and disaffection; so that while adhering strictly to the business of administering their trust the Board became a great agency of national reconciliation and of national unity. Not less remarkable was the choice of men for the immediate work of applying the money to the purpose intended.

Guided by the advice of the President the trustees chose as the first general agent, President Barnas Sears, of Brown University, a man of extraordinary acumen, breadth and force, united with an all-pervading sympathy. To the same presidency was due the choice of his successor, Dr. J. L. M. Curry. The unequalled fitness of this selection was signally recognized by the decision of the Board to carry the whole responsibility themselves until Dr. Curry's two years' service as trustee to the Court of Spain should expire. From the outset it was determined that the fund should not be dissipated upon "foreign shores." The first appropriations were made to select schools and towns and cities, to educational journals and agents, for the purpose of creating a sentiment in favor of free education supported by public taxation. When this sentiment was well developed special efforts were made to induce the State to organize public school systems and make them a part of the organic life of the commonwealth; and when this end had been attained there was a gradual withdrawal of grants for local schools, and a concentration of the income upon schools and institutes for training teachers. At present this is the chief line of effort maintained; and as the time is very near when, in accordance with G. Peabody's original instructions, the bulk of the fund will be appropriated to individual institutions approved by two-thirds of the trustees, it seems highly probable that some of our schools for the professional training of teachers will be the ultimate beneficiary of this

liberal endowment. It is confidently expected that the Normal College at Nashville will receive the largest share in the final distribution. It would be difficult to overestimate what has been already accomplished through this central institution to which students from every Southern State have come for training and for ideals that in turn they have widely diffused through the agency of the common schools. The spirit and standards maintained at this institution are sufficiently indicated by the names of the two men whom the Peabody trustees successively called to its direction, Dr. Eben Stearns and Dr. William Payne.

In considering the actual disbursements from G. Peabody's gift, it should be remembered that by the failure of certain Southern securities the original amount was reduced to \$2,000,000. Such has been the management that while a sum equal to the principal has been expended, the \$2,000,000 is still in the bank.

In 1852 John F. Slater, a successful business man of Norwich, Conn., announced his purpose of devoting a fund of \$1,000,000 to the uplifting of the colored population in the South. He was encouraged to this action, as he expressly stated, by the success that had marked the conduct of the earlier gift, and he adopted similar measures for the administration of his own trust. The trustees whom he chose were limited by a single condition, namely, the encouragement of such "as its intentions as are most effectually useful in promoting the training of teachers," and by the expressed wish that the education promoted should be "Christian" in spirit and tendencies. Soon after their organization the trustees expressed the judgment that in order to accomplish the purpose of the gift, they should foster manual training simultaneously with mental and moral instruction. Their decision to confine appropriations to institutions that give instruction in trades and other manual occupations was publicly announced and has since been rigidly maintained.

By this policy they hoped to send out teachers fitted to guide their race in all the industries that are at the basis of our social order. As John F. Slater had himself explained "Christian education" to be simply teaching "learned with a predominant and salutary Christian influence," such as was found "in the common school teaching of Massachusetts and Connecticut," the trustees had large liberty of choice as to the subjects of their bounty. Altogether they have aided about fifty different institutions in sums ranging from \$500 to \$5,000. Up to the close of 1894 they had distributed \$439,981. The annual appropriations, as shown by the report of 1895-'96, amount to nearly \$35,000.

Two recent measures fostered by the Board are novel and full of promise. In 1894 they announced the intention of publishing from time to time papers relating to the education of the colored race which should furnish to workers in the cause the ripe experience of the thirty years of effort accomplished. Six of these monographs have already appeared, including a valuable study by Henry Gamett on the "Occupations of the Negroes." The second measure referred to was the appropriation in 1896 of \$5,000 for the "employment of pious and intelligent women, white or colored, to travel in the rural districts of Virginia and Alabama to start Mothers' Meetings, where the average ignorant woman, who cannot now hope to receive an education, may at least be taught the way to keep a decent home, and to elevate the moral standard of her humble life."

### Sincerity.

The accent of deep conviction is one of the essentials to successful work in the service of the Lord, and no man who misrepresents, exaggerates, or boasts of his abilities or his result can expect to have this accent of conviction or to impress by it the people around him with a sense of his honesty and sincerity. An understatement is much better than an overstatement if any statement is necessary to be made. Christians are servants of One who did not strive, nor cry, nor cause his voice to be heard in the street.

The great work of God is mostly done in quiet and in silence. All over the land or numbered millions of seeds and roots, buried in the ground, swell and burst with life; and by its power they pierce the soil, and throw upwards the sap, and bring to view buds and fruits and flowers and harvests. No mortar can compute the amount of physical force which these restless life energies exert. There is force enough to rend rocks and to lift vaunt weights; and the flood of Niagara is but a tin stream compared with the surging torrents that are *flashing upward* through field and forest and rolling out through leaf and branch, to fill the world with health and beauty. And yet all this is done without the sounding of trumpets, the waving of banners, the beating of drums or the making of annual reports. So, in the hearts of men, the seed which God has planted is germinating, rooting, swelling, growing and working changes which may not appear for years and years, but which shall yet be constant as the flight of time, lasting as the ages of eternity.

Let us learn the lesson of humility. Let us lay our souls in dust, and remember that our works must be wrought in God if they are to accomplish good, "for it is God which worketh in us" both to will and to do his good pleasure."  
H. L. HASTINGS.

### FROM "THE UNITED FRIEND," Primitive Meetings.

[The basis upon which the first religious meetings of Friends were gathered, the ground upon which they were conducted, and the essential character of the work performed therein are well set forth in the following account from the pen of one of the most eminent of the Society's founders, who wrote of that which I knew, and in which he had part.]

So we ceased from the teachings of all men and their words, their worship, and their temples, and all their baptisms and churches. We ceased from our own words and professions and practices in religion, in times before zealously performed by us, through divers forms; and we became fools for Christ's sake, that we might become truly wise. By this light of Christ's love we were led out of all false ways, and false preachings and false ministers; and we met together often, and waited upon the Lord in pure silence from our own words, and all men's words, and hearkened to the voice of the Lord and felt his word in our hearts to burn up an heat down all that was contrary to God. We obeyed the light of Christ in us, and followed the notions of the Lord's pure Spirit, and too up the cross to all earthly glories, crowns and ways, and denied ourselves, our relations, and all that stood in the way betwixt us and the Lord. We chose to suffer with and for the name of Christ, rather than enjoy all the pleasures upon earth, or all our former zealous professions and practices in religion without it.

over and Spirit of God, which the world yet ves in.

While waiting upon the Lord in silence, as ten we did for many hours together, with our inds and hearts toward Him, being staid in the light of Christ within us from all thoughts, sly motions and desires, in our diligent aiting and fear of his name, and hearkening his word, we received often the pouring ven of the Spirit upon us, the gift of God's ly eternal Spirit as in the days of old. And ir hearts were made glad, and our tongues sed, and our mouths opened, and we spake ith new tongues, as the Lord gave us utterce and his Spirit led us, which was poured ven upon us, our sons and daughters. To us reby were the deep things of God revealed, d things unutterable were known and made anifest, and the glory of the Father was realed. Then began we to sing praises to the ord God Almighty and to the Lamb forever, ho had redeemed us to God, and brought us ut of the captivity and bondage of the world, d put an end to sin and death; and this was and through and in the light of Christ within s.

Much more might be declared hereof—which d not be believed if it were spoken—of the veral and particular operations and manifestions of the everlasting Spirit that was given us d revealed in us. But this is the sum: Life d immortality were brought to light, power on and high and wisdom were made manifest, e day everlasting appeared unto us, and the yful Sun of righteousness did arise and shine th into us and in us. The babe of glory was rn, and the heir of promise brought forth to ign over the earth and over hell and death; hereby we entered into everlasting union and hloship and covenant with the Lord God, hese mercies are sure and infinite, and hisonise never fails. We were raised from death life, changed from Satan's power to God, and thered off all the barren mountains into the ld of eternal peace and rest. Mighty and wonful things hath the Lord wrought for us and us, by his own outstretched arm.—*E. Burugh.*

PROFESSOR J. M. SAFFORD describes, in the *merican Geologist* for Tenth Month, a new occurrence of phosphate rock in central Tennessee, containing from sixty to eighty per cent. calcium phosphate, and hence likely to prove much economic importance. The rock has spongy structure in layers or plates from one six inches in thickness, making up the principal portion of the bulb from three to eight et thick. The age of the deposit is that of the renton, in the Lower Silurian. Several comites are already at work and doing a large isness in the extraction and shipment of the ospate. Such discoveries benefit the genal public by decreasing the cost of artificial ntilizers.

Natural History, Science, etc.

*Fern Pickings.*—Previous to 1886, says a Massachusetts paper, the gathering of ferns in their ural state was almost unheard of. The ferns put on the market were raised in hot-houses, though a few florists sent their men after ld ferns. It occurred to a person of that ate, about ten years ago, that it would be probable to pick and market the ferns which grew nudantly in his neighborhood. The venture as successful, and the business grew until, in 1894-'95 he disposed of 7,000,000 ferns. Two

varieties always find ready sale—the delicate-leaved maidenhair and the coarser "dagger"-fern. The season for gathering is from Tenth to Fifth Months. From sixty to two hundred persons are engaged in fern picking. Good pickers earn from four to six dollars a day, ordinary pickers about two dollars. The ferns are brought in, tied in bundles of twenty-five each, and forty cents a thousand paid for them. These not needed for immediate shipment are packed in low rooms, each holding about 1,000, 000 ferns. There are eight buildings devoted to this purpose. The ferns are placed in beds of 20,000 each, dry moss is placed between the layers, and the whole bed covered with wet moss. The utmost care and watchfulness are required to keep the ferns from getting heated, and thus bleached or covered with white spots. In addition to the fern industry a large business is done in other greens. In a recent season, 13,000 Christmas trees were landed, 20,000 yards of "roping" of ground pine, bushes ions of baled spruce boughs and sphagnum moss.

SIR JOSEPH LISTER gives the following account of the discovery through which ligatures made from some dead animal tissue began to be used for tying blood-vessels. Formerly threads of various kinds were used and had to be left long hanging out of the wounds; and their final removal was painful, and there was serious danger of bleeding. After he had discovered the power of carbolic spray to destroy the microbes that can get into a wound without, and also how they can be kept out by antiseptic dressings, he found that the exudations from the opposing surfaces of wounds not only did not cause irritation, but actually hastened the process of healing, as they afforded pabulum to the growing elements of the neighboring tissues. This suggested the idea of using some substance that could be tied round the lacerated blood-vessel and left in position, the knot holding securely while the ligature becomes gradually absorbed and replaced by a ring of living tissue. These ligatures are called "catgut"; as a matter of fact they are made from the intestine of the sheep, and are a great boon to both patient and surgeon, and they are prepared with every precaution, so as to be perfectly antiseptic.—*The Independent.*

THE FRIEND.

FIRST MONTH 2, 1897.

Our Friend, David Heston, makes the following report of the publication of the Tract Repository for 1896.

To the Contributors of The Tract Repository Fund:—As year after year has sped by, the work of printing and circulating *The Tract Repository* among the colored population of the Southern States has gone on unrenittingly, till now more than twenty years have elapsed since the first issue went forth. What good has been accomplished by it no one can definitely measure. We feel justified in believing, however, that this labor of love for the benefit of a poor, and, by many, despised portion of the community has not, by any means, been in vain, as ample testimony has not been wanting to assure us that *The Tract Repository* is not only eagerly read month by month, as it appears, by a host of readers, both old and young, but that substantial impressions for good have been made

upon many of these, and continue to be made, especially among the young, whose minds are often open to drink in, and be benefited by, the less us of instruction which this unpropitious publication has diligently sought to convey.

As the general depression in business at the beginning of the year was unusually great, it was thought most prudent to materially lessen the edition, which was accordingly done, greatly to the regret of many who had to have their supply cut off. This reduction, it was found later on, was larger than was really necessary, as in closing the account for the year, there was found to be a considerable balance to the credit of the Fund. This has been truly encouraging, and warrants the feeling that the edition for 1897 may be again extended to that of some previous years. Trusting that our friends and contributors will accord with this cheering view, and that their interest in the work, and their desire to promote the circulation of *The Tract Repository* will remain unabated, we enter upon a new year, looking to Him to prosper and bless the efforts put forth, and trusting that *The Tract Repository* will continue to shed the same salutary influence in the future that it has done in the past.

The receipts and expenditures for the year ending Twelfth Month 15th, 1896, have been as follows:

Receipts, \$782 16.

EXPENDITURES.

7,500 copies monthly, at 7 cents per copy, ..	\$525 00
Amount overdrawn Twelfth Mo. 15th, 1895, ..	23 42
Balance on hand Twelfth Mo. 15th, 1896, ..	297 74
	\$746 16
* Frankford, Philada. a, Twelfth Mo. 15th, 1896.	

[We are pleased that the publisher of this valuable little periodical feels encouraged to increase the number of copies printed and sent out, and we hope that the contributions of interested Friends will be so liberal as to justify him in so doing.—*Ed.*]

The "Christian League," of Philadelphia, is an association of philanthropic men whose object is to improve the moral and physical condition of the city. It was organized in 1895 and incorporated in 1896. Its line of operation has been to co-operate with other societies, and with the city authorities in their efforts to enforce the laws against vice and immorality. When houses are found by its agent to be used for immoral and unlawful purposes, it notifies the owner or agent and tenants and sends them copies of the Act of thirty-first of Third Mo., 1860, which shows that owners or agents who knowingly let their houses for such purposes are liable to fine and imprisonment; if this does not produce the desired result, application is then made to the city authorities. When the houses are vacated, a circular letter is sent to the owners or agents, urging them to be careful that their houses be not again rented for objectionable purposes.

It also sends a circular to the poor inmates of such houses, offering its help in their effort to reform, and to earn an honest livelihood.

It promotes the efforts to purchase the miserable, decayed buildings found in some of the older parts of the city, and to build neat and attractive dwellings in their place, fitted for respectable working people.

One of its objects is to protect the children from depraving influences, and provide good homes for them in the country.

It is reasonable to expect that the support



# THE FRIEND.

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## Diary and Letters of Deborah Brooks Webb.

(Continued from page 184.)

1867.—Second Month 10th.—Eli Jones was at our meeting on Third-day, and very instructive in testimony. Among other good matter, he said, "There was such a thing as silence without life, as well as a ministry without life." I felt it, for it seemed to me as though my silence was sometimes without any life at all, just dead. To-day, I tried very much to be lively in spirit, but was so overcome with drowsiness this afternoon, that it was impossible to be still a minute, without nodding. Perhaps it was walking in the wind and then being warm. I never suffered so before, and must now feel very much for those who are tempted.

Dear J. S. said, "If we would reign with Christ, we must suffer with Him." The seed was very low, and we must be willing to go to the bottom of Jordan to bring up stones of memorial to our God. Oh, my Lord, thou hast been very good to me, indeed, this week—braises, high praises to thee.

Third Month 11th.—I am trying to be more and more resigned in everything. To-day it seemed as if a pure flame of love arose from my heart to my God and Saviour. I never felt the same before. I want so much to know how to give pure worship, as the angels do. Teach me thy way, oh, Lord.

31st.—The Lord is very good to me, indeed. Two weeks ago I had such conflict, and He brought me through all, and I could praise Him for his marvellous mercies. To-day He helped me again. Oh, that I may never go without his pure life. Heard that dear L. H. Brown was sick. If thou shouldst remove her, Oh, Lord, gather her to thy eternal rest.

Fourth Mo. 14th.—I thank thee, O, Father, for sending messengers. We had some living words to-day. This afternoon, D. B. spoke from the text, "I was with you in weakness and fear and much trembling." Oh, is it not so with me? I am so weak, Lord, dear Lord; send down now thy Holy Ghost upon me, and in my words, if thou callest me to speak for thee. Nothing but thy own blessed power can save me people and draw them unto thee. I am itching, and must be an empty tube. Dearest Lord, give me, I humbly pray thee, more of the

love of God and his blessed will in my soul, that I may rejoice more and not feel my peculiar trials so much of a cross and heaviness of soul. When I try to fix my whole love on Him and his will, it seems to raise me over all in holy trust and repose. Thou it is, oh, Lord, that showest wonders in the deeps. Praised and magnified be thy holy name.

20th.—Yesterday was my birthday. I want so fully to dedicate myself to the Lord. O, be pleased in thy infinite mercy to blot out all my transgressions and wanderings from thee in thought and deed, and let me commence anew with pure and fervent desire to walk in holiness through attention to thy blessed inspeaking voice. I do indeed "rend my heart," and come unto thee as the prophet Hosea counselled me, in brother's reading yesterday morning, sixth chapter, first verse: "Thou hast laid a cross upon me, indeed, but thou art merciful and just, holy and true, blessed forever.

Fifth Month 12th.—Dear S. F. B. very excellent on "Buy the Truth and sell it not." He thought there were some in the present day, who, if required to choose the Lord or worldly things, would choose Him above all. I had been thinking of the same thing, that I would choose the Lord if I could not have something else, though I desired the Lord, too. Oh, strengthen me, dear Lord and Master. Thou knowest the struggles of my soul to keep it fixed on thee.

I heard that dear William Evans died yesterday afternoon. Oh, Father, raise up more like him in thy mercy to the children of men.

21st.—O, my soul! how very low before Him, who searcheth the heart, and has sent messengers lately to our meeting, that have spoken of the things nearest my soul, viz: that of walking in the right time and only way in the ministry, if thou, Oh, Father, doth indeed call me, no unworthy one, into it. Oh, that I may be more humble: be only a little branch from thee, oh, my Lord, the true vine, bearing what fruit thou sendest sap for, pruned and trained by the Father, and moved yet more. I humbly pray thee, until I am acceptable unto thee; remove everything comparable to the canker worm, palmer worm and caterpillar, that would eat out thy precious life from my soul. Oh, Father, my Heavenly Father, I feel so vile in thy holy sight, because there is pride and hardness of heart in me, thou knowest me afar off. Oh, I beseech of thee, humble me and give me contrition of heart and soul. Oh, Lord, thou only canst do it, save me, for thy mercies' sake.

Eighth Month 11th.—Returned on Fifth-day from Providence, Rhode Island, where I have been staying with my brother, his daughter having been sick five months. We are thankful unto thee, oh, Heavenly Father, for her recovery. Attended to my me, but I was not obedient at the last. When shall I be entirely obedient unto thee, and say, without shrinking so much, "Here and I first prepare and then send me." "Here and I first prepare and then send me."

27th.—The poor leper cried out formerly, "Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean."

Having this morning felt thy cleansing power, I am ready to cry out, "Lord, if thou wilt thou canst keep me clean," and very humble.

Tenth Month 19th.—Heard to-day of the death of my dear aunt Avis Ken, aged eighty-six years. She was sensible to the last, and spoke very sweetly to those who surrounded her. She died last First-day morning, the thirtieth instant, the funeral to take place on Seventh-day at two o'clock, at Lynn, Mass. "Like as a shock of corn, fully ripe, gathered in its season," is that dear aunt, I believe! A minister many years; preserved by our blessed Lord through many trials. O, such my soul, may the mantle somewhere fall, and may my poor soul follow thee faithfully and in the end be gathered into thy rest.

1868.—First Month 5th.—The first First-day in the new year. "He re-erecth my soul: He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his own name's sake," came to me so sweetly this afternoon after a season of deep humiliation for sinfulness lurking in my soul. O, Lord, I want to be more pure. Thou only canst make and keep me so. I want to love and serve thee with such fervency. Oh, be pleased to have mercy upon me continually, that my love may be fixed on thee, who art the ever worthy One. Eternally blessed and praised be thy holy name, for thou forgiveest the humble suppliant. The conclusion of the Select Quarterly Meeting, Eleventh Month 2nd, '87, and the reading of the minutes on Eleventh Month 26th, in our Monthly Meeting, have caused deep baptisms of soul. Thy poor child is nothing, oh, Lord, to walk in all that high and holy path, and would faint by the way if thou didst not support! Oh, for preservation! Oh, for preservation! Let no words come into thy poor servant but what are from thy pure Spirit. Pour out, dear Father, more of thy Holy Ghost and power upon me. I humbly supplicate thee, therefore, and for wisdom, heavenly wisdom and understanding.

Second Month 2nd.—Yesterday attended for the first time the Select Quarterly Meeting. A solemn season, and I feel a little strengthened to hold on my way, end-avoring to walk in humble trust before the Lord, believing such will not be confounded. O, Lord, help me to cast all my care upon thee, for thou carest for me. Help me to set my whole thoughts and affections on thee; take away all that is contrary to thy holy will in me. Wilt thou not instruct and teach me in the way I should go, and guide me with thine eye.

Yesterday dear Thomas Evans was at meeting, looking very poorly, as though only a few more days here were to be his portion. He spoke of the great religious activity among some, and that others who did not always join with them might be censured as idlers; but encouraged and warned us to join with nothing, except as the Lord led immediately into it, quoting the passage, "Without me ye can do nothing." He said, such as these would in the end be found to be standing in their allotments

and their reward would be sure. I was so thankful for the words.

Third Month 1st.—My God! O, my God! in the name and power of thy dear Son, I humbly ask, thou wilt not cease until thy pure work is thoroughly wrought out in my soul. Let the fire of the Holy Ghost consume and destroy all my dross and tin, that I may indeed be a tree of righteousness, through planting of the Lord, that thy name only may be glorified!

Fourth Mo. 5th.—To-morrow our dear aged friend Hannah Gibbons will be carried to her long resting place. O, that the Lord would let her mantle fall on some one else. O, that He would raise up more standard bearers to his holy cause and Truth—in the ninety-eighth year of her pilgrimage—so humbly spent by his glory. O, my soul! be encouraged to more faithfulness in serving and trusting Him, who has so preserved his aged disciple.

Fifth Month 17th.—My soul adores thee this night, oh, my God, for a little renewed evidence, granted this day, that thou upholds me.

Shortly after being seated in meeting this morning, "Be still and know that I am God," quieted my mind and drew me very near unto Him in spirit, where I hoped to rest quietly all the meeting, but supplication for others soon filled my soul with the assurance, "It is I, be not afraid," twice repeated to my halting mind. Oh, Lord, thou thyself helped me through, blessed be thy holy name. My prayer is again and again unto thee, that thy words only may proceed from my mouth. I plead with thee, that it may be with me as with Mary of old, that the "Holy Ghost may come upon me, and that the power of the Most High may overshadow me," at such seasons that the holy words born in my soul may be only of thee, O, Lord, for assured I am thy own works can alone praise thee. Here am I, as clay under thy Almighty hand, do with me what thou wilt.

Seventh Month 2nd.—Much, very much, has my soul to be grateful for the past month. Again and again He has helped me through when I was all weakness in myself. The first week of vacation was spent at Anna Cook's, she kindly inviting me to a visit to the seashore. Oh, that my whole conduct might be such as to bring glory to my Redeemer.

Yesterday, Isaac Morgan, Jr., was recommended in our Select Meeting, also Phoebe Ann Mendenhall. Lord, thou knowest how to preserve us all in thy pure fear, knowledge and counsel. I humbly entreat thee to do it for us.

Ninth Month 13th.—Surely the Lord is faithful, and great and marvellous are his works unto them that seek to serve Him with the obedience of a child. He did indeed help me through marvellously at the Quarterly Meetings held at Germantown and Woodbury, and my soul was covered over with thankfulness on returning from the latter one, especially. Almost all of last month was spent at cousin Mary's (Stokes'), keeping house for her, while she went East. Help was vouchsafed to perform many new duties, but greater faithfulness would have yielded more peace. Thou art good to me, oh, Lord, and I praise thy Name.

(To be continued.)

DR. DALES says: "We shall never make men Christians by suppressing and throwing into the shade those parts of the Christian revelation which especially provoke their hostility. The truth which men regard as incredible is precisely the truth which men most need to hear, and which is likely to produce the deepest moral impression."—*Late Paper.*

FOR "THE FRIEND."

### The London Plague in 1665.

Those who are familiar with the early literature of the Society of Friends can remember that it contained frequent references to that remarkable event—the Plague of 1665. It was a time in which Friends were suffering much persecution; and in the vain endeavors of the Government to suppress them, a law had been enacted for their banishment to the West Indies. The efforts to put this in execution were largely frustrated by a series of providential occurrences. Of the first two who were actually transported, one was Edward Brush, of London. Soon after this occurrence, the pestilence broke out in a house next door to that in which Edward had lived. Edward prospered in Jamaica, and ultimately returned to England.

It was difficult to find vessels which would carry away these innocent victims of a cruel persecution; but at length a man was found who agreed to carry between fifty and sixty Quakers to the West Indies. The pestilence increased until more than eight thousand persons died of it in a week. In the meantime the ship with the imprisoned Quakers remained in the river, the master being imprisoned for debt.

George Bishop had previously written an epistle to encourage Friends, telling them that if they should be banished God would not forsake them, and that the Lord would visit their enemies with the sword and pestilence.

George Fox, the younger, a few years before (in 1661) wrote a warning in which he predicted that the Lord would bring a terrible judgment upon the land.

Isaac Pennington also wrote to the King and Parliament to dissuade them from going on in persecution, telling them that "Ye will find it the bitterest work that ever ye went about, and in the end will wish that the Lord had never given you this day of prosperity, than that He should suffer you thus to make use of it."

He adds, "The Lord hath hitherto preserved the Quakers against great oppositions, and is still able to preserve them. Every power hitherto hath made nothing of overrunning them, yet they have hitherto stood, by the care and tender mercy of the Lord; and the several powers which have persecuted them, have fallen one after another."

With a soul-sustaining faith, he says: "I have no doubt in my heart that the Lord will deliver us." "It is the delight of the Lord and his glory to deliver his people, when to the eye of sense it seemeth impossible."

Of the plague itself, the following narrative may interest our readers:—

"Ever and anon came tidings to the north of the fearful progress of the plague. That God was pouring forth the vials of his wrath, because of the wickedness of the great Babel was the general feeling among the religious people of the day. Fear and trembling fell on the thoughtless votary of pleasure when the pestilence that walketh by noonday, and respecteth neither rank nor beauty, had penetrated from the prison to the palace. The King and Court fled to Oxford, and the city generally became deserted by those who had the means of escape.

"A witness of the sad scene says: 'What eye would not weep to see so many habitations uninhabited, the poor and sick unvisited, the hungry not fed, the grave not satisfied! Death stares us in the face from every coffin which is hourly carried along the street. The custom was in the beginning to bury the dead in the

night only; but now both night and day will hardly give time enough to do it.'

"How sunk the inmost hearts of all,

As rolled the dead cart slowly by,  
With wailing woe and harsh howl fall!  
The dying turned him to the wall,  
To hear it and to die.'

"Amid these scenes of dismay and death, instead of opening the doors of the pestilential prisons, to allow unafflicted persons therein confined, who were not criminals, to seek a pure atmosphere, those whose intolerance had pen them up merely ordered fifty-five Friends to be taken out of Newgate and placed on board ship in the Thames called the *Black Eagle*, in order for banishment.

"They were very much crowded on board and the plague soon breaking out there also out of these fifty-five victims twenty-seven died. 'I visited the Friends in the ship,' says George Whitehead, 'and had a meeting with them on board, and the Lord my God preserved me both from the distemper and from banishment wherein I do humbly confess his power to his own praise and glory.'

"The *Black Eagle*, after considerable detention, sailed away at last from the Thames, but she was taken in the Channel by a Dutch privateer, and passing round by the north of Ireland and Scotland to avoid recapture, the two vessels at length reached Holland. Only one-half of the Friends were alive, the other half having died as above stated, but the residue were liberated by the Dutch, and afterwards all but one of them returned to England.

"George Whitehead was one of the few who remained in London throughout the terrible plague without taking it. Thus he speaks 'That which added to our Friends' affliction was the hardness of our persecutors' hearts their cruelty and barbarity in imprisoning and detaining so many of them in Newgate, and in the White Lion prison in Southwark, after the plague had broken forth, and many people swept away. I had not freedom nor peace to leave the city or the Friends in and about London during that great calamity, even when the mortality was at its height. I was given up to stay among them, to attend Friends' meetings to visit the Friends in prison and at their own homes. In all that time the Lord preserved me from the infectious distemper, which mercy I hope ever thankfully to remember.

"On First-days I took my night-cap in my pocket when I went to meetings, not knowing but I might be apprehended and committed to prison. However, the Lord gave me faith to be resigned to his will either to live or to die for his Truth's sake.'

"George Whitehead was witness to many a death-bed scene in the terrible Newgate, and in other prisons where, notwithstanding the dreadful surroundings, peace and comfort from the Lord often reigned triumphant, 'though sorrow and sadness,' he says, 'seized on his own spirit in view of these harmless lambs stretched on such beds in noisome holes and prisons, but, he adds, 'on the other hand, my spirit was often refreshed and revived, seeing that Christ their salvation and redemption, was manifested to and in them, and that the Lord had thus appointed the final deliverance of many through death, from the cruelty of their oppressors.'

"Ellis Hooks, writing from London to his friend in Lancaster prison, on the seventh day of Ninth Month, when the disease began to subside, says, 'I have been preserved well, but as a brand is plucked out of the fire, so has the

Lord delivered me. I have often laid down my bed in sorrow, and rose as I went to bed, not having slept a wink for the groans of those that are dying. Each morning I counted it a mercy that the Lord had given me another day. But," he adds, "our meetings now are quiet, and Friends are generally well, both in prison in the ship and at Newgate; and there is not above one a day buried in the Friends' burial-ground."

### A Temperance Sermon.

FROM THE LIFE OF WILLIAM FAYLOR.

On the twenty-sixth of May, 1853, I attended the funeral of W—, of Pennsylvania, who had the previous night committed suicide by use of laudanum. He lay in a small, four-room building, attended by ten of his bar-room companions.

I proposed to them the following question: How did this man come to his death?

"Hard drink," said one. "I've known him here for three years. Hard drink was the thing, fir."

"No," said another, "Bill was one of the best boys in the city. He had his falling, and would drink, as we all do, but he was a first-rate fellow."

Another said, "It was a punishment: He could not help it." (He meant it was decreed.) "Well," said yet another, "I think it was his misfortune. He was driving a dray in the city and had bad luck, and got discouraged and put an end to himself."

I then said: "It is a solemn thing to die. To lie in our sins is dreadful, but for a man to rush, by the violence of his own hands, unbidden to the presence of a sin-avenging God, is too terrible to be described. What could lead this man to such a dreadful end? I then quoted their testimony on the subject, and continued: If he had been diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord, would he probably have had such hard luck? If so, would this have led him to destroy himself? Now, the facts in the case are these: The hard luck, the discouragement and depression of spirits were all results of his drunkenness. And hard drink, as this man has truly said, was the sole cause of his death. Now, how did he become so hard a drinker? By tipping. When he used to drink, as you all do, he did not dream of such an end. Thus the fatal habit grew on him. Do you not know that the chains of habit are stronger than chains of steel? You are every day forging chains which bind you down more and more tightly to an infamous destiny. Your only hope of a better end than the case of this poor man is to taste not, touch not, handle not be unclean thing. Begin now to pray, and cry to God in the name of Jesus for mercy to forgive the past, and for grace to cure this vicious habit and to preserve you in the future."

**IMPORTANT INCIDENT.**—In a letter received lately from one of our correspondents we find the following: "A little incident happened here. An English mastiff had a cataract growing over one eye and was taken to an oculist who removed it. Some months later it was noticed that it was growing again and ought to be attended to. Some days after, the dog came home with his head bandaged, and to the astonishment of the family, who inquired of the doctor who treated him before, it was found that the dog came to his office and that the doctor finding another operation necessary, performed it without the least resistance from the dog."—*Our Dumb Animals.*

### Minutes of Iowa Yearly Meeting.

We have five in copy of the printed Minutes of Iowa Yearly Meeting of Friends (Conservative), held at Erianna, Madison County, Iowa, from the fourteenth to the twentieth of the Tenth Month, 1896; from this the following are extracted:—

#### Seventh minute.

"Epistles have been read at this time from the several Yearly Meetings with which we correspond to our comfort, and we trust, to our profit. We desire that these fraternal greetings may ever continue to be prized by us, because of their emanation from that Divine Life which is the light of men."

#### Summary answers to the Queries.

"*First Answer.*—All our meetings for worship and discipline have been attended, except one on account of a funeral, and one omitted on account of a mistake in the date. Some exception in regard to the avoidance of unbecoming conduct. The hour of meeting nearly observed by most Friends.

"*Second Answer.*—Friends generally maintain love towards each other as becomes our Christian profession; one report mentions a lack in that respect on the part of some of its members.

Tale bearing and detracting are discouraged, but not altogether avoided. Some exception noted in one report in regard to care being taken to end differences when they appear.

"*Third Answer.*—Most Friends endeavor by example and precept to educate their children and those under their care in plainness of speech, deportment and apparel; but more care in these respects is desirable, and they endeavor to guard them against pernicious reading and from corrupt conversation, and they are encouraged to read the Holy Scriptures and other religious books.

"*Fourth Answer.*—Some care is taken to deal with offenders impartially, but perhaps in some cases not as seasonably as might be best.

"*Fifth Answer.*—Friends appear to maintain a faithful testimony against a hireling ministry, slavery, oaths, military services, clandestine trade, prize goods and lotteries, except that all are not clear of attending where a hireling industry is supported.

"*Sixth Answer.*—We believe Friends endeavor to live within the bounds of their circumstances, but there appears to be a lack in a few of being sufficiently careful to avoid involving themselves in business beyond their ability to manage, and in being punctual in complying with their contracts and engagements, and in paying their debts seasonably, in which deficiencies some care is reported.

"*Seventh Answer.*—As far as appears, Friends are clear of importing, vending, distilling, and the unnecessary use of all intoxicating liquors. A little exception in regard to attending places of diversion. Moderation and temperance appear to be observed.

"*Eighth Answer.*—The necessities of those requiring aid have been inspected and relieved.

"*Ninth Answer.*—Schools are encouraged for the education of our youth, under the tuition of teachers in membership with us.

"*Tenth Answer.*—No new meetings settled. Salem meeting for worship has been discontinued.

"*Eleventh Answer.*—No ministers recorded. Lydia H. Moorman and Ellen L. Rockwell recorded Elders. William H. Oliphant, an Elder,

was set Fifth Month 8th, 1896, aged eighty years and four days. Huldah C. Hoag, a minister, was set Seventh Month 10th, 1896, aged seventy-seven years and five months. There are nine ministers and thirty-seven Elders within our limits.

"*Twelfth Answer.*—There are one hundred and five families and one hundred and two by parts of families, and each family is furnished with a copy of the Holy Scriptures, as far as we know.

"*Thirteenth Answer.*—The Queries addressed to the several meetings are read and answered as directed."

#### Eighteenth minute.

"The apparent omission of some of our subordinate meetings, as brought to our attention by implication, from a minute sent to this meeting from one of our Quarters and through some deficiencies in the Answers to the Queries, has at this time claimed our serious, earnest and prayerful consideration, during which a deep travail of soul was manifest for the restoration and strengthening of the Divine Life and Love amongst us, and that everything may be eradicated from our midst that has a tendency to mar the love and unity that should prevail among us, and earn-to-be the breathing of many hearts, we believe, to the God and Father of all our sore mercies that He would, in his great loving kindness and tender mercy, say to these threatening walls that seem ready to overwhelm, 'Peace be still.'"

#### Report of Book and Tract Committee.

"There are six libraries within our limits which contain about five hundred and fifty-eight volumes, from which forty-seven loans are reported. One meeting states there has been some books loaned, but the number is not definitely known. There has been two volumes added the past year.

"Number pages of tracts on hand at last report in the several Monthly Meetings, ninety-four thousand three hundred and fourteen, of which forty-seven thousand two hundred and seventy-eight are in Norwegian. Number of pages received from the Tract Association of Friends the past year, twenty-two thousand and eighteen. One report mentions a number of juvenile books being distributed. In addition to this a number of the Yearly Meeting remotely situated, report as having distributed fourteen thousand and five hundred pages of tracts which were also procured from the same source."

Two hundred dollars were directed to be raised for the use of the meeting.

#### Minute of the Exercises.

"In the review of the providence of our Heavenly Father in again bringing us together in the capacity of a Yearly Meeting and in relation to our part in the life of the Universal Church, the congregation was evidently made sensible of a measure of thankfulness to our great Head, and with the feeling of wonder and awe the privilege and corresponding responsibilities resting upon us. Doubtless the craving of many hearts was in line with the exercise and that in the Divine fear we might be enabled to attend to the duties laid to our hand.

"We were renewedly impressed with the solemn charge entrusted to us in the testimonies of our Holy religion in some degree possessed by others bearing the name Christian, but more emphatically ours in the banner given us to display because of the Truth.

"The universality of Divine grace, the com-

minion of Saints, the presence and headship of Christ in his Church, the freedom of the Gospel ministry in its qualification and call and exercise, independent of human organization and control, or professional authority or worldly interest, were forcibly brought before us, with the need for abstaining from the ritual and formality, so much practised around us, and so enervating and delusive in their nature.

But above all, the concern of the Meeting was in regard to the primary and indispensable experience in the virtues of all religious life—the new birth—becoming new creatures in Christ Jesus—in which alone similarity to God and communion with Him can be known, not only as a preparation for the glory of the future, but for equipment and qualification for performance of all the duties of the life that now is, as the evidence and guarantee for participating in the ultimate rest that remains to the people of God."

"A letter from our dear aged friend, Phoebe R. Gilford has been read on this occasion to our satisfaction. The Clerk is directed to acknowledge its reception and our appreciation of it."

#### To Iowa Yearly Meeting of Friends:

"DEAR FRIENDS—In that love that neither time nor distance can efface I feel drawn to address you with a few lines expressive of affectionate sympathy, desiring that the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the great Shepherd of the sheep, may abound among you. How soul-enlivening is the thought of his love when felt to circulate in the heart with power to cleanse and purify the affections and set them on Christ alone as the Shepherd and Bi-hop of our souls. He said, "I am the good Shepherd and know my sheep, and am known of mine." It is the little ones who are addressed with the encouraging language, "Fear not, little flock, it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." By Faith the kingdom is received into the heart. By patience in tribulation the peace of God, which passeth understanding is known to abound to the glory of God.

"Dear Friends, keep in mind that it is written that the "just walk by faith" and by it the worthies of past generations wrought righteousness; out of weakness were made strong, and much more, as by the inspired record we are informed. It is by patience and comfort of the Holy Scriptures that the disciples of our blessed Lord gain hope. In that love which changes not, your sympathizing friend,

P. R. GIFFORD."

SELECTED FOR "THE FRIEND."

#### How to Read.

To read much is one thing; to read wisely is another, and a far better thing. The following advice on the subject may be of great service to those who follow it:

"After reading a book or an article or any item of information from any reliable source, before turning your attention to other things, give two or three minutes of quiet thought to the subject that has just been presented to your mind; see how much you can remember concerning it; and if there were any new ideas, instructive facts or points of especial interest that impressed you as you read, force yourself to recall it. It may be a little troublesome at first, until your mind gets under control and learns to obey your will, but the very effort to think it all out will engrave the facts deeply upon the memory—so deeply that they will not be effaced by the rushing in of a new and different set of ideas, who read, if the matter be given no further consideration at all, the impressions you have

received will fade away so entirely that within a few weeks you will be totally unable to remember more than a dim outline of them.

"Form the good habit, then, of always reviewing what has just been read. It exercises and disciplines the mental faculties, strengthens the memory, and teaches concentration of thought. You will soon learn in this way to think and reason intelligently, to separate and classify different kinds of information, and in time, the mind, instead of being a lumber room, in which the various contents are thrown together in careless confusion and disorder, will become a storehouse where each special class or item of knowledge, neatly labeled, has its own particular place, and is ready for use the moment there is need of it."

SELECTED.

#### MIDNIGHT MUSINGS.

ELIZABETH HATFIELD.

Silence reigns! the world is slumbering;

I, the weaver's vigile share;

Far behind is laid the number

Of earth's brightest joy or care.

Jesus, thou art watching with me,

And I cannot feel asleep;

Not as thou, once, all forsaken,

Even by those thou call'st thine own!

Soft my pillow—thou hast crossed me

With thy mercies numberless—

Everlasting arms are round me,

And eternal their cares!

Ne'er to be withdrawn, their shelter,

I, till to Abram's bosom borne,

Shall wake in his arms undying

On some bright and happy morn.

What, if, ere this sun arises,

Thou should'st call, and call for me,

Leaving all this fond heart prizes,

Gladly would I come to thee!

Yet, for those I love behind me,

Ere I rest beneath the sod,

To thy care I would commit them;

Take and keep, my Saviour, God!

Feeble is my arm to guard them,

Though my love is deep and strong;

Weak my heart and prone to error,

Even its love might lead them wrong.

Take them, oh, Almighty Father,

Ever in thy grace to share!

With a mother's faith, I give them

To thy tender love and care;

Knowing, I again shall find them;

For thy words of promise true

Are not only for our comfort,

But include our children, too,

And, for other ones scattered

Over earth's surface, wide apart,

Yet, together fondly cherished

In one weak but loving heart,

I would ask thy richest blessing;

And whatever of sin in me

May have marred our Christian union,

Cancelled now, oh, let it be!

Thou, in peace with all around me;

Peace within, which few can tell;

Broken every tie that bound me,

Come, I bid the world farewell!

True, the valley and the river

Lie between me and my rest;

Nature shrinks, the foot may quiver

When its first cold wave is pressed:

But, I know, that He whose mandate

Said "Thou far, no farther go"—

He, who to the brink hath led me,

Will not let its waves overflow;

And, to Him my end committing,

May I calmly yield my breath,

Easy, or pain, as is most fitting,

Clothing naught, for life or death.

FOR "THE FRIEND."

#### Bilboes, Stocks, Pillory, etc.

In Alice Morse Earle's book, entitled, "Curious Punishments of Bygone Days," attention is called to the sensitiveness to derision and mockery that existed among our forefathers, and to the use of this feeling in various kinds of punishment, by exposing the offender to degrading and helpless exposure. Among these engines of punishment were the *bilboes*, in which the feet of the offender were securely fastened to a heavy bar of iron; preventing locomotion. The earliest mention of their use in Boston was in 1632, and the offence was "being drunk."

The Ducking Stool was brought over from England to this country. There is preserved a letter describing its use in Virginia in 1634. The victim was one Betsey Tucker, who by the violence of her tongue, had made the neighborhood uncomfortable. The machine consists of a "platform with small rollers on wheels, and two upright posts, between which works a lever by a rope fastened to its shorter or heavier end. At the end of the longer arm is fixed a stool, upon which the said Betsey was fastened by cords, her gown fast tied around her feet. The machine was then moved up to the edge of the pond, the rope was slackened by the officer, and the woman was allowed to go down under the water for the space of half a minute. Betsey had a stout stomach, and would not yield until she had allowed herself to be ducked five several times. At length she said piteously, "Let me go, let me go; by God's help I'll sin no more." Then they drew back the machine, untied the ropes, and let her walk home in her wetted clothes, a hopefully penitent woman."

In New England the Stocks were soon substituted for the Bilboes. These consisted essentially of two planks set on edge, one above the other, with semicircular holes on each, so that when a person was seated behind it, his legs placed in the depressions cut out, and the upper plank let down, he was effectually imprisoned. The carpenter who built the first one used a Boston was condemned to sit in it for one hour because his bill was considered extortionate. The records of our religious Society show that they were sometimes used as instruments of persecution.

In the pillory, the culprit was placed in a standing position, with the head fastened between two planks, as the feet were in the stocks. It gradually went out of use in England, but was not formally abandoned until 1837.

The abolition of these punishments which involved personal exposure and its degrading effects, must be regarded as an evidence of the advance of civilization, and a more just appreciation of the proper objects of criminal punishment.

The angels announced that the coming of Christ's kingdom and the universality of his reign would bring "peace on earth, good will toward men." The ages which have followed Christ's wonderful prophecy have been ages of war and bloodshed. Kingdom has risen against kingdom, and nation against nation. A very large proportion of the wealth of the world has been spent in war; and death has destroyed more millions on sea and land in this way than by pestilence, famine, fire, and flood. But the day of universal peace is coming, the sun-streak of its dawn are upon the eastern sky. The great plan of arbitration between this country and England is the first sign of its approach. When this is "une affaire accompli" the na-



ions of the earth will regard it as, perhaps, the most wonderful event of the ages, and as supremely worthy of their imitation and adoption. Thus Christ, by drawing all the nations together in the bonds of a universal brotherhood, is drawing all nations nearer to himself.

It will follow that the long-since-uttered promise, that "the nations shall learn war no more," hastens rapidly on. The first fact that strikes our attention is the formidable character of the weapons of warfare at the present time. When guns from the ships of war can pierce through plated iron vessels at five miles, and can throw and explode their bombs at fifteen miles; when guns used by infantry can fire from fifty to sixty bullets in a minute; when Gatling and other guns can spread desolation and death over a whole army in a few hours, it is well for nations to pause before loosening "the dogs of war." Now, it has occurred to me, as well as to many others, that God is making use of these means to bring all wars to an end.

It looks to me as very probable that there will be no more fierce, bloody war among the nations, when blood will flow so wide and so high that it will reach unto "the bristles of the horses" in that day; but I very much doubt if, after that, any other great battle will be fought in this world.

Now then, waiving all other considerations, if wars come to an end, if there is no longer need of standing armies and navies, what an immense revenue will come into the kingdom of Christ! And when, added to this, there shall be the complete abolition of the liquor traffic, that countless millions more will be rendered up for Christ and humanity! How taxations will tumble; how wages will increase; how missions will spread; how humanity will be lifted up; and how the whole earth will be filled with Christ's glory and praise! Christ will reign over all the earth, and peace will unfold her banner over all the nations. This glorious era hastens on. "Come, Lord Jesus; come quickly."—*Christian Advocate.*

SELECTED.

The Famine in India.

There is no power in speech or pen to describe the desolation produced in India by the famine now prevailing. One may look over the map if the world in vain to find a picture which equals it in sorrow and distress. The population is immense—three hundred millions—and the productive power of even that rich soil is fully taxed when in the best condition to feed the vast population. The periodicity of the seasons is such that in many parts of the country three harvests can be reaped in the year, while in others only two can be expected. But to support a population of five times the number of that of the United States the yield must be full. When there is the scantiness of an inch of rainfall in the year, the meaning is, not simply deficiency of food, but the death of hundreds of thousands, and even of millions. Here, in this country, where nature seldom withholds her bounty, we cannot understand the deep significance of only a partial Indian famine.

Rice and wheat are important grains, but the great staple of India, as a whole, is millet. This is an autumn harvest, and the failure of the southwestern monsoon in the fall of 1896 is what is popularly believed to have produced the present great calamity. If there should come a little rainfall still, such as an inch and a half, the extent of the famine will still be great. But it is too late now to hope for any escape from the

poverty and death sure to follow in the wake of the dearth of the harvest. Should there be no more rain this season, the famine must take its place among the larger ones of the century, and the wail of sorrow and starvation will be heard over immense stretches of the Indian Empire.

The American missionaries report a scene all most incredible when they say that not less than forty millions of people are on the verge of starvation. In some places there are parents who, to save the family from death, are selling their children at ten cents apiece. It is declared that the minimum of people who have died, or must die, is one million.

While India is an English possession, the authorities cannot meet the strong demand for immediate help. The British Indian government has already appropriated one hundred and twenty-five million dollars to furnish employment for the people. But many of the unemployed are so weak that they cannot work. Then there is added the rapacity of the speculators in grain, who buy up and hoard, for later profits, great supplies of the cereals. One missionary writes: "The grain merchants seem like perfect fiends, bent on nothing but the gratification of their greed. In their cellars lies grain enough for a year. They compel the people to starve by the enormously exorbitant prices they ask."

But there is another, and quite overlooked, factor toward this wretchedness. How does famine come to India? How is it that there are immense regions of India which do not yield a single cereal? We answer that they are the very lands in which no cereals are sown, for they are appropriated to the culture of opium. The charts issued by the government show that the famine regions are identical with those of the production of the poppy. It is more advantageous, at first sight, to raise opium than millet, rice, or wheat. The opium territory is fixed out to the people, and the government gives a fixed price for the product, and exports it to China and the rest of the world. The alternative is either opium, which is slow death, or starvation, which is immediate death. Let the culture of opium stop from Lahore down to Cape Comorin, and the occasion for famine will stop in a single year. Nature, if she be permitted to have her own way, would take care of all the people of India.

If this now devastating famine will only reach England that the time has at last come when the culture of the poppy must give way to the cereals, and that, in the end, there is more real gain to the people and the national treasury by stopping the trade in opium, it will be a moral triumph beyond all calculation. At first the national income would be less, but finally it would be found that the continuation of the responsibility for opium is a source of less both moral and material to every interest of the people.

When will the English government stop the crime of opium? May we not hope that, if no other voice reaches the ear of the English Parliament, the wail of one million dying sufferers in India will arouse the English conscience to say of the trade in opium: "Thus far, and no farther?"

"Well to suffer is Divine;  
Fas the watch-word 'E' down the line,  
Pass the co-emergence: 'EMERGENCY'!"

"Not to him who rattle dears,  
Nor to him who only bears,  
Is the victor's garland sown." —*Whittier.*

Why Farm Values are Depressed.

By far the most important division of the annual report of the Secretary of Agriculture is contained in the following paragraphs, in which we will give a sentence that cannot be too strongly emphasized:

The attention of those who complain of the condition of the American farmer and the hardships which, by stress of the competition of all the farmers of the world, he is compelled at times to endure, is called to the fact that nearly two millions of farms of eighty acres each, in the United States, have been given away by the Government under the homestead act of 1862, during the last thirty years. These farms contain many millions of acres of arable land.

The giving of something for nothing has resulted in an abnormally rapid increase in the acreage under tillage in the United States during the last thirty years. This also has caused a decline in farm land values in the eastern and older States. Under the timber and fire law the amount donated is equivalent to over five hundred and fifty thousand more farms of the same size. This takes no account of the desert land laws, under which numberless choice locations were given away, or of the large body of land patented to states and corporations, and sold at merely nominal prices to build up the country. Lands long tilled and rendered partially infertile, could not, of course, enhance in value and sell in competition with virgin soil which was being donated by the general government. Lines of rail transportation have either pioneered homestead lands or quickly followed their settlement. Reduction in the cost of carriage has made the long haul of products from those far away—given away—farms but a trifle more than the freight upon products grown in the eastern and middle states, going to the same domestic markets or to those of Europe.

*No legislation relative to the patented section here has as directly injured to the farmer who had bought and paid for the lands upon which they lived and labored.*

Until the homestead law came into vogue in 1862, the farmers of the United States competed with each other upon land representing accumulated capital and fixed investments, but after the homestead law lands began to produce and slip into market crops from the vast area of fertility which they represent, eastern and middle States land values declined. It was impossible for them to enhance in competition with fresher and more productive land obtained as gratuities by other farmers. It was equally impossible—land remaining stationary and supply suddenly increasing—for farmers in the older States to profitably sell their product in competition with those of the newer States grown upon lands which cost their owners nothing.—*S. Lord.*

Is 1748 Mary Palsley, of Ireland, went over to England on a religious visit. When traveling in Yorkshire she made the following record in her Journal:—

"Having been under deep baptisms and poverty of spirit, as I quietly rode along, the Lord was pleased in mercy to break in upon my mind by his life-giving presence and power; and it became the language of my soul, 'Ye are Lord, and thy servant will bear.' After which many things were divinely opened to me, wherein I greatly rejoiced, and was thankful to the Lord my God. Then I found a sudden out-come rebuke, and heard as it were a voice, that said

in the secret of my soul. These dispensations thou most delightest in are least pleasing to me, and not so beneficial to thy soul, as that pure poverty of spirit, brokenness and contrition of heart, which bring into humility of mind; and the reason why this is so little desired, and so unpleasant to the creature is, because it can have no part therein, but is wholly and entirely excluded and set at naught—can discover no beauty or excellency in it; and this is the reason I love the offering of a broken heart and contrite spirit, as it is most pure, and without any mixture of the creature. For whether there be prophecies, Divine openings, revelations, consolations, joyings or rejoicings in the Holy Spirit, gifts of healing, or tongues of utterance, in all these self can rejoice and have a share, being obvious to it, and bringing it honor." Then said I, "Lord, dispense to me what is most pleasing to thee, and I best for my soul, as long as my weak faith and patience can endure it."

FOR "THE FRIEND."

### Recent Researches in Babylonia.

In the library building of the University of Pennsylvania, in this city, is a large collection of Babylonian and Assyrian antiquities, which have lately been acquired by the Babylonian expeditions of the University of Pennsylvania, first sent out in 1888, at the expense of a few individuals who had organized for the purpose of effecting a systematic exploration of ancient Babylonia. This collection has been gradually increased until it now contains many objects of various kinds illustrating the life and history of the ancient people who once inhabited the now silent and almost deserted wildernesses on the banks of the Euphrates, and which have been obtained mostly under great difficulties, arising from the unhealthy character of that district, the great labor involved in exploring the mounds which cover the site of its former great cities, and especially from the warfare and treacherous disposition of the Arabs who roam over that region, and look with suspicion upon all intruders.

Hermann V. Hilprecht, one of the professors to whom the work of exploration had been intrusted, has lately prepared a work of a popular character, in which he gives an account of the labors in which he and others have been engaged in this interesting field, and also of similar efforts in Palestine, Egypt and Arabia, under the title of "Reisen Resarches in Bible Lands," from which the following has been mostly taken. In this work there are chapters by other explorers and Oriental scholars, giving the results of the examination of different parts of the extensive area in which explorations have been carried on, and of some of the conclusions in regard to historical events which have been deduced from these discoveries.

That these relics of antiquity could have been preserved in these localities, in their present almost unaltered condition, appears to have been largely due to two causes—first, the remarkable dryness of the climate, and secondly, to the nature of the material—hard bricks, of which most of the walls of the houses and of the ancient cities were constructed, and which when falling into ruins, covered up and preserved from the action of the air all that might have been contained in these ancient abodes.

One of the writers in this book, Fredrick Jones Bliss, remarks in reference to these mounds in Palestine: "Every buried city is, in a certain sense, a mound. An ancient Jerusalem is one vast mound, upon which modern Jerusalem is built."

They are called by the Arabic name of *tell*. "The Syrian tells are not large, varying from twenty to a hundred feet in height, and from fifty to fifteen hundred feet in diameter. But the general appearance is the same in all, a fairly flat summit, sometimes rounding off near the sides, but more usually with a distinct edge. The sides are steep. Some of them have more than one summit. Tell es-Sultan, near Elisha's Fountain, at Jericho, is really a large platform about fifty feet high, with three distinct summits rising for fifty feet more near the edges. Some of the tells are used as modern cemeteries; others are under cultivation; others are covered by Arab villages. They are usually found near springs or wells, and occupy some natural swelling of the ground. The reason is obvious. The first settlers desired two things, water, and a position suitable for defense. Their descendants, or their conquerors, continued from age to age to occupy the same favorable position, and so the tells grew."

"But how did they attain to such a height, and how did they finally approximate to the appearance of an ordinary hill? The answer is short, and brief. Mud brick is at once the most destructible and the most indestructible of building materials. Mud brick is the great preserver. Mud brick requires no foundation but itself, so mud brick town rises upon the foundation of mud brick town until the site is finally abandoned, when the last settlement, crumbles away, is washed by a storm, is smoothed down by a plough, and hence the tell, really a pile of historical volumes, arranged in chronological order, becomes a green hill, on first view an ordinary natural feature of the landscape."

"This regular stratification is a tell's unique importance. Stone built cities form much debris from generation to generation, but it is largely a debris of chaos. Stone buildings require solid foundations, often rock foundations, hence the intervening debris is disturbed over and over again. Chronological order becomes confused. It is preserved of course in special cases."

"The only way to study a mound thoroughly is to cut it down in horizontal slices, leaving the buildings which have been exhumed in each layer standing until they have been mapped and planned, cut these away, and proceed to examine the layer below in the same way."

In undertaking the exploration of the ancient city of Nuffar, the spot selected by Prof. Hilprecht and his companions in beginning their labors in Babylonia, a similar systematic plan of operations was undertaken, which he thus describes: "With a handful of trained Arabs from the neighborhood of Babylon, the excavators made a beginning. The entire hill and its surroundings, with the visible remains of the city walls, Inazar-Marduk and Nimiti-Marduk, were trigonometrically surveyed, trenches and experimental ditches were determined on scientific principles, and driven into the hill; a systematic plan of operations was outlined and discussed, by moonlight or daylight, in all its details. With tact and skill the excited minds of the neighboring tribes were quieted, by enlisting in the service of the expedition members of the most influential branches of the Atele, who numbered about four thousand warriors; and thus new resources were opened to the population of the land. In this way the number of Arabs we had at work gradually increased until it reached four hundred. While some labored in cutting the experimental trenches, and others in collecting the literary documents recovered

from the old archives, the work of thoroughly examining the heap of the vast ruins of the temple was pushed on with special vigor. The result was satisfactory in every way, and more than two thousand precious cuneiform documents were secured in the space of a few months."

"In the following year the work was resumed and "Hundreds of graves, clay coffins and urns were opened; and the ruins of demolished habitations and storehouses, together with the contents of their chambers were explored. In this way thousands of documents, inscribed bricks, vases, and votive tablets, were collected. The active life and motion which once pulsated in the streets of the city, and in the fore courts of its temple, on the palm-and-corn-laden banks of the great canal, were unfolded before the eyes of the restless explorers."

"In removing the rubbish around one of the great temples, a platform was reached, upon which the first King of Ur is stated to have built about the year 2800 B. C., and upon going deeper, the foundations of a still older edifice was discovered, and "numerous bricks bearing the name of the great Sargon, who 2300 B. C., had extended his powerful empire to the shores of the Mediterranean, came forth to the light of day under pick-axe and shovel."

"Under the buildings of Sargon and Naram-Sin, one of the largest and most important finds rewarded the labor that had been expended. An arch of brick, in splendid preservation, and of nearly the same form as is found in the later monuments of the Neo-Assyrian empire, was laid bare, and most carefully photographed. By this the question long discussed by the historians of architecture, as to the antiquity of the arch, entered upon a new stage and its existence in Babylonia about the end of the fifth and the beginning of the fourth millennium before Christ was proved."

"But although the excavations have gone all ready thirty-five feet below the platform of King Ur-Gur of Ur (about 2800 B. C.), not yet have they reached the deepest foundations of this venerable sanctuary, whose influence for over four thousand years had been felt by all classes of the Babylonian people. But in the presence of this fact we begin to have some notion why Nippur is spoken of as the oldest city of the earth in the old Sumerian legends of the Creation."

The most noteworthy results of the expedition, it is expected will be described in a series of volumes now in course of preparation. They are thus summarized: "Over thirty-two thousand cuneiform tablets form the bulk of what has been recovered. Many of these are of the time of the dynasty of King Ur-Gur (about 2800 B. C.), and of the period of the Cassite Kings (about 1725 to 1140 B. C.), which hitherto were not represented by dated documents. Of the manifold character of these documents—syllabaries, letters, chronological lists, historical fragments, astronomical and religious texts, inscriptions referring to buildings, votive tablets, dedications, inventories, contracts, etc., nothing less than an exhaustive examination can give a clear idea. Most of the early rulers of Babylonia, who were known to us only by name, an fourteen of whose very names had been lost have been restored to history by this expedition. Through the abundance of the recovered text of the earliest Sumeric rulers, Alusharshid, Sargon I, and Naram-Sin, comprising hundreds of inscribed bricks, door sockets, marble vases, an clay stamps for bricks, our conception of the

lower and extent of the Semitic race of about 3800 B. C., had to undergo a radical transformation."

"Of especial value are the hundred and fifty fragments of inscribed sacrificial vessels and other objects belonging to three kings of the oldest dynasties of Ur and Erech hitherto unknown, which promise to cast entirely new light upon the chronology of a difficult period."

"Nine clay sarcophagi have already been excavated at Nuffar, and conveyed in good condition to the Imperial Museum at Constantinople, and twenty-five more stand packed, ready to leave the fields of ruins. Among the great number of seals and seal-cylinders such as the Babylonians employed in business transactions, there are some of every period of their history, and several belonged to kings and governors. Two hundred clay bowls, closely inscribed in Aramaic, Hebrew, and Mandean, allow us a welcome glimpse into the wizardry of Babylonia, which exerted considerable influence on the religious teachings of the later, post-biblical literature of the Jews. Thousands of enamelled and plain vases of clay of all sorts, playthings, weapons, weights, gold and silver ornaments, objects in stone, bronze and iron, several very ancient statuettes and bas-reliefs, together with a collection of human skulls, which offer us help in the study of the physical ethnological relations of Babylonia, complete the rich collection of antiquities obtained from the ruins of Nuffar."

"In contemplating the results of these and other explorations of the last half century in Babylonia and Assyria, J. F. McCurdy writes: 'We can bring before our mind's eye the powerful and populous cities, of which Babylon, though not the oldest, became the greatest. The imperial city itself, with all its suggestiveness of culture and power and pride and luxury, is unveiled to us; and now we can appreciate the numerous biblical references, direct and figurative, to Babylon the great.' We have learned the actual foundation of the traditional glory of Babylonia and Assyria, with their temples and palaces, their commercial and legal institutions, their observatories, colleges and factories."

"In considering the evidences of thought and careful workmanship connected with these remains of a remote age, we cannot repress the belief that in many respects the powers of mind possessed by this ancient people were not inferior to those of the present inhabitants of the earth. A similar conclusion has been reached by those investigators who have examined the monuments of Egypt, some of which date back more than ten thousand years before the time of Abraham. Prof. A. H. Sayce writes: 'Now, this is a fact which is very remarkable. The oldest monuments testify to a civilization already long established and highly advanced; and yet Upper Egypt is a country where, as has been said, nothing perishes except by the hand of man. How is it, then, that no traces have been discovered of the steps which led up to the marvellous civilization of the Old Empire? How is it that we nowhere find any evidences even of the primitive structures out of which the elaborate hieroglyphic system of writing may have grown? Now and then, it is true, objects have been met with which indicate a certain degree of barbarism, as they belong to periods subsequent to that of the Old Empire.'

"We cannot emphasize the fact too strongly that Egyptian civilization is at the very outset all grown. So far as the monumental testimony is concerned, it has neither childhood nor

youth. Every fresh discovery brings out the fact into clearer relief."

"The monumental history of Egypt gives no countenance to the fashionable theories of today, which derive civilized men, by a slow process of evolution, out of a brute-like ancestor. On the contrary, its testimony points in an opposite direction: the history of Egypt, so far as excavation has made it known to us, is a history, not of evolution and progress, but of retrogression and decay." G. J. S.

FOR "THE FRIEND."

FRIENDS' LIBRARY, 142 N. Sixteenth-st., is open every week-day from three o'clock to six o'clock, P. M., and on Lyceum evenings. Books are loaned for two weeks and may be renewed by postal, for two weeks more. The Librarian, Mary S. Allen, will be pleased to aid parents in the choice of Juvenile books for their children. The patronage of country as well as city Friends will be appreciated. There is an effort being made to strengthen the different departments by the addition of standard works, as well as to add the most desirable new books published each month. There is no charge for books loaned.

First Month 1st, 1897.

### Natural History, Science, etc.

*A Christian Native of South Africa.*—The lions in the Orange River country, when they get old and too stiff or too lazy to follow their trade of catching bucks and other active animals, sometimes crouch about the kraals and pounce upon a man; and when they begin that kind of work they soon acquire such cannibal propensities as to become very troublesome customers.

An old lion had been making some such unwelcome visits to the kraal to which this Christian native belonged, and one day he and two others took each a gun and went out in search of him, hoping to make a final settlement with him. A few miles distant from the kraal, passing over the brow of a ridge into a little vale, they suddenly surprised a large lion feeding on the remains of an animal carcass. The lion, so glad to see them, and without ceremony advanced to give them a greeting. The men, in their sudden fright, declined the interview and ran for life. The Christian man quite outran his two heathen compatriots; but as he was making away with himself as fast as he could, the thought came to him, "One of these men will be killed; neither is prepared to die! I am prepared, thank God! I had better die and give them time for repentance!" He instantly stopped and faced about; the two men passed him, and before he could transfer his thoughts from his heroic consent to die for his heathen neighbors to a purpose of self-defense with the gun the lion was upon him. With the force of a mighty bound the lion struck him on the breast with his paw. He got the stock of the gun between his teeth and ground it to splinters. Meantime, the others, seeing their friend down, returned near enough for a sure shot; both fired, and the lion dropped dead beside his bleeding victim.

Brother Reed examined the deep scars left by the paws of the lion, which the noble fellow would carry to his grave. "Surely for a righteous man will one die; yet peradventure for a good man some would even dare to die. But God commendeth his love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." And here was one of Africa's sable sons so imbued with the self-sacrificing spirit of Jesus,

that even for a heathen man he was willing to die.—*Life of William Tuckey.*

## THE FRIEND.

FIRST MONTH, 1897.

OF FAVORITE.

In the year 1812 there was published in THE FRIEND an account prepared by the late Thomas Evans of the conversion and of some of the religious exercises of John Davis, an English Friend, who died in 1714, aged seventy-six years. In early life he was in the company of a man who kept a list of him a large family of some 120 persons. At this period he wandered far from the path of rectitude, but being divinely visited and made to submit to the Lord's requirements, he was dismissed from his employment and went to London to join his wife, which had become a Friend. He says: "I felt constrained to appear in my clothing more like one of that people. I resolved, however, to imitate only the smartest I had noticed amongst them. I parted with my long wig and bought a short one; bought cloth for a dress and carried it to a Friend to make up, who wished me to give directions how the suit was to be made. It did him I had not tried on, but, he being an honest Friend, would leave it with him. He made the clothes so plain, I was ashamed to put them on. But the Lord determined to bring down that strong will in me which would have its own way. So after many days of sore conflict respecting them I was made to submit."

"The first day I put on my clothes, I walked out of town three or four miles, the Lord raising a cry in my heart, that, as I had taken the mark of a holy profession, I might not by my life and conversation bring dishonor thereupon. The Lord showed me I was wanting in many things, concerning plainness of speech, which is the language of Truth; the keeping on of my hat, and refusing the customary salutations. These crosses to my natural inclinations brought me under much exercise many days and nights before I could submit. But I knew the Lord to be a swift witness against the evil nature that was in me; and many times, when my hat was on my hat to pull it off, I felt in myself condemned, so that I durst not do it; so likewise in speech, and such things as are used by many little matters."

This was a part of the discipline to which the Lord subjected his servant and prepared him for usefulness in the church; and unless he had been so humbled enough to submit to these requirements, there is no reason to suppose that he would ever have become joined to Him in a covenant of life and peace. He would, such some may be disposed to ridicule these things as matters of no importance, yet if they do, they feel for their younger Friends must impel the fathers and mothers in the church to earnestly desire that the young may bow their necks to the cross of Christ, and through filial submission to what He manifests to be his will, become prepared for adoption into his family. Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth—we all need this holy discipline, which as surely yieldeth the peaceable fruits of righteousness, when that are exercised thereby. Therefore, dear young Friends, reject the counsel of the devil, who would fain persuade you to follow your own inclinations, and "Be ye followers of God as dear children."

A stated meeting of the Meeting for Suffer-

ings of Philadelphia, was held on the eighteenth of Twelfth Month, 1896. It was felt to be an interesting and profitable occasion.

Among other matters that came before it was a memorial forwarded by Concord Quarterly Meeting for our late beloved friend, Clarkson Sheppard. In his younger years he indulged in gay company, and in reading works of fiction, his tastes being then strongly literary. But about the twenty-sixth year of his age, he was favored with numerous and powerful visitations of that Divine Grace which bringeth salvation, and which teacheth to live "soberly, righteously, and godly." He was enabled to endure the conflict with self, and to submit himself without reserve to the will of his Heavenly Father; and under the impression of duty he committed to the flames all of his books, whose tendency was objectionable. About the same time he adopted more fully than before the plain dress and language of consistent Friends. However much such sacrifices may be despised by the worldly-wise, yet we doubt not they yielded peace to his earnest mind; for it is an indubitable truth that without filial submission to the will of God, there is no preparation experienced for the joys of heaven, for it is as true now as in the days of Samuel the prophet, that "Rebellion is as the sin of witherfall," a mortal sin. And the proverb of the wise king is still applicable, "He that being often reproved, hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed and that without remedy."

From the time of this memorable change our dear Friend seemed to live a life of much devotion to the cause of Christ, and was indeed a laborious worker for the spread of religion among his friends and in the world at large, both by pen and tongue. His bringing forth of much fruit was an evidence that he continued to "abide in the vine." Desires were felt that we, his surviving friends, might, in this respect follow him.

The Committee on the distribution of the "Appeal to our Fellow Christians on the Subject of War," gave some interesting details of the prosecution of their work. They had received numerous satisfactory responses from those to whom it had been sent; and in several cases requests for further information respecting the doctrines and practices of Friends.

#### SUMMARY OF EVENTS.

**UNITED STATES**—It is stated that President Cleveland has been repeatedly assured by Spanish officials that he will be recognized in Cuba when the Province of Pinar del Rio has been pacified. The time has now arrived, it is believed, when the home rule reforms will be instituted there and also in the Provinces of Matanzas and Havana, where the insurgents have never secured a foothold. The Spanish Ministry are now understood to be engaged in drafting the proposed reforms. It is believed they will be completed within a fortnight.

**FINANCE**—The Treasury debt statement shows a net decrease in the public debt, less cash in the treasury, during Twelfth Month, of \$2,838,577. Total cash on hand, \$57,467,247.

**CONGRESS**—A session in Washington on the 1st inst. of the 54th Congress. Minister with respect to Cuba had a long session of the House, and the Finance bill was passed. In San Francisco, at the building by each of the 14 companies named an increased number of 1800 new employees, each vessel to be capable of carrying 2000 tons of oil or 4000 tons of coal. The cost of the new vessels is about one and a half of million dollars, and will be paid by the Government.

**THE CANAL IN THE UNITED STATES**—An account appears in San Francisco of the proposed canal to be cut through the Isthmus of Panama. It will be the original location of the hydrographic and heights at the entrance and the outlet.

The effect of this decision will be to stop practically all dredging on the Chicago lake front and in New York, Los Angeles and Philadelphia harbors and other points. Millions of dollars are involved.

The public land still vacant in this country amount to over 600,000,000 acres not including Alaska, with its 290,000,000 acres.

Massachusetts annually imports from beyond her border eggs to the value of \$3,000,000.

**THE WORTH JOURNAL** says: "Some time ago the Journal referred to the liberality of the Southern States in the matter of negro education, showing that they had appropriated nearly \$30,000,000 to negro schools since emancipation, and that more than \$100,000,000 had been paid by the whites. We stated in that article that the South is inevitably committed to two propositions: First, the support of the negro schools by general taxation; second, the separation of the schools for whites and negroes. Under this policy 90 per cent. of the literacy among negroes has disappeared; over 27,000 negro teachers have found places in Southern schools, and their number, as well as the number of negro pupils, is steadily increasing. We also called attention to the fact that there are in the South, besides the common schools for negroes, which every Southern State maintains with increasing liberality, 152 institutions of higher and higher education of negroes, including thirty-two colleges."

The clerks of the Detective Department in this city, having in charge the record of missing people, estimate that during the past year 1200 persons had been reported among the "disappearances." Many of these were reported from other cities, but the majority were Philadelphia men. Exactly what proportion of these remained "missing" the clerks have no means of ascertaining, because, as they say, a great many who are reported simply go away for a day or two on little "sprees" and go back home and the folks do not care to be troubled by informing the police that they have returned. However, the word "recovered" is impressed with a rubber stamp across the entry of the name and residence. The records are being improved year by year.

**DEATHS** in this city last week numbered 502, which is 107 more than the previous week, and 50 more than the corresponding week of 1896. Of the foregoing, 256 were males and 246 females; 92 died of pneumonia; 41 of consumption; 49 of heart disease; 21 of diphtheria; 19 of bronchitis; 19 of apoplexy; 19 of convulsions; 15 of old age; 17 of inflammation of the brain; 15 of nephritis; 15 of Bright's disease; 12 of inanition; 12 of typhoid fever; 11 of inflammation of the brain, and 10 from various causes.

**MARKETS**, Dec. 8—U. S. 2's, 95 1/4; 4's, 98, 100 1/4; 110's, coupon, 111 1/4; 112's, new 8's, 120, 120; 5's, 114 1/4; currency 6's, 100 a 105.

COTTON was quiet and nominally quoted at 7 1/2 c. per pound for middling uplands.

**FLOUR**—Spot here ranged from \$10.00 to \$10.75 per ton for winter wheat, and \$11.00 for spring in sacks.

**FLOUR**—Winter super, \$2.80 a \$3.10; do., extras, \$3.25 a \$3.50; Pennsylvania roller, clear, \$1.25 a \$1.40; do., do., straight, \$1.45 a \$1.65; Western winter, clear, \$1.25 a \$1.50; do., do., straight, \$1.40 a \$1.75; do., do., straight, \$1.80 a \$2.00; spring, clear, \$1.75 a \$1.90; do., straight, \$1.95 a \$2.10; do., do., straight, \$2.10 a \$2.25; do., favorite brands, higher. "It will sell, extra, \$1.25 a \$1.65; do., clear, \$1.25 a \$1.50; do., straight, \$1.40 a \$1.75; do., patent, \$1.90 a \$2.10. RYE FLOUR—\$2.75 per bushel for choice Pennsylvania. BUCKWHEAT FLOUR—\$1.25 a \$1.40 per 100 pounds, as to quality.

**GRAIN**—No. 2 red wheat, 35 a 35 1/2 c.

No. 2 white oats, 23 1/2 c.

**BEEF CATTLE**—Extra, 4 1/2 a 5 1/2; good, 4 1/4 a 4 3/4; medium, 3 1/4 a 4 1/4; common, 4 a 4 1/4.

**SHEEP AND LAMBS**—Extra, 4 a 4 1/4; good, 3 1/2 a 3 3/4; medium, 3 a 3 1/2; common, 2 1/2 a 3 1/2; lambs, 4 a 5 c.

**HOGS**—Western, 7 a 7 1/2; State, 6 1/2 a 7.

**FOREIGN**—Letters of exchange on France held on the 3rd instant show that 6 Republics, 13 Radicals, 3 Socialists and 12 Reactionists were elected to the Senate.

A cablegram from Rome says it is rumored that the Powers generally will give a thumbs-up to the arbitration treaty concluded between the United States and Great Britain.

A special despatch from St. Petersburg to the *Commonwealth* says it is the intention of the Czar to create a Supreme Court, with the object of relieving

himself of much of the work which devolves on the Emperor. The new court will settle all the matters to be decided by the Czar, except those of the highest importance, which will, as heretofore, be referred to the Emperor himself. The Grand Duke Constantine Constantinovitch, uncle of the Czar, will be appointed President of the court.

Spain has granted reforms for Porto Rico, which are to go into effect immediately, without waiting for the approval of the Cortes.

Spanish planters and merchants in Cuba have sent a representative to Madrid to ask Weyler's recall, or request the Spanish Government to order him to allow gridding. Weyler's unpopularity among the Spaniards is increasing.

Ex-Premier Sagasta, leader of the Spanish Liberals, says General Weyler is an obstacle to the pacification of Cuba, being incapable of coping with the rebellion. Senor Sagasta advocates concurrent military and diplomatic action on the part of Spain and the immediate granting of constitutional and tariff reforms in Cuba.

Prime Minister Canovas declares that the Spanish Government will not accept any intervention on the part of the United States in Cuba.

Referring to the new law prohibiting the sale of liquor to natives in the Transvaal, *The South African Financial Record* states that out of the 24,618 natives entitled to the 14 mining concessions, 12,338 of them were constantly drunk. With this fact before them, the *Record* says that "arguing from the standpoint of pure expediency, it would have been advantageous to this (mining) industry to have paid the government a sum equivalent to the entire revenue derived from the canteen licenses for the privilege of closing them."

It anticipated that in five years' time Japan is likely to possess the most perfect telephonic system in the world. There is already a considerable nucleus in existence, but the decision of the Japanese Government to appropriate a sum of \$64,000,000 in the expansion of the service, spread over a period of seven years, will make itself evident. The work of construction is being rapidly carried out at various important places, the intention being to complete by March, 1898, the expansion of the service relating to Tokio, Osaka, Yokohama, as well as the new constructive work in Nagoya, Nagasaki and Shimono-seki, and to establish a telephonic connection between Tokio and Yokohama.

Lieutenant de Gerlach, the leader of the projected Belgian Antarctic expedition, says that it will start from Antwerp about Seventh Mo. 15th. The steamer *Belgica* will carry a three years' supply of provisions and will probably be absent about two years. During the first year the expedition will go to the east of Graham Land, in George IV. Sea, and then winter in Australia. The second year they will probably go in the direction of Victoria Land. "We intend," the Lieutenant says, "more especially to devote ourselves to geological and zoological research, taking for this purpose specimens from the various sea depths and the submarine deposits. We shall also estimate the amount of ice, the thickness of the ice, and then winter at another Antarctic expedition to those of the *C. De Long* and other Antarctic explorers."

#### NOTICES.

A YOUNG WOMAN FRIEND desires a situation a housekeeper, or as companion for an elderly person. Address "E," West Chester, Pa.

**WESTWON BOARDING SCHOOL**—Applications for the admission of pupils to the school, and letters in regard to instruction and discipline should be addressed to Miss W. Weston, Westwton, Pa. Payments on account of board and tuition, and communications in regard to business should be forwarded to EDWARD G. SMEDLEY, Superintendent. Address, Westwton P. O., Chester Co., Pa.

**WESTWON BOARDING SCHOOL**—For convenience of persons coming to Westwton School, the stage will run trains leaving Philadelphia, at 7.17 and 8.40 A. M. and 2.53 and 4.32 P. M. Other trains are met where requested. Stage fare on regular trips, fifteen cent on special trips, twenty-five cents each way. To reach the school by telegraph, wire West Chester Phone 8.

EDWARD G. SMEDLEY, Supl.

Young pupils taught at their homes, or coached in their school lessons, address "M. M.," 3419 Hamilton St., West Philadelphia.

# THE FRIEND.

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## Diary and Letters of Deborah Brooks Webb.

(Continued from page 194.)

1868.—Tenth Month 19th.—Set a watch, oh, Lord, round about me, around about my heart, that it may be kept close to thee, even "The sixty armed warriors, with swords girded upon their thighs," that I wander not so much from thee in my thoughts. Oh, keep my mind inward and my eye single unto thee, my blessed Lord, thou ever adorable Holy One of Israel! Oh, that my soul might worship thee continually.

Eleventh Month 15th.—Oh, Lord, thy poor child looketh unto thee. I do want to be rightly directed. O, make way for me and give me pure vision from thee, for my poor soul feareth greatly. O, it is a great work, and nothing but thy pure word can profit the people. Oh, Father, give me plain direction, that I may not think too much, nor move too soon. . . . I desire to dwell in all humility of soul before thee, with my mouth as in the dust, looking up to thy hand. Wilt thou not bless me, in this state? Thankfulness covers my soul, and living praises arise to thee, for thy supporting power granted unto me in this time of deep trial and conflict. I thank thee, too, oh, Father, for the prosperity of my school and for the assistance with us, dear Father, and season our spirits with thy grace, that they may have a savory influence upon the little ones, and lead them to seek thee for themselves. Oh, Father, give me more strength to fast and pray, and to be wholly subjected unto thy will.

One of her little pupils having been removed by death, she thus writes to the parents:

"Twelfth Month 25th, 1868.

"Dear Friends:—My thoughts seem to dwell so much with you, knowing you must feel your bereavement. Yesterday as my thoughts were dwelling upon my little flock, desiring that no one of my dear little lambs might be taken away, the feeling came so forcibly, 'she is an angel now,' and then I remembered how very loving and affectionate she had been, throwing her little arms around me, many times in a day, and sometimes a kiss only would unlock them, 'then, if He has gathered her to his blessed old, we have no cause to mourn.' Some writers said, 'The less of this cold earth, the more

of heaven.' So she will have more heaven than we. May this affliction be blessed to you and do not reflect upon yourselves. I think it will be the will of our Father. Yours, in tender sympathy,

DEBORAH BROOKS."

The next entry in her diary appears to be: 1869.—Fifth Month 12th.—Sad, weak and sorrowful, desiring a united heart, whereby to serve the Lord. Oh, that I might wash my hands in innocency, so that I might compass this altar, oh Lord.

In allusion to her first journey with a minute from her Monthly Meeting for religious service, she writes: During the Seventh and Eighth Months, I was engaged in a visit to Concord and Western Quarterly Meetings. My blessed Master had made it plain to me, and answered all my objections, all my doubts in regard to the requiring. My kind friends, R. W. Kite and Charles Williams went with me, and I felt blessed in my companions. I went forth feeling very poor and weak, but at seasons was wonderfully helped over every fear, and the Lord gave me words, when I knew nothing of myself. Thanks-giving and praise were the covering of my spirit in returning. He doth still put forth, and go before his trembling, timid sheep.

Of this journey she has left the following: "Notes of my first visit on Truth's account." On the twenty-third of Sixth Month, 1869, a minute was granted me, by Northern District Monthly Meeting, for visiting Concord and Western Quarterly Meetings and the meetings constituting them.

Accompanied by my dear friends C. W. and R. W. K., I left home for Wilmington seventh day of Seventh Month. We remained all night at our kind friends' Samuel Hillies, who, with his wife, Margaret, was very attentive. During the evening, after reading a psalm, there was a little season of silence, and a few words arose lovingly in connection with the expression, "So He bringeth them to their desired haven." I was thankful for the feeling of quiet afterwards. Next morning we attended the Monthly Meeting, which was pretty large, and a lively meeting. My blessed Master seemed to help me through, giving me, "That they that be planted in the house of the Lord shall flourish in the courts of our God," etc., with desires also that He would turn the water of affliction into the wine of consolation for some in that assembly. After dining with our kind host, we hastened to the one o'clock train for Chester, intending to stop to see Thomas McCollin's wife Sarah, who was very low, having consumption of the throat. We found her a very patient sufferer, and quite resigned to leave her husband and two little children. "Fear not, for I know that ye seek Jesus that was crucified," seemed given me for her, with desires that she might patiently wait until every stitch in the wedding garment was completed. "The King's daughter is all glories within, her clothing is of wrought gold." She shall be brought unto the King in raiment of needle work." We returned home on the five o'clock train, feeling in my heart a degree of

quiet thankfulness and adoration for all the mercies vouchsafed.

Seventh Month 24th.—We again set forward, going in the afternoon to Joseph Evans' and were hospitably entertained. In the evening and morning had some profitable conversation, Dr. Charles Evans and wife being there, besides the family. "Behold an 18-a-lite indeed, in whom there is no guile," seems applicable to Joseph's redeemed spirit.

At Springfield Meeting on First day morning, not very large, but pretty solid. "The trees of the Lord are full of sap, the cedars of Lebanon which He hath planted," etc. Dined at the widow Lydia Allen's, whose were Richard and Mary Allen with their children, beside an invalid daughter, with a sweet, chastened spirit. We lodged at Joseph Rhoads, son of that mother in Israel, Hannah Rhoads. This was an interesting family. They took us on this morning to Middletown to Monthly Meeting—a lively body of Friends. My soul was clothed with desire that some might see of the travail of their soul and be satisfied, and that those who were coming forward might indeed have on the whole armor, be strengthened with might and be able to stand. Afterward had to revive the saying, "We reflect the color of the rock we rest upon," and to show how needful it is for us to be found building upon the sure foundation, Christ Jesus, against which storms cannot prevail.

Dined with our friends Thomas and Philena Smedley, where was a large family, and my soul seemed to feel the wrestling of their spirits to be led aright in the faithful discharge of their duty. We went with Thomas and his wife to take tea with Thomas Yarnall, a minister very much concerned for the spiritual welfare of the Society. It was pleasant to be with them. They live in the house formerly occupied by our friends James and Sarah Emken, where they had a school. This made it doubly interesting to me, and they related an anecdote of Sarah Emken, which might act as a warning to some of us to be very faithful to the secret nothings of the voice within.

R. and myself remained here at Thomas Smedley's, all night. Dined the next day at James and Hannah Smedley's—kind Friends, with two little children. They sent us to the car in the afternoon, and we proceeded to West Chester. W. P. T. met us and took us to his house. He, with his wife, did indeed endeavor to give "the cup of cold water." Monthly Meeting in the morning.—"Yea, they may forget; yet will I not forget thee, and that which would be me weary must be wearied out until we wait in humble patience at the Master's feet. Again arising with the words, "In the year King Uziah died the prophet saw the Lord sitting upon the throne, high and lifted up, etc. If we would experience this in ourselves, all the kindly nature must die within us." Morris Cope there too, and appeared in testimony searchingly, but with encouragement. Dined with dear Jane Gibbons, who was confined at home. We were invited to Elizabeth Scattergood's to tea, and

kindly entertained. Some Friends came in and we had a pleasant evening. A few words of encouragement given me by a young Friend, and I laid down my head in quiet fear, feeling the prayer of Mildred Ketchell, "Lord, be always near thy feeble worm." In the morning, W. P. and A. M. T. kindly took us to Goshen Monthly Meeting. I felt very poor, but thought there was encouragement for some in the revival of the language. Thy God hath commanded thy strength, referring to the disciples in the ship when the winds were boisterous, "Why are ye so fearful, oh, ye of little faith." Oh, that some of the younger portion of that meeting may be faithful to the pointings of their God. Dear Phebe Roberts appeared afterward in a lively testimony, and in the Quarterly Meeting I had unexpectedly to ask that He would strengthen the things that remain and are ready to die. Finned with many Friends at Joseph Passmore's, then proceeded on to B. W. Passmore's at Concord. Here our kind Friends left us and returned to West Chester.

Next morning, Seventh Month 20th, we attended Concord Monthly Meeting, small, but having some living members in it. Rachel Benington appeared in a lively supplication, that He would pardon our offences and pass by our transgressions. The Lord's house is to be builded of lively stones. "Seeketh thou great things for thyself, seek them not," was for my second rising. After the Monthly Meeting an adjourned Select Preparative Meeting was held, where was salked Larkin, over ninety years old. I felt that a ripening influence was with them that day and hoped some of them would in the end be gathered as "a shock of corn, fully ripe, cometh in his season."

Our kind friends B. W. and R. G. Passmore entertained R. and myself all night and in the morning took us to Isaac Hall's. Charles met us again in the afternoon, and on First day we attended Whiteland Meeting, stopping on the way to see Susan Malin, a dear, innocent and spirited aged Friend. The meeting very small. I sat in doubt and conflict. At last entered into a quiet feeling, and had to petition that none might be like one formerly, saying, "I cannot dig, to beg I am ashamed."

Dear Abby Hall followed in a lively communication, and I was thankful. Joseph Roberts took us to the home of his parents, Jacob and Phebe W. Roberts, to dine. Here was an interesting family, and it was so pleasant to be with them. We proceeded homeward that afternoon, and Second-day being our own Quarterly Meeting we attended it.

(To be continued.)

THE CUP AND THE FOUNTAIN.—A certain man placed a fountain by the wayside and he hung a cup near to it by a little chain. He was told some time after that a great art critic had found much fault with its design. "But," said he, "Do many thirty persons drink at it?" Then they told him that thousands of poor men, women, and children slaked their thirst at this fountain; and he smiled and said that he was little troubled by the critic's observations, only he hoped that on some sultry summer's day the critic himself might lift the cup, and be refreshed, and praise the name of the Lord. He is my fountain, and here is my cup; find fault if you please; but do drink of the water of life. I only care for this, I had rather bless the soul of the poorest crossing-sweeper or rag gatherer, than please a prince of the blood, and fail to convert him to God.—C. H. Spurgeon.

FOR "THE FRIEND."

### Notes of a Trip in the North Carolina Mountains.

[A botanical friend has kindly placed at our disposal his notes of a trip made last summer to Roan Mountain, in North Carolina. Although the main object of his excursion was botanical, yet we hope that even those who are not especially interested in Botany will find matter of interest and information in the descriptions of the scenery and of the character and habits of the inhabitants of those mountain regions.—Ed.]

Having an opportunity for a couple of weeks vacation this summer, I decided to visit the mountains of North Carolina, my main objective point being Roan Mountain. This mountain is one of the great Smoky Range, with an altitude of about six thousand four hundred feet above the sea level, and is partly in North Carolina and partly in Tennessee. It has long been favorably known to botanists, not only I think, on account of its interesting flora, but perhaps also from its having on its summit a hotel—an accommodation in which it is probably unique among Southern mountains. The most direct method of reaching it is by means of the East-Tennessee, Virginia and Georgia Railroad, which lands passengers within twelve miles of the summit. Another method, however, is to go to some point on the Southern Railway, and then, about on horseback, do the rest over the mountains. I decided upon the latter, as likely to introduce me better to the mountaineer life.

Leaving Philadelphia on the evening of Seventh Month, 18th, the next morning the train was in Southern Virginia, and the view from the car windows included many sights peculiarly Southern. Tobacco and cotton in the fields; chinquapins and sour-wood in the woods; and among the few flowers which I could recognize, because of the swift movement of the train, the passion flower (*Passiflora incarnata*) and a large blue pea-blossom, which I fancy was the Spurred Butterfly-plant (*Centrosema virginiana*) were prominent. Changing cars at Salisbury, N. C., there was an hour or two at my disposal which I occupied with a short walk in the neighborhood of the station. A species of Bindweed (*Convolvulus arvensis*) and *Silphium asteriscus* (the latter a showy composite and near relative to the rosin-weed or compass-plant of the West) were noticed, as well as the beautiful orange-red bells of the Virginia creeper hanging from tree tops.

A few hours later the train deposited me at Marion, N. C., a little town with some pretensions to being a summer-resort, at the foot of the Blue Ridge. This is a point of departure for mountain parties bound for Mt. Mitchell or the Roan. The country roundabout is somewhat of the nature of Oak barrens, and its flora comprised many plants familiar to me near Philadelphia. A plant which I took to be *Palgotta Nuttallii*, grew in abundance in the dry woods; and I was interested in noticing the delightful odor of wintergreen exhaled by the roots when fresh plucked. The perfume, however, was evanescent, not lasting over a few moments. The sweet-scented golden-rod (*Solidago odora*) was also noticed; and a handful of the leaves put in my pocket retained their pleasant perfume for many days.

A prominent feature of the Southern woods I found to be the sour-wood (*Oxydendrum arboreum*) which at the time of my visit was in

bloom, or in early fruit. The flowers are borne in long slender one-sided racemes, drooping and curving upward at the end; and at a distance the trees present somewhat the appearance of little chestnut trees, because of the character of the inflorescence.

My route from Marion was due north. The flora for a half a day was very similar to that of the Jersey pine-barrens. Golden Aster (*Chrysopsis Mariana*), Wild Flax (*Linum Virginianum*), the Flowering Spurge (*Euphorbia corollata*), St. Andrew's Cross (*Ascyrum cruz-Andree*), Goat's Rue (*Tephrosia Virginiana*), Wild Indigo (*Baptisia tinctoria*) and the smaller Sumac (*Rhus copallina*), with the Tick-trefoil (*Desmodium nudiflorum*) were noted, either in flower or fruit. On the edge of the wood *Schrankia angustata* was found in bloom,—a curious plant, procumbent on the ground, thorny, and with little balls of delicate pink flowers. Its close relationship to the Mimosa is betrayed by the speed with which its leaves close when the plant is touched, as well as the peculiar character of its blooms.

Among the plants not common around Philadelphia, the chinquapin, the Virginia Catchfly (*Silene Virginica*) and the purple Houstonia (*H. purpurea*) were frequently seen. The Virginia Catch fly was particularly noticeable along wooded roadsides, by reason of its brilliant red, star-like flowers.

Travellers in the North Carolina Mountains need expect no hotel accommodations away from the railroads. The custom is to stop at private houses and take such fare as may be offered them. My first stop was at the hospitable residence of the postmaster of North Cove. The North Carolina mountaineers appear to be of two well-marked classes,—those termed the "well-doing people," who, while poor, are thrifty and cleanly, and another class whose characteristics are quite the reverse of this. The cabins of the latter sort are not very inviting, and, if possible, would be passed by by travellers on account of the dirt. Everywhere in the mountains I found milk and honey and corn-bread to be the staple fare, with sometimes a bit of bacon and a few vegetables, such as green beans, or squash, added. Buttermilk is always found in the mountain cabins, and is nearly always good, probably from the fact that churning takes place every day.

My postmaster friend was a man of decidedly the better sort—intelligent and sociable. I passed a comfortable night under his roof, and left in the morning refreshed by the quiet night's rest and the simple wholesome fare. My bill for two meals and lodging was thirty cents. This place was in what is called the North Cove—a valley between the Blue Ridge and the long line of the Linville Mountain. My road next day ran close to the noisy mountain stream which is the North Fork of the Catawba River and in one of whose shady pools I took a refreshing dip towards noon. A species of Alum Root (*Irishneria rilliana*) was abundant on the rocks; the Angelica-tree (*Aralia spinosa*) I saw for the first time—a very attractive shrub or small tree, easily recognized by its immense divided leaves and prickly branches, and its yellowish-green flowers borne at the top of the tree in a large compound panicle. On a rather unkempt and unattractive looking hillside came upon a little colony of *Pogonia pendula* a very attractive orchid which I had never seen before. It was especially interesting to find it in the tangle of coarser plants, amid rock and thorns. It seemed to speak of the Divin

impartiality, so much beauty set down in the sketch of so much neglect.

Travelling northward in the North Cove is a good deal like travelling downwards in the letter V,—the line of the Blue Ridge on the one side and of the Linville Mountain on the other being as the two sides of the letter, which converge at a point known locally as the Winding Stairs, an extremely steep hillside, which is climbed by means of a zigzag path.

In the upper part of this cove *Melanthium parviflorum*, a characteristic Southern plant, somewhat like our green Hellbore, but with smaller flowers, was growing; also, on limestone rocks a little patch of the Wall Rue Spikenwort (*Asplenium Ruta-muraria*). At the top of the Winding Stairs, probably the most inconspicuous of our native orchids, with certainly the most unglainy name (*Microstylis ophioglossoides*) was in bloom. New Jersey tea, both in flower and fruit, was abundant on this hillside (*Ceanothus Americanus*).

It coming on to rain, I stopped for the evening at about four o'clock (Seventh Month 22nd) at Franklin's, a house in the woods on top of the Blue Ridge. This is a place of more than ordinary pretensions, as mountain houses go. I had a wood fire and a bed in the parlor, and my bill for supper, lodging and breakfast amounted to sixty cents, which was twice the ordinary charge. Franklin's is the usual stopping-place for people who visit the Fall of the Linville River, which are about half a mile distant, and form one of the attractions to visitors. The road the next morning took me down the Blue Ridge and west over the Toe River, whose rapidly flowing waters I crossed on foot logs. It rained most of the morning and made botanizing a rather discouraging pastime. I was gratified, however, to find *Celtica acuminata*, a small tree bearing spikes of white flowers, with a faint perfume. It is a cousin of the sweet-pepper bush, which is common in the Jersey barrens. The streams which I crossed to day were all bound for the Gulf of Mexico; yesterday they ran easterly toward the Atlantic. Cane Creek Mountain was crossed in the afternoon, but everything being wet (including myself), the country passed through did not receive the attention it deserved. Nevertheless, in a brush pile the brilliant orange spike of the yellow-fringed orchis (*Habenaria eliotii*) was noticed and went into the portfolio; also at the top of the mountain, *Geocodia hawrightii* displayed its yellow trumpets. The interesting feature of Cane Creek Mountain was a small mica mine which I passed. The workers of it were a young man and a young woman, of the more shiftless mountaineer class. The man, with whom I had some conversation, did not know what became of the mica after it reached a point about five miles from the mine. He got five dollars a ton for it, and his interest seemed to cease with that.

I went dinerless that day, save for a pint of outermilk obtained through dint of perseverance from the denizens of a wretched cabin.

This evening (Seventh Month 23rd) was spent at a point three miles from Bakersville, and about eight or nine miles from the summit of the Roan, in a long dilapidated house inhabited by a blacksmith and his family. I was accommodated here with a small piece of hair-broom, the first I had seen since leaving Marion. My host dissuaded me from going through Bakersville, as I had intended, in order to reach the Roan, and put me on what he called a shorter route. The morning was fortunately

sunny, and becoming became possible again. One of the most conspicuous plants along the road was the American Bittersweet (*Celastrus occidentalis*), its tall, graceful spikes of blue blossoms making a very cheerful ornament in the fence-rows. Another plant which had hitherto been a stranger to me, though it is uncommon further north, was *Aethiomeris squarrosa*, a tall, slender composite, with winged stems and yellow ray flowers, which hung downward almost perpendicularly. By a shady stream a curious plant, with lower leaves fully two feet across, and heads of blue berries, borne on bright red pedicels, attracted my attention, and proved to be the umbrella leaf (*Diphyletia rugosa*), a characteristic Southerner. A farmer on horse back, travelling up the mountain to get his cattle, which a neighbor had borrowed and failed to return, bore me company for a couple of miles, and hospitably insisted on my riding his horse, he dismounting and walking till his destination was reached. By three o'clock I was fairly on the side of the Roan. I was interested to find the Shad-bush, as we call it in the North, here growing to the height of a good sized tree. Its berries were ripe and were quite refreshing after the hard climb through an almost perpendicular mountain meadow. The man who accompanied me spoke of the berry as "sarvis"—"corruption of 'service berry," by which name the tree sometimes goes. Further up the mountain *Cuscuta reniformis*, a *Epipactis* with drooping corymbs of white flowers, which I took to be *E. acuminata*, the red Turtle-head (*Chelone obliqua*) were found. By a mountain brook a meadow rose (*Thalictrum clavatum*) grew. This is one of the most attractive of the meadow-rues, and differs from our Northern varieties in having perfect flowers. The little cross-shaped seed-vessels are quite attractive.

(To be continued.)

### The Exercise of a Past Generation.

"At a Yearly Meeting held in Philadelphia . . . E. E. said in substance, she has felt a concern on her mind during the sittings of both to-day and yesterday, and she feared to leave the meeting without expressing it. She had remembered the words of the prophet, 'Lo, I will command, and I will sift the house of Israel among all nations, like as corn is sifted in a sieve, yet shall not the least grain fall upon the earth.' It is a time of commotion, of shaking among all religious denominations; not one was exempted from it in some shape or other, as far as she knew. The Israel of God, of which our Society forms a part, is undergoing a sifting, and the language of many hearts had been, 'Let not thy hand stop for our crying, till all impurities are taken away.' Many of us had sorrowfully felt, and her heart had been made sick with the want of unity of feelings, the unsettlement there was among some, and the dissatisfaction of others."

There had been a bustling up, a covering up, a putting the evil day afar off, but the time was drawing near when it would have to be shown what and where we were. Though we had to appearance been getting along smoothly from year to year, yet hundreds had felt that there was an undercurrent of dissimulation and insincerity, of putting on two faces, using two languages, according to the company one were in. She had remembered the disciples were commanded not to take two coats. Many had been made to drink of the wine of abstention. If any were disposed to think hostilely of her, or to say hard things of her, she desired to be able

to bear it. The Lord would have a people without spot or blemish, or even a bad thing. The shafts had been aimed from the east that she was conducted by true testimony, that not one grain of the evil substance which she should fall to the ground, nothing but the shaft should fall to the ground, nothing but the shaft should fly. He will sit again and again. The language of her heart had been, grief as it might be to endure, "Oh, Lord, if by a will extend thy arm around us and encircle us, and hold us up, then carry on thy beloved work to purity us."

The dear young people, she said, had claimed her most tender sympathy. She believed many of them were deepening in the faith, notwithstanding they had been surely puzzled at the difference of opinion, and also to account for many things that had passed and were passing. Some were ready to seek in other Societies for the rest they found not in their own. But it would not do to look outward. The watchword was, "Abide in the patience a little longer, and your deliverance, our deliverance, will be wrought." Though we might seem to be in a narrow place, as with the Red Sea before and the hands of the Philistines behind, the Lord will make a way for us when we can see no way, and will again enable our Society to enjoy her salvation, as in former times. The Lord is on his way to open the prison doors, where those who, like Joseph, are found in prison, who have been let down into the pit where there is no water, who have been hated and sold of their brethren, shall be set free. The Lord will sift again and again, and the chaff will fly, but hundreds will be planted like Joseph, as a fruitful vine by the side of the well, whose branches run over the wall. The workers have sorely grieved him and shot at him and hated him, but his bow abide in strength and the arm of his hands were made strong by the hands of the mighty God of Jacob."

HAZEN S. PINZEE, Mayor of Detroit and Governor-elect of Michigan, began his career cutting leather soles ten hours a day at the rate of four dollars a week. Though now a middle-aged man, he was entirely unknown till about eight years ago, when he was proposed to run for the Mayorship of Detroit by the Republicans, who were then in a small minority. This nomination, given as an empty compliment, not to say jest, was taken by Mr. Pinzree in earnest; and after a remarkable canvass, in which he preached reform night and day, he found himself elected. His first reform was to reduce fares on the street cars to three cents. The corporations ridiculed this idea; but the Mayor loaded a car, offered three cents to the conductor, was put off, brought suit against the company, and a two years' litigation in the district court was accomplished. His next moves were to gain for the city control over its public lighting, to secure cheaper gas for consumers, and to have the streets paved directly by the Board of Public Works. These acts have made him both the enemy of the corporations and the idol of the people. The "potato patch" movement, however, was the thing that turned all eyes on the "Hon. Potatoe" as *The Star* calls him. He had proved financially successful, as it has supported thousands of persons in whatever city they have been tried, and I like wise socially; for the police records show a remarkable diminution in crime in those localities from which the laborers were drawn, and which had been previously the worst in Detroit.

THE FRIEND.  
The Story of My Life.

BY WILLIAM TAYLOR.

The author of this book was born in 1821, in Virginia. He was descended from Scotch-Irish ancestors. The family were members among the Presbyterians. But being seriously impressed by the labors of some Methodists, he joined in membership with that body. He was full of zeal, and became so burdened on account of the peril of unsaved souls that he became very unhappy, until he was relieved by a dream, in which the Spirit said to him, "My child, you are needlessly disturbing your mind abt at the work God has for you to do. You must tarry at Jerusalem till endowed with power from on high. Then God will call you as He did Jonah, when He said distinctly, 'Arise, go to Nineveh, that great city.'" The prophetic mention of Jonah, by anticipation, so filled me, that I sprang up, and the peace of God pervaded my spirit, so that I gave myself no further trouble on the subject of preaching, but left it all to God."

In 1842, William Taylor was appointed a junior preacher, to assist in one of the Virginia circuits. He thought it his duty to witness for Jesus to every one with whom he was brought into contact. In regard to these opportunities, he says, "The Lord often helped me, but sometimes I missed it nearly as far as the pious barber who felt it his duty to talk to every man about his soul who came to be shaved. In many cases it worked very well, but one day, when a very highly cultured gentleman came in to be shaved, the barber's courage failed him. He spent a long time in applying the lather to the gentleman's face, and then strapped his razor to sharpen his courage, till the lather on the man's face was nearly dry; then turning suddenly towards the gentleman, razor in hand, the barber said, 'Are you prepared to die, sir?' The man sprang to his feet and ran away in great alarm, thinking the barber had gone crazy and was going to cut his throat."

As an illustration of his earnestness, when the bishop was making the appointment for service, and William was asked where he would like to be sent to, he replied, "Not to a fat, flourishing circuit, but to one where there are plenty of sinners."

In the fall of 1848, in Baltimore, Bishop Waugh asked Taylor if he would be willing to go to California as one of two missionaries, who were to be sent to that field. Taylor replied that he had always been ready to accept any appointment under the appointing authority of his church. The bishop told him to consult his wife.

"So I went to our parsonage. Anna met me at the door, and I said, 'Bishop Waugh wants to send us as missionaries to California; what do you think of that?' She was soon prepared to consent. After much delay, owing to the difficulty of finding passage, tickets were purchased on a clipper ship of Baltimore for San Francisco, and that port was reached in the Ninth Month of 1849."

The day after casting anchor, Taylor went ashore to see the situation. There was not a brick house in the town and but few of wood, and they were constructed mainly of lumber from dry-goods boxes. There were three or four adobe houses, but a vast encampment in tents of about twenty thousand men and ten women. After diligent enquiry he found a few Methodists and a place of worship.

The following week was spent in learning California prices and modes of life, and in trying to secure a house in which to live. Potatoes were fifty cents per pound, South American apples fifty cents a piece, fresh beef fifty cents a pound, flour fifty dollars a barrel, and so on. Rents were high, five hundred dollars a month for a plain house a story and a-half high, with five rooms. It was decided to build a house, and Taylor went to the woods with axe and wedges to split out timber. The scantlings which he bought in the rough, split out like large fence rails, he hewed to the square with a broad axe. He made three thousand shingles, and exchanged them for twenty-four joists, each seventeen feet long. For weather boarding he bought rough clap boards, six feet long, and shaved them smooth with a drawing-knife. He used similar boards for the roof. Hauling his stuff from the Red woods to the San Antonio landing cost twenty-five dollars per thousand feet; the regular price from thence to San Francisco was forty dollars per thousand, but by hiring a boat and working with his own hands, he got the work done for less than half that amount.

Having made arrangements for a temporary absence from home, Taylor visited San José and Santa Clara. His experience at the latter place furnishes an illustration of his zeal.

"One of the old adobe houses of the deserted mission was at the time of my untimely visit bearing the name of Reynolds's Hotel. After seeing that my horse was well fed, I was conducted into the bar-room, where a jolly lot of gamblers were employed in card-playing. By the time I got thawed out and refreshed by a good supper they got through with their game and gathered around the fire, which was kept blazing in an old time chimney place. I took a seat in their midst and led in a conversation about the varieties of life in San Francisco, which led on to the description of the sick men in the hospitals there, and of their varied experiences, living and dying.

"None of my bar-room associates knew me, but listened with close attention to my facts illustrative of the real life of California adventurers. Finally, one said, 'Come, boys, let us go to bed.' Another replied, 'Yes, but we must have another nip before we turn in.'

"I said, gentlemen, if you have no objections, I propose we have a word of prayer together before we retire.

"They looked at me and at each other in manifest surprise, and I looked at the bar-keeper, who was standing ready to sell a 'nip' of brandy to each one, at twenty-five cents apiece. After a little pause, the barkeeper replied, 'I suppose there is no objection, sir.'

"Thank you, sir. Come, boys, let us all kneel down as we used to do with the old folks at home, and ask the God of our fathers and mothers to have mercy on us.

"They all knelted down as humbly, and I prayed for them, and for their kindred and loved ones at home, but now so far away, with dreaded possibilities, of never meeting again in the flesh. I prayed earnestly that these adventurous young men, and their fathers, mothers, sisters and brothers far away, might all surrender wholly to God, and receive Jesus Christ and be saved, and be prepared for happy reunions on earth or in Heaven.

"They took no more 'nips' that night, but slipped off to bed without a word. I said nothing to them directly about their gambling and drinking, but took the inside track of them. I met one of them next day in San José, and

he seemed as glad to see me as if I had been his old Kinsman."

One First-day morning William Taylor announced that he would preach at three P. M., on the plaza in the open, and to the gamblers and all outdoor people who might wish to hear.

"It was a startling announcement, causing fear and anxiety to most of my people. Most of the gamblers were located on the north and east side of the plaza, or public square. They occupied the largest and best tents, followed by the best houses in the city. Every saloon had its bar and band of music, and they were in full blast every day and night of every week, and Sunday was the greatest of the seven. Their tables were loaded with piles of gold dust and coin, surrounded by crowds of gamblers and sight-seers.

"The gamblers were so numerous, and commanded so much money and influence they were above all law, except the law of sin and death.

"It was no new thing for a man to be shot, but no arrests followed. There was not a jail in California then, nor for two years after, and no administration of government at all adequate to the demands of justice, or the protection of life.

"The country had just been bought from Mexico, and was still under the forms of Mexican law, with an *alcalde* to preside over the city of San Francisco. So when I announced that I would preach on the plaza it was feared that the gamblers would take it as an insult and shoot me. There was no legal protection or redress. It would only be said next day, 'The gamblers killed a Methodist preacher yesterday. He very impudently went down to preach on the plaza, and before he got fairly at it they shot him.'

"At the time appointed, in company with my heroic young wife, I walked down to the plaza, and a few of my people followed. Seating my wife on a chair, I mounted a carpenter's work-bench, which stood in front of the largest saloon. My wife had a voice of peculiar melting melody, and of marvelous compass, and my own voice could be heard a long distance, so as soon as I mounted the workbench, I opened up on the Royal Proclamation:

Hear the royal proclamation,  
The glad tidings of salvation,  
Publishing to every creature,  
To the ruined sons of nature—  
Jesus reigns. He reigns victorious,  
Over heaven and earth most glorious,  
Jesus reigns!

"Restless hundreds of excitable men came running from every direction to see what new wonder under the sun had appeared. The gambling houses were nearly vacated. The crowd surrounded me nearly a hundred deep on all sides. I was in for it. I had crossed the rubicon; the tug of war was imminent.

"I said, Gentlemen, if our friends in the Eastern States had heard there was to be preaching this afternoon on Portsmouth Square, in San Francisco, they would have predicted disorder, confusion and riot; but we who are here have no thought of any such thing. There is no true American who may not be depended on to of serve order under the preaching of God's word anywhere, and maintain it if need be. We shall have order!

"Your favorite rule in arithmetic is the rule of loss and gain. In your tedious voyage around Cape Horn, or your wearisome journey across the plains, or hurried and perilous passage across the Isthmus of Panama, and during your fe-



months of sojourn in California, you have been figuring under the rule of loss and gain.

"Now I wish most respectfully to submit you a question under your favorite rule and have you work it out." The question I submit may be found in the twenty-sixth verse of the sixteenth chapter of the Gospel of our Lord by Matthew. Shall I announce it? 'What is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?'

"Perfect order was observed and profound attention given to every sentence of the sermon but followed.

(To be continued.)

The progress of the reform of the Civil Service in the last fifteen years is full of encouragement to those engaged in purifying municipal administration, in which the gains are sometimes almost balanced by the losses. Everybody knows that the attempt to put our national service on a non-partisan, business basis has been a long continuous fight against the friends of the spoils system. The first application of the system was on a very moderate scale, and could only be extended gradually. It encountered open foes in Congress, who endeavored to break it down by proposing to withhold the appropriations necessary to carry it out, and by their methods. Its advocates were unspareingly denounced as visionaries, and ridiculed as "suivel" service reformers. But the reform was rounded in common sense and on sound business principles, and could not be overturned. President Arthur had the honor of making the first classification, which included fifteen thousand positions. President Cleveland, in his first term, enlarged the list, and so did President Harrison. President Cleveland has again evinced his friendship for the system in his second term, and we have now ninety thousand positions removed from the scramble of office hunters and free from partisan influences. The postmasters, numbering seventy thousand or more, are still outside the classified list, but only a small fraction of the executive service. The result is extremely gratifying. We owe to the members of the National Civil Service Reform League a national debt of gratitude for its patriotic and unpaid service to this cause. At its recent meeting in Philadelphia, President Proctor, of the National Civil Service Commission, gave valuable testimony to the results of the classified service in increased efficiency and economy. He said in many cases one clerk is doing satisfactorily the work that used to be divided among a dozen or more, when men in positions on other grounds than competency, and when the force was sometimes increased, were "to eat up the appropriation." C. Schultz, President of the League, deserves great honor for his persistent and able advocacy of its principles of the merit system.—*Independent.*

The Pittsburgh Post of Twelfth Month first contains the following: "Frank A. Preble appeared as complainant in the Middlesex court a suit against the Waltham Orangemen's lodge and told of the rough treatment which he received while being initiated by the officers. He told him he must take off his outer clothing, he told him he had, and he entered the main hall clad in a shirt, white overalls and shoes. He was made to kneel down and repeat something, and while doing so the men took off his shoes. Then his clothing was rolled up by his knees and he is marched about the hall while some one hipped his legs with rattan whips. He testi-

fied that a bag of iron weighing forty pounds was then put on his shoulder, and that he was pulled to the floor, while some one sat on him and jabbed him with pins or an ice pick. It was then made to go up a step-ladder, and from this he fell into a blanket and was tossed. The two men held him and a red-hot iron was brought up against his breast. He struggled to get away, but the two men held him while he was branded. Then some one said: 'Hold up your hands and see if you can find a serpent,' and the initiation was over. He said that he was severely burned and injured."—*Christian Queens.*

FOR "THE FRIEND."

An Address to the Young.

A Friend has kindly placed in our hands an address to the members of a reading circle, which was organized a few years ago, and was designed to increase the acquaintance and the attachment of its members to the principles of the Society of Friends.

Believing that it may be useful to others than those to whom it was primarily addressed, some passages have been extracted from it. It is mainly occupied with a consideration of the Queries read in our meetings for discipline, in respect to which we all ought to examine ourselves, and see how far we are living in accordance therewith.

"The first great commandment under the law and which is also recognized under the Gospel is this, thou shalt Love—thou shalt Love with all thy heart and with all thy soul and with all thy strength and with all thy mind." Now, if we possessed this love, would we not seek to worship this object of our affections, would it not be our greatest delight to be near Him, would we not rejoice to meet with those who also love Him? and if He gave any one of his children a word of encouragement, comfort or warning for us, would we not thankfully receive it? Then surely our religious meetings would be diligently attended when we had ability to do so, we would desire to be there in good season, and our conduct there in will manifest that we came to worship in spirit and in Truth.

"Our dear Saviour said, 'And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.' The man who inquired, 'Who is my neighbor' was answered by the parable of one, who fell among thieves, that he, to whom we show kindness is our neighbor, and this may include the whole human family. We are asked in the second Query to love those of the same household of faith, those professing to believe the same truths that we believe. Surely this should not be hard to do if we love above all earthly considerations that precious Saviour, who suffered so much for us, who died that we might live. The Apostle John says, 'Who loveth God, loveth his brother also.' If we have this love in our hearts, there will be no danger of giving way to hate-bearing and detraction, for we would not be willing to injure any one by word or deed. We would recommend to you the careful perusal of the thirteenth chapter of I Corinthians as a guiding rule for our lives.

"Drummond may well call this Divine Love 'The greatest thing in the world' for one imbued with its spirit would be kind, loving, courteous and it has been called the 'best' rule, even for that execrable kindness, which the world calls politeness." We hope we all frequently read the Holy Scriptures and love the sacred truths contained therein, and we trust are unceasingly careful to exemplify and

obey, professedly, for the best, we read have a great influence upon our minds, as well as our tempers, we read and both could be acted from that love which is pure and elevating, both to our mind and spirit, and to our life. We believe we are called to plainness and simplicity in dress, language, and manners, not only as Friends but as Christians. The Apostle Peter writes in his first general epistle, which means that it was addressed to all, 'Whosoever will, let it not be that outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and of wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel, but let it be the hidden man of the heart, in that which is not avariciously even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price.' Paul says in his first epistle to Timothy, 'and chapter, ninth verse.' In like manner, all that women adorn themselves in, modest apparel, with shamefacedness and sobriety; not with braided hair, or gold, or pearls, or costly array, but, which becometh women professing godliness, with good works.

"That the Members High did not consider the adorning of the body as 'beauty' in the face, we find by the third chapter of Isaiah, sixteenth verse, where the fashions of that day are enumerated and condemned, and though it seems strange to us of this day that such things should ever have been a temptation, will not many of our present fashions seem just as strange in years to come? We acknowledge that a plain outward appearance will not save us, and sorrowfully that too many live inconsistently with the profession they are making, for those who wear that distinctive dress do profess allegiance to their dear Redeemer. Yet it is a haze about us that wards off many temptations, and with the yearning love which our discipline evinces for the members in every way, may thought it right to bring the subject before us every year.

"We see to the care of the Church, and its members in the Query, whether all inviting liquors are avoided, all frequenting of taverns, when not positively necessary, that we may be kept out of the way of temptation, also from all places of diversion, which includes much that is evil, even when those of the best refined sort are avoided. It would never go into anything where we could not ask his presence to go with us, and his blessing to rest upon it, we would avoid much that is evil.

"Friends believe that when the dear Saviour said, 'Swear not at all.' He meant all kinds of oaths, and the Society had perhaps more to suffer for this testimony in its early days than for any other. The world at large, as well as our own people, are much indebted to the faithful taking of an oath, and to the preservation of it, of which many are all the wiser in his day.

"In regard to letters and private goods the thirteenth part of the community have views very much at variance, showing that if we would be truly faithful to our principles, we might differ in our views, and thus aid in the redemption of the people of that 'Flood' which shall cover the earth as the waters cover the sea."

"But individual righteousness is what is needed. This would take us by a public ministry and one exists at all such times, without waiting for the Great Head of the Church to put them forth. An Elder's matter should be the status of the people, and He alone, an individual, should care for each one of us. Our views will never be built up by departing from this vital principle.

'Freely ye have received, freely give,' is as incumbent upon us as it was on the disciples formerly.

What justice is manifested in the requiring to live within the bounds of our circumstances, to keep to moderation in our business, to be punctual to our promises and just in the payment of our debts! Did it ever occur to you from what trouble and perplexity, a faithful maintenance of this Query would preserve us. If all lived so carefully that they never spent more than their circumstances would allow, if they kept their business in such moderation, that they could always feel safe if they made no promises that they could not reasonably expect to perform, and contracted no debts that they had not the means to pay, the fearful failures and still worse unfaithfulness to trusts, leading to actual robbery, which have, alas, become so common of late, would never have taken place.

"We ask," "Lead us not into temptation," but we must be careful not to place ourselves in the way of it. We need Divine help to do any good thing, but we must do our part, must walk in the vineyard of our own hearts and diligently too. For the enemy sows tares among the good wheat while we sleep or are at ease unsuspecting. Then how lovingly if any of the members are overtaken in a fault does the Church recommend, as the Apostle Paul did in Galatians, chapter vi; that such an one 'be restored in the spirit of meekness, considering himself, lest thou also be tempted.'"

#### FOR "THE FRIEND."

Writing to a Friend in connection with his views of Gospel ministry, James Bickhouse remarks: "It was many years from the time of my beginning to speak in meetings, before my Friends saw their way to regard me as a minister; but I believe I was more alive to the causes of hindrance in myself than they were, and this kept me quiet and humbled under these circumstances. I have long endeavored to be very sharp sighted to my own failings, and ready to make all the allowance for those of others which I could; and ready to hope, when they were painfully conspicuous, that they troubled themselves more than they troubled me. Whether I was in a state or not, I think this is a tendency to open the door for me to plea with them, and as I have kept that mercy in view which has passed over my own transgressions for Jesus' sake, I have been enabled to commend them to the same mercy, and to extol the marvellous loving kindness of the Lord in providing such a way of return to Him of repining sinners, as well as his great goodness in granting the help of his good Spirit to all who truly seek it, to enable them to walk in holiness. There is no doubt in my mind that our testimony, under a right exercise of mind, will find its way in the minds of others, much in proportion to the degree in which we ourselves walk in the Spirit, and consider ourselves, lest we also be tempted."

"We may point out the sinfulness of sin, and the danger of an unrepentant state, and excite opposition in the minds of others; but if we ambassadors for Christ, we also bear it them in his stead to be reconciled to God, I believe much of this opposition will not only give way, but will be succeeded by a harkening to the message."

"O'er worthy forefeller, George Fox, though he so fully recognized the necessity of the purifying path of the Spirit in regard to ministry, of an excellent counsel, to those who had received a testimony in the Lord, as to the ex-

ercise of their gifts, showing how conscious he was of the importance of the understanding being enlightened respecting the things needful to be preached. And in this way I believe we may be still helpful one to another, without improperly interfering with the gifts and exercises one of another, or of attempting to limit their diversity.

"I have apprehended that some who have begun well as ministers have mistaken an extension of expression for a growth in their gifts. We were reminded in one of the Yearly Meetings of Ministers and Elders that there were little gifts in many words, and great gifts in few words.' A long communication, to be what it ought to be, requires much matter and a proportionate amount of the baptizing power of the Holy Spirit accompanying the exercise, and the expression. Right exercise of mind, if expressed in simple terms, will, I believe, tend to edification, but if it be made more of than it is, or be belted through unduly mystical expressions, the edification will be diminished and the church may be burdened.

"While not doubting that matter for expression is often brought before the mind of the party whose duty it is to utter it in the words in which it is to be communicated, nor by any means wishing to interfere with right exercises of any kind, yet I believe that generally much of proper delivery depends upon the parties engaged in the service. When I have anything to say, under an apprehension of duty, either in meetings for worship or discipline, it is my practice to consider how far it is applicable to myself, and in so doing I have often derived advantage.

"While we recognize with George Fox the infallibility of the teaching of the Holy Spirit, it is important that with him we also recognize the fallibility of those who have to be taught, that 'we have our treasure in earthen vessels,' and that a careful degree of care is required to be exercised, lest the sound of these earthen vessels should be confuted with that which is given to be communicated. Some of us have had many humbling lessons to learn on these subjects; but where there is a teachable, meek and humble spirit this ought not to discourage us. The calmness in which the voice is preserved in a natural tone, is valuable also in helping to keep the mind to the anointing, under which ability is received to clothe the exercise in words according to the diversity of gifts, so that the expression may be with the spirit and with the understanding also.

"While Gospel ministry does not indeed consist in attention to the voice and manner, but in a right exercise of the gifts of the Spirit, under its renewed anointing; voice and manner do require such a measure of attention as may prevent their diverting the minds of the hearers from what is spoken."

The accidental arrival in New Zealand of two poisonous snakes among ballast from Queensland and South America alarmed the colonists, for the islands contain no native venomous reptiles, though the climate is, in places, well fitted for them. The result of the alarm was that Parliament passed an act subjecting to heavy penalties any one importing dangerous serpents. —*Lab. Paper.*

"With Silence only as their consolation,  
God's angel came."

Where in the shadow of a great affliction,  
The Lord sits down?"

—J. G. Wallin.

CRIME, PAUPERISM AND INSANITY.—The Massachusetts Legislature of 1894 ordered the Bureau of Statistics of Labor to make a thorough personal investigation of the relation of the liquor traffic to pauperism, crime and insanity. The collection of information occupied the year closing Eighth Month, 1895. Horace G. Wadlin, chief of the Bureau, has just published the results, summarized as follows:

1st. Of all convictions for crime, eighty-two cases out of every one hundred were induced by intemperate habits; sixty-six out of every one hundred convictions were for drunkenness. Of all adults convicted of crime, ninety-six out of every one hundred were "addicted to the use of liquor."

2nd. Fifty-three towns and cities licensed the sale of liquor, and showed 36.24 arrests for drunkenness for every one thousand of population two hundred and sixty towns and cities refused to license, and showed only 9.94 such arrests per one thousand population. For offences other than drunkenness in the license cities and towns there were 22.34 of every one thousand of population, while in no-license cities and towns there were 10.26 of every one thousand.

3rd. Where the same towns and cities change from licensed to no-license or *vice versa*, a corresponding change in the number of arrests resulted. Thus, in Haverhill, Lynn, Medford, Pittsfield and Salem, under license, the monthly arrests averaged 81.63 in each one thousand of population; under no license, 26.50; in Lynn under license, three hundred and fifteen; under no license, 117.63; in Medford under license 20.12; under no license, 13.25; in Pittsfield under license, 95.25; under no license, 36.75; in Salem under license, 140.50; under no license, 29.63.

#### PERSONAL SARCASM GENERALLY DON'T PAY.

—There is great temptation to people somewhat gifted in that direction to indulge in sarcasm and it sometimes requires considerable determination to resist doing it, but as a general rule it don't pay.

When we first entered good old Dartmouth college we were appointed to represent our class in a debate with a member of each of the other classes, and the Junior, opposing disputant thought he would (and did) make considerable laughter at our expense, by quoting Milton's "Paradise Lost." He finally closed by saying that "for an angel, we had accomplished it very little in the way of argument."

We brought down the house with cheers simply replying that "we believed we had accomplished one thing that had never been accomplished but once before in the history of the world, and that was when an angel opened the mouth of Balaam's ass."

During the rest of his college course it was not uncommon to hear him called out to on a foot-ball ground, "Go it, Balaam!" But he never spoke to us again from that day, and probably remembered it against us; the rest of his life.

It would have been better not to have said Sarcasm, generally don't pay, unless it be the pleasant kind used by an Irishman to his employer—a coal dealer—who proposed to discharge him because "He couldn't learn his anything."

"Well, I've learned one thing since I've been with you," said Pat, "What's that?" "Th' eighteen hundred make a ton."

Pat was retained.—*George T. Angell, in C. Dumb Animals.*

FOR "THE FRIEND."  
Westtown Old Scholars' Association.

On the evening of Twelfth Month 15th, 1896, a meeting was held in the Select School Building, Philadelphia, to organize an association to be composed of the old scholars, teachers, committee, Friends and others who have been connected with Westtown Boarding School. About three hundred and fifty persons were present. All ages were represented, from those who attended school many years ago, to young men and women who were recently educated in that institution. It was decided to call the new organization the Westtown Old Scholars' Association. Interesting addresses were made by well known Friends, who recalled their early days, and who spoke in terms of deep affection of their youthful experiences, and of the present usefulness of Westtown.

The belief was expressed by those present that many advantages may flow from such an association as is projected. It is intended to keep its operations within a scope that will be satisfactory to Friends. The contemplated biennial reunions are pleasantly anticipated, affording as they will, opportunities of reviving old friendships, and the creating of renewed concern for the school, from revisiting it. There be many of our members who are little acquainted with the new Westtown, and who after personal inspection of it, will be surprised and delighted to observe its present efficiency.

It is hoped that the producing of a new interest in Westtown, will result in some Friends being to a larger extent than heretofore, their responsibility in connection with the School. It is felt that when personal interest has been kindled, and the Institution is thereby more fully appreciated, some will in the future, be more likely to send their children there, than in the past. The result should be an enlarged list of scholars. Nor should the financial possibilities be lost sight of. The new association will be backed by men and women of more or less wealth, and it is hoped that it will be in a position to co-operate with the committee and faculty in helping to supply the pecuniary demands made on a never over-full treasury. The association was urged to aid in continuing to maintain Westtown as a place where Quaker principles shall be inculcated and be a means of upholding a high moral and religious standard in the surrounding community.

A constitution and by-laws were adopted at a meeting, and the necessary officers elected for the ensuing year. A large number, two hundred and thirty-four, of those present, joined an association. The constitution provides for annual meetings to be held alternately in Philadelphia and at Westtown in the summer.

The membership fee consists of One Dollar and annuum. It is hoped that old Westtownians will join, however much they may be scattered, and thus again get into touch with the venerable school to which many of them are so largely indebted. Annual fees, or donations of large or small sums, will be applied to the uses of the school or association, when sent to the Treasurer, Walter J. Buzby, Twelfth and Chestnut Streets, Phila.

WM. C. ALLEN.

MOORESTOWN, N. J., Twelfth Month 25th, 1896.

A COMPARISON.—"I have many times thought too rightly influenced and affected with the love of God, is like the needle touched with to leadstone; that which ever way it turns, it is not, nor settles till it comes to its true centre."—*M. Peisley.*

FOR "THE FRIEND."  
Forestry.

A friend has kindly placed in our hands the Report for 1895 of the Pennsylvania Department of Agriculture, on the subject of Forestry. It states that the most important water-sheds of the State are those of the Delaware, Susquehanna and Ohio Rivers. The areas of those within the boundaries of Pennsylvania are, of the Delaware River, 6,345 square miles; of the Susquehanna, 21,006 square miles; and that of the Ohio, 14,747 square miles.

It appears to be well established that the presence of forests tends to lessen disastrous floods. Their offset leaves and twigs and their dead trunks decay quicker in the moist air of the forest than on the open field, forming a loose, fibrous mold. Their damp shade favors the growth of moss, another strong water drinker. The matted floor keeps the soil tender and open in texture, thereby promoting absorption; whereas likewise the deep-going tree roots give furtherance, by making channels downward into the under earth. Side roots and the tangled surface cumber and retard the flow of water after heavy rains, and these all work together in holding back waters which would else make flood.

Pennsylvania was originally one of the best wooded States in the Eastern half of the Union. For years she stood first as a lumber producing State. On the lower grounds bordering the rivers in the southeastern part of the State, the most valuable timber was White Oak or White Pine in the northeastern portion.

Professor Rothrock states that official returns estimate the amount of cleared land as about 16,000,000 acres and of woodland about 9,000,000. But much of this woodland is destitute of any timber of commercial value. In portions of Luzerne, Lackawanna and adjacent counties there exists an area of about 970 square miles, or an aggregate of 620,800 acres, which may be regarded more as a menace to the prosperity of the commonwealth, than as an element of strength to it. Most of this region was once covered with a dense and valuable forest; now it is fast becoming depopulated, for the soil is poor and better adapted to forest growth than to the ordinary crops of the farmer. It is almost a barren, and over it the fires sweep nearly every year, destroying the young trees and rendering the soil more and more barren.

As some indication of the extent to which this impoverishment of the land has gone, the amount of land advertised to be sold for unpaid taxes in 1894 was over 1,500,000 acres. There is a large area of land that has been cleared and farmed, which has become unproductive, because it is so steep and rocky that the fertility has been washed out of it. The only profitable use to which such lands can be appropriated is the growth of timber, and as this is necessarily slow, the State ought to encourage the owners by exemption from taxation in whole or in part of lands which are set apart for such growth.

The investigation of the Forestry Commission showed that the State of Pennsylvania owned no large bodies of land, and it recommends that it acquire by purchase several large areas at present unsettled, which might serve as collecting grounds for the wood required for future cities. It suggests reservations, aggregating at 1,400 square miles, principally in the northeastern part of the State, which it would be wise for the State to secure.

One of the great difficulties in replacing the forests that have been cut down, is the difficulty of preserving them from fire. The fires origi-

nate principally from two sources:—the carelessness in burning of their sods, they are careless about preventing the fires to escape into the timber; and the smaller farmers, in burning brush and logs do not take sufficient pains to prevent the fire from spreading. In proportion as the real loss occasioned by their destructive agencies comes to be appreciated by the people generally, we may expect increased care to guard against its ravages. In the meantime, it seems right and reasonable, that the Legislature should adopt measures to protect its timber growths from this source of loss.

The latter part of the report contains a detailed list of the native trees, which have commercial value, with remarks on their characteristic qualities.

The value of the timber crops in Pennsylvania exceeds that of the cereals; and as the timber lands are being rapidly deprived of the timber, the Commonwealth will in a few years greatly feel the impoverishment. In addition to the saw lumber, produced in enormous amounts, the quantity of firewood used to supply the tannery with bark, the railroad ties, the props used in the coal mines, and the wood converted into pulp for paper making, all show the importance of protecting the efforts of nature to replace the trees cut down by others.

J. W.

ON HUMILITY.—After all, pride is a form of ignorance. Could we but for one moment understand the true relations of things—could we grasp in all their fulness, but for one fleeting instant those ideas which we so vaguely and imperfectly apprehend—could we see, in short, as we hope one day may, see face to face, and know, even as we are known—the surely pride would be an impossibility. What we might discover to be man's place in infinitude—or our own place in the human family—we cannot even guess; but the chasm that separates the fallible from the Infallible would dwarf all minor distinctions, while the sudden revelation of perfection in all its unapproachable majesty, would inspire us forever with a feeling of awe-struck and adoring humility.—*Universal Magazine of Second Mo., 1879.*

## THE FRIEND.

FIRST MONTH 16, 1897.

We have received a letter from a Friend in Indiana, a member of one of the Progressive Yearly Meetings which shows that there are still left some under our name in those parts who retain an attachment to the original principles of Friends, and mourn over the departure of others from it.

We subjoin some extracts from the letter. In reference to the suggestion, that good might result from visits among them paid by ministers who hold to our doctrines, we believe it is a safe ground to place our dependence upon the work of Christ on the hearts of his people, and to seek to be so imbued with his spirit as to bear a faithful testimony by word and deed to our convictions, which conflict with our original principles. If Friends are faithful in doing this, the Head of the Church may open the way for their relief and bless their efforts, not only to their own preservation, but also to the help of others. This may tend to open the way for the visits of those from other parts, who would prove fellow laborers in the cause of Christ.

I am glad that our Friends who have not yet had a share of the old landmarks and who adhere to the grand old principles of George Fox. What our branch of the Friends' church, Progressive and other evangelical churches are standing in need of most and the outside world is hungering for, is a simple-minded, holy, consecrated people, who have separated themselves from the world and therefore are not like the world, and the world can see and feel when they come in contact with them that there is something about them that they have not got, and the lives of such people create a hungering and a longing desire in the hearts of those who have not got such an experience that they, too, might be so changed and brought into the same experience also, there will be by such a holy, consecrated people (Friends), a holy dependence upon God. The Holy Spirit to lead us in our devotion to Him. When we meet to publicly worship Him there will be no program, no one man to control the worship and say how or when we shall pray and how long, and have the singing arranged to come in at stated times during worship, and not unfrequently accompanied by the organ or other music. We, the progressive Friends, have practically laid aside one of the fundamental principles, viz, doctrines of the Society of Friends, that is, in the insuring to of the same dispensation, we are all made kings, priests, unto God, and the veil is drawn away so that we individually may come into the holy of holies, and there worship Him in Spirit and in Truth, without any man to teach us, for He the Holy Spirit has been given to teach us. But how little we depend upon the Spirit in our meetings for worship now! The teaching and preaching in our branch of the church is almost all of it to draw us away from a silent waiting upon Him, indeed, we do not have any silent times any more, and when there should be any silence, we get very restless and begin to look about to see who will occupy the time; if nothing else we will have singing to fill up the time.

Oh, how true some of us are of this mechanical way of worship; how do we long for something that will lead the soul; it often comes to me, why is it that there are no ministers of your Yearly Meeting that feel drawn to visit our meetings? They are appointed or invited to do so, I believe there is an opening of the way, for such ministers to do a great deal of good. I am well aware there are a great many with us who are not satisfied with a hired pastor and other things equally as bad. Our last Yearly Meeting entertained a proposition from Kansas Yearly Meeting and appointed an committee to cooperate with other Yearly Meetings that may appoint such committee to consider the subject of the compilation of a hymn book suitable for use among Friends.

SUMMARY OF EVENTS.

USERS SERVICES. The Annual Annual general arbitration was signed at the State Department and returned to the Secretary of State Olney and Sir Julian Pauncefote, the British Ambassador. Two copies were sent. One was sent to the Senate for ratification, and the other to London directly by special messenger, who will sail for England.

A dispatch of the 17th inst. from Washington stating that the United States Government will send agents to Washington within a week to consult the Republic's leaders on the subject of neutrality. They will come on the 17th inst. from London and will be directed to make a complete and unreservedly honest statement of the circumstances with regard to the case, and to be in a position to give a full and frank statement of the facts. It is very probable that the British Government will send a similar party to be prepared to treat with Canada and on what terms.

SHORTER DAYS. Shorter days with a short H. Walker, I do not see a political party in the movement. The fact is very certain that a limited amount of this movement will be of great benefit to the country. The number of men in the United States is about 100,000,000. The only way to see the interest in the movement is to see the fact that the movement is not a political party. The fact of the matter is that the Government and maintained at the price standard.

The absolute security of these notes was never called in question after the resumption of specie payments in 1879, and in the reserve was fringed upon by what delinquencies in that respect, brought about by the issue of the Wild-on Tariff law of 1894.

On the 10th instant the Pacific Railroad Refunding bill was defeated in the House by a majority of sixty-six votes. The general opinion is that the action of the House will result in a resort to foreclosure proceedings by the Government, which will be followed by the sale of the debt for 70 cents to the highest bidder.

There are about 4,500 women physicians in the United States.

During 1895 there were received at the lead office at Washington, 6,235,505 pieces of mail matter, \$3,890 being enclosed. Nearly 87 per cent. of this was restored.

The results of a series of experiments made for a number of years at Cornell University were made public last summer. These showed that the application of electricity to the seeds and soil, and the use of arc-lights, at night so stimulated the growth of plants that they matured in one-half the time ordinarily required. Applying this discovery, a fancy truck farmer in Iowa has tried similar methods, and finds that the gain from one crop of lettuce is sufficient to pay the expense of operating the electric apparatus during a whole season.

A novel course of college instruction is offered by the Louisiana University, which is its "Aud-on-Square" system. It makes students practical and scientific tuition in a year's education. The course extends over four years, and has become popular with students from Cuba.

It is estimated that at present there are 4,000,000 bicycle riders in the United States, over 200,000 of these in New York City alone.

Statistics just made public show that in Massachusetts, in spite of the trolley car and the popularity of the bicycle, the number of horses is greater by 3,055 than in the year preceding.

Last year 1,891,176 bushels of wheat were exported from Philadelphia, an increase over 1895 of 375,743 bushels. Exports of corn, which in 1895 aggregated 8,900,000 bushels, came up to 9,379,280 in 1895.

Deaths in this city last week numbered 513, which is 11 more than the previous week, and 24 more than the corresponding week of 1896. Of the foregoing, 270 were males and 243 females; 87 died of pneumonia; 64 of consumption; 37 of heart disease; 24 of diptheria; 25 of cholera; 15 of typhoid fever; 16 of influenza; 16 of old age; 15 of convulsions; 14 of Bright's disease; 12 of cancer; 11 of inflammation of the brain; 11 of inflammation of the stomach and bowels, and 10 of nephritis.

MARKETS. Dec. 1. S. 28, 45 a 97; 48, reg. 119; 114; coupon, 114; 112; new, 114; 120; 120; 58, 114; 114; currency 65, 100 a 105.

CORRECT. - Milling, upwards officially quoted at 75c. per pound.

FEEDS. - Spot bran ranged from \$10.00 to \$10.75 per ton for winter in bulk and spring in sacks.

FLOUR. - Winter super, \$2.80 to \$3.00; do, extras, \$3.25 to \$3.50; Pennsylvania, \$4.00 to \$4.25; do, extra, \$4.25 to \$4.40; do, \$4.40 to \$4.50; do, straight, \$4.50 to \$4.65; do, do, patent, \$4.75 to \$5.00; spring, clear, \$3.75 to \$4.10; do, straight, \$4.25 to \$4.50; do, patent, \$4.50 to \$4.75; do, favorite brands, highest. City mills extra, \$5.25 to \$5.65; do, clear, \$4.25 to \$4.50; do, straight, \$4.00 to \$4.75; do, do, patent, \$4.50 to \$4.75.

GRAIN. - No. 2 red wheat, 92 a 93 1/2.

WHEAT. - No. 2 mixed, corn, 27 1/2 a 27 3/4.

NO. 2 white, corn, 25 1/2 a 25 3/4.

BEEF CATTLE. - Extra, 41 a 42; good, 42 a 43; medium, 43 a 44; common, 44 a 45.

SHEEP AND LAMBS. - Extra, 41 a 42; good, 42 a 43; medium, 43 a 44; common, 44 a 45.

HOGS. - Best Western, 51 a 52; common, 50 a 51.

PORK. - In a speech at Bristol last week Sir Michael Hicks-Baile, Chancellor of the Exchequer, said that the prosperity of the country during the year 1896 was the best in 40 years.

The introduction of the potato into Ireland three centuries ago by Sir Walter Raleigh was celebrated by a procession and show in the County of Dublin, 174 miles long, on the 21st inst. The London *Evening Standard* writes in the London *Evening Standard*: "A larger and more important collection of the different varieties of the succulent tuber, 'Ireland's staple food,' from

almost every part of the kingdom was never before witnessed either in Dublin or out of it.

The London Mail is authority for the statement that the Queen of England has become a teetotaler. Up to three years ago, the Queen partook of wines in spring quantities, but began abating as an experiment. This was so satisfactory to her that she has discontinued the habit. In other ways, the Queen has given evidence of her interest in movements against the liquor traffic.

Of Prussia's 68,000 school teachers, 9000 are women.

According to a recent census the population of Greece is 2,418,000, or an increase of 250,000 over the figures of 1883.

A dispatch to the Exchange Telegraph Company, of London, from St. Petersburg says that the Czar is suffering from the effects of overwork, and is about to start for Livadia for a two months' sojourn.

The *Tines of India*, in an article on the outbreak of the plague, which is ravaging the city, says that since the plague, which has decimated the population of Bombay has been reduced one-half and the weekly mortality has averaged 200-1000.

Copious rains have fallen in most of the famine-stricken districts of India, but a great deal more is needed.

There are 870 prisoners in Asiatic and European Russia with the total number of 100,913 prisoners.

Heli Chatelain, the traveller in Africa, says that among the 200,000,000 people in the Dark Continent 50,000,000 are slaves.

The Transvaal Government has completed its bill against Great Britain, demanding indemnity for the Jameson raid. The amount of the Boer claim is £2,000,000.

The popular impatience of Spain with the Government because of the failure to suppress the rebellion in Cuba and the Philippine Islands is daily increasing. It is said the succession of the Liberals to power would not banish the distrust that prevails everywhere.

The *Herald*, as an instance of the death rate on the sickness among the soldiers in Cuba, says that column of 4000 men sent to the island at the beginning of Eleventh Month, numbered only 700 at the end of that month. Many other columns show similar losses from death and sickness.

Captain General Weyler is about to personal direct decisive operations against the rebels in the provinces of Havana and Matanzas. It is also stated that he has given permission to sugar planters to resume work on their estates.

A severe earthquake is reported from the southern part of the State of Oaxaca, Mexico, and along its Pacific coast. At Acapulco the shock destroyed several houses, and three persons were injured by falling walls.

Mexico's coffee crop will be a heavy one this year.

NOTICES.

A YOUNG WOMAN FRIEND desires a situation home-keeper, or as companion for an elderly person. Address "E." West-Chester, Pa.

Young pupils taught at their homes, or coached their school lessons, address "M." 3419 Hamilton St., West Phila.

WESTWON BOARDING SCHOOL. - Applications for the admission of pupils to the school, and letters regarding instruction and discipline should be addressed to WILLIAM F. WICKERSHAM, *Principal*, at communications in regard to business should be referred to EDWARD G. SMEDLEY, *Superintendent*.

Address, Westwton P. O., Chester Co., Pa.

WESTWON BOARDING SCHOOL. - For conveniences of persons coming to Westwton School, the stage waggons leave Philadelphia 7.15 and 8.45 A. M., and 2.55 and 4.32 P. M. Other trains are met with requested. Stage fare on regular trips fifteen cent on special trips, twenty-five cents each way. To rent the school by telegraph, wire West-Chester. Phone EDWARD G. SMEDLEY.

DIED, at her residence in West-Chester, Pa., nineteenth of Fourth Month, 1896, ESTHER H. MENDIOLA, in the seventy-first year of her age; a member of Birmingham Monthly Meeting of Friends.

WILLIAM H. PILE'S SONS, PRINTERS, No. 42 Walnut Street.

# THE FRIEND.

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MOORESTOWN, BURLINGTON CO., N. J.

Entered as second-class matter at Philadelphia P. O.

Diary and Letters of Deborah Brooks Webb.

(Continued from page 292.)

1869.—Seventh Month 20th.—In the afternoon we again set forward toward Parkerville. Ym. House met us at the station and took us to his home. They were very kind indeed. In the morning was Kenneth Monthly Meeting. Sarah Harry said a little encouragingly, then Comfort ye, comfort ye my people," seemed given me. "Morris Coe there, and spoke, commencing with, "Whosoever things were written forthin were written for our learning, that ye through patience and comfort of the Scriptures might have hope," not salvation—and enlarged somewhat, referring also to being builded upon the foundation against which the storm eat in vain.

We dined at Hannah Savery's, and were kindly entertained there until morning, when Thomas Savery very kindly took us to New Garden Monthly Meeting. Here was deep feeling and wading with discouraged, doubting tates, "What, could ye not watch with me one our? Couldst thou not wait in humble patience until the Lord light thy candle?" There was encouragement and I had to ask help for them. Dined at Charles Cooper's, with many friends. He took us on that night to Joshua Pusey's, and the morning they took us to their Monthly meeting at London Grove. I felt poor and very fearful, but our merciful Lord opened the way.—The kingdom of heaven is not meat and drink, but righteousness, peace and joy in the Holy Ghost. I felt that there were some of the oek of the earth there, and had to encourage them to seek righteousness, and if so be, ye may be hid in the day of the Lord's anger. Here gain my soul seemed unexpectedly filled with applications for them, and that He would there sanctify the meek with salvation. We dined at George Sharpless', and in the afternoon he kindly took us to his brother Charles'—an interesting family, but I desired they might be more given up to be cross-bearing disciples of the Lord. Our first appointed meeting was held at London Britain the next day. I went, feeling very low; the meeting was small, but here were exercised ones there.—"My covenant was with Him of life and of peace, and I gave them to Him for the fear, wherewith he fear-

ed me and was afraid before my name," referring to the upright pillars which were capable of bearing great weight, if they were continued upright. Felt much for the children and the parents. "I sleep, but my heart waketh," came to mind and caused me to rise again.

When dear E. Allen was there a few weeks before, during her family visit, she used the language in their meeting that "she felt much sympathy for them in their stripped condition, stripped by the hand of death, and by the transformation of the enemy." Two valuable elders had been lately removed, and some separated from them to sit by themselves and so have cut themselves off from being useful to society. We dined at Owen Evans', Beulah Thompson's home, and were much interested in this family—three dear little children. Charles Williams left us here and returned to the city, and Abel Hopkins came and took us to his home. Beulah accompanied us. She is a sweet-spirited Friend, and deeply feels the loss of her husband, Daniel Thompson, who deceased a short time since. Again our feelings were drawn out towards Abel and his large and interesting family. He feels his situation in that meeting, being the only one on the men's side, who sits facing the assembly. Oh, that more of them would be willing to wear and bear the cross, as our Saviour bore it.

Abel took us in the morning to Susan Chambers', where we were to dine. Beulah joined us, and we had a pleasant visit. The two aged friends could sympathize together, and we with them, Susan having lost a valuable son a few months before. Owen Evans came for us in the afternoon to help us on our journey to West Grove. While on our way the great total eclipse commenced, and we arrived at Thomas Conrad's just in time to go up on the roof to see it, but a small cloud hid the sun near the most interesting time. Thomas and his wife were very attentive to our wants, and we walked to meeting with them in the morning. Here C. W. met us again; it seemed to be a good meeting. My desire for them was that He who was the Fountain of life in whose light only we could see light, who had caused them to know the way in which they should walk; those who lifted up their souls unto Him; caused them to hear "his loving kindness in the morning, even those who put their trust in Him," that He would create such a hunger and thirst in the dear young people as only himself could satisfy, etc. Horatio Cooper took us home with him to dinner, and my spirit seemed closely drawn to his deeply exercised, travelling soul. May the Lord direct him aright.

One Samuel Morris of that neighborhood came to be with us. He had passed through much inward conflict, and turned from an infidel to be a believer in our Lord, but deeper crucifixion yet seemed needed. We took tea and spent the night at Thomas Harvey's. They are at present taking care of the experimental farm, and it was quite interesting to see and hear of the great varieties of plants. In the

morning we took the cars for Concord again and met the Select Quarterly Meeting. This was a good, encouraging time, though I felt such a little cold, and so many worthies. Dear Phoebe W. Roberts and Abigail Hall spoke. "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him, and delivereth them." A very low remark seemed with me in the revival of the language, "Hath God cast away his people? I tell you nay;" believing there was a living remnant in these two Quarters which we might desire the Great Master of the vineyard to bless and water and give the increase. Again we put up at our very hospitable friends B. W. and E. G. Passmore. They generally have many lodgers at Quarterly Meeting time, sometimes fifteen or twenty, besides thirty or forty to dine.

The Quarterly Meeting convened on the tenth of Eighth Month, a large and interesting meeting. Henry Wood of Trent in there and had a lively testimony. There seemed something required of me to say, "He is my God, and I will prepare Him an habitation, my Father's God and I will exalt Him." Desiring that all might prepare Him an habitation in their hearts, and that none should be like Peter, unwilling to be washed, lest our Lord should say, Ye are clean, but not all. Again continuing with, "O, that all might see the love of money and the love of the world to be the bitter root they really are."

Samuel Emien immediately rose, continuing and enlarging upon the same subject so very feelingly and encouragingly to those who were desirous of following our Lord in the regeneration. The second meeting was lively, too. Abigail Hall, Rachel Bennington and E. R. Evans in testimony, and my soul bowed in solemn supplication, that He, who had promised to be as the dew unto Israel would continue to be with them, and that all might be concerned to descend into the low valley where the dew lies long, and rise not, except as He leads them to ascend the hills of Zion to offer their praises and thanksgiving to his Holy Name.

After meeting one dear Friend repeated to me the words, "My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest," which was very encouraging, being much bowed under the weight of future service. Stephen Trimble kindly offered to attend us to several meetings. He took us to his mother's to dine, then on to John Sharpless, Jr.'s, to spend the night. Here was a dear aged Friend, Ruth Sharpless, and here, too, we met with Patience M. Callister, a widow who has passed through much suffering from her relations because of her joining our Society. Hers was a very interesting case. At Chester was our second appointed meeting, and there seemed Divine life in our midst, even his Heavenly presence, so that it was good to be there. Afterwards Stephen took us to Mary Maris', to dine and tea. Here we had a visit, pleasant to remember, and I felt very much for her widowed daughter Hannah Stokes.

Lodged at Stephen Trimble's. He has a large and interesting family. An appointed meeting at Chichester next morning. I felt very poor,

but ministered as the Father helped me: "Thy mercy reacheth unto the clouds, and thy faithfulness." "Hold thou not my peace at my tears," and they shall see his face and his name shall be on their foreheads. R. Benington there, and appeared in a short, lively testimony, and very unexpectedly my prayer was unto the Lord for them. We dined at Salkeld Larkin's and were kindly entertained. About three o'clock, Stephen took us to the boat at Chester, and here we parted from him, feeling grateful for his continued attentions.

Eighth Month 14th.—Seventh-day afternoon we proceeded to Birmingham. John Forsythe met us and we remained there all night. He and his wife Rebecca were very kind, and we were interested in the four little children. At meeting in the morning I had to remember that obedience was the only safe way, so not to deliver the impression faithfully. "Not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." More deep wrestling of spirit for the Divine life to arise and continue among them, was felt to be needed. "Be not slothful, but followers of them, who through faith and patience inherit the promises." Edward Smedley came prepared to take us home with them to dinner; we passed a pleasant noon, then hastened on towards Westown Boarding School, E.—taking us in his carriage. Some of the committee were attending there at the time; it was pleasant to meet them. It was interesting to see so many children, all behaving so properly. "The cup which my Father has given me, shall I not drink it?" was the resigned language of our Saviour, and shall be ours under every circumstance and in every condition, was the language dwelling in my heart, and given with the fear that all were not willing to follow Him. Disobedience makes a long wilderness journey, obedience cuts it short, and we are brought into the promised land of rest and peace to our souls. Deborah Rhoads followed in testimony, "Behold! I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people," referring to the birth of our Saviour and the message of the angelic hosts, "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good will toward men." Again unexpectedly my soul was bowled for them, that He, who knew the broken resolutions of many a little one, would strengthen those who were desirous to serve Him. We mingled pleasantly together until "reflection," then we went on the girls' side. "The eyes of the Lord run unto and fro throughout the whole earth," to show himself strong on behalf of those whose hearts are perfect before Him." Deborah Rhoads appeared in supplication, then the children retired. In the morning we returned home. Third-day morning the 17th was an appointed meeting at Darby. Thomas Scattergood met us and conveyed us to meeting. It felt lively. The apostle had arrived at a very great attainment when he could say, "For me to live is Christ, to die is gain," but it is possible for every one of us to arrive at the same state, to "a life hid with Christ in God," desiring we might strive to dwell in the deep inwardness of Divine life, continue in the deep water, then all the storms and trials of this life will pass over us upon the surface, but our souls will dwell with Him in quiet, experiencing indeed that our life is hid with Him. We are assured that it is a faithful saying, "That if we be dead with Him" we shall also live with Him; if we suffer, we shall also reign with Him; but if any deny Him, He will deny them. We had a pleasant noon with Abbie Garrett, where we met Stephen Trimble

and John Sharpless again; the meeting being small, one of them was appointed to sit with Friends there occasionally. Returned home in the afternoon feeling thankful.

Fourth-day afternoon proceeded to Morris Cope's (London Grove), where we, with many other Friends, were kindly entertained.

Fifth-day was their Select Quarterly Meeting. I did so wish to be silent, to abide in the vine and so bringing forth fruit. "Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bring forth much fruit." She was encouraging. I soon found my will must be given up, and I also had to encourage the little company to endure at seeing Him who is invisible, and then interceded for them, that some who felt the weight of the "ark of the testimony gradually setting down upon them from the shoulders of those who had long borne the burden in the heat of the day might indeed be strengthened with might by his spirit in the inner man, by Him who knows our weakness. We passed a pleasant evening. Samuel Cope and wife, Edward and Sarah Richie, and A. and E. Hutchinson were there. I was glad to see the gentleness of Samuel's spirit, more child-like than I had expected to see; how needful this is for those who profess to be followers of Him who was weak and lowly.

(To be continued.)

### Some Extracts from the Epistles of London Yearly Meeting.

From epistle of 1732—"As it is evident that the simplicity and distinguishing plainness of our holy profession is too much lost among us, respecting language, apparel, and behavior; all Friends are exhorted to keep under the power of the cross of Christ, which will bring up to the world and the vanities of it, and crucify in a true life of self-denial, agreeable to the Gospel and examples of our elders."

Epistle of 1736—"It is with much grief and concern that we may observe in some a declension from plainness of habit, and simplicity of speech and behavior, which were so conspicuous in our early Friends. This declension arises from a disregard to the Divine Light and Truth as the regulator of their words and actions."

Epistle of 1746.—"The matter of grief to observe a visible declension, in many, from the fervor, love and zeal our ancient Friends were endowed with for the honor of God and the promotion of his Truth; too many are departed from the plain and self-denying life of Jesus. Alas! how is that pious devotion and reverence of soul abated; and how careless and indifferent in that important concern of worshipping the Lord in an awful silence. O! that all might be stured up to follow the steps of our worthy elders in an holy contempt of this world and in that Christian courage and patience which supported them. O! that we might walk after their example, preferring the love of Truth to the love of earthly things, and the honor of God to the honor of men."

Epistle of 1747.—"Alas! how are many degenerated by a mean compliance with the customs and fashions of this present evil world, under this mistaken notion of rendering themselves agreeable to others, and indeed become contemptible to those they seek to please; it being a just remark that a revolting from the form of godliness is often attended with the loss of the power of it."

Epistle of 1753.—"It is matter of exceeding grief and concern to observe how far the exemplary plainness of habit, speech and deport-

ment which distinguished our forefathers, and for which they patiently underwent the reproach and contradiction of sinners, are now departed from by many under our name, . . . a declension attended with pernicious consequences, in opening the way of some, the more easily and unobserved to attend the places of public resort, for the exercise of sport, plays, and other hurtful and destructive diversions of the age, from which Truth ought our faithful elders, and which Truth taught us wholly to refrain."

Epistle of 1760.—"As in these times many hearts are measurably awakened to religious inquiry, being dissatisfied with the empty form in which they have had their education, and are looking about for help, and remarking the conduct of the various religious societies, with this inquiry in their minds, 'who shall shew us any good?' We beseech you, shake yourselves from the dust of the earth, and put on those beautiful garments of purity and heavenly-mindedness wherein our ancestors were clothed and made instrumental to turn many to God. If the ever-glorious Truth, which wrought mightily in them and rendered them as lights in the world, be by us properly attended to, the same blessed effect will accompany us, and many humble seeking souls will, by our faithfulness be induced to glorify the Father which is in heaven. Let us remember the end of our high and holy call, and keep it steadily in view; so shall we be truly enabled to direct those seeking souls in the way to peace. But on the contrary if such looking towards us, on account of our high profession, find us in a want of the substance they are earnestly seeking after, 'how lamentable' will our 'position be' if we thereby give occasion of 'offence to those little ones!' This, being a truth, how all important that while claiming the name of Friends or taking it upon us by a right of membership, be found in that befitting form of behavior, attire, etc. to which an abiding in the Truth (its life and power) would bring us as it did our worthy forefathers; that we too in inward life, and outwardly in all things, may 'adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour,' being redeemed from 'un godliness' and (as surely from) worldly lusts. Titus ii: 12."

WHO IS RESPONSIBLE?—No one who read the daily papers can escape the conviction that the responsibility for the awful crimes which are such a blemish on our boasted high civilization is not entirely due to "heredity" and "environment." *The Pittsburgh Christian Advocate* says: "Those secular newspapers which from time to time bewail the low moral tone of the public mind, as evidenced in crimes of monstrous nature, should take time to ask in whose degree they have contributed to debase our people by the columns of criminal news which they so prominently place before their readers. They press can do much to elevate men. Is it doing it?"

HAND-MADE OPPORTUNITIES.—Man is his own opportunity. Mere outer occasion or circumstance never yield a profit to him who finds no opportunity within himself. Nothing "turns up" to the man who because of his own inaction originates nothing. The external work operates nothing for him who is not original. To him who has only longing and wishing the world is a blank wall, to echo back his insane mood. A worldly-wise paragrapher says, "Some of the very best opportunities are hand-made."—*S. S. Times.*

## FROM "THE UNITED FRIENDS."

## The Convincement of Edward Burrough.

To one of strong intellectual powers the lesson often comes very slowly that these powers are utterly inadequate to the comprehension of spiritual things. Nevertheless the most learned of men, alike with the most illiterate, is subject to that universal law expressed in the words of Paul:

"We speak the wisdom of God in a mystery, even the hidden wisdom, which God ordained before the world unto our glory; which none of the princes of this world knew; for had they known it, they would not have crucified the Lord of glory. But as it is written, Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him. But God hath revealed them unto us by His Spirit; for the Spirit searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God. For what man knoweth the things of a man, save the spirit of a man which is in him? even so the things of God knoweth no man, but the Spirit of God" (1 Cor. ii: 7-11). Not only is this the testimony of Holy Scripture, but experience confirms it in every age; and none, perhaps, have borne more emphatic witness to it than did the first Friends. The life of Edward Burrough furnishes a case in point. This Friend died in prison in London at the age of twenty-eight, having been a minister of the Gospel for about ten years, a minister, too, of truly apostolic fervor. His parents had brought him up in the faith of the Church of England, and he himself tells us that from a child, even a few years old, he "set his face to seek and find a Saviour;" so that his intercourse as a boy was with those of mature years whose interest was in religious things. His secular education was also well cared for; and to the utmost that his native country afforded; and to quote the language of the historian S. Wel, "his knowledge and understanding soon passed his years; for being but a boy he had the spirit of a man, and in his youth was endued with wisdom above his equals in years."

He took great delight in reading the Scriptures, in which he became well versed. It was characteristic of him that whatever he undertook he did with his might. So strong were his convictions in religious matters while still a child, that at the age of twelve he braved the ridicule of his acquaintances by quitting the Established Church, and joining with the Presbyterians, whose doctrines seemed to him nearer the truth than those in which he had been reared. "By laboring here," he says, "I gathered knowledge of things without, but yet was ignorant of the living truth." The lad's interest in spiritual things and his attainments so far in advance of his years made him in great favor with the leaders of his newly adopted people, and it is not surprising to learn that though sober in deportment, pride grew up in him.

But though the boy was like one mired in a dark road, the Father whom he sought was not unmindful of his child. When about seventeen years old, "it pleased God," he writes, "to show himself a little to me, and something struck me with terror. When I had been praying, I heard the voice often, 'Thou art ignorant of God—thou knowest not where He is; to what purpose is thy prayer?' So, much fear came upon me, and broke me off from praying many times. Trouble came thick into my mind, and fearfulness fell upon me. I was struck off from my delights which I formerly loved; and what I

had gathered in as of God, died." Now he was brought under great exercise. For a time he left off reading the Scriptures—doubtless under a sense of limitation, for something, he says, "showed me I was very ignorant, and knew not the true God; and the beauty of all things vanished." He went to some whose judgment he respected and put the question, what that God was which was professed—but there was none could give him a satisfactory answer.

In his distress of mind, he now began to be stricter in his outward life—striving not only himself to refrain from all vain conduct, but also to reprove others for wrong-doing, which made him the subject of derision from many. Yet there was integrity of purpose in what he did, and "it pleased the Lord," he tells us, "to show himself in love to me, and I had sweet refreshment coming in from Him to my soul, and had joy and peace in abundance; and openings of the living truth in me, which the world knew not of. The mystery of the Scripture was something opened, which before I knew nothing of; and I saw many glorious things in it, which he hid under the letter. I was in much rejoicing many times, and sang praises, for I was brought out of the land of darkness, and could say, I was in the Light."

The young man now fell into a very natural error. Having been favored with these heavenly openings, he thought he held in his own hand and will the key to the mysteries of God. "Having a light shining in me," he writes, "I grew up into notions, to talk of high things, for it was my delight to comprehend in my busy mind. Thus, being ignorant of the cross, to keep low in it, I ran before my guide up into comprehension; and then was I above many of the priests and professors, and followed only to hear the highest notions, that preached high things. But the fleshy man was at liberty, and so I became one of them in their discourses, and was looked upon by them to know much. The former terror was gone, and I had got up from under the judgment;—pride grew more than ever, self-conceit, presumption, and fleshy liberty to the carnal mind. My delight was much in dis-coursing; where I gave holy things into dozes, and cast pearls before swine. Wisdom was hid from me; I lived pleasantly, for I had the true God, and the true Truth in my comprehension, . . . and I had the world in my heart. Pride, covet-ousness, and the earthly spirit ruled, and my delight was grown up to that which once I had no delight in, and the beauty of things grew, which seemed to have been vanished. Here I was run from my husband after other lovers, and had left the Lord my maker who had so graciously made himself manifest unto me. I became darkened, lost that which I once had, and had in memory that which before I had enjoyed. I could tell of experiences, but they were dead to me; and something within began to question how it was with me? for I saw myself to be ignorant more than formerly, and I saw that I knew nothing."

Dark as this condition was, there was hope for him in the fact that he realized that with all his profession, he had been falling away from that former estate in which he had known the refreshment of the Lord's presence in his soul. He saw and he was blessed in that he saw, "that was dead and ruled in [him] which God never loved." In this restless state he found no comfort in the public sermons which he heard, for he felt that the priests did not themselves possess what they attempted to expound; and he seemed almost at a loss which

way to follow. It was then, however, that he was graciously passed for the servant of the living God by the Fox, who held a meeting at Underbarrow, which Burrough attended. The doctrine that Fox preached, "the light of Christ Jesus made manifest in the heart, re-proving for evil, giving a right understanding of the Holy Scriptures, and leading the humble and obedient ones to the saving knowledge of Him who died for them"—was not received by Burrough without opposition, and he had reasoning with Fox about it. But it pleased the Lord, Burrough tells us, to open his understanding, and show him his pre-legal state—that he was "above the cross of Christ, and not in the pure fear of the Lord." It was a humiliating time for this strong-minded young man who had stood as a peer among the highest professors of his acquaintance, but there was that in his heart that answered to the truth of Fox's doctrine, and he saw that it was true and Scriptural. It was more than head convincing; the heart was touched. His pride was broken, and he let himself "no more worthy to be called a son." His intense nature was not one that was given to half-way measures. "A day of weeping, mourning and misery," he writes, "and a day of vengeance and recompense came upon me, such as I had never known. One vial of wrath after another was poured out, and then I separated from all the glory of the world, from all my acquaintance, and kindred, and betook myself to the company of a poor, despised and condemned people, called Quakers."

Thus not by gloss, or commentary, or knowledge of dead notions, but by the powerful operation of God's Holy Spirit both inwardly in his own heart and through the instrumentality of a chosen servant, was Edward Burrough brought to the more perfect knowledge of the way of the Lord. And as Apostles of old "mightily convince the Jews, and that publicly, showing by the Scriptures, that Jesus was Christ," so in due time did Edward Burrough come to be a living minister of the Gospel of the grace of God, for whose sake he literally left father and mother, and in the end laid down his life "for the testimony of Jesus."

"THAT CATTLE TRAINS"—Our *Manchester Repository* paper of August 1st gives an account of a great smash-up of a cattle train near Concord, where "The Reformatory" is located, where the animals that were not killed were turned into a hot pasture with no water.

We were by the following:

"But two or three things came out very prettily during the day. Of course a crowd from the village soon gathered around the scene, and in this village 'Bands of Mercy' were formed long ago, and a generation of young people have grown up here under their influence. And when the young people saw the distress of those thirsty animals, for there was no water, the girls even went away and got their pails and began to bring water, and so all day long they continued carrying it, slaking the thirst of those who probably suffered as much as we might do. It was a pretty sight, and at night we were told, as the cattle men began to move away with their charge, one little calf that seemed to have a visible hurt, was given to one of these girls, who took it home."

His parents were so distressed with him for a long while, Friends that loved him well, and who were present at his death, and those who were with him, saw that he was a true and a true

## Notes of a Trip in the North Carolina Mountains.

(Continued from page 208.)

There may be rougher roads than that which leads from the east up the Roan, but if so, I think I never encountered one so persistently stony as that. As the summit was approached a noticeable feature was the stunted character of the trees, very many of which were beeches. Not only were they stunted, but their trunks and branches were covered with lichens, and the general effect was that of a superannuated apple orchard. On some rocks in Carver's Gap, a depression between the peak of the Roan and the Little Roan, where my road brought me out, it was a great pleasure to find the rare sedge, *Carex aestivalis*. This plant possesses the graceful characteristics of its near relatives, *Carex vivescens* and *birsuta*. From the fact of its maturing at a period when most other sedges have shed their seeds, it has doubtless received its specific name of *aestivalis*, or the summer sedge. The ground hereabouts was literally covered with the leaves of the wood betony (*Pediicularia canadensis*) looking not unlike a coarse fern. On these rocks *Carex Pennsylvanica* was quite abundant, as well as the variety *alpicola* of *Carex canescens*. This latter sedge is a genuine mountaineer and loves the high altitudes.

Carver's Gap I found to be a most interesting place. The surface here is covered with a short grass which makes excellent pasture for cattle and sheep, large numbers of which, the afternoon of my arrival, were feeding there. The climb was not ended here, however; three more miles were needed to bring me out upon the real summit of the mountain. Along the way many of the characteristic plants of the high mountains were noticed, among them a pretty saxifrage (*Saxifraga brunnithalicta*) a low, much-branched plant, with leaves often reddish, and bearing a profusion of small white flowers, each with a pair of yellow spots on three of the petals; and *Gemma radiatum*, which bears a yellow flower not unlike a buttercup. This latter is quite rare, but occurs in profusion on the high summit of the Roan, where I arrived as the sun was nearing the horizon, on Seventh Month 23rd.

The summit of the mountain is an open, heath-like expanse of short herbage, bare of trees, from which fact it is locally known as "the bald." No pen can adequately describe the view from this elevated point, which is higher than Mount Washington. In every direction the eye rests upon forest-clad mountain peaks, extending to the horizon, like billows of some terrestrial ocean. Off to the westward stretched the dim outline of the Cumberlands, in the confines of Kentucky; far to the north is White Top, in Virginia, and closer to hand on the east, the triple peaks of the Grandfather, the highest of the Blue Ridge. Almost south lie the cones of the Black Mountains, the loftiest of all the Appalachian chain—among them Clingman's Dome and Mt. Mitchell. Upon the very summit of the latter, buried amid the rocks, lie the mortal remains of Eli-ha Mitchell, whose name the mountain bears, and who lost his life upon its slopes. Probably no other man in all the world has such a monument.

Impressive as this sight is by day, the view from the Roan summit by moonlight is perhaps more wonderful. During our stay, there was but one such night—that on which I arrived. The valleys were filled with mist, only the peaks

of the mountains being visible, like islands on a moonlit sea. We seemed as though afloat in the clouds, which lay below us on all sides, bathed in the silvery light.

The next morning, Seventh Month 24th, I awoke to a world of fog. My plan had been to pay a visit to Lion's Bluff, a mile or so from the hotel. If I had not seen the peak that goes by this name the day before, when there was light, I should have had no means of knowing how to get there this morning, as nothing but fog was visible a hundred feet away from the hotel. The wind was blowing half a gale, and the prospect was exceedingly wild; but I started out after breakfast, and by sticking close to my path, I eventually reached the bluff. The path led across the bald summit of the mountain, and several interesting plants were noticed by the way,—most abundant, perhaps, being the little Thyme-leaved Bluets (*Houstonia scryphifolia*), whose blossom is almost identical with our "Quaker Lady," but the plant, instead of being upright and blossoming in companies, creeps along the ground and blooms only at intervals. Large masses, or cushions, of *Leopodium bulbiflorum* grew everywhere. This plant is locally called heather, but this name is quite a misnomer, as it is only a prostrate form of the sand-myrtle, which is so common in the New Jersey barrens. The plants were now in fruit, with occasionally a bud or belated blossom to be found. *Alnus viridis*, the mountain Alder, frequent in the far North, grew on the summit in profusion, its round leaves and larger fat cones of green fruit distinguishing it from the older which is so common along our Northern lowland streams. Amid the grass the white star-like blossoms of a cinquefoil *Potentilla tridentata* were cheerful reminders of the far North, where this plant is common. Most interesting of all, however, was the Mountain Sandwort, (*Arenaria Groenlandica*), a sub-arctic plant, which would certainly be very uncomfortable in the South anywhere except in the cool temperature of these very high mountains. Lion's Bluff was rich in the beautiful red Snake-head, which seemed to find a particularly congenial habitation here. The front of this bluff, which is quite precipitous, was gay with a profusion of the yellow flowers of the *Gemma radiatum*, and of a dwarfed Golden-rod (*Solidago spithamea*), a characteristic plant of the high mountains of Carolina. The rare Stonecrop, known as Rose-root in Europe (*Sedum Rhodioides*), grew on the face of the cliff.

The characteristic tree of the Roan is perhaps the Fraser balsam (*Abies Fraseri*). In the sunlight it presents a beautiful silvery appearance, due to the white under surfaces of the leaves. It was interesting to notice the cones which, wherever I saw them, were clustered on the upright branches of the trees. They sit there upright. Their color is yellowish, with brown tips, and the cones usually exude drops of transparent balsam. Another common tree is the mountain ash, which seemed to thrive here wonderfully, but I noticed no fruit on any of those I saw. Under the small rocks, almost everywhere, little clusters of a rare club moss (*Lycopodium selago*) grew. They stood out from the rocks occasionally, somewhat in the fashion of sand-labra from the wall. On the Tennessee side of the mountain the hobble-bush (*Fibrium lantanoides*) made quite a show in the woods, with its red berries and rusty crimson leaves.

From the Roan, my route was southward some seventy-five miles along valley and mountain, to Asheville, whence the train was to bear

me home. Little of especial botanical interest came under my notice on this trip, but I found much to engage my attention among the people whose dwellings I passed as I travelled. The poorer class of the mountain whites (I saw practically no colored people in the mountains) may well make one's heart ache—not merely because of their poverty, but because they themselves seem so shiftless, apathetic, and without aspiration or hope in the world. The dwellings of this class often consist of a one-storied log cabin. Sometimes with one room, sometimes with two with a huge, blackened fire-place, where a few embers smoulder in readiness to start a large fire when occasion requires. If the family is large there may be two or three beds in each room, and possibly a bed made up on the floor. A table and a few home-made chairs complete the furniture. Often an old muzzle-loading gun and powder-horn hung on the wall, and occasionally a large spinning-wheel would be standing in the corner, for converting wool into homespun. The chickens usually had the run of the house, and furnished pretty constant employment to some member of the family to "shoo" them out. The women generally chewed tobacco or "dipped" snuff (the sign of the latter, I am inclined to think, being a stick in the mouth like a big to-tpick). Dirty and unkempt, they seemed even inferior to the indolent men, whom I saw in the freshness of the day, sitting on chairs tilted back against the shady side of the house, or idling about the road. One place I passed, a sort of cross-roads store, was locally known as "loafers' glory," because of an especial abundance of that sort of humanity in the neighborhood. I think it was near there that I met a forlorn-looking man in front of a miserable cabin, who, after inquiring my name and where I came from, said with real interest, "Now, maybe you can tell me something I want to know. How will the election go?" I told him he knew as much about that as I did, for nobody knew. "Well, then," he continued, "maybe you can tell me how it will go in the State of Philadelphia."

Many of the mountain people I met had never seen a railroad, and had no conception of a city or large town. So limited, indeed, was their experience that their stock of questions was easily exhausted, and they soon relaxed into silence and staring. Yet poor and wretched as they were, they possessed a virtue that is too often lacking among the wealthy and cultured, and that is hospitality. Such as they had, their buttermilk, and beans, and soiden bread, and little, low chairs, was always cheerfully offered, and apparently without thought of pay.

All the mountaineers, however, are not of this type. There are many who are intelligent, industrious and desirous of getting ahead. Sometimes they have travelled a little, and have seen how people live beyond the mountains. Two such overtook me one evening as they rode their mules home from a piece of hired land they had been working, several miles from their own farm. One of these told me there was not enough tillable land cleared in the mountains to support the population properly, and they were forced to rent additional patches, and often at great distances from home, in order to eke out a living.

(To be concluded.)

"BELIEF is the seed, received into the will, of which understanding or knowledge is the flower, and the thing believed is the fruit."—*Cloveridge's "Aids to Reflection."*



"MY LORD AND MY GOD."

MARGARET E. SANGSER.

'Twas evening and the doors were shut,  
No bar was that to Him  
Who came in kingly silence through  
The twilight glowing dim.  
In tones as tender as the dew,  
He blessed them: "Peace be unto you."

It was the Master's loving word,  
The Master's form they knew;  
And nearer to the risen Lord  
The glad disciples drew.  
What glory was in their hearts that hour!  
What glory in his wondrous power!

His eyes in matchless pity dwell  
On one reluctant face,  
On one who knew not all the bliss  
Of full-believing grace.  
That soul still fettered still with doubt,  
The love of Jesus singled out.

"Behold," said Christ, "these wondrous of mine;  
Feel where the nails were driven."  
Ah, swift he knew the voice Divine!  
His heart with love was riven;  
And leaped like flame his answering word:  
"I know thee now," "my God, my Lord."

Then soft from Jesus' lips there fell  
A thought exceeding sweet;  
Let age to age his message tell,  
His tenderness repeat.  
"Thou hast believed, for thou hast seen,  
Blessed are they who have not seen,

And yet have trusted. We rejoice  
Dear Lord, and bless thy name;  
How sacred was that time when first  
Thy face that light came,  
And we beheld thee, crucified—  
Thy pierced hands, thy riven side.

Yet, seeing not the cross alone,  
Our eyes were lifted high;  
We knew thee sitting on the throne,  
We felt thee drawing nigh;  
And all our doubts were lushed to peace,  
And from their chains we had release.

THE GRUMBLER.

DORA READ GOODALE.

HIS YOUTH.

His cap was too thick and his coat was too thin;  
He could not be quiet, he hated a din;  
He hated to write and he hated to read;  
He was certainly very much injured, indeed!  
He must study and toil over him he detested;  
His parents were strict, and he never was rested;  
He knew he was wretched as wretched could be!

HIS MATURITY.

His farm was too small and his taxes too big;  
He was selfish and lazy and cross as a pig;  
His wife was too silly, his children too rude,  
And just because he was unaccountably good!  
He hadn't got money enough and to spare;  
He had nothing at all he did not or wear;  
He knew he was wretched as wretched could be;  
There was no one so wretchedly wretched as he!

HIS OLD AGE.

He finds he has grown poorer and deeper than his fears;  
He grumbles to think he has grumbled for years;  
He grumbles to think he has grumbled away  
His home and his children, his life's little gay;  
But alas! 'tis too late! it is no use to say  
That his eyes are too dim and his hair is too gray;  
He knows he is wretched as wretched can be;  
There is no one so wretchedly wretched as he!

—Sunday School Visitor.

"You belong to the conquering faith: I belong to the dying faith," said a Brahmin to Bishop Hurst. "How do you know, comrade?" I see it everywhere," was the answer. "The missionaries of the cross are aggressive. They are faith in their faith, while we cultivate only an inward hope, and that hope means very little."—Selected.

John Leitchworth and His Wife.

FOR "THE FRIEND."

John Leitchworth was a minister in the Society of Friends, who resided during part of his time in Fallowfield Township, in Chester Co., Pennsylvania. In the latter part of his life, he removed to Philadelphia, and became a member of the Monthly Meeting of Friends of Philadelphia.

The late Dr. John L. Kite, who knew him well, wrote out a sheet of reminiscences, which he sent to a cousin, that she might know more about her worthy grandfather. From it the following is taken.

"John Leitchworth was fond of children, and he used to say, 'I know the way to every little child's heart.' And when he found one rather shy, he would thrust his hand into one of his capacious waistcoat pockets, and draw forth some mint drops, or other good things, which would soon bring the prattler to his knees, making the train very good indeed. He knew the way to the hearts of older children also, for he was never without a store of pleasant little anecdotes, which would serve, instead of sweetmeats, to bring about him children of a larger growth. He knew the way to the hearts of young men and maidens, being equally well provided with conversational powers, and suitable incidents, to reach the hearts of those who were preparing to take their places in the busy walks of life. He also knew the way to the hearts of strong men, and lovely women, too; for he always had in his well stored mind, much to engage their attention, and to kindle a warm interest in their bosoms towards their kind companion and pleasing instructor. Neither did he lose his hold upon the affections of the aged, who loved him for his own sake, and for his work's sake, and by his Master's sake; for whom he always had some good word to speak, with loving arguments, addressed more to the hearts than to the heads of his deeply interested hearers. And all this would be done without any affectation of superior attainments, either in literature or religion; but would seem to flow spontaneously from a heart replete with affection and interest in the welfare of all he was conversing with.

I have already said: Neither did he lose his hold upon the affections of the aged. Indeed I might almost say, *He never lost a friend.* True, some have been offended by his plain dealing, when his Master required it, turning their backs upon him because of his faithfulness to apprehended duty, but such were never his real friends. They visited him; they loved to consort with him, because to be a companion of John Leitchworth, was a real passport into good society, acknowledged by all his fellow-menbers.

As it was the chief business of John Leitchworth's life to draw the affections of all into whose hearts he could obtain entrance, towards his own good Lord and Master, for no sinister purpose of his own, but for the present and everlasting welfare of all whom he admitted to share his company. The true import of the language of his conduct and conversation amongst his companions was this, 'Love me, love my Master also.'

John Leitchworth was not an eloquent orator, he was something better; he was an earnest advocate of his Master's cause; going directly to the point, and by the path that the Spirit led him, using as few words as might clearly express his meaning while addressing the heart, rather than the head of a solemnly attentive

audience, with as choice language as ever I have heard from a Friend's gallery.

The construction of John Leitchworth's sentences, when thus pleading his Master's cause was so simple, and the words were put together so neatly and compactly, that it would take a very skilled master of the English language to have added a single word, or to have taken ought away, without injuring both the sense and the rhythm of his utterance.

There was no need, there was no room for rhetorical flourishes; words from the Living Spring flowed through a prepared conduit into such hearts as were then and there thirsting for the waters of Life. And we wonder at the solemn ordering of good which generally attended his ministry? Such preaching I have considered the *modus operandi* of Gospel ministry, as viewed from Friends' standpoint. And this I write, not to the praise of the creature, but to the glory of that Power which made out of a poor, frail man, a living minister of the Gospel of Christ; and fitted him for that noblest work and labor of love, to which man has ever been called.

Such are some of my recollections of my honored uncle, and such are the impressions left upon my mind, after many years of solid consideration of the man, of the member of our religious Society, and above all, of the minister of the Gospel of life and salvation.

I have no desire to lengthen out this sketch, but scarcely refrain from the expression of a wish that the Lord would raise up many like him to stand and to plead for his great Name and cause in the earth."

He married Elizabeth Kite, who proved a worthy helpmate, and of whom he left the following testimony.

'Thou wast a flower in fruit, and in season,  
And wastest thy sweetness in the desert air.'

hence this short testimony.

"This may truly be said of my beloved wife, Elizabeth Leitchworth, she was circum-spect in her own walking and careful to bring up her children in plainness of dress and simplicity of manners, becoming our religious profession, in frequently reading the Holy Scriptures, and to restrain them from reading pernicious books, and from the corrupt conversation of the world, and was a good example therein herself; her heart and house were always open to accommodate Friends who were traveling in the work of the ministry, and I can truly say she was a nursing mother to me, ever making way for me on such occasions. However trying our circumstances were, she may truly be said to be one who washed the disciples' feet.

A diligent attender of meetings, and when in declining health and confined to the house, her usual care was continued in making way for the family to attend. Towards the latter part of her time, when well enough, it was her constant practice daily to read a portion of the Holy Scriptures; and towards the close, when it was thought a few days would finish her existence here she remarked, 'I feel nothing in my way,' and a few days after she breathed her last, without sigh or groan, and is I trust, entered into the rest prepared for the righteous from the foundation of the world.

J. A. LEITCHWORTH.

Second Month 10th, 1855.

He that has Christ? His Leader and Captain, may follow Him with confidence, courage and comfort.

### The Story of My Life.

(Continued from page 206.)

In the fall of 1849, as he passed by the City Hospital in San Francisco, William Taylor felt an impression of duty to visit its inmates. His account of this service shows his perseverance in making his way against difficulties. He says:—

"I went immediately to the said hospital, and inquired for the physician who had it in charge, introduced myself to him, and told him the object of my call; to which he replied, 'I can readily appreciate your motives, but then you must know, sir, that we have very sick men in every room who could not bear any noise. Anything like singing or praying might greatly excite them and make them worse. I prefer you would not visit the wards, unless some particular man wishes to see you.'

"Well, doctor," I replied, "I certainly would not wish to do anything that would be injurious to any patient, but I have been accustomed to visit the sick, and think I so understand my business as to talk and sing and pray or do whatever may seem appropriate, not only without injury to any one, but in a manner that will even contribute to the improvement of their physical condition. By diverting their minds from the dark realities of their own condition and unhappy surroundings, and by interesting them in some new associations and themes of thought, I may impart to their minds vigor and hope, which unite with gathering strength and make successful resistance against disease. Those who are hopelessly diseased cannot receive much injury from my visits, while I may be instrumental in benefiting their departing souls. If you please, doctor," I continued, "you can go with me, or send a man to point out the men to whom you do not wish me to speak, and to see that I do no injury to any one."

"Said the doctor, 'I have no time to go with you, and nobody to send.'

"Another doctor present then added, 'It is not proper that he should go through the hospital.'

"At that moment an old man, who had been sitting in the office, listening to our conversation, said, 'Doctor, there are many sick men in the hospital who, I know, would be very glad to receive a visit from this gentleman, and, if you will allow me, sir, I will conduct him through the rooms.'

"The doctor replied, 'Very well. Take him up stairs first, and then down to the lower wards.'

"Aye, ay, sir," said the old tar, as he beckoned me to follow him up stairs. He introduced me to every patient in the house, and made a greater ado over my arrival at the hospital than if the alcade had visited them. I was first conducted through the pay rooms, the department of those who, in whole or in part, paid for their keeping. Many small rooms had but two to four men in them. Others, larger, had as many as twelve. I spoke to each patient, inquiring after their condition in health and the state of their souls. I then addressed a few words of sympathy and religious instruction to all in the room collectively, sang a few verses in a soft strain, and prayed in an audible but subdued tone, adapting the petition, as nearly as possible, to the wants of their individual cases as I had learned them, and so passed on, performing similar services in each room.

"My usual mode of visitation was to speak personally to as many as possible, inquire into

their conditions and wants, bodily, spiritual and otherwise, act as amanuensis for the sick and dying, recording last messages to friends at home, get letters out of the post-office and convey them to the sick, carry messages to friends in the city, and, in very early days, when waiters were scarce, I often ministered to the bodily wants of the sick, dressed blisters, turned or raised patients, fixed their beds, gave them drink, and sometimes comforted the convalescing with a little of my wife's good home-made bread, and gave them such advice as I thought might be useful to them."

In his descriptions of his meetings, William Taylor relates many interesting incidents. On one occasion a large part of his congregation were Chinamen. A tall, intelligent-looking fellow called "Chippie" took out his pencil and noted down such thoughts as he understood. The next morning a clerk asked him to translate his notes into English. Said Chippie:—

"What call you him talk last night?"

"That was Mr. Taylor, of San Francisco."

He noted the name in his book, and looking and pointing upward, said, "What you call Him—the big Father, up there—what you call Him?"

"We call Him God," said the clerk.

He put that also in his journal. He then gave a translation of his notes. "Tell all men no gamble; tell all men no steal 'em gold; tell all men no steal 'em cargo; tell all men no talk 'em lies; tell all men to be good men."

That was the first sermon Chippie ever heard, and these were the ideas he gathered.

One morning, as he was going to an appointment for the street preaching, he saw a poor inebriate lying on his face in the sand. The plaza was a place notorious for rum-holes. When the crowd had gathered around him, he said to them, "You may find my text recorded on a sand bank in front of the General Jackson House on First Street." I had a good time, but worked up a great excitement among the rum-sellers.

At one time the text selected was "The fool hath said in his heart, 'There is no God.'" Of the sermon which followed he gives the following outline:

"Here is a watch my father gave me when I was a boy, holding it in my hand. 'He bought it from an old man by the name of Walkup, who, of course, recommended it to be a first-rate watch. I am not acquainted with its early history, but if I were to tell you that this watch had no maker, that some happy chance formed the different parts of its ingenious machinery, and that another chance put them together with the very useful design of a time-piece, you would call me a fool."

"To adopt such a conclusion, there is surely no such fool in this intelligent audience. But, remember, David's fool was not such. He was probably like some who drew nigh to God with their lips and honored Him with their mouths, but hid in their hearts, 'There is no God.'"

"The Holy Spirit is looking at each one of you now and listening to every pulsation of your heart, and were He now to reveal what has there passed this day, what shocking revelations He would make! It is not by the profession of the mouth, but by the conduct of men, that we are to learn the orthodoxy of their hearts. A nice gambler said to me but a short time since, 'When I came to California I had but twenty-five cents, but I had good luck playing cards, and by and by set up a monte-table, and I have been very successful.'" He said he was a mem-

ber of a church, and professed to be very devout.

"A wretched rum-seller over here on Jackson Street emptied the pockets of a poor man wrecked his constitution, blighted all his hope for time and eternity, unstrung his nervous system, and when his poor victim was dying the tender-hearted rum-seller, full of sympathy for the suffering, sent in haste for me to come and pray for the poor man.

"These gamblers around the plaza here, when ever they shoot a man, go right off for a preacher to pray over their dead. One came for me to preach at the funeral of C. B., who had been shot the night before just there in that large saloon. He said, 'We thought it would be folly to bury the man without some religious ceremonies. It will be a comfort to his friend too, to know that he had a decent Christian burial.'

"I have buried three such within as man months. They profess a belief in God, but their conduct gives the lie to their profession."

At the conclusion of the services a strange proposal that they should take up a collection for the benefit of the preacher, but the proposal was negatived by Taylor, who said, "I cannot have my street preaching trampled by street collections."

After laboring for seven years in California William Taylor lost much of his means through a fire, and believed it best to return to the East and replenish his funds by the sale of books which he wrote. This was in 1856. Some of his books were very popular, the sales amounting to twenty-five thousand and thirty-thousand copies.

For several years he continued preaching in the States and in Canada. At a camp-meeting where many of the congregation had gone to sleep under the effects of a "lean" and length sermon, Taylor was called upon to exhort the audience, which he did as follows:

"Friends, these hard seats without backs are very uncomfortable places for sleeping, and yet you are in great need of sleep. After the exhausting services of the Sabbath and your short hours last night, you are sadly in need of sleep and in need of better sleeping accommodation than you can get on these hard benches, so advise you to repair to your tents at once, and in your comfortable home quarters take a good refreshing nap."

After laboring in the Eastern States and Canada for several years, William Taylor believed that it was the Lord's will that he should go and preach the Gospel tidings in Australia, and on the first of Fifth Month, 1862, sailed for England. His family returned to their old home in California.

After spending some months in Great Britain and visiting Palestine on his way, he reached Australia in 1863, and at once entered upon his evangelistic labors. These continued for six or seven years, and were attended with a large accession of members. About the time his labors in Australia and New Zealand were drawing to a close, his family came from California. He had intended going to India, but his oldest son was taken sick and, by the advice of the physician, he sailed for Cape Town in South Africa where he arrived early in 1866.

In South Africa, William Taylor labored industriously for about two years, visiting at preaching among the English settlers and different tribes of the nations, and with remarkable success. Thousands were added to the church membership. He was greatly assist-

y Charles Pamela, a converted Kaffir, who acted as his interpreter, and also preached directly to the people.

Taylor returned to England in the latter part of 1866, and promptly entered upon his work of preaching. In the fall of 1867 his wife returned to California with the three younger children, that she might care for their education, and Taylor himself took passage for the West Indies, intending to spend a year there and then go on to Australia.

He labored among the different islands and Guiana. He found that the missionaries had considered the people to be so excitable that they were afraid of scenes of disorderly confusion. But by judicious management these were avoided. He records that on the island of Gevis, on the first night of his preaching there, a man came up with hideous groanings, and nelt by the altar, and got hold of the altar vils. "He was in for a big fuss. I went to him as first one. Said I, 'Brother, what is the matter? Have you got St. Vitus' dance?'"

"He said, 'No; no.'"  
 "You want to come to Jesus, do you?"  
 "Yes; yes."  
 "You have to be saved by faith—faith cometh by hearing. Now, you listen and I will show you the way." He toned down."

From the West Indies Taylor went to Australia, where he spent about fourteen months, and in the latter part of 1870 went to Ceylon. L Lucknow he entered upon his East Indian work. As there were many converts at Bombay, he organized there a Methodist Church in 1872. One of the principles involved in it was that it was to be self-supporting, and not to depend for the payment of its expenses on any foreign association. Such congregations were formed in various parts of India, and the number of their members has since much increased.

In the fall of 1877, William Taylor and a rother went to South America. Here it seemed best to enter upon the work by establishing schools of a high grade, under the care of religious men and women, and the money received for the education of the children was expected to support the teachers. He adopted the plan of selecting suitable centres for educational work and obtaining pledges from the people for the assage-money of the teachers to South America and for their maintenance for a given time, until they became self-supporting. About a dozen schools were thus opened. The teachers are selected by Taylor.

The evangelizing movements of William Taylor were somewhat out of the usual course of procedure, and he was met with objections as to their irregularity. But at the Conference held in Philadelphia in 1884, he was very unexpectedly elected as a Missionary Bishop for Africa, with large powers as to freedom of action. Before the end of the year he had selected about thirty elders to join him in the mission and some twelve children. The party proceeded to St. Paul de Loando, on the coast, and established preaching stations at intervals in the interior, to the distance of one thousand miles. This winds up the narrative written in 1885. At the Conference of the present year, Taylor, on account of his age, was released from the appointment and another person put in his place, but we believe he is still working in Africa.

(To be concluded.)

**SCHOOLED IN SORROW.**—Bearing a burden carefully is no sign that the burden is unfelt. It rather signifies that the bearer has been

schooled by experience to his task. The first biting sorrow that comes to the Christian brings with it a train of trials which intensify his suffering. The world forgets him, he finds no real sympathy where he hopes to get it, he is chained by the loneliness. But in time he comes to learn that this is to be expected, with the world as it is. His next sorrow finds him none the less truly grief-stricken, but he has learned that there is an art of bearing up and being brave. He knows already that he must not expect to roll his burden off on a world absorbed in its own self. His burden rests more graciously on him. He shows the result of a hard course of training. But now the world owes him a new duty. It is to refrain from charging him with insensibility and an easy escape from grief. He who smiles through his tears has learned what true joy is, and he who steps lightly under a heavy burden has performed the duty of acquiring a new and Christ-like strength.—S. S. Tract.

Supplement to the Tract Repository.

FRANKFORD, Phila., First Month 1st, 1897.

TO CONTRIBUTORS:—Owing to a gross error in statement issued Twelfth Month 15th, 1896 (caused by mistaking the balance of 1894 for that of 1895), I hereby submit the following as a corrected statement of the *Tract Repository* account:

RECEIPTS.	
Contributions of \$1.00 and over,	\$768.61
Subscriptions and amounts under \$1.00,	133.33
	\$901.94
EXPENDITURES.	
7,900 copies monthly at 7c per year,	\$550.00
Ant. overdrawn Twelfth Mo. 15th, 95,	135.10
Bal. on hand Twelfth Mo. 15th, 1896,	74.04
	\$759.14

Very respectfully,  
 DAVID HESTON.

FOR THE FRIENDS' Effects of Cold.

In 1892, Warborton Pike made a journey of exploration through a remote portion of the territory of the Hudson Bay Company, striking the waters of the Yukon River, which he followed down to a point near its entrance into the Pacific Ocean.

One morning in the middle of winter, in company with one of his party, he left the camp before daylight to hunt moose, leaving orders with the half-breeds to haul the loads to a place selected for a camp. The hunters separated, and Pike says: "I and two fresh moose tracks, but could not get a shot; and it was long after dark when I reached the island again, fully expecting to find the cargo all up, and the camp made. But there were no signs of anybody, excepting that the rifle which Seatz [his fellow-hunter], had been using, was stuck up in the snow, where the road left the ice and turned up the bank. With the aid of a hatch I examined the road, and saw that no sleigh had passed, and Seatz's snow-shoe tracks were leading down stream."

"It was only then that I realized how beautifully cold it was. I had eaten nothing since early morning, and had been sweating while running after the moose, always a bad thing to do in cold weather, as you are sure to get chilled as soon as you stop for a minute. I expected to find the camp close, so would not wait to light a fire, but left my rifle and started down stream at a run. I could never get warm again, although I had still ten miles to go; and my nose and cheeks were rather badly frozen before I saw the glare of the camp-fire through the

trees. I found the half-breeds having a good time, sitting round the fire, rolled up in the blankets, drinking tea. They had got a moose camp about a mile, as they began to freeze, and could not get the dogs along quickly enough to keep themselves warm; so they had put a horse and made a fire as soon as they saw dry wood enough to camp with.

"In this extreme cold, it is never safe to let a man go into the woods alone, as he gets with an accident severe enough to cripple him, or gets wet by breaking through a weak spot in the ice, he is almost surely certain to freeze to death, unless he is very quick in getting a fire. In any case, he should always carry an axe in his belt, and plenty of matches, so that he may still have a chance if his wood fire is at hand. One of the greatest dangers lies in the fact that your fingers are likely to freeze, or at least become useless for lighting a match, as soon as you grasp the handle of an axe, and impede the free circulation of the blood, as a layer of ice is sure to have formed between the moose-skin and the inside lining of your mittens.

"At night we were comfortable enough, as we kept a big fire going. A cup of tea in the small hours of these glowering evenings, with the return of warmth and the prospect of a few more hours sleep, is one of the most pleasant recollections of northern travels."

THE FRIEND.

FIRST MONTH 23, 1897.

Friends of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, have within a few months past been called upon to enter into serious feelings over the removal from their number of several of those whose labors and example have tended to confirm their fellow citizens in an appreciation of the precious truth held by the Society of Friends, and in conviction that true religion is a heart-changing work of the Spirit of Truth wrought out by submission to the operation of Divine Grace.

While partaking with his fellow-members in a sense of the loss which the militant Church has sustained in these removals, the Editor has felt the importance of those who have left behind giving heed to the conviction that an increased responsibility rests upon us to live in communion with God, as to bear his yoke, and be prepared to die with him, so that the work of the Church may still be carried on, and the gracious designs of the Almighty may not be frustrated through our neglect or inactivity. It is as we abide in Christ, the living vine, that we receive of the sap which it is from Him, and grow in grace and in power, as well as the mission with which we are severally intrusted.

May those who have mourned over the removal of valiant sons from this society of preparation, be refreshed and stimulated to increased watchfulness and faithfulness, so that the name of Christ may prosper in the earth, through their labors; and when the time of the resurrection shall arrive, they may feel that, through the mercy of God, they shall be received into one of those numbers, which our Saviour told his disciples He would prepare for them in Heaven.

The expressions of that Methodist Bishop, William Taylor, have proved so interesting to the Editor, that he was encouraged to append a brief notice of them to the minds of his readers. We believe that he was sincere in his

desire to promote the spiritual welfare of the world, and that a blessing rested on his labors, in proportion to the fervency of his spirit. Yet we are not prepared in all respects to endorse his methods, and we would regard it as a great mistake for members of our Society to desert their own principles, and mode of action, in imitation of him. The Lord makes use of divers instruments in carrying on his work in the world, and we shall be most effective as we adhere to the Divine leadings. At the same time let us cherish that feeling of Christian charity, which can rejoice in the good effects, by whose wise ways are not as our ways.

SUMMARY OF EVENTS.

UNITED STATES.—The United States Supreme Court has decided that the Dispensary law of South Carolina, at least so far as it entitles to prevent a citizen of the State from importing into the Commonwealth liquors for his own use, was in violation of the Interstate Commerce clause of the Federal Constitution, and therefore null and void.

UNITED STATES.—The Bureau of Statistics reports that the total value of the exports of merchandise from the United States during the Twelfth Month, 1890, was \$117,227,102, as against \$92,529,117 in Twelfth Mo., 1889, and, during the year 1890, \$1,005,975,447, as against \$821,960,136 in 1889.

George Wilson, Secretary of the New York Chamber of Commerce, in his annual report that during the fiscal year ending Sixth Month 26th, 1890, the total foreign commerce of the port of New York reached the enormous total of \$1,033,074,216, an increase over the preceding year of \$105,072,902. The total foreign commerce of the United States in this period was \$1,897,858,490, an increase of \$187,747,674. The bulk of the increase, therefore, was in New York. Only twice before has the foreign commerce of the port exceeded a billion dollars. Only once has the total for the last fiscal year been exceeded, and that was in the phenomenal year of 1892. In this year the foreign commerce of the whole country exceeded the amount of one billion dollars.

New York's relative share of the foreign commerce was greater in 1890 than in 1892.

The annual consumption of alcohol in this country amounts to \$1,200,000,000; of cigars and tobacco, \$600,000,000; a total of \$1,800,000,000. The wage-workers spend about \$600,000,000 a year on intoxicating liquors and narcotics. This does not include earnings, says the *Chicago Tribune*, is only a part of the harm done. Of 23,353 criminals in Massachusetts in 1890, 13,250 committed the criminal act under the influence of liquor.

New Year's statistic tables of the *Beverly Journal* show that the consumption of beer in High-land States during the past year has increased 23,629 barrels, while in Prohibition States it decreased 268 barrels over 1890. Prohibition Kansas sold but 6,039 barrels, while High-land Nebraska, with nearly 400,000 less population, sold 161,317 barrels—more than *twice as fast* as much.

The value of the mineral output for Montana for 1890 is as follows: Copper, \$22,000,000; silver, \$10,725,000; gold, \$1,000,000; lead, \$675,000; total, \$35,300,000.

From the salt wells at Hamilton, Kas., 1,000,000 barrels of salt were obtained last year.

Haverhill, Mass., shipped 367,000 cases of shoes in 1890, the highest number on record.

It is long since the first snow-storm in Great Britain throughout Southern California for the past twenty-four hours. The snow on dry and hot hills are covered with snow and the streams are overflowing.

Deaths in this city last week numbered 540, which is less than the previous week, and 273 is less than the corresponding week of 1890. Of the 540, 237 were males and 299 females. 89 died of pneumonia.

64 of consumption; 40 of heart disease; 28 of diphtheria; 16 of convulsions; 15 of apoplexy; 13 of old age; 13 of inimitation; 13 of inflammation of the brain; 13 of bronchitis; 12 of Bright's disease; 12 of cancer; 11 of typhoid fever, and 10 of inflammation of the stomach and bowels.

Consumption, 28, 95, 47, 48, reg, 110; a 113; coupon, 111; a 112; new 48, reg, 119; a 120; coupon, 120; a 121; 85, reg, 112; a 113; coupon, 114 a 114; currency 68, 100 a 105.

COTTON.—Middling uplands quoted at 71c, per lb. FEED.—Spot hams ranged from \$11.00 to \$11.50 per ton for export. Winter suet, \$2.80 a \$3.10; do, extra, \$3.25 a \$3.50; Pennsylvania roaster, clear, \$4.25 a \$4.40; do, do, straight, \$4.50 a \$4.65; Western winter, clear, \$4.25 a \$4.40; do, do, straight, \$4.50 a \$4.65; do, patent, \$4.70 a \$4.90; spring, clear, \$3.75 a \$4.20; do, straight, \$4.25 a \$4.50; do, patent, \$4.55 a \$4.75; do, favored, straight, high, 43c, 44c, extra, \$4.25 a \$4.50; do, clear, \$4.25 a \$4.50; do, straight, \$4.60 a \$4.75; do, patent, \$4.85 a \$5.00.

GRAIN.—No. 2 red wheat, 92 a 92½c. No. 2 mixed corn, 26½ a 27c. No. 2 white oats, 23 a 23½c.

BEAF CATTLE.—Live, 4½c; good, 4½ a 4½c; medium, 4½c; 4c; common, 4 a 4c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS.—Extra, 4 a 4½c; good, 3½ a 4c; medium, 3 a 3½c; common, 2½ a 3c; lambs, 4 a 5c.

HOGS.—Best Western, 5½ a 5¾c; common, 5c; State, 4½c.

FOREIGN.—A correspondent writes to the *London Times* that the proverbial longevity of members of the British royal family is being maintained. The "Annual Monitor" just issued, gives the following return for the last three years: Average age at death, including all members who died in Great Britain and Ireland, from one year old to 101, 1893-4, 61 years, 5 months and 22 days; 1894-5, 57 years, 11 months and 18 days; 1895-6, 60 years, 6 months and 19 days.

The reports of the massacre of the British expedition in the territory of the King of Benin, in the Niger coast protectorate. All the whites but two and 243 native carriers were killed.

A British syndicate has received a concession of a million acres of gold lands in Dutch Guiana.

FRANCE.—The census in 1890 included 41,000,000 in 1872; to 58,000,000 in 1890, while during the same period Germany shows an increase from 41,000,000 to 52,000,000. During the past five years the population of the German Empire has increased 2,817,000, and France has gained but 153,000. The figures bear out Jules Simon's ominous statement that "the world is increasing in numbers, but not in soldiers into the field. But how will it be in twenty years? We are losing a battle every year."

A despatch of the 17th instant from St. Petersburg says: Yesterday a summons was sent to Berlin for Professor Bergmann, the distinguished German surgeon, to come to this city to perform an operation on the Czar to prevent the extension of an use of excessiveness which has appeared in the region of the cranium. This trouble is due to the blow inflicted by a Cautel Japanese up on the Czar, then the Czar-witch, when he was travelling in Japan in 1891.

The antiquity of legal methods is curiously illustrated in the official report on the history of the India famine district includes a population of 81,000,000, and that the number of manes employed on relief works will soon exceed 3,000,000. The prices of imported food in Bengal are high, traders taking advantage of the chance to make private fortunes. To the famine is added the black plague, which has spread from Bombay to Poona and Kurrachee and many smaller places, and thrown the native population into a frenzy of panic. It is estimated that nearly two-thirds of the population of Bombay has fled to country towns. A feature of the disease that was noted in Hong Kong and Southern China, while it is not so fatal as noticed in India, Swine, poultry and rodents appear to be very susceptible to the plague, and great numbers of them have died.

The coldest region on earth is the country around Verkhajank, in Siberia, says *Panorama*, where the thermometer sometimes falls 80 degrees Centigrade below zero (degrees Fahrenheit) below zero. The average temperature of First Month is 49 degrees

Fahrenheit below zero. Notwithstanding this rough climate, more than 10,000 people inhabit that region as the air is generally calm and dry in winter, the cold is not felt very much. The variations of the temperature within twenty-four hours are very great in summer. In Fifth Month, for instance, the thermometer will sometimes rise to 85 degrees Fahrenheit during the day, and fall to freezing point a night.

Among the botanical specimens collected by the Cornell scientific party in Greenland, were some full grown forest trees less than three inches in height. The *Chronicle* has a despatch from Mendoza, Argentine Republic, stating that Zarbrigen, the Swiss mountain guide, who is accompanying the Fitzgerak expedition, which went to South America for the purpose of ascending Mount Aconcagua, in the Andes reached the summit of that mountain on the 14th instant. This is a feat never before accomplished. The height of the mountain is stated in the despatch to be 24,000 feet above the level of the sea, but according to Professor Guyot its altitude is 22,422 feet Aconcagua, is, however, the highest mountain in the Western hemisphere, and there are only eight other mountains in the world that exceed it in altitude.

NOTICES.

A YOUNG WOMAN FRIEND desires a situation a housekeeper, or as companion for an elderly person. Address "E" West Chester, Pa.

FRIENDS' INSTITUTE LYCEUM.—The next regular meeting will be held at 140 N. Sixteenth St., Sixth-day First Month 22nd, 1891, at 8 o'clock, P. M.

FRIENDS' SELECT SCHOOL.—The second term of Friends' Select School will begin on Third-day, Second Month 2nd, 1891. J. HENRY BARRETT, Sup't.

WESTTOWN BOARDING SCHOOL.—Applications for the admission of pupils to the school, and letters if referred to instruction and discipline should be addressed to WILLIAM F. WICKESHAM, Principal.

Payments on account of board and tuition, and communications in regard to business should be forwarded to EDWARD G. SMEDLEY, Superintendent. Address, Westtown P. O., Chester Co., Pa.

WESTTOWN BOARDING SCHOOL.—For convenience of persons coming to Westtown School, the stage will meet trains leaving Philadelphia 7.17 and 8.45 A. M. and 2.53 and 4.32 P. M. Other trains are met when requested. Stage fare on regular trips, fifteen cents on special. Apply by telegraph, wire West Chester Phone 85 EDWARD G. SMEDLEY, Sup't.

MARRIED, at Friends' Meeting, at Sugar Grove Ind., on the thirty-first of Twelfth Month, 1890, CALEB H. CARTER, of Danville, Ind., son of Newell and Sarah Carter, to MARY ESTA GIBSON, daughter of David and Lydia B. Thomas, of Plainfield, Ind.

DIED, at Coral, Michigan, Twelfth Month 28th, 1890 SARAH LEAVENS, of congestion of the lungs, in her second year, and being closely confined, and her home in the first of her lameness, she was the comfort and solace of her aged grandparents for several years before their death; and assisted also in later years in caring for her father and mother in their last illness. She was beloved by all her relatives and friends, and has left a brother and sister to mourn their loss. Her funeral services were held on the 29th inst., accompanied with much suffering when congestion set in. She bore it all with Christian patience and resignation to the Divine will. Near the close she earnestly desired to be released and he at rest, which was mercifully granted, and we humbly trust what is our loss is his eternal gain. A minister who visited her during her illness, says: "Her preparation for entrance to the heavenly mansion was undoubted, and she now rest from her labors, and her works do follow her."

—, suddenly, on the eighteenth of Twelfth Mo 1890, at his home at Gwynedd, Pa., JORIS CANBY, age seventy-three years; a member of Gwynedd Month Meeting, held at Plymouth and Norris-town.

# THE FRIEND.

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Diary and Letters of Deborah Brooks Webb.

(Continued from page 219.)

1869.—Eighth Mo. 19th.—Morris and Ann Cope kindly made a way for us all to get to the Quarterly Meeting next morning. The natural mind did indeed shrink from this meeting, but there was no other way but to cry for help and press forward. Mary Ann Lloyd was quite lengthy in communication, then S. Cope arose with an earnest call to repentance and living into the Lord. Soon it seemed right for me to say, "What meaneth this lowing of the cattle and his bleating of the sheep I hear," believing some were holding back part of that which should be wholly given up, reaching toward heaven with one hand, and holding upon the world's cares and pleasures with the other, etc., with earnest desires that the Great Shepherd would gather the sheep, scattered upon the many mountains of Israel, and bring them into the narrow valley where each would esteem others better than themselves; seeking to be made of a reputation, like our Lord.

The Quarterly Meeting was good. M. A. L., V. Hutchinson and S. Harry appeared in testimony, and I had to refer to Nehemiah repairing the walls, being engaged in doing a great work. "Why should the work cease, while I save it and come down to you?" Working out our soul's salvation is indeed a great work, and to have a wall to build day by day round about our own habitation against the inroads of the enemy. We dined at Morris Cope's, and in the evening bid farewell to our kind hosts and rode to Benj. Manley's. I felt deeply interested in this large family. One son and five daughters at one, all grown up, and possessing religious possibilities. The language was, "Gather my aunts together, those who have made covenant with me, by sacrifice." It is those who enter into covenant with Him by sacrifice that are to be gathered unto Him at last, to be with his aunts.

Seventh-day went to dine with our aged friend, Joseph Chambers. He seemed very gentle, and his daughters weighty in spirit. One of them is George Sharpless's wife, and he kindly took us back to B. Maule's.

Next morning B. — went with us to Fallowfield Meeting. Words of encouragement flowed

toward the little company, who assembled under many trials. We were kindly entertained till morning at Worthy Gibbons' at Coatesville, son of that worthy Friend, Hannah Gibbons. The family of many children interested our feelings, but I feared so much of the Spirit of the Lord was pressed down in their souls, though believed they were subjects of his continued visitations. Oh, that there were more cross-bearing Friends in that meeting! With a feeling of great thankfulness we rode homeward next morning, having laid the burden down and realizing indeed that hitherto the Lord had helped us.

Third-day being our Monthly Meeting, our minutes were returned with a reverent acknowledgment of this. Adoration, praise and thanksgiving be given unto Him, who did go with and before us, and accepted our feeble efforts to serve Him.

After her return from this visit, she thus wrote to a friend:

"PHILADELPHIA, Ninth Month 2nd, 1869.  
"Again and again my mind has turned to thee so lovingly, for you were so kind to one just starting out on what seemed a long, heavy journey. Well, my dear, thou wilt be glad to hear the blessed Master did go with us, and accepted the feeble efforts of his handmaid to serve Him. Now, He gives such quiet, humble peace. "Hitherto the Lord has helped us," had to be my returning language, with some consideration also, as to the circumstances under which it was used formerly. I did not want to say it all in both meetings, but there seemed to be a 'must,' so I gave up and tried to have no will. You can find it in first Samuel, seventh chapter, and draw the comparison with the present times. Do we not desire that this people should offer the whole burnt offering? That the Lord would arise and 'thunder with a great thunder,' even by his Almighty power against the spiritual enemies of our Israel, that the pure Truth may prevail. Oh, that our cry may be yet more for this.

"Yes, my dear friend, the Lord has been so gentle with me. He did not show me more work beyond, but when one service was finished, led me, so unexpectedly, into another. Feeling that a visit could not well be denied to a Friend in Burlington, I went to spend First-day, when the Quarterly Meeting opened before me, and to remain seemed imperative. He gently showed me, 'Releaving the time because the days are evil,' and awakened me Second-day morning with the confirming language, Ephesians fifth chapter, first and second verses. We had a good Quarterly Meeting. Samuel Cope, in testimony, also John Stokes, and then William C. Ditzler, Henry Wood in prayer. My soul did magnify the Lord, on returning, for all his mercies. 'Great and marvellous have been his works,' indeed, and I felt last night just bowed at his feet, wanting to anoint them with love and thanksgiving.

"I thought I would like to share the spoil with thee, my dear, but perhaps I have written

too freely. Now, if thy poor friend can only walk faithfully under the cross all day long in future, watching and waiting until his body will! You did indeed give the cup of cold water to one, who feel 'the least of these,' and may He give you the cup of salvation.

"Though I have written thus to magnify the Father's power, yet as dear I. Penington says, 'I feel daily weaker in myself.' Shall I quote his words, they are instructive to me often-times: 'I am a worm, I am poor, I am nothing, less than nothing as in myself, weaker than I can express or thou imagine; yet in the midst of all this, the life, power, righteousness and presence of Christ is my refreshment, peace, joy and crown.'

"Do we not want this to be our experience, my dear A.—, thus dwelling in the inward life? I feel that you know what it is, and may He preserve us all in the hollow of his Almighty hand. My love gratefully and kindly to you both. Thine affectionately,

"DEBORAH BROOKS."

In her diary she says: During the Tenth and Eleventh months of this year, our dear Friend E. A. visited the families of our North Meeting, and way seemed to open before me to accompany her, after many shrinkings and trials of faith. The language seemed to be, "What God hath joined together, let not man put asunder." We felt yoked together, and it was a privilege to be with her. Her ministry seemed like two arms of love, that reached around the individuals, and drew out all the good feelings in their hearts, so that we were often warmed and comforted together. Together, too, we descended into baptisms at times. Oh, it is weighty work to dare to speak to particular states. Our Lord helped and I had to feel thankful again and again to Him, who owned our feeble efforts to serve Him. After returning home, dear E.'s cup overflowed at times, and I had solid peace.

The following extracts are from a letter under date of Twelfth Month 22nd, 1869. Alluding to the visit to the families of North Meeting, she says, "Thou wilt be glad to hear we both feel peaceful. The 'penny of peace' is indeed a rich legacy when earned through so much humiliation. The dear Master did seem to go with and before us. . . . The visit has been a good say-er. We both partake of the feeling of being left out or unprofitable servants though—there is so much now, to excite our young Friends, and perhaps lead them on too rapidly to make 'confession with the mouth,' or as one dear Friend said, 'causing a desire in some unskillful ones to be doing something, rather than to be something.' Many feel it to be a serious time, and are bowed down in spirit, but I try to rest it with the Lord, feeling if it is of Him it will prosper, and if not, it will come to naught. The young plants need a loving, training hand, rather than entire coldness. S. L. was at our meeting yesterday, and spoke, commencing with, 'Praise waiteth for thee in Zion, O God of our salvation,' referring again and again to the words, 'and God saw that it was good,' saying that though we

may have had bitter disappointments, yet they were for our spiritual progress, and in the end we would have to say, "His work in our souls was good." He called upon the elder Friends to draw the younger members nearer to them. This spoke my feelings so much. I think they are left too much to pass along without being able to realize that any one cares for them. O, to know myself how to do right! for more pure wisdom.—Wise as serpents and harmless as doves.

"I want thee to have a few crumbs from dear E's ministry—they may strengthen thee, my dear, sometimes. Once, after speaking of Mary's mourning the absence of her Lord, as she thought, but finding Him close to her, she went on to say that it was the children of the bride chamber that mourned for Him, not the children of the world; by that they might be encouraged to believe they did belong to Him, were his children, and He would manifest himself unto these in his own good time. At another time, in speaking of attending meetings, she spoke of the manna gathered day by day for the children of Israel, that whether they gathered much they had nothing over, or gathered little there was no lack—so it is with our Heavenly Father, whether He gives us much of his blessed presence in our souls when we meet before Him, or but little, still it will be just sufficient if we have only been faithful in gathering because He gives it, and all He gives is right. Holy and reverend be his ever blessed Name, saith my soul."

(To be continued.)

**A WAY FOR MEN TO GET THEIR RIGHTS.**—There are many people who are very anxious about their rights, but are not greatly concerned about their duties. But if every man does his duty every man is likely to get his rights. No people have had more trouble about getting their rights than the colored people of the South. But so long as they remain in ignorance and indulge in illness, whiskey drinking, and all sorts of sin and foolishness, they will find it difficult to get their rights or to get anything else; but when they attend to their duties their rights will be likely to be much more easily obtained.

Booker T. Washington, one of their representative men, speaking of the Industrial College over which he presides, says: "In proportion as we go on with this industrial teaching, you will find better relations coming about between the black people and the white people. The black man who has a mortgage on a dozen white men's houses will have no trouble in voting. The black man that has five thousand dollars to lend will not want for friends or borrowers among his white neighbors. The black man who spends five thousand dollars a year in freight charges on a Southern railroad will not be made to ride in a 'Jim Crow' car. Rather than put that black man in a 'Jim Crow' car and run the risk of losing his five thousand dollars in freight charges, a Pullman palace-car will be put on for him. It is a slower process than some would have it; but it is along these lines that we must look for the permanent solution of this problem."

And there are white men who are forever complaining about their lot and gambling about gold and silver, and capital and wages, who will never get any right, till they drop whiskey and tobacco, and betake themselves to the soil where God originally set man to work, and there in diligence, piety, and economy find

the independence and comfort which they vainly seek through combination, strikes, and all the contrivances of an artificial and unhealthy life.—*Late Paper.*

### From Slave to Bishop.

Abraham Grant, one of the bishops of the African Methodist Episcopal Church, was once a slave, part of the property of Franklin Raulerson, a Florida planter. Bishop Grant says: "When my master returned from the battlefield, he told my brother and myself that we were going to be free, and asked us to go to Columbus, Ga., with his brother-in-law to be sold, as it would help him out." The two men did not meet again until a few weeks ago, when the Bishop was presiding at a Conference in Tampa. F. Raulerson, anxious to see his old slave, but not having money enough to pay his railroad fare to Tampa, hitched up his horse and drove fifty miles to that city. The following report of the meeting of these two men in such altered circumstances of life is given by *The Florida Citizen*:

"The many memories which the meeting revived awoke tender feelings. Thoughts of the old days, when Grant was an unlearned slave and the master a prosperous planter, arose, and the present circumstances marked a strange contrast. The hand of time had fallen heavily upon F. Raulerson, and financial reverses had reduced him to poverty. Bent with age and clothed in humble garments, he sat in the presence of Bishop Grant, who had risen above his race and stood as an honored man in the ministry, with the comforts of life attending his high position.

"During their conversation Bishop Grant asked his old master if he could do anything for him. He told him that if he would leave Florida and go to his (the bishop's) home in Texas, he should be provided for during the remainder of his life; but this F. Raulerson declined, as he had a little home here and felt that he had but a short time longer to live. Before leaving the room he said to the bishop:

"Bishop, I have but a short time on this earth, and I want you to do something for me, if you can, when I die. I want you to perform the last ceremonies over me. Do you think that you can come and bury me?"

"Bishop Grant assured him that his wish would be granted, and that he would surely come. After the talk F. Raulerson was taken over to the church where the Conference was in session, and as the two men walked up the aisle together, arm in arm, a hush of expectation fell upon the congregation. As they reached the chancel rail they turned, and Bishop Grant introduced F. Raulerson as his former master. With tears coursing down his cheeks he spoke kind words of him, and called upon his brethren to look upon them at that moment as an example of the feeling that should exist between the races, for said he, 'We are all of one Creator and all of one image; we were raised together and should be brothers.'—*Selected.*

I CAN in truth say, that I never spent any money in my life more freely, or with more delight and satisfaction, than when I did to secure Truth and the necessities of the Lord's people; and this is the duty of all those upon whom is bestowed this world's substance; and when I have at any time observed men of ability in this respect, narrow-spirited and loath to part with their money upon such occasions, it has grieved me to the heart.—*Joseph Pike.*

### The Story of My Life.

(Continued from page 215.)

The following miscellaneous incidents will serve to further illustrate the character of some of the early Methodist preachers:—

William Taylor was requested to perform funeral services over the body of a Colonel Woodlief, who had been killed in a duel. I refer to it, he remarks, "It is not an easy task for a minister, in the presence of such an auditory and a weeping widow, to do justice to the cause of Truth and the feelings of his hearers. I once heard a minister preach at the funeral of an alderman in San Francisco, and though the man was known to be a notorious drunkard, and it was believed he had killed himself by hard drinking, he was held up by the minister in the presence of the mayor, court clerk, and a vast assemblage of citizens, as a paragon of moral excellence. The impression was conveyed that he had without doubt been admitted to glory because he was an honorable alderman of the city of San Francisco. My moral sensibilities were shocked. I would no unnecessarily hurt the feelings of bereaved friends, but thus to obliterate moral distinction in character and indorse such men, without repentance, as suitable subjects for the kingdom of Heaven, gives the lie to God's holy word and encourages sin. My fears for the effect of that sermon on the community were such that I was led, on the following Sabbath to preach to a large audience on the Plaza from this text: 'In hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torment

"On the occasion of Colonel Woodlief's funeral I said, My dear friends, you are doubtless all acquainted with the person and character of Colonel Woodlief, and the melancholy circumstances of his death. He was, by birth, a fellow-Virginian with myself, and was always I believe, regarded by those who knew him, as a high minded, honorable gentleman, and exceedingly regret that I cannot add, a Christian. He was one of my regular hearers on the Plaza, and was often deeply affected by the word of Truth. Some months ago, just after sermon there one Sunday afternoon, I said to him, 'Colonel, allow me to introduce you to Captain McDonald.' Taking him by the hand the Colonel said, 'I know the Captain very well, we fought side by side on the fields of Mexico.' 'Ah, indeed! and did you know,' replied, 'that the Captain has embraced religion since he came to California?' 'O, yes,' said he, 'I know that, too; he told me all about it.' 'Well,' said I, 'do you see what a great change it has wrought in him?' 'Yes,' said he, 'I see it.' His eyes filled with tears and his utterances were choked by strong emotion. When he could speak, he said, 'Don't talk to me on that subject, I cannot stand it.'

"That was a gracious moment for Colonel Woodlief. The Holy Spirit was touching the tender chords of his soul, and wooing him to ward the cross of Jesus. O, how sorry I at to-day that he did not yield to its blessed influence and become a Christian! Religion would have made him a happy and useful man and we would have been spared the mournful duty we are called upon to perform to-day. For had he possessed the love of God in his heart the probability is he would not have been challenged; and had he been, he would have acted under a higher code than that adopted by chivalrous though erring men. He would have exhibited a moral heroism, in standing for duty to God, himself, his wife and to society;

at would have put to shame the moral coward that would engage him in mortal combat. O, at he had obeyed the calls of God's Holy Spirit! Then, had he died in the order of providence, we would stand around his body with very different feelings. We could then, indeed, mix a sweet solace into the bitter cup of the weeping widow. Beware, my friends, of jeering the Holy Spirit! Sack, while you say, God's pardoning mercy. Place yourself under His parental protection, as obedient children, that you may be saved from, or prepared for, the dangers and death incident to mortal life. Jesus Christ, your best friend, is waiting at the door of your hearts for an answer.

"On my first visit to Red Holes as Reid's successor, I rode up to the country chapel, latched my horse, and walked in, and there sat to old ladies. I introduced myself, and they said, 'No one expects the new preacher so soon; living to make two hundred miles from Constance on horseback, they can't be here for a fortnight yet.'

"Well, sisters, I am one of them, and I am free. Where are all your people?"

"All our men are engaged at a log-rolling quarter of a mile west of here. Some of the women are helping to prepare the supper for to log-rollers and the rest are at home."

"Well, sisters, I can't come all the way here to Red Holes for nothing, so I'll tell you what I will do; you go round and tell all the women in this neighborhood that the young preacher of the circuit, sent by the bishop, will preach here to-night at early candle-lighting, and let everybody come and hear his message. Meanwhile I will go to the log-rolling and tell all the men, and we'll have a crowd here to-night and good time. The dear old sisters walked up to subject and spread the news waded up."

"A log-rolling is a free thing, requiring length of muscle, but no ceremony of etiquette. I that country timber had no marketable value. When a farmer slew a forest the great trees were cut into logs about fifteen feet long, and when the chopping was all done and all the barked piles in heaps and burned, then the men felled many miles came by invitation and rolled to logs into great heaps so that they could be dried. So I rode up to the edge of the clearing, hitched my horse, and climbed the high "aked and ridered fence," and as I advanced the front I picked up a handspike and went to work, and exhibited my strength and superior skill in putting the big logs where they were wanted. I saw the mountaineers eyeing me, and talking in undertones, expressing great wonder who the stranger might be. I let them guess and wonder while I worked away till the day's job was nearly completed, and the men began to draw together within the range of my voice. Then I announced, The young preacher sits to your circuit by the bishop will preach here to-night. Get through with your supper as quickly as you can, and all come and hear the young preacher. He is two weeks in advance of time, but he is one of that sort, always trying to take time by the forelock."

"Are you sure the preacher has come?"

"O, yes, indeed; there is no doubt on that subject."

"Wonder if a great log-roller like you can b the preacher?"

"Come and see."

"Then they began a pretty free expression of their opinions, such as 'He's a tremendous fow to roll logs.' 'If he is as good in the u of the Bible as he is of the handspike he'll

do.' 'He's the boy for the mountaineers.' 'Conson boys will hear the new preacher to-night.' In that afternoon I got a grip on that people more than equivalent to six months' hard preaching and pastoral work. We had a crowded house then and every time I presented at Red Holes."

Isaac Owen, a fellow-missionary of William Taylor, was stationed at Sacramento. Of him the following circumstances are related: A certain doctor, in those early days of California history, was collecting auto-biographical sketches, and, asking Owen to write, he penned the following: "Isaac Owen was born in Vermont, raised in Coarsage, on White River, in the wilderness of Indiana. Costumed in buckskin, fed on pounded cake; educated in a log school-house—the principal study in the course was Webster's spelling-book; converted to God in the woods; licensed to preach on a log; first circuit, then called Otter Creek Mission, embracing a part of five counties. Last heard of, a missionary to California, and on a review of his life, has no apologies to offer for having been born."

He did not study in collegiate halls, but had a thorough, practical education in real life, and his Greek Testament was his constant companion.

The Lord gave him extraordinary will-power from early boyhood, preparatory to his great work in California. I once heard Bishop Morris say of him, "Owen never gives up; he always does what he undertakes; if he can't do it one way he will attempt it."

When a little boy he was sent to hunt lost cows, and got lost himself away in the wild woods, in which wolves, wildcats and panthers roamed at large. Night was spreading its dark mantle over the scene, and the poor boy knew not which way to go. True to his character, as touched off by Bishop Morris in later years, instead of yielding to the excitement of fear, he stopped and set his genius to work to find his way out, which he did in a few moments. He cut a good hickory wither and caught hold of his dog and gave him a good flogging, and shouted as he let him go, "B— off home, you lazy dog; what are you doing here?" The dog cut for home as fast as his legs could carry him, and young Owen after him at the top of his speed. He thus got his bearings, and safely reached his home a little after dark.

In the course of Brother Owen's ministry in Indiana, he was stationed at Bloomington. Finding in his new and important station a rickety old frame house bearing the honorable name of the Methodist Church, Owen announced that the first work before them was to build a spacious, substantial brick church.

The people with united voice replied, "The thing, however desirable, is utterly impossible. The people have no money, and owing to the terrible draught of last year they have nothing to sell."

"Never mind," replied Owen, we are rich in men—men who are rich in mind and muscle. Don't oppose me, and inside of a fortnight we shall have the brick all provided for and the bricklayers to lay up the walls of the new brick Methodist Church of the city of Bloomington." He did it. A Christian man of Indiana, told me how Owen got the lumber for his new church in about the following words:

"My father owned a saw-mill ten miles distant from Bloomington. Being a good man and a liberal elder in the Presbyterian Church, he made a standing offer of a wagon load of lumber as a gift to any new church within ten

or fifty miles from his mill near Lees Ferry, or doing as much as \$80. Mr. Owen, a good Society father's Sunday school was about \$100. He was invited to lay the stone of a newly prepared estimate of the amount of lumber which was necessary, and agreed to furnish the lumber and have my father saw the lumber on shares, and then to proceed to haul to give him the lumber of a man when making distance who had good timber and good teams."

"Father replied, 'The man must able to help his near neighbor, B—', but he is the bitterest enemy of the Methodists in all the country."

"Owen replied, 'I'll put B— at the head of my list. If he will give me a good description of logs delivered, all the rest will give in without a shot.' So they proceeded and made a complete list. Then Owen said, 'Now, elder, I want you to mount your horse and I go with me and introduce me to all these people.'"

"Indeed, Mr. Owen, I can't today, it is getting late and it can't be done to-day. You must come again, and I will see what I can do for you."

"Owen replied, 'My dear sir, I have only this afternoon to devote to this whole business.'"

"Just then I entered, and father said, 'Here's my son; he'll go with you!'"

"The thing was explained to me, and my horse being hitched to a limb, I said, 'Come on,' and we mounted our horses."

"Owen said, 'Take me straight to B's house. I'll get him to haul my list.'"

"So we rode to B's gate and called, and were told that the gentleman was not at home."

"Owen said, 'I am very sorry to miss him. I hope we'll meet him by the way.'"

"We had not proceeded far till I saw him on horseback, we ting us."

"Owen said, 'Don't introduce me, just let me manage him.'"

"As we got near, Owen jumped off his horse, and ran up shouting, 'How are you, Brother B?' My name is Isaac Owen, the Methodist preacher who is building a new brick church in Bloomington. The people have no money, so we can't willing hands to do all the work. The bricks and brick-work are all provided for, and I have just arranged with the elder, your good neighbor, to saw all our lumber, and I'm just on my way to get the men around here, who have good timber and good teams to put down all the logs needed at the saw-mill. I learn that you have the best timber and the best teams in all this region, so I have come to you to head my subscription and set an example for your neighbors. Some of them, you know, are as close as the bark of their trees, and would keep me talking for an hour, at when they see your name at the head of my list, they will all give in at once."

"Bob did not hesitate a moment after Owen was through, but signed for the delivery of the biggest bit of logs of any man in the country, and was the first to cut, haul and deliver, as per agreement."

"Just as Owen had said, every man he called on signed for the logs asked for without a word of discussion."

"Owen got all his lumber haul'd to Bloomington in the same way. When his saw for his free load of lumber my father said to all church build'rs in that region, he brought the biggest six-horse team and waded in the country, and nearly cleared the land-eyars! My father said, 'Owen is the man to rely on.' The Baptists would have come with a two-horse wagon and

put on half a load for fear of over-taxing my generosity; but Owen has faith in me, and hence is not afraid of exceeding my liberality."  
—*Life of Wm. Taylor.*

#### A NEW YEARS HYMN.

For bud and for bloom and for balmy-laden breeze,  
For the singing of birds from the hills to the seas,  
For the beauty of dawn and the brightness of noon,  
For the light in the night of the stars and the moon,  
*We praise thee, gracious God.*

For the sun-ripened fruit and the billowy grain,  
For the orange and apple, the corn and the cane,  
For the bountiful harvests now gathered and stored,  
That by thee in the lap of the mother are poured,  
*We praise thee, gracious God.*

For the blessing of friends, for the old and the new,  
For the hearts that are trusted and trusting and true,  
For the ones that we love, for the light of the eye,  
That warms with welcome and gleams with good-ye,  
*We praise thee, gracious God.*

That the desolate poor may find shelter and bread,  
That the sick may be comforted, nourished and fed,  
That the sorrow-worn ease of the sighing and sad,  
That the spirit-lit hearted soul may be lifted and glad,  
*We pray thee, merciful Lord.*

That brother the hand of his brother may clasp,  
From ocean to ocean in friendliest grasp,  
That for north and for south and for east and for west,  
The horror of war be forever at rest,  
*We pray thee, merciful Lord.*

For the blessings of earth and of air and of sky,  
That fall on us all from the Father on high,  
For the crown of all blessings since blessings began,  
For the gift, the "unspeakable gift" of thy Son,  
*We praise thee, gracious God.*  
—*S. E. Adams, in the Century.*

#### PER PACEM AD LUCEM.

I do not ask, O Lord, that life may be  
A pleasant road;  
I do not ask that Thou wouldst take from me  
Aught of its load;

I do not ask that flowers should always spring  
Beneath my feet;  
I know too well the poison and the sting  
Of things too sweet.

For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord, I plead:  
*Lead me upright—*  
Though strength should falter and though heart should bleed—  
*Through Peace to Light.*

I do not ask, O Lord, that Thou shouldst shed  
Full radiance here;  
Give but a ray of peace that I may tread  
Without a tear.

I do not ask my cross to understand,  
My way to see;  
Better in darkness 'tis to feel Thy hand,  
And follow Thee.

Joy is like restless day; but peace divine  
Like quiet night;  
*Lead me, O Lord, 'till I no longer shall shrink—*  
*Through Peace to Light.*

—*Holy Family.*

"He giveth power to the faint; and to them that have no might He increaseth strength. Even the youths shall faint and be weary, and the young men shall utterly fall; but they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint"—(Isaiah li: 29-31).

"First ye in the Lord ever; for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength"—(Isaiah xxvi: 4).

"PENS, like Plato and Fenebon, maintained the doctrine so terrible to despots, that God is to be loved for his own sake, and virtue to be practised for its own inherent loveliness."—*Bancroft.*

### Notes of a Trip in the North Carolina Mountains.

(Continued from page 212.)

I was much interested always in noting peculiarities of speech. For instance, people seeing I was a stranger, were generally curious to know my name. Sometimes they would put the question point blank; sometimes a little feeling of delicacy, probably, would make one say, "Think you're a stranger to me; what might your name be?" And at times this curious circumlocution would be employed, "Hit appears to me I've seed you before; what might your name be?" In reply to some statement causing surprise, a woman said, "Now you tell me!" A lunch was called a "snack." At bed time, the regulation expression was, "If you want to lay down, the bed is ready." At meals the milk pitcher was invariably tendered with the set invitation, "Pour for yourself." The word it was generally strongly aspirated at the beginning of a sentence; that is, pronounced *hit*. On the Tennessee border, the usual salutation was, "Howdy?" or doubled, as I once heard it, "Howdy-howdy?" Places of worship I often heard called *Church-houses*,—marking a distinction between the church and the building in which the church meets, quite gratifying to the Friendly mind. Probably the most characteristic word of the mountains was *plum*, which appeared to find a place in almost every sentence. It seemed to have at least two significations: one being *straight*, as "plum through to Asheville;" the other *entire*, as "I travelled the plum mountain." Every collection of human habitations was called a *settlement* or *settlement*, with the accent strongly on the last syllable.

One day the customary solitariness of my journeying was pleasantly varied by coming unexpectedly upon a concourse of several hundred people, gathered and gathering upon the banks of the Caneey River, to witness a "baptizin'" as they called it. It was a broad, shallow river, flowing swiftly between low banks, to which the bare, open hills on each side dipped gently. Along the great road that wound over the hills and crossed the stream by a ford, the people were coming in wagons, a-foot and on horse-back, (one woman, I noticed, on a pillion behind a man), men, women and children, all dressed in their best. It was a striking scene—the rippling waters sparkling in the sunshine of the beautiful summer day; the green, sloping hillsides; the great throng of moving people on the shore; the horses and vehicles lined up along the banks. I did not wait to see the ceremony performed, but was told about twenty, boys, girls and young people, were to undergo the rite, and be dipped in the river.

Asheville is beautifully situated near the confluence of the Swannanda and French Broad rivers, in a great basin, whose rim is a circle of high mountains, from which, in summer, a cool air usually blows, tempering the heat. The place is quite a summer resort for people from the low country of the South; while in winter its mild, dry atmosphere attracts many from the North, who wish to escape the severity of our rigorous climate at that season. Indeed the place might not be inaptly called a city of hotels and bathing-houses. Some of the former being palatial in size and appointments. One of the regulation *sights* for visitors is Biltmore, situated about a mile out of the city—an estate of almost baronial proportions, with a magnificent mansion; the property of one of

the Vanderbilt family. More interesting to me, however, was Court-house Square, in the older part of the town. Here on a slight elevation stands a picturesque, cupolaed court-house, (Asheville is the County-seat of Buncombe County). Its walls decorated with an accumulation of notices and posters, in many sizes, colors and shapes. Around this square the native life of Asheville ebbs, flows and stagnates. Here are groups of listless idlers, of whom a large proportion are colored; team of various and curious sorts congregate about the little grass plot, or more slowly by; vendors of quack articles ply their noisy trade among groups of interested but rather penniless auditors; and here the auctioneer's bell calls to sales. Just round the corner are the markets where there is much to be seen new to Northern eyes. Indeed Asheville is in one respect some thing of an education. In its streets, the Old South and the New meet, and the contrast serves to emphasize the advance in an outward way that is going on there. Side by side in the same thoroughfare we may see the trolley-car and the mountaineer's canvas-covered wagon, drawn by oxen, or perhaps by an ox and a mule. In the great hotels, the telegraphic records of the markets of the world are on file daily for the benefit of the guests; at the curlstone, the mountain squatter with his wide-brimmed hat flapped up in front, stands by his rickety team patiently awaiting customers for his bushel or two of peaches, or it may be a load of wood. To these poor people, rather than to the prosperous, one's thoughts return again and again. To the pleasure-seeking visitor, taking his daily drive to the mountains or the river, they are interesting in a picturesque sort of way, an Asheville would lose something of its attractive ness if they were gone; but there is a world of pathos in their homely faces, and scanty, dilapidated belongings—the more so, because they bespeak not merely poverty, but a pitiful incapacity. In the midst of the growing, modern city, they remain like relics of an age that is past—driftwood left high and dry upon the bank by the remorseless stream of material progress. S.

PHILADELPHIA, Twelfth Mo. 24th, 1896.

In polite society it used to be customary to deny one's self, and "not at home" was a fashionable mode of lying. This habit has, we trust come to an end, but many of the compliments still exacted by etiquette may come under the same censure. Men who hate each other as full of "My dear sir," and call themselves "obedient servants" of persons whom they regard with supreme contempt. These are mere straws, but they show how the wind blows.

However much falsehood may be tolerated by society, it is none the less loathsome to ever pure-minded man; but it is not one whit less abominable in the sight of God because men combine to keep it in countenance. It's most horrible form is seen when professing Christians become double-tongued and have one voice in religion and another voice in common conversation. Who is not disgusted with lips candied with affected love, and yet bitten with malicious hate? It is dreadful to speak like a saint at one time and like a devil another. We have known persons who have talked so unctuously of Divine things in religious meetings that they have won a high reput for godliness out of doors, while at home under the little provocations of common life, they have habitually raved and stormed, and let



her children and servants a sorry life. This thing deserves no quarter. Occasionally we read of fictitious experiences, and listen to wonderful narratives of events which never occurred, this also is execrable.

Actions have as plain a voice as words, and here is a duplicity of life which is quite as evil as verbal falsehood. Many characters are double tongued. Spence said of Lady Mary Wortley Montague, that she was a shining character, but like a camel she is all irregularity, and always wandering." He calls her "the most rise, most imprudent, loveliest, most disagreeable, best natured, cruelest woman in the world." These forms of practical contradiction are common; some are intolerably liberal, others are grogious advocates of peace, or intemperate upon intemperance. We have known persons who were rashly slow, and imprudently wise, hot and cold in five minutes. You would think he man to be two persons till you revised your opinion and reckoned him to be nobody at all because one side of his character neutralized the other. Nothing is more sad than to see hat things do not tally in a man's character. We have known great pleaders for generosity who were themselves miserably stingy. We are heard of persons who have been wonderful ticklers for "the truth," meaning thereby a certain form of doctrine, and yet they have not regarded the truth in matters of buying and elling, and with regard to the reputations of her neighbors, or the incidents of domestic life. "These things ought not to be." If by peaking the truth we shame the devil, we must be consistent in it as long as we live, or surely he devil will shame us.—*Chas. Spurgeon.*

FOR "THE FRIEND."

At the Spring.

"The nearer the spring the clearer the stream." How true these words have seemed to me. Where is Christianity purer, simpler and truer, than at the spring, or beginning of Christianity, when our dear Lord, Jesus Christ was upon earth, and taught men to be Christians? No one else has ever lived his perfect, Christian life. He was the spring or beginning of Christianity. And his followers seemed to increase and flow on, as the river widens from the spring, widening and widening until it runs into the great ocean. As it leaves the spring it is pure and sparkling, but as it advances it is corrupted, until it is muddy and no more a clear, beautiful stream; and as it empties into the ocean it has gathered all the waste and corruption it found in its way, and gives them to the ocean, which receives all the waters of the rivers when they are corrupted and through their course. So it is with the ocean of life; it receives all the rivers and corruption of life; all the joy, sorrow, crime and corruption of generations. But the spring is the beginning, when all is pure and innocent, ere life has been contaminated by sins of the world.

But we are glad there are many souls who are always seeking the pure water at the spring and not seeking new things in the river of corruption. Many will always keep out of a corrupted current and seek a life higher than drifting with the current and seeking luxury. 'Tis dangerous to drift, unless God's arm upholds us; but we must swim and escape the dangers of life. It has always been when luxury and dissipation rule a country it must fall.

If we would have the pure water, we must go back to the spring, where it has not been corrupted by earthly matter. And is it not so with

religion? If we want the very purest and truest must we not go back to Jesus Christ, the teacher and living example of God's religion? Can anyone say that there has ever been a better teacher, or one more inspired than Jesus? And as his teachings were spread through the world, have we not seen them being made less pure and simple, the farther they got from the time of Christ? And so the river of religious thought would run on until it became corrupted and a reform must come, and the world must go back to the spring again for pure water, and a new river would be started, always purer and clearer at the beginning; but again, as it flowed along, it would gather the corruption from the world and become more worldly until again reformers would arise and go back to the spring, and leave the corrupted waters. Thus it is history repeats itself.

Every reform aims for a more Christ-like life; but it is the worldliness that, in time, fills the new river with corruption. And as the fabled Phoenix arises from its ashes and soars upward, so must the religions of the world. For some who do not arise, drift, on into atheism. So let us keep near the spring, the source of living water.

Do we not see it the same in politics, the longer one party is in power the more corrupted it becomes, until a reform comes about, and the old party must die to make room for the new.

A new spring will bubble forth, where all will be purer and truer, with nobler aims for God and humanity. It is always the noblest motives that start a reform. But as it, like a river, flows on, it is corrupted in time by the self-interest and worldliness of the world, until it becomes so corrupt that another reform is necessary to take politics back to a Christian stand-point, to go back to the spring, where the water is clean and pure.

Man may advance intellectually, but let us remember that spiritually we can never advance beyond or know a religion better than that of our Saviour Jesus Christ. He always has been, and always will be, our greatest human teacher.

MARTHA SHEPARD LIPPINCOTT,  
MOORESTOWN, Burlington Co., N. J.

If it may be permitted to one not in membership with any religious organization thus to speak through the columns of THE FRIEND, I wish to say that on reading a recent article in that journal, by which I understand that the students, or some of them, have asked permission of the officials of the Westtown Boarding School to allow them to play a game in competition with other students, I feel that I only speak the truth when I say that all within me capable of feeling, was filled with desires that those officials may be firm, immovable, and allow no such thing to take place. And to the dear young people I would say, though one thousand miles separate you and me, my hope is that you may come to see the impropriety of such a course. For it seems clear, no doubt, to your superiors, as it does to your absent and unknown friend, that when an amusement, though in itself innocent, becomes so applauded by the fashionable, if not to say the ungodly and irreverent, that seek only the glory of this world, that it is made an evil of the first magnitude. It is better that it be at once buried in the gulf of oblivion, and remembered no more forever.

From the pen of one that feels that he does love the principles of the Society of Friends.

First Mo. 30, 1897.

The True Inwardness of the Canvas.

[N]ot that the election is over, and it is possible to refer to the principles that have been at stake, without being suspected of having any electioneering purpose, we propose to place before our readers occasional articles which may tend to remove the mist which have clouded the intellectual atmosphere. The following article, by Henry Charles Lea, appeared in *The Independent*, and appears to be worthy of serious thought. The Editor does not hold himself responsible for all the statements it contains. [Ed.]

"It has appeared to me that in the present canvass attention has been strangely diverted from the real significance of the movement of which Mr. Bryan is the personification. The issues which are prominent on the surface have been discussed with unsurpassed ability, and if this campaign of education, which has been so active in the press and on the stump, does not succeed in winning, it will be because of a deep-flowing current of prejudice and passion which has been unobediently allowed to gather strength. Yet to the thoughtful observer the tendencies which have resulted in this unexampled struggle have been growing for years, and were bound to seek expression in action as soon as a favorable opportunity should present itself.

"The chronic unrest and revolt against existing social conditions so prevalent in Europe, which have given rise there to so much anxiety and so much energetic repression, have been gradually but surely spreading among our people. To one who can read the signs of the times, there have been ample indications of this, although with the happy optimism which is one of our national characteristics, they have been carelessly overlooked. The Wheel and the Grange in the West and South developed inevitably into the Populism. In the North and East the theories of Henry George commanded for him some eighty thousand votes when he ran for the majority of New York.

"The phenomenal circulation of Edward Bellamy's wild romance, 'Looking Backward,' and the attempted formation of associations to promulgate its visionary schemes, were an evidence of the prevalence, even among the reading classes, of the vague yearning for impossible social conditions. Learned professors and clergymen have aided the movement, keenly alive, as they are, to the defects of existing conditions from both a sociological and a Christian point of view, and too impatient to recognize, in the gradual rise of wages, the shortening of the hours of labor, the fall in the rate of interest and the cheapening of products, that labor is slowly but surely winning in the struggle with capital, and that the future is full of hope, that natural causes, if left to themselves, will diminish social inequalities and raise the standard of living throughout the whole population so that all shall share in the benefits derived from man's increasing control over the physical forces. The organizations known as trusts and syndicates, inseparable from the immense expansion of modern industry, have served as the target of virulent denunciation, and have lent added stimulus to discontent, though it would be difficult to point out in what they have heightened the burdens of the poor by raising the cost of the necessaries of life. They have afforded, however, a convenient text for the declamation of demagogues against plutocrats, and their methods in connection with legislation have given grounds for animosity, though it is

observable that the most obnoxious of all syndicates of plutocrats, the silver mine owners, whose control of the Senate has brought untold miseries on the whole land, has escaped attack by craftily utilizing the socialistic tendencies as its instruments for the enhancement of its profits.

"Anarchism and socialism are antagonistic; but as both aim at the subversion of the existing order they can join hands for that purpose, content to struggle subsequently for supremacy. The lawless spirit which is the essence of anarchism, has been spreading among our people, and there is ample evidence that its growth has become one of the dangers to be reckoned with. The increase of lynch law is a significant symptom; the vast development of the tramp nuisance, unknown until within the last few years, with its constantly multiplying cases of violence and disorder, is a still more portentous manifestation; and its organization into Coxeyite bands showed how large are the numbers of those eager on any pretext to lead a life of idleness by preying on the industrious. Mob-rule as exhibited in the Homestead disturbances and the Chicago riots has become so dignified as an expression of the so-called rights of labor, that its justification thinly veiled, finds a place among the principles promulgated by one of the great political parties, and its suppression is denounced as a crime to be prevented by violating or amending the Constitution.

It is easy to trace the steps by which these disorganizing elements have been able to assume their present threatening position. In the canvass of 1892 the skillful managers of the Democratic Party obtained success by amalgamating in support of Mr. Cleveland all the dangerous classes of the land; Mr. Cleveland cemented this unholy alliance by his disgraceful letter of sympathy with the Homestead mob. In his inaugural address he lifted his voice in denunciation of plutocrats, and in his first message he pandered to socialism by recommending an income tax to be levied on certain special aggregations of capital. Too many contradictory pledges, however, had been accepted by him for all to be kept; he suppressed the Chicago riots and was firm on the silver question. The Democracy was thus split into two factions; its socialistic and anarchistic elements had achieved national standing by their recognition in the canvass; denied a portion of the promised reward they set to work vigorously, but secretly, to capture the organization of the party. In this they were assisted by the money and brains of the silver-mine owners, but still more by the distress which has overspread the land through the destruction of confidence following the election of 1892, aggravated by the impending menace of silver monometalism, and through the famous and cruel revenue legislation of the successful party. Empty stomachs and cheerless fire-sides furnish a fruitful field for the agitator and the demagogue; when millions in enforced idleness feel the pressure of want they listen eagerly to the promises of the political mountebanks and charlatans, and are recklessly ready for a change, no matter of what kind; for they argue that the future cannot be worse than the present. It is this class, combined with the fallow ones of Debs and Sovereign, chafing under its defeat at Chicago, that forms the unknown quantity in the existing political equation. On this the hopes of the pseudo-Democracy are based, as may clearly be recognized in the multitudinous speeches of Mr. Bryan. The question of protection he ignores;

silver occupies a constantly diminishing space in his rhetoric; his efforts are more and more directed to stimulating class hatred, to exciting the poor against the rich and to undermining respect for the wholesome restraints of law.—

FOR "THE FRIEND."

The Penn Parchment.

At a council held in the office of the agent of the Kiowa and Comanches the thirty-first of First Month, 1874, at which I was present, Captain Black Beaver, a Delaware Indian, in addressing the Kiowa and Comanche chiefs, said: "The Quakers are your friends; their Father made a treaty with the Indians more than two hundred years ago, in which both parties had bound themselves, and their children after them, to be friends to each other forever. His words were, 'While sun and moon shall endure, grass grow, and water run.'

"This treaty has never been broken; the Indians have never taken any Quaker's blood, and the Quakers have always been true friends to the Indians. I am not telling you this from heresy; though this treaty was made so long ago, a copy of it has been kept by my people—my own eyes have seen it and my own hands have held it. Our grandfather at Washington knew about this treaty, and for this reason has sent the Quakers among us. He knew they would do right by his red grandchildren."

Afterwards, in conversation with Captain Black Beaver, at his own home on the Washita River, where he had a large farm, I inquired particularly about the copy of the treaty Wm. Penn gave the Indians. As he had seen it, and held it in his hands, I would like to see it and hold it in my hands. In answer to my inquiry he gave me the following account. He said: "When Wm. Penn gave it to them, he told them to keep it for their children, who should live after them. They accordingly placed it in the hands of their principal chief, for its preservation. Other treaties as they were made were deposited with him, but this he kept separate and distinct from the others. When this chief died these documents were taken care of by his successor. Afterwards, when other treaties were made, as this treaty of Peace and Friendship made with Wm. Penn concerned several tribes, they, in a general council selected a person to have especial care of this first, or as they called it, 'Great Treaty.'"

On his death another was chosen, and so it continued to be preserved for many years by persons selected in a general council. Eventually, as the different tribes became scattered, the Delawares retained possession of it, and it was preserved by them as it had been before, the tribes in council making choice of a reliable person to take care of it. As time passed on and the tribe was removed westward, this copy fell into his hands, and he had it in his possession until the breaking out of the Civil War. He was then living on the north side of the Washita River, where the Wichita Agency was afterward located.

While on his visit to a sister in the Chickasaw Nation, he learned that an officer whom he had known during the Mexican War was in command of a neighboring fort (I think either Fort Arbuckle or Fort Washita), and went to make him a visit. Here he first learned of the accession of the Southern States.

As the Chickasaws and Choctaws, by whom the Fort was surrounded, were slave owners, the commander of this garrison found himself completely hemmed in by Southern sympathizers, if

not actual abettors, so that he saw no way to escape with his force from his embarrassed condition. He laid his situation before Captain Black Beaver, who knew the whole country well, calling upon him to help him out of his difficulty. The Captain at first objected on account of the exposed condition his own property, principally cattle and ponies, would be in, and the loss he might be liable to sustain if he did not remove it to a place of safety.

On being assured by the commanding officer, (whose name I do not recollect), that Government would fully reimburse any loss he might sustain while endeavoring to rescue Government troops and property from evident destruction, he finally agreed to make the effort to conduct them to a place of safety. This, from his intimate knowledge of the country and acquaintance with the wild tribes at the westward and northward, he was enabled to successfully accomplish, although it necessitated an absence of several weeks from his home.

Soon after setting out, on his return he met with his neighbors, the Wichitas, Caddoes, and a few families of Delawares fleeing from their homes in consternation.

The Chickasaws and other slave-holding Indians having invaded their country, had burned his buildings, laid waste his farm, and taken his stock. Thus rendered destitute and homeless, not daring to return, he remained with these friends on the Arkansas River, in Kansas, until the war closed, at the place where Wichita City now stands, which received its name from these Indians, being so long encamped there.

After the war was over he returned with these Indians to their old homes on the Washita River. Finding his old home entirely desolated and overgrown with brush, Capt. Black Beaver made a new farm on the south side of the river, about three-fourths of a mile from his former residence, where he was living when I knew him.

In the destruction of his old home, the Penn Parchment, so long and so carefully preserved by the Delawares, was burned. Captain Black Beaver instituted a claim on the Government to indemnify him for his loss. This was supported by the testimony of the officers of the rescued garrison, and after several years' delay, he was officially informed that Congress had appropriated twenty thousand dollars to cover his claim; but what became of it he never knew, as not one dollar of it ever came to him.

A daughter and a nephew of Captain Black Beaver attended the school at the Wichita Agency during the eight months I was engaged in it. The daughter, Lucy, afterward married a white man by the name of Osborn, who was killed in his cornfield during the battle of the Washita River in 1874. The nephew (soldier), perished in the flames when the first school-house erected at the Wichita agency was burned.

THOMAS C. BATTERY.

FOR "THE FRIEND."

Third Annual Report of the Barclay Home Association.

The Managers of the Barclay Home present to the Corporation the following report of the third year of the Institution, knowing it to be brief and incomplete, as we cannot give a detailed account of the obstacles that have been encountered, and of the help that has been received.

The family has varied much in size during the year—one Friend has been added to the list of permanent boarders, and a large number of

transients have been accommodated, some for meal only, while others have remained for months. In the summer the house was full for several weeks. At present there are six regular boarders, and two persons have engaged board or the winter.

It is with feelings of sadness that we have to record the removal by death of two members of our family, both of whom had become endeared to those having intercourse with them during our stay at the Barclay. Matilda Shourds, ofaddonfield Monthly Meeting, N. J., died after a protracted illness, on the sixteenth of Second month, 1896. Several months previous to her death, she informed a friend she felt "it was rough the hand of the Great Master that she was open to come here."

Anne B. Pitfield, formerly of Philadelphia, died third of Fourth month, 1896. This dear friend was suddenly summoned to her heavenly home, only living one week after having been stricken with paralysis, but we reverently believe she was found with her lamp trimmed and burning.

We continue to rent and occupy the commodious house, No. 326 North Walnut St., West Chester, Penna., and while it has many advantages, especially for the summer, it has some disadvantages which were explained last year as follows:

"Its wide halls, high ceilings and large rooms, overawing inviting to visitors and pleasant to the occupants, make the heating an expensive item, and in various ways it is not so well adapted to the needs of a boarding home as one planned and built for that purpose might be. Therefore we wish most earnestly to impress on the Corporation, and through it, on the rest of our friends in the Yearly Meeting, the desirability of raising a building fund sufficient to warrant the erection of a permanent home."

Donations of money, provisions, etc., have been regularly reported to the Executive Committee by the Treasurer and the Matron as received, including the amount collected for the purpose of paying the rent of a telephone for the year ending Seventh month last, 1897; sheets, jewels, etc., from the Needlework Guild; carpet, triniture, newspapers, poultry, vegetables, fresh and canned fruits have been received. The provisions have added very acceptably to the variety of the food, and all these valuable donations of articles enable us to use these of cash wherever they are most required.

In times of sickness we find our expenses much increased, and feel that so far we have applied the needs of our invalids; but that our ability to do so has been largely through the generosity of Friends interested in individual cases or in the general welfare of the Home.

We regret that it is impossible for us to express our gratitude to each person who has in any way increased the comfort of the Barclay, and we ask our annual contributors who so substantially help us, to endeavor to get others to join with them in the good work of assuring the fanagers a definite sum each year. We heartily appreciate the donations and kindly interest of those who may feel they have little to spare, and desire them to remember that the least offering may be the one needed at the time, and as acceptable in the sight of our Heavenly Father, as the greater ones.

The Treasurer's report shows the financial condition of the Home to be as follows:

Balance in the Treas'y, Twelfth Mo. last, '95, \$573.30  
 Annual Subscriptions, \$ 250.00  
 Contributions for general purposes, \$ 62.00

Receipts from boarders, etc., for 1896,	\$ 1,075.75
Entrance fee,	100.00
Interest on investments of \$1000,	100.00
Total receipts for 1896,	\$ 1,275.75
House rent, for 1896,	\$ 250.00
Room rent,	2.00
Household exps., including salaries,	1,000.00
Total outlay,	\$ 1,252.00

Balance on hand Twelfth Mo. last, 95, \$ 23.75

We have examined the account of Mary E. Eldridge, Treasurer of the Barclay Home, compared her payments with the vouchers and found them correct, there being a balance, Twelfth Month last, 1896, of three hundred and fifty-five dollars and thirty-two cents (\$355.32, in her hands, due the Barclay Home.

EDWARD H. HALL,  
 WM. SCATTERGOOD,  
 First Month 2nd, 1897.  
 On behalf of the Board of Managers,  
 DEBORAH G. BRINTON, Pres't,  
 ANNE T. ELDRIDGE, Sec'y,  
 WEST CHESTER, Pa.

THE FRIEND.

FIRST MONTH 30, 1897.

In common, we suppose, with the great bulk of the well-disposed and thoughtful people of the United States and Great Britain, we have been interested in the negotiation of a treaty between these two countries, providing for the settlement by arbitration of disputes which may arise, instead of referring them to the horrible alternative of war.

In the glow of satisfaction which arises from the successful completion of negotiations which had been in progress for nearly two years, it is wise to remember the Scripture testimony that wars and fightings arise from the lusts that war in our members, and to realize that, next to the immediate interposition of Divine mercy, the surest safeguard against the evils of war, is the maintenance of that Christ-like spirit which breathes peace on earth and good will to man. Indeed, the truest lover of his country is the man who by example and precept labors to bring all under the Government of the Prince of Peace.

Although we rejoice with a degree of trembling; yet we cannot but consider this treaty as a forward step in the intercourse of nations, and one which it may reasonably be hoped will tend to the increase of that righteousness which exalteth nations.

The negotiations for the treaty began about two years ago, but were interrupted by the death of Secretary Gresham, and remained in abeyance until in the Third Month of last year, Lord Salisbury instructed the English Ambassador to renew the subject, suggesting five heads of a proposed treaty. Secretary Olney was satisfied with some of these, but proposed substitutes to others. The negotiations were not finally completed until the eleventh of the present First Month, when Sir Julian Pauncefote received a final cablegram from England, authorizing him to sign it. About noon he called on Secretary Olney. The two plenipotentiaries presented their credentials to each other. The process of signing is thus described in the *Ledger* of Philadelphia:

Sir Julian was given an extra broad-pointed steel pen, in a plain gutta percha holder, and promptly wrote "Julian Pauncefote" on the British

copy. The Secretary of State, Mr. Olney, then signed the treaty, and the two plenipotentiaries then exchanged ratifications. The ratifications were signed by the First party on the 11th of the present month, and by the English Ambassador, for whom the English plenipotentiary acted, on the 12th.

A Smith's Bulletin article, dated the 12th of the present month, contains the following account of the ratification of the treaty: "The ratification of the treaty was signed by the Secretary of State, Mr. Olney, on the 11th of the present month, while Sir Julian Pauncefote, the British plenipotentiary, signed the treaty on the 12th of the present month. The ratifications having been signed by the Secretary and Sir Julian Pauncefote, respectively, on the 11th and 12th of the present month, the ratifications were transmitted to the Embassy, taken in charge by the British plenipotentiary. The American plenipotentiary then sent over to the Executive Mansion the ratification to the President, who, at the latter part of the Twelfth month, with a message asking for its ratification. The British copy, which was signed by Sir Julian Pauncefote and subsequently by Secretary Olney, and the United States copy, signed by Secretary Olney and then by Sir Julian Pauncefote, are known as the original copies of the Government, permanent ratifications. After the Senate shall have given its assent, ratifications to the ratification of the treaty, it will be necessary to make an exact copy of our treaty as signed and append thereto the President's ratification. This is known as the exchange copy, and was delivered to the British Government for its ratification received from it. The British ratification was signed by Sir Julian Pauncefote on the 12th of the present month.

After this has been done the ratification of the President will be written in the original copy of the treaty which was before the Senate, and the treaty becomes effective.

There have been intimations in the public papers that some opposition will be made in the Senate to the ratification of the treaty, partly owing to the unpopularity of Secretary Olney. It would be a sad instance of littleness of mind and lack of statesmanship for any man to oppose a beneficent treaty on such unworthy grounds. In reference to this, the *N. Y. Herald* says:

"The petty spirit of opposition to the ratification of a treaty which seems to be dominating in the Senate is well calculated to try the patriotism of the country—and all the more so since the spirit is evidently prompted by jealousy, personalship and personal considerations, none of which should have any force or influence in the matter."

This treaty, the most important of the century, embodies the understanding of the American and English people in favor of peace and amity. It is a step forward in the progress of civilization which has been halted with a calamitous halt in the United States. It is a guarantee of peace directly to the two great Anglo-Saxon nations and indirectly to all the Powers of the world.

The Senate of the United States cannot be either to defeat or delay the ratification of this grand International and peace treaty. The Senate and the people have no right to be divided. The Senate and the people must give it their united and substantial sanction. The power of the people and the true interests of the country demand the early ratification of the treaty.

The treaty was transmitted to the Senate accompanied with the following message:

To the Senate.—I have the honor to acknowledge the ratification of the treaty of commerce, navigation and consular rights between the United States and Great Britain.

The provisions of the treaty are of a peaceful and patriotic character, and it is respectfully requested that you will give your ratification to the treaty as soon as possible.

Though it is not a treaty of commerce, navigation and consular rights, it is a treaty of peace and friendship, and it is respectfully requested that you will give your ratification to the treaty as soon as possible. It is a treaty of peace and friendship, and it is respectfully requested that you will give your ratification to the treaty as soon as possible. It is a treaty of peace and friendship, and it is respectfully requested that you will give your ratification to the treaty as soon as possible.

reach a peaceful adjustment as a matter of course and in ordinary circumstances.

In the initiation of such an important movement it must be expected that some of its features will assume a tentative character looking to a further advance, and yet it is apparent that the treaty which has been formulated not only makes war between the parties to it a remote possibility, but precludes those fears and rumors of war which of themselves too often assume the proportions of a national disaster.

It is eminently fitting, as well as fortunate, that the attempt to accomplish results so beneficial should be initiated by kindred peoples, speaking the same tongue and joined together by all the ties of common traditions, common institutions and common aspirations. The experiment of substituting civilized methods for brute force as the means of settling international questions of right will thus be tried under the happiest auspices. Its success ought not to be doubtful, and the fact that its ultimate ensuing benefits are not likely to be limited to the two countries immediately concerned should cause it to be promoted all the more eagerly. The example set and the lesson furnished by the successful operation of this treaty are sure to be felt and taken to heart sooner or later by other nations, and will thus mark the beginning of a new epoch in human history.

Profoundly impressed as I am, therefore, by the promise of transcendent good which this treaty affords, I do not hesitate to accompany its transmission with an expression of my earnest hope that it may commend itself to the favorable consideration of the Senate.

GROVER CLEVELAND.

Executive Mansion, Jan. 11, 1897.

#### SUMMARY OF EVENTS.

UNITED STATES.—The Attorney General of the United States has completed negotiations, by the direction of and with the approval of the President, which will result in immediate steps for the foreclosure of the Government lien on the Union Pacific Railway. The Reorganization Commission has guaranteed that the United States shall receive from the sale of the Union Pacific stock a fund not less than \$17,754,000 in cash. This is equivalent to the principal of the subsidy bond, with interest. The sum of \$4,500,000 each was on the 21st instant deposited with a New York trust company as security for the performance of the agreement. The legal documents were signed at St. Louis, Mo., by the President and the Governor of St. Louis, who has jurisdiction in the case.

The taxable wealth of the colored population of the United States is over \$200,000,000.

The following Republican U. S. Senators were elected last week: Jacob H. Gallinger, New Hampshire; Thomas C. Platt, N. York; James Penrose, Pa.; George H. Plant, N. Carolina; Wm. H. C. Rife, N. Carolina; Charles W. Fairbanks, Indiana; William E. Mason, Illinois; H. C. Hensburgh, N. Dakota; and Henry M. Teller, Colorado. Pritchard, Hansbrough and Teller are Silver R. politicians. The Democrats elected were George G. Vest, Missouri; James K. Jones, Arkansas; John A. Kendrick, Delaware. The result of the election will be noted.

The Anglo-Venezuelan Arbitration treaty has been practically concluded, and awaits the signatures of the British Ambassador and the Venezuelan Minister at Washington, as is the ratification of the U. S. Senate.

North Carolina is a State into which there has, perhaps, been less foreign immigration than in any other. According to the census of 1890, she had 1,600,000 inhabitants who were born in this country, and but 2,700 who came into the world outside its limits.

A good wave of moral severity has swept over our country this week. In Missouri a railroad pool overruled, people here less foreign than in any other State suffer, and the natural gas supply has failed in some places. The people of Fremont, Ohio, were obliged to go to bed to keep warm, and in many places much suffering has resulted for want of fuel, food and clothing.

Statistics of life insurance show that in the last twelve years the average woman's life has increased from about 12 years to nearly 46, or more than 3 per cent. In the same period man's life average has increased from nearly 32 years to about 41, or 5 per cent.

According to the Kansas City Star, in the Colorado Desert, they have been raising worms which not only do not die from the cold, but the rate of increase has been falling from the clouds high above the desert.

but when the water reaches the strata of hot, dry air beneath the clouds it is entirely absorbed before falling half the distance to the ground. It is a singular sight to witness a heavy downpour of rain, not a drop of which touches the ground. These strange rain-storms occur in regions where the shallow temperature often rises to about 128 degrees, and is never above 70.

What promises to be the greatest commercial discovery of the decade has just been made at Muncie, Ind., according to newspaper reports. Two men named Whiteley, who have been working on a method of cast steel for two years past, now announce that they have met with complete success. The steel is made by a secret process in which a number of metals are fused together. The Whitesleys already have orders for over 100,000 sets of bicycle fittings of the new metal.

The Callowhill Street cars, the last drawn by horses in this city, have stopped running.

In 1896, the city and week numbered 448, which is 62 less than the previous year, and 76 less than the corresponding week of 1896. Of the foregoing, 235 were males and 213 females; 85 died of pneumonia; 42 of consumption; 35 of heart disease; 32 of diphtheria; 19 of old age; 16 of apoplexy; 15 of inflammation of the brain; 14 of nephritis; 13 of cancer; 12 of meningitis; 11 of bronchitis; 11 of marasmus; and 11 from cerebral disease.

Markets, etc.—U. S. 2's, 95 1/2; 4's, 113 1/2; 112's; new 8's, reg. 124 1/2; coupon, 124 1/2; 112's; 5's, reg. 113 1/2; coupon, 114 1/2; currency 6's, 102 1/2.

COTTON was steady, with small sales to spinners, on a total of 607,000 lbs. per lot, for midline upland.

WHEAT—Not bran ranged from \$11.00 to \$12.00 per ton for winter in bulk and spring in sacks.

FLOUR.—Winter super, \$2.75 a \$3.00; do., extras, \$3.10 a \$3.40; Pennsylvania roller, clear, \$4.25 a \$4.40; do., do., straight, \$4.45 a \$4.60; Western winter, clear, \$4.25 a \$4.40; do., do., straight, \$4.45 a \$4.65; do., do., straight, \$4.15 a \$4.40; do., patent, \$4.45 a \$4.65; do., favorite brands, higher. City mills, clear, \$3.25 a \$3.50; do., clear, \$4.25 a \$4.50; do., straight, \$4.50 a \$4.70; do., patent, \$4.75 a \$5.00. RYE FLOUR.—\$2.75 per bush for choice Pennsylvania. BUCKWHEAT FLOUR.—\$1.25 a \$1.30 per 100 pounds, as to quality.

GRAIN.—No. 2 mixed corn, 29 1/2 a 29 1/2.

No. 2 white oats, 23 a 23 1/2.

BEEF CATTLE.—Extra, 43 a 50; good, 41 a 45 1/2; medium, 41 a 42; common, 4 a 4 1/2.

SHEEP AND LAMBS.—Extra, 41 a 42; good, 37 a 40; medium, 35 a 38; common, 27 a 32; lambs, 4 a 5 1/2; Hogs.—Best Western, 51 a 52 1/2; com., 5 a 5 1/2; State, 4 a 5.

FOREIGN.—Lord Salisbury has consented that the Venezuelan Government shall nominate one of the members of the Board of Arbitration. This removes the last obstacle to the signing of the treaty.

It is with much interest and surprise that the ratification of the arbitration treaty would be the means of saving Great Britain a large sum of money, which that Government is now obliged to expend for the extension and maintenance of fortifications and naval fleets in American waters. At Halifax and other points on the North Atlantic, the Bermudas and other localities in the Caribbean Sea, and points on the Pacific Ocean in the vicinity of Vancouver, the British Government expends annually large sums in the maintenance of fortifications and in keeping war vessels in commission. It is estimated that ratification of the treaty would result in a saving of at least \$3,000,000 annually to Great Britain in the direction stated. It would also materially lessen the supposed necessity on the part of the United States for pushing large expenditures for the erection of works of defense on our coast. These are among the minor benefits that would result from the ratification of the pending treaty of arbitration.

There are to be ten Scottish-fakes, five marquis, twenty earls and five lords-in-all, who have a direct financial interest in the continuation of the drink traffic. In England and Wales the names of no fewer than 172 members of the Upper House appear as owners of one or more licensed places.

Spain has a population of 17,500,000, of which number 11,000,000 cannot read or write.

The Madrid Chamber of Commerce and other bodies have cabled to Captain General Weyler protesting against his order for the destruction within a drop of days of all the plantations and the buildings in the Province of Havana that would be likely to prove an obstacle to the rebels.

Ulysses' Isle of the Cyclops, lying close to the Sicilian coast near Acasteosto, has been presented to the University of Catania by the Marchese Gravina, its owner. The island is a basalt rock rising 300 feet above the sea, and will be used as a biological station, the university establishing extensive laboratories upon it.

Severe shocks of earthquake have been experienced in the province of Delvino Epirus, Greece. A number of villages have been destroyed, and it is feared that many of the inhabitants of the province have been killed or injured.

By an earthquake on the Island of Kishim, in the Persian Gulf, on the 15th inst., thousands of houses were destroyed and 2500 persons killed; 1400 bodies have been recovered. Kishim Island is about fifty miles from the entrance to the Persian Gulf. It is seventy miles long, and its average breadth is twelve miles. The population is estimated at 5000, most of them being Arabs. The island belongs to the Imam of Muscat.

Advices received San Francisco by the steamer *Gaelic* on the 23rd inst., of a terrible panic in a temple at Kwong Tow, China, in which 300 men, women and children perished.

Li Hong Chang's visit to the United States and the fact that he is free to return to his native country which the Washington *Star* tells is true. The Chinese Government, it seems, is going to Anglicize, gradually, the Chinese people, as far as their language is concerned. The Peking Government has recently issued instructions to the various Viceroy and Government of provinces "for the Empire to establish schools for the study of the English language in all the principal cities of the country. According to the wording of one clause in the general instructions the reason for this is that China, in order to keep herself on terms of equality and in touch with the great powers of Europe, "must educate the masses and encourage inventive genius and foreign learning among her people, to take the best care of their soil and home and that devoted patriotism so conspicuously ingrained in the hearts of those who have studied such languages and sciences."

The Bishop of Bombay, speaking of the bubonic plague, says: "At first the plague was confined to one ward of the city, but it has spread from place to place, and has now become free to all the city. So far, all classes, including Europeans, have suffered from it. The published reports greatly underestimate the number of deaths, which is probably not less than 200 to 300 a day. The native Christians have been marvellously protected. Not one, so far as I know, has suffered from the plague. A day has been appointed for special prayer to be observed by all the Church of England congregations, and has invited all other Christians to join with them. This has been done none too soon. Hindus, Mohammedan and Parsees have in their own ways shown that they recognize the hand of God in the infliction, and know that deliverance must come from a higher than human power."

The official returns of the output of the gold mine of British Guiana for the year 1896 show that it was in excess of \$2,500,000.

FRIEND'S SELECT SCHOOL.—The second term of Friends' Select School will begin on Third day, Second Month 2nd, 1897. J. HENRY BARTLETT, *Sup't.*

WESTWON BOARDING SCHOOL.—For convenience of persons coming to Westwton school, the stage will meet trains leaving Philadelphia 7.17 and 8.45 A. M. and 2.53 and 4.32 P. M. Other trains are met when requested. Stage fare on regular trips, fifteen cents on special trips, twenty-five cents each way. To read the school by telegraph, wire West Chester Phone 83.

EDWARD G. SMEDLEY, *Sup't.*

DIED, on the fourth of Ninth Month, 1896, ISAAC WOODBURY in the sixtieth year of his age; a member of Hibernia Grace Monthly and Particular Meeting. Having lived a quiet, inoffensive life, he seemed to be clothed with resignation and peace.

—on the seventh of Ninth Month, 1896, ELIZABETH KERRY, in the eighty-eighth year of her age; sister of the above, Isaac Worrall, and also a member of the same meeting.

# THE FRIEND.

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PHILADELPHIA.

Articles designed for insertion to be addressed to

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Diary and Letters of Deborah Brooks Webb.

(Continued from page 28.)

1870.—Third Month 1st.—I love to waken with a passage of Scripture in my mind and almost in my mouth. "God is not in all his thoughts," seemed to arouse me a few mornings ago, and naturally the query arose, "Am I lapsed with the wicked, of whom it is said, God is not in all his thoughts," and it caused me desire to arise to be more conformed to the command, "Whether therefore ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God." This is my desire. Next, He gave me on First-day morning (proving), what is that good and acceptable and perfect will of God, "Wait before Him, O, my soul, that thou mayest prove it will concerning thee."

To a friend who had met with a serious accident, she wrote Third Month 6th, 1870: "We read of the sad accident, and of thy subsequent offering, but my heart does not feel satisfied. I want to hear of thy getting well and about gain, and being such a comfort to W.—I feel much sympathy for you both; but you know here to retire to fulfil the Almighty Arm of power to lean upon. 'I worship thee, sweet will of God,' is a state of resignation attainable even by poor, frail, mortal man. May his blessed grace be in your hearts. I have thought so much of this heavenly peace of late. He says, 'My peace I give unto you.' It is not ours, 'peace obtained from nature, nothing outward, but 'My peace,' a pure heavenly stream, an unerring; all the waves and the billows, all the pains, trials, sufferings and sorrows, may rest upon the surface, and we through his mercy be hidden as in the hollow of his holy hand. My soul has desired this again and again for thee, my precious friend, particularly through this season of suffering. Farewell, dear, in Him who can comfort and support thee."

20th.—First day. "As I live, saith the Lord, my knee shall bow, and every tongue confess to thee," etc. A day of searching from the Lord, and our meetings not very lively. Oh, that we were more of a cross-bearing people, and then we would feel more of the heavenly power in our midst.

One week ago, Richard Esterbrook, in the morning meeting, was very lively in supplica-

tion and testimony. His prayer for Divine strength and guidance is just what we need now in these perplexing times, when new ways and paths seem opening before many, and others are perhaps opposing them with too much of the creaturely activity. Thy pure Truth, O Lord, we humbly implore. We love the old ways, but want thy Truth to lead us.

27th.—First-day. Silent meeting to-day. Last Third-day evening, the twenty-second, our beloved friend E. A. held an appointed meeting for the young Friends of this city, and was remarkably helped to declare the Truth, standing fifty minutes. To-morrow evening she is to hold another for Friends generally. Oh, that I-rud's Shepherd may be near us. After this meeting she, D. B., records:

Thanks be unto thy holy Name, O Lord, that thou didst help thy handmaidens.

Fourth Month 10th.—Sick at home. True it is that man proposes but God disposes. Having had a heavy cold, it has confined me at home two First days. Last Fourth-day, some hemorrhages from the lungs caused anxiety, but as they do not seem really diseased, I hope, by being more careful, and doing less, to avoid consumption. But the will of my Heavenly Father be done in all things. I am trying to be like Catherine Evans and Sarah Cleevers, as recorded in Sewall's History—have no will, but be like a little babe in Christ.

17th.—Our Yearly Meeting time. Some strangers here that we feel unity with, and with some we have to wait in patience. My heart was ready to exclaim, O, that those coming from a distance would only sit in silence with us until they feel the states, and then minister, under the weight and solemnity of the occasion, with the true-reaching unction, and not come as with the rattle of words, and leave no room for our own ministrations to say anything.

Oh, Lord, thou knowest all hearts, instruct them more perfectly, I beseech Thee, rebuke all forward spirits and give unto us a good, solemn Yearly Meeting, that we may bless thy Holy Name.

19th.—My birth-day. Oh, that I might be more and more filled with Heavenly wisdom and the Holy Spirit; filled with humility; filled with holy watchfulness. Desiring this only will not bring it—I must stand and watch and pray.

Fifth Month 8th.—Yearly Meeting all over, and Friends gone home. We had an exercising time, because of some who had zeal beyond their growth, but Truth came over all, and I hope no tender plant is hurt in the pure life. Oh, that all within our borders would unite in carrying back the ark of God, the ark of our testimonies into its former place, and see if He then will not bless us. To-day our city was visited with a severe hail-storm from the west and northwest. Many have had ten, twenty, or forty squares of glass broken. We had over twenty, and my school room facing the west had eleven. How the warring of the elements laughed at the puny powers of man, and many were left at the mercy of the floods of water pouring in,

Cape May, Eighth Month 1st.—Our friend Anna Cook has a house here, and having extended an invitation to me to visit her for a short time, I have accepted it and am enjoying my quiet room to-day, being slightly indisposed. I hope this season will be a time of renewing of strength for what is before me. The impression given before Yearly Meeting that it was time for me to prove what is his good and perfect will concerning me, as resulted in the belief that it was his will I should order a visit to Exeter and Muncy Monthly Meetings, and the families composing them, in the pure love of souls with the desire to gather them nearer to Christ. Our last Monthly Meeting granted me a minute for that purpose, and my dear friends Edward and Sarah A. Kiehn offered to accompany me. Oh, my dear Heavenly Father, be pleased to guide me and supply me, all this journey through, for do I not desire to serve thee and to glorify thy holy Name, with thy dear Son, my Saviour and Redeemer. Support my dear companions and give them to feel that thy mercy is great toward them.

After enumerating the families visited at Greenwood Meeting, she says: "The country around is quite mountainous, and the scenery beautiful. I enjoyed it some, but my heart was so much exercised before the Master, desiring that He would condescend to help, that a moment's enjoyment was all that I could allow for the enjoyment of such scenes."

Seventh Month 27th.—How we were liberated by Exeter Monthly Meeting to visit the families composing it, and were kindly waited upon by Thomas E. Lee. She writes:

"While riding to Olney he showed us several large and fine farms which were formerly owned by Friends. They became unsettled and moved westward, but it was remarkable that these families did not prosper afterwards. How much it behooves us to endeavor to keep in a contented spirit and never move, without the pure constraining of his Holy Spirit. After visiting the few families at Maiden Creek, we took the cars for Muncy. Jesse Haines met us, and we went with him to his home, feeling weary. Visited several families the next day, and took tea at Sarah and Rebecca Haines, where were many Friends, but the Master helped me through, and I blessed his Name. Jesse Haines and family kindly entertained us until First-day, when we went to Henry Enoyd's, who, with his wife, were very attentive. The next day visited several families," and the following in writing she says: "Henry Enoyd took us to Muncy Station again, and we rode in the cars to Canton, away up among the mountains. Procured an open carriage, and rode from about eleven to near three o'clock, over rough mountain roads, and at last reached Reuben Battin's home. They were very kind, refreshing us with a good dinner and a good bed. Sat with them in the evening. In the morning rode with them to their meeting—roads very rough, but the scenery so beautiful over mountain tops where we could look off upon others covered with timber, and at

times the mountain mists creeping upward and forming clouds. The deepening service engrossed my mind much, but my eye caught the beauties formed by our Father's hand.

"An honest hearted company of Friends met us, some who seemed as the salt of the earth. Much shut out from the follies of the vain world, they retain the simplicity of their forefathers. Ellen McCarty was the mother of many of the present company. She was a lively minister, and often walked great distances to meeting, carrying her babe, or riding in an ox-cart. One Friend told me that some of the most lively sermons he ever heard were from Ellen McCarty, standing in bare feet.

"The soil in these parts does not yield very plentifully, and they struggle along under difficulties. Joseph McCarty took us home with him to dine, went in the afternoon to his brother Silas, and spent the night at another brother's. In the evening a company of young people were present at the sitting. One young man in the neighborhood had been struck by lightning not long before, and killed, which caused much solemnity. In the morning Jesse McCarty was visited, with his family. Some were present who had separated from Friends. This dividing spirit seemed not to be of the Lord.

"We next had a long mountain ride and dined with some young people, for whom we felt a concern. Rode afterwards to Sarah Schill's, a daughter of Ellen McCarty. Here was close exercise of spirit for me, for I felt that her Master was requiring her to speak in the assemblies of the people, and she was unwilling and doubtful. It seemed to me her salvation depended upon her faithfulness and obedience in this matter, and I had to tell her so. I felt very solemn and under the weight of it afterward, until I heard that she had been accustomed to say a few words in meeting some time previously, but now she never appeared in that way. I felt then that the Lord had cared for me indeed, that He alone had led me, and praised filled my soul for this seal to my visit." One more family, and the work was done.

(To be continued.)

#### FOR "THE FRIEND."

"Light is sown for the righteous and gladness for the upright in heart."

Having arrived at a time in life when, as a pilgrim seeking a better country, it may be that some of the many Friends with whom I have accompanied and who may be my survivors, would like to know what is the prospect ahead; in tenderness of spirit I have this testimony—that through great mercy and by the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, I have not followed cunningly devised fables, but have found religion to be a substantial reality, and now, as the setting sun gilds the clouds which gather above the horizon, causing light at evening time, so "faith looks to her home on high."

"Hope casts around a cheerful eye,  
Love puts all the terrors by,  
With gladdening power."

Having this experience, it is a comfort to be able to say in sacred Scripture language—"Though I walk through the valley and shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou (O Lord), art with me, thy rod and thy staff they comfort me," for beyond my deservings—"The Lord will give grace and glory, and no good thing doth He withhold from those who walk uprightly."

PHILIP R. GIFFORD.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., First Month 12th, 1897.

### The New York Cathedral.

The following letter appeared in the New York Tribune.

"Referring to your editorial of December 17th, encouraging the project for the erection of an Episcopal Cathedral, will you permit me a question or two? I trust to your hospitality to all honest opinion.

"First.—Were the author of Christianity to visit New York to-day, and find the sum at his disposal which this cathedral will cost, would He use it for that purpose, or for building decent and habitable houses for the poor, and which would redound most to the 'glory to God,' the promotion of true Christianity and the uplifting of men, which the Church professes as its great purposes?

"Second.—Could not in reality all the work you speak of for 'the moral betterment of New York' be just as efficiently conducted—nay, more so—from a simple and commodious headquarters nearer the centre of the field of effort? Will the cathedral, as such, really advance it any, and are not those who think that it will, perhaps unconsciously, influenced by a desire to glorify and perpetuate ecclesiasticism, lay the corner-stone for a great hierarchical establishment out of harmony with our institutions, and build up and intrench denominational superiority? The English periodicals have long been discussing how their cathedrals can be made of any real use to the people. This is not the age of cathedral building, and ought not to be. If the many millions required for this New York Cathedral can be raised, would it not be better applied in the solution of problems of want and crime that are pressing upon us? Beautiful and inspiring as are these great structures, it will hardly be claimed that the average religious advancement and condition of morals are higher, say in Spain or Italy, where the peoples almost live in cathedrals, than here. If they really are an influence for moral and religious improvement, it ought to have been shown in those countries.

"Third.—You say, as an inducement to all denominations to contribute, that it is to be 'the religious home of all who profess and call themselves Christians,' prefacing this, however, with the qualification, 'so far as the canons of the Episcopal Church will permit.' What does that mean? All of those outside, thus called on to contribute, ought to be told plainly.

Does it not mean simply that they will have the privilege of attending worship after the Episcopal form there, and that no clergyman not Episcopally ordained, that is to say, not ordained at all 'according to the canons of the Episcopal Church,' can ever take part in any service there except as a layman?

If it meant that henceforth the Episcopal Church would truly represent Protestantism, sloughing off the imitation Romanism that has so long put it in a false position and carried so many converts to Rome; if it meant that, its own orders having been decided invalid by what the world at large recognizes as the highest ecclesiastical authority, and its own greatest scholars having declared Apostolic Succession a historical myth, it would realize the infinite littleness and unimportance of the question, and, admitting other clergymen as equals, join with the other sects as they now join with each other in Christian work and activity, its leadership would be recognized and the cathedral built with enthusiasm, strong as are the objections to it.

"Does the more exalted piety and consecra-

tion of the Episcopal Church, its disregard of wealth, fashion and worldliness, and its exceptionally conspicuous success above all churches indicate as ought to be the case were it true that its ministrations alone are 'valid' and accepted of God?

"Will its present attitude of aloofness, refusing recognition to other clergy and organizing always special instrumentalities for its own activities, tend to give it the leadership in Protestantism it claims, which it might, with a wise and statesmanlike policy, attain? I think not Rome has declared the Protestant Episcopal Church outcast. Why will the Church not put herself as she may, at the head of the Christian forces outside of Rome?—*The Episcopal Recorder.*

#### FOR "THE FRIEND."

What is the Cause, and What shall be the Remedy

Are queries occupying the minds of many Friend in different places at the present time. What is the cause of departures from the true life and the declension from that spiritual discernment so powerfully manifest in the lives, conduct and conversation of many of the members of the Society of Friends in former years. Although these discouraging features are not pleasant to dwell upon, neither is it good to criticize when Truth does not call for it, for this would be poor food indeed to feed upon, but that such is too true we cannot deny, and we trust there are many concerned Friends who have ever felt it their duty earnestly to contend for the faith once delivered to the saints, who cannot close their eyes to these facts while they endeavor to observe the first and second Commandments, which are, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, etc., and thy neighbor as thyself.

But what is the cause? Why do we not all speak the same language, walk by the same rule, and mind the same thing? Why do we not people speak a language as it were half Jew and half Ashdod? Then the query arises, What shall the remedy be? Dear Friends everywhere, is not the time now at hand which calls loudly for a more full, impartial investigation of these things, each one for one. For if we as a people are again to shine forth in our ancient strength and beauty (of which there are encouraging symptoms of late in some places), shall it not be by individual faithfulness, until we see eye to eye when the Lord shall bring again Zion, for He is the alone healer of breaches and the restore of paths to dwell in. *Then what is the real cause?* Why has the good become dim and the most fine gold changed? Have we been more diligent in cultivating our intellectual abilities and relied on this instead of cultivating the good seed in our hearts? Have we consulted our own wisdom and warmed ourselves in some measure with sparks of our own kindling, until our visions have become clouded and our sight dim until we overlook the light which shines in our hearts, and until it is hard to distinguish the voice of the true Shepherd from that of the stranger? Or has Ephraim as it were, mixed himself with the people, and strangers devour his strength and he knoweth it not? Have we hewn to ourselves cisterns, broken cisterns, that can hold no water, and forsaken the true fountain? Or have we compromised our precious principles in a measure for the sake of meeting the world half way, supposing by this to gather them, but have we gathered them, and have they not rather scattered us? Now whether these or any of them is the cause or whether

they are not, is left for the serious consideration of every honest-hearted Friend.

However, we must acknowledge that "blindness in part hath happened to Israel," and what concerns us now principally is, "What shall the remedy be?" As there is no new way to the kingdom (for the Truth changes not), then it must be by an abiding in Christ, who said, "I am the way, the truth and the life, no man cometh to the Father but by me," etc.

Therefore, will not the true remedy be simply or all to return to first principles, and as Israel did of old, to build again the things which were destroyed, even to submit ourselves to the transmuting power of Divine grace, being crucified with Christ and raised again to serve Him in newness of life; and all who are thus willing to Him to rule and reign in their hearts, can truly call Him Lord, and that by the Holy Ghost, and thus being armed with his armor, wear the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God, and being tried and proven, will be mighty through Him to the pulling down of strongholds, etc., and virtually say by their lives and conversations, "Come, follow us, as we have followed Christ," evincing to all sincere inquirers after the Truth that there is a reality in the religion we profess, because it is Christianity revived in its ancient purity, and because it changes the heart from a state of nature to a state of grace, causing its followers to love the things they once hated and hate the things they once loved; being thus renewed in the spirit of their minds, they put off the old man with his deeds, which is corrupt, and put on the new man, even Christ Jesus, whom to now is life eternal; for if the cause was in departing from the true Guide, or from not faithfully following Him, then a returning to Him with the whole heart and an abiding in Him must be the remedy for us as a people to regain that spiritual discernment so desirable and helpful for the unity and welfare of the body. Then no wise should we lower the standard or compromise our principles, which are still near and dear to many. Neither will our strength be in giving encouragement to innovations or countenancing departures to strengthen that dirt which seems to be seeking more ease and liberties in some places, for it is plainly evident that this is not a remedy for the unsettlement now existing among us, but our strength lies rather in faithfulness and in obedience to the race already received, and there is no cause or any to give way to discouragement, for help is laid upon one that is mighty.

Now would it not be well for both the older and younger to leave those things which are behind, as Paul said, "I count not myself to have apprehended, but leaving those things which are behind, I press toward the mark," etc. Again he says, "I will not glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by which I am crucified to the world, and the world unto me," and is there not cause for believing that brighter days are in store for us in the near future if faithfulness is abode in? Man, with all his intellectual nature and abilities, can never make any improvements over the pure, unchangeable Truth; either is it hard to be understood. "Fear God and keep his commandments"—this is the whole duty of man.

J. P. S.

COAL CREEK, IOWA, First Month 8th, 1897.

MIND YOUR STOPS.—Not understanding the use and importance of punctuation marks, the people of Uganda make some curious mistakes

and consequently receive wrong impressions. A native came one day to one of the missionaries when he was in the country, and read the following passage: "As they were sitting and eating a woman (one) came who had an alabaster box," etc., and asked, "Why were they eating a woman?"—*The Spirit of Missions.*

### A Letter From E. S. Kite.

Roselawneg, Twelfth Mo. 25th, 1897.

A German Christmas, especially in a minister's family, is really something beautiful to experience. It is essentially different from our way of celebrating it in America, and consists of the family alone. I think perhaps they would enjoy hearing just how the Germans celebrate the day, or series of days as it is with them. In the first place the different members of the family write out a list of the things they want—that is real needs, or something they especially wish, then there are great secrets, and the afternoon before all things are brought together. Dresses, shoes, aprons, or whatnot, everything is brought together, and for every member of the family a plate is set with cakes, and apples, and nuts, and their presents by the side. There is always a tree, even when only two old people live together, and at the appointed time the candles are lit and the children and work-people who are waiting, come in. At first there is a pause, and then all join in singing a hymn, after which is generally read an appropriate portion of Scripture, and perhaps another hymn sung. Then each one is at liberty to seek his own table and enjoy the surprises waiting him. The servants of course have their tables, too, and are often quite as much favored as any one. Last evening we had the "Bescherung," as they call it, at six, and all the family from the first floor, together with the servants, came up, and of course the children were the principal part of it, our children I mean. I had helped Fräulein Feistmann arrange the tables in the big room, and when all was ready the bell was rung and the people (in all about twelve) came in procession in the room, singing. After supper we all went down stairs, where it was even more beautifully arranged. They have so many people to help, as their place is quite large, that the number gathered was a good deal larger. We collected in the Director's study, and when the doors opened into the beautifully decorated room, we entered in procession, singing as before and after which, and reading from the Bible and more singing, we could look around. Every one had a plate of good things, and as they knew my love of fruit, my plate had less sweetmeats, [but in place of them] apples and oranges. I had been made to write out my wishes with the red, and as my chief desire was "books, no matter whether old or not," I had a good share, all proving very acceptable, and ones that I wanted.

I know that thee, as being a good Friend, does not approve of Christmas celebration, but I think thee would feel quite comfortable even at such a gathering, for it is more a family gathering and a giving of pleasure to those about one and of the things they need.

One would be interested to see in what order the garden is kept here. For instance, all the grape vines are taken down, trimmed and laid along the ground, covered with straw and bound. The roses in like manner laid prostrate and covered with pine branches, and the vines on the house that cannot be removed are completely protected by pine branches, that look very pretty in winter, as they lie flat against the house,

worked into the trellis that supports the vine. On the flower beds are piled up the fallen leaves, and over this pine boughs; and the fruit trees are all scraped and white washed, and the paths put in perfect order as well as all shrubbery trimmed. In the spring the work of putting the garden to rights must be comparatively small.

The Director's family are most excellent people, and kind as they can be. It is very pleasant living in the same house with another family. Fräulein F. has lived on the second floor or eighteen years, and is almost like a member of the family, and they take her boarders in the same way. Of course she only has the few and they are not of the miscellaneous sort. We are very often invited down, as I have told thee. Fräulein Oltmanns has gone home for vacation, she is also a most admirable person, and improves daily on acquaintance; I could not have dropped into better surroundings.

As I write I hear Albanæ laughing in Louisiana room. Among other things they have a game of German authors, with a picture of each one and their chief works, and they prefer playing with that to anything else, which is very satisfactory to me, as they learn a good deal at the same time.

Of all the things that I received, the one that most overcame me was a pot of blooming lilies of the valley with a gorgeous red tulip in the centre, from a dear invalid woman, sister of the school Director, who lives here in the summer on account of the quiet and fresh air. She is quite a noted woman, having translated over a hundred books from English into German, and she had among others a book relating to the "Quakers" in England. She had become in this way deeply interested in the sect, and though she seldom receives visitors, had quite often expressed a wish to see me, and I made her several times a thy visit. Whittier is a great favorite of her's and she had a great many questions to ask about the customs, etc., of the Society. On all such points, as well as the history and development of the Society, I am pretty well able to answer, thanks to the thorough training I received in this respect as a child. The first-day afternoon readings from "Friend's Library," that extended through my childhood, have not been lost upon me, and I am very glad to be able to answer such questions as are put to me, and should indeed be very much ashamed if I could not. In this book the person of whom I speak had taken great pains to translate the peculiar expressions of the "Friends" into equivalent German, as for instance, "ministering Friends or Friends travelling in the ministry," and so on. In order to do this she had put herself into connection with a small body of members of the Society, who live in the neighborhood of Pymont, the pretty little watering place I resided in the spring, on the trip to Leutenbergsward. I have been very sorry since that I did not know of this remnant of the Society at the time. I should have been strongly tempted to have staid a day longer and gone over into Frieden- (that the name means "peace valley"), where there is still a small meeting—it would have been very interesting I think. I was going to say that through this community she learned the correct terms for all these peculiar expressions of the Friends.

I think I told thee that one day while keeping house here alone, I invited the Director's family to an American tea, and the invalid among the number, and because she could not

accept, I sent her supper to her, and this seems to be the reason of the pot of flowers to-day. I feel quite ashamed because I have not called upon her since we went back to her house in town, but that has only been because I have been afraid I would trouble her. I wish now I had gone anyway. I could at least have shown my good intentions, and gone away if she were unable to see me.

The Director's family all come up to tea to-night and I must now go and make myself ready to receive them.

FOR "THE FRIEND."

### Friends' Testimony to Plainness, Simplicity, and Truth Speaking.

There has been a feeling with me for some time past to write something as to the foundation of the holding of some, at least, of those who bear the name of Friend, in the particulars above mentioned. Not with any intention to vindicate the position taken, which to these is one of necessity, but rather as opening up somewhat of the secret work of the Spirit of God in these matters, as to the way He leads, teaches and instructs as well as guides into all truth by the exercise of obedience to his own behests.

It remains still a truth that that believeth shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God or of man. The fruit and effect being righteousness, the assurance, peace and quietness of spirit, which nothing in the world can take away, so long as there is a keeping to Him who keeps in safety from the fear of evil.

This is not the effect of imagination, any more than it is of reason, but is born of the faith that bloweth where it listeth, by which the new birth is begotten, and from which the man child from God doth spring. Abraham believed God and it was accounted unto him for righteousness. He did not see the end from the beginning, or the why and the therefore, he was called to offer up his son, but he believed God, and the end justified the means, for God permitted no violence to be done.

It is that which underlies the act that exemplifies the great lesson taught—that Abraham believed God. It is this bowing implicitly to God in the little as well as in the larger concerns of life in which is the secret of all true blessing. We may not know why, but there is the sense, the Almighty calls for a sacrifice at our hands, and we bow obediently thereto and have peace. This will be called blind obedience, but it is not to man, or any gathering or association of men, but to the Infinite, all-loving and gracious God.

Here is the safety to the child of God, in his following the intuition of the Spirit of God in and upon his own spirit, subduing and controlling its own motions, and making submissive in thought, word and action to the mind of the Master.

This is no creed or device of man, but a loving surrender of will and desire to Him, whose will is the delight of this new-born nature in man. Insincerity and flattery in language is untruthfulness to the mind that sees with the eye single to the glory of God. And simplicity in dress is a necessity to the mind disciplined to the will of God. The mode and manner in all may not be alike, but there will be a sense of that which is becoming and suitable to individual requirements and occupation. The light of Divine Truth is the measure and guide in each one in these as in other individual concerns, and a censorious spirit, watchful to pick faults and to find inconsistencies, is out of har-

mony with the spirit of the Master just as much as he who gives wing to his own will to do as he lists, in these as in other things that so materially affect our well-being God-ward.

The secret exercise of soul before God, that is so great a benefit and blessing, and for the want of which there is so much leanness and poverty, and so little known of the fresh begettings of the Spirit of God, is the cause of the spiritual blindness that hath in part happened unto spiritual Israel in this our day.

Not the love of display, but a readiness to be in the Master's hand just what He wills, is that which makes all the difference between professing the Truth and possessing it, and that which is the outcome of mere conformity in the exterior, and not the outcome of individual conviction, however apparently good it may appear, will but wither and die, not having the virtue of the natural growth in it of the Spirit of the living God.

My spirit has often been pained by the way in which many who bear the name of Friend treat these matters, some in one way and some in another, but both alike away from the centre of individual duty and requiring by Him, who alone has the right to order and direct his own children and servants. The servant's and the child's place is obedience to the one Master, and we are required not to stop and to enquire "And what shall this one do," but learn the lesson of obedience and follow.

If there were more true followers there would be truer leaders and teachers under the one Master Spirit.

Christ learned obedience by the things that He suffered, and think ye are there no lessons so to be learnt by us at the Master's feet? Yea, verily, there is still the measure of suffering to be known and filled up by those who follow Christ, for this world still loves its own, and the spirit thereof is not of the Master, so that He who will be a friend of this world is the enemy of Christ. It is this seeking to blend the unholy and impure with the work of God that mars and defaces the image of God in man, and there are many who have begun in the Spirit who are seeking to be made perfect by the works of the flesh, and these are often unconscious of how they have shifted ground, living in and working from the man's nature in themselves, deceiving themselves and deceiving one another by their own words and works in the things of God, not perceiving that the passive condition has been departed from, and the active nature of the creature has taken its place, and thus the life of God, at one time known in them, and to work through them, has become slain.

Thus the innocent life becomes sacrificed and Christ is again crucified, and the shame of their own nakedness doth again appear.

In this condition the outward sacrifice of Christ is held up much to view, but the hidden man of the heart is neglected, or a seeming spirituality takes possession of the mind, apart from the humility and self-abasement that neither knows or has any spiritual possessions apart from the renewed and renewing power of Christ.

It is this latter condition as much as the former one that feels no necessity to live under the crucifying power of Christ, and that finds no necessity to take heed to the limitations and teachings of the Spirit of Truth, regarding the conscientious scruples of its fellows as delusion or enthusiasm of an heated or ill-regulated mind.

Abraham believed God, and it is by our so coming to believe in Him as to obey his Spirit

in us, that we truly own the work of Christ without, by being made a partaker of the renewing nature of Christ within us. Only thus can we truly and availingly own Christ, by being made a partaker of his nature.

The revival of vital godliness can only come by thus owning Christ and his work in man, as well as his work for man, by the exemplification of his renewed and renewing nature, bringing forth those fruits that are well-pleasing to God, both in avoidance of the evil in whatever form it may appear, and in doing whatsoever is required of us. No words spoken, no action done, no demeanor manifested can be, or is, pleasing to God, that is untrue and insincere, or that doth in any way tend to foster pride, vanity or the love of adulation the one from the other.

There are balances of the sanctuary, unerring and true, by which we will each one be tried, and the light of Christ will reveal the dark recesses of the heart, if we are but willing to look at the footstool of Divine grace, out of and apart from our own reasoning, which will bring into the clear light of God's love and favors, if there is but a willingness to forego our own judgment in order to know the judgment of God set over us.

After having written the foregoing, I think it but right to say, I have now read in THE FRIEND the article written in the B. F. by J. W. Graham. It might be snappish I had been led in my thus writing by what I there had read, and therefore make the allusion I now do.

Perhaps it will not be well to add further to what has been written. My sole object in writing is to point out that however false and untrue may be the standing and the holding of some in this matter, there are those who have herein solid ground beneath their feet, and are in these matters, as in others, no image worshippers, but having been brought to bow to the Spirit of God, know the worship of Him, which is a spirit and in truth; which is not confined to time or place or thing, but is the regulating power in their life, and the boundary and fence about their liberty, and beyond which they can not go without condemnation and a violation of their peace and happiness, which is in and from God.

It is the answering to the Heavenly look, motion, or uprising in heart and mind that which is of God, that sense of the Divine in man that makes God-like in all things, that is the only and ever-blessed redeeming power of God and therefrom springs every virtue that is gotten or springs from the blessed work of Christ, both inwardly and outwardly manifested and brought forth; for however man may misjudge and misunderstand the Truth of God that Truth remains the same, and can only be known by the revelation of God the Father through the Son and the work of the Spirit.

Happy day when the Truth of God thus revealed, is known, understood, and obeyed by man, so as to transform his nature, that glory to God shall arise in each heart and praise for each life a blessed condition without alloy, because made free from the power of sin, the error for which Christ came in the flesh, and the effect of his revelation into the heart when the rightful place is resigned unto Him, the government of the will, so that it is no longer that that lives, but Christ that liveth in us.

Divine forbearance doth still wait, and grace is still offered, but who shall say how long this may continue toward any, and if the Master arises, shuts to the door, can another open? It



not when, neither is it how we may please that we are to be made again partakers of the Divine nature, but in the day of merciful visitation and in the obedience thereunto, the way to the kingdom is still by the crucifying power of Christ, and in no other way. The entrance hereinto is by the door of mercy, but mercy as her own price, and that repentance and faith, and that is a theory apart from the reality of obedience is dead, and therefore can never know the resurrection life of God in the soul, that quickens into doing as well as teaches us to wait the further opening of its own life in the soul.

O, that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men, by answering his holy purpose and call, which would be to his own truest happiness and God's glory, here and hereafter.

CHARLES W. THOMSON.

10 Kelvin Drive, GLASGOW, SCOTLAND.  
First Mo. 7th, 1897.

FOR "THE FRIEND."

A Winter Walk.

The Ninth day of the First Month was a lovely winter day. The snow that fell a few weeks ago had disappeared, and the surface of the ground had frozen, so that there was no need to interfere with walking, and yet the temperature was so mild that it was pleasant to be abroad in the open air. Some of our people had become much interested in the study of natural history, especially of the oaks, and had been diligently collecting leaves and acorns; and so it was arranged that I should accompany a party of three bright, lively and intelligent young women to a grove of oaks, about a mile east of Masonville, in Burlington County, N. J.

On alighting from the cars at Masonville, I met my company, who had preceded me on their bicycles, and we started on foot to the place of our destination. We soon noticed that many of the oak trees retained their leaves on the lower branches, while the tops were entirely stripped of foliage.

As Gray describes nineteen species of oaks and nine hybrids, growing in the northern United States, above the southern lines of Virginia. These are subdivided into several groups. The leaves furnish important characters for distinguishing the species, although they are so variable that it requires considerable familiarity with the foliage to decide the species of oak to which they belong. In the White oak group the leaves are more or less deeply indented, so as to form a series of lobes, which are mostly rounded on the outer edge and without any sharp projecting points. The indentations are also rounded at base.

In the Black oak group, the lobes are more regular in outline, and furnished with teeth which are pointed with slender bristles.

Another well-marked group is the Chestnut oaks, so called from the resemblance of the leaves to those of the chestnut tree, but the teeth along the edge are in a general way somewhat rounded, and not sharp-pointed as in the chestnut itself.

A botanical friend, Benjamin Heritage, of Mickleton, N. J., was passing under a Spanish oak, about the time that its leaves were falling in the fall of the year, and became interested in the different shapes they had assumed. He gathered many of them, and on patiently examining them at his home, found one hundred and fifty distinct shapes among them. So, to make a complete exhibit of the leaves of this oak, it would be needful to collect at least one

hundred and fifty specimens. The other oak-ways much, perhaps not quite to the same extent. But it is evident that to know oak leaves perfectly requires considerable research, and that one is by no means sure of identifying the species by a chance leaf. It illustrates the remark of that skillful botanist, Dr. Engelmann, of St. Louis, who, when one brought him an oak leaf, wishing to be told the species to which it belonged, replied by telling the inquirer to bring him the whole tree.

There are marked differences in the acorns as well as in the leaves of oaks. In some the cup is rather shallow and only embraces the base of the acorn. In others it almost covers the nut. We passed a tree standing alone on the side of the road, under which were numerous acorns. I was interested in noticing the eagerness with which my companions gathered this harvest of the forest, the fruit not being familiar to them.

We turned down the lane of a deserted farm lying along the Rancoas Creek. It was rather a melancholy sight to see a large and expensive house abandoned to the weather, and rapidly going to decay with the outbuildings. There were some beautiful lines of red cedar trees, with their pyramids of green foliage, and arbutus trees, which had evidently been planted by a former owner. The land was a barren sand, and possessed so little fertility that it had little attractions for a farmer. The buildings and arrangements indicated that they were designed for the summer residence of a wealthy family, but the owner appears not to have succeeded in renting it to such an one.

One proof of the character of the soil was a large patch of Prickly Pear (*Opuntia vulgaris*). It belongs to the Cactus family, and the stem is composed of flattened oval and roundish joints with clusters of short barbed bristles, which readily enter the skin when incautiously handled, as my three companions soon discovered. On inquiring the next day as to how they had fared, I found that they had spent a part of the intervening time in endeavoring to remove these unpleasant reminders of their walk. The color of the joints in summer is light green, but the winter had changed this to a purplish hue. The flowers which appear in summer are about two inches broad, yellow and showy; of course they had long since disappeared, and had been succeeded by the pulpy fruit of a reddish color and eatable. The roots were rather thick fibrous starting from the under surface of some of the joints, and penetrating the earth to a distance of several inches.

We returned home well satisfied with our little excursion, which had introduced the female members of the party into new grounds to them and which they expressed the wish to revisit when summer came. J. W.

MANY wealthy men in various parts of the country are getting possession of large blocks of forest land, either as permanent investments, as game preserves or places of summer residence. Clubs and private individuals now own nearly a million acres of forest preserves in New York, while in Maine, especially in the Rangely Lake country, in the upper White Mountains of New Hampshire, and along the tributaries of the Connecticut and Androscoggin rivers there are many large preserves. Blue Mountain Park, which was established by Austin Corbin in the south-western part of New Hampshire, covers thirty-two square miles, while the estate of G. W. Vanderbilt, of Asheville, N. C., contains a

forest of one hundred thousand acres, which will be the field of systematic experiments in practical and scientific forestry. *Garden and Forest.*

The Arm-Chair.

{A Friend in Canada suggests the printing in THE FRIEND of a series of poetical sketches of many of the worthies of a past generation, written by the late Joseph Kite. On re-reading this production, the Editor has been impressed with the beauty and force of many of the lines, and the clear discrimination of character shown in them; and believing they would prove instructive and interesting to many of our readers, concludes to insert them in the columns of THE FRIEND.—ED.]

"Your fathers, where are they? And the prophets, do they live forever?"

[The history of these rhymes is briefly this: An Arm-Chair made in 1852, by John Letchworth for Leonard and Jane Snodden, was presented to the author, with some information of the worthies who were wont to visit the estimable owners; accompanied with an intimation that it would be a suitable theme for some verses. The result follows:]

Cowper, the poet of the Christian muse,  
Sang of the sofa; could I but imuse  
Some of its toil-in my lagged old quill,  
Some of his genius on my verse distill,  
Then would I sing—my theme, my strain,—  
Of thy ebonic, rhyme-creating CHAIR!

He who with art's skill scooped out thy seat,  
Trim made thy ribs, and upright, and thy feet,  
Now fourscore years and lo! has aged and old,  
And has his summons to the heavenly shore,  
Honest as sunshine, he "who once may read,"  
That LETCHWORTH is "an Israelite indeed;"  
No guide within him ever finds a place,  
Love of the Father sprays to all the race,  
His Gospel ministry is void of show.

For "few and sawney" are the drops that flow;  
Condense his faith, are his perils found,  
Rich in their matter, nothing for mere sound!  
So preaches he, Ah, what a sad mistake,  
When empty sounds upon the people break,  
When a stentorian voice in efforts vain  
Pours to the people—thunder without rain!  
Its bounding melody may be of aid,  
But no reviving showers of nature fall,  
Would that my age—if age to me be given—  
Might prove like his, who calmly looks to heaven,  
Waiting with patience for the mandate blessed—  
"Thy labor finished, enter into rest!"

"Here," said the patriarch no more doomed to range,  
"Quiescent, secure, may be thy stage,  
For when thou wilt the faithful life will prove  
A rich example, legacy of love!"

Ah, my Arm Chair, supporter of the good,  
Beneath how many a worthy hast thou stood!  
Fear no more high seas, thy long career  
Some of the faithful who have passed away.

Here HARRISON "spoke of what he saw  
In visions deep, when filled with holy awe,  
The certain of the future said with awe,  
While coming objects glided into view;  
Or as the rust on memory's tablet rose—  
Rehearsed her Gospel joys, her Gospel woes—  
Told how King George, as woe-held hidden springs,  
Bow'd at her message from the King of kings;  
Of deep doubts as for her Lord she paid;  
Of her toil-hope, of time, of time at hand;  
Told how her soul in sympathy had long  
Borne a deep burden for the negro's wrong,  
Till the church tread her at her Master's will,  
In Southern States bore's purpose to fulfill,  
With Gospel power for truth and right she spoke,  
Till slumbering consciences to feeling woke;  
Oppressors' hearts with justice learned to beat.

Sarah Harrison was sent to Jamestown, N. H. on a religious visit in Great Britain, she felt her mind engaged to speak for the Third. When she commenced speaking she told of all her labors, and the work she had done during her communication. She died in Philadelphia, the twenty-ninth of Twelfth Mo. 1812, aged seventy-six; a minister fifty-five years.

White handmen's shackles fell beneath their feet.  
 Her's was a righteous mission to the poor  
 Of selfish masters she her message bore;  
 She shot no fiery missiles from afar,  
 Kindling those feelings that engender war;  
 But face to face, truth's message would impart,  
 Whilst love-pierced fingers entered may a heart!  
 Thus won she freedom for the sore oppressed;  
 Her words were grand and her ministrings;  
 —O'er the present did her thoughts engage,  
 Gave to her juniors dear-bought counsel sage,  
 Taught her loved ones deep-serve in vessel pure,  
 Her sacred gift, and make her calling sure;  
 Made her true partner as an Aaron be,  
 Upheld her hands, supported her ministry;  
 Gave salt and leaven, and then that charge redeemed;  
 When through her heart the Gospel current streamed,  
 In secret labor was thy spirit found!  
 While trembling forth she sent the Gospel sound;  
 A very Quaker, as she gave the law,  
 Her outward motion spoke her inward awe.

Here SCATTERED-GOD, when evening came at length,  
 From the day's toil reposed his weary strength;  
 From Christian sympathy that salve drew,  
 Which doth no tyrant who heavently joys pursue.  
 Mournful of spirit he was ever found,  
 In sympathy with souls by sorrow bound,  
 As fell his plaintive voice upon the ear,  
 The poor in spirit felt a friend was near.  
 Prompt in his duty at the house of prayer,  
 To plead with fervor for the Master's care;  
 To urge the lame, the stumbling one, that zealous tongue,  
 Which only woke as living waters sprung,  
 He never preached himself—his every word  
 Directed to a slain and risen Lord.  
 He to the weary consolation brought,  
 He for the burdened, sweet deliverance wrought;  
 Though bound himself, the fettered set free—  
 The Jeremiah of his age was he!

SAVERY has here oft passed a friendly hour,  
 Feeling of sympathy the magic power;  
 As he sat to hear the secret influence sent,  
 As prayer ascended where no knee was bent,  
 As for each other's welfare sighs were given,  
 And then with words, their wishes entering heaven,  
 The Indian's friend, he sought their native wood,  
 An anxious laborer for the Redman's good;  
 Beside the lake, he sat in peaceful tree,  
 His Gospel message broadcast as Truth set free.

Here too has sat—like him of stature small,  
 Great heart of heart, and mind of like mold;  
 One who, obedient to his Master's will,  
 Was studious found his duty to fulfil.  
 Six times went EMLEN o'er the Atlantic wave,  
 On Gospel errands, sinful man to save;  
 And still returning from his work of love,  
 Came with his olive-branch and peaceful dove.  
 Though years rolled on and outward sight grew dim,  
 The lamp of Truth still brightly burned with him,  
 Shining distinctly in its sear-aching light,  
 Dosh that the actors deemed were hid in night,  
 His Friend and his Dinwiddie was with God,  
 And he, obedient to his Master's nod,  
 As secret feeling told him of distress,  
 The sufferer's door still soon in his hand pressed.  
 Thus mercy led—and pleasantly he said  
 That he "by joy-riding earned his daily bread"  
 Ah, these were juncos in our midst, set with joy,  
 A heavenly relish free from all alloy;  
 Some of that bread of which the righteous eat,  
 That others know not of—sustaining meat.

Here too REBECCA JOHNS sweet converse sought,  
 With friends in union of faith and thought;  
 With words which were the life and fire, she knew  
 To labor as her Lord and Master drew,  
 He next of purpose ardent in reproof,  
 To those who stood from duty's path aloof;  
 In public gatherings or in private life;  
 To warn the giddy of impending strife,  
 To rebuke the forward, and the bold, where  
 A mild rebuke would do the work of fire—  
 Instant in duty, though severe, yet kind,  
 She showed the vigor of a heaven-led mind.  
 (To be continued.)

Samuel Emlen felt concerned often to look up the sick, weak, and halt of the flock; and for this purpose, in the latter part of his life, he kept a one horse chair, in which he rode about "doing good," in allusion to which practice he sometimes said, "I earned his bread by riding." He died the thirtieth of Twelfth Month, 1799, aged seventy-five.

From A Letter of Mary Peisley to William Brown.

"Surely never did nature and grace exert themselves in so powerful a manner, each for mastery, as in that awful period of time when the salvation of mankind was at stake, dependent on the obedience of the Son to his Father; when Christ was wounded for our transgressions, bruised for our iniquities, and the chastisement of our peace was upon Him; when He felt the terror of his Father for sin, who knew no sin; when the sword of God's indignation and justice pierced his soul; He might well drop that emphatical sentence, 'Now is my soul troubled, and what shall I say?' as if He had been afraid to let that petition escape his lips, which nature, sinking under the weight of oppression and apprehension of future misery, had naturally dictated,—well befitting a son that had never offended his parent, said He, 'Save me from this hour.' Grace immediately recalls the request, when He remembers the end of his coming in this prepared body, which was for our salvation, 'but for this cause came I unto this hour.' What could be grievous to his manhood that He did not suffer?—at his birth, a manger, a place for beasts, was his reception; nor did the ungrateful world afford Him much better through the course of his painful pilgrimage, for though the foxes had holes, and the birds of the air had nests, He had no place whereon to lay his head. Set at naught by the then visible churches and high professors of religion, a people who had received the oracles of God,—betrayed by one disciple, denied by another, forsaken of them all, and left to tread the wine-press alone in the most trying hour.

Many followed Him, crying Hosanna, when He rode in triumph, but none desirous to be his companions when He crossed the painful, ignominious death of the cross between two thieves, as a deceiver,—all his acquaintance, and even the women, the most tender by nature, that had followed Him from Galilee, stood now afar off. O, my soul! treasure up those things faithfully in thy remembrance, with this additional obligation, that all this was in part for thy sake, without which thou must have been irretrievably lost in the realms of woe, a fugitive and a vagabond, driven from the face of thy God! Rejoice then in tribulation, and count it all joy when thou faltest into divers temptations or trials, for the refining of thy faith in Christ."

SELECTED.

THE HARVEST OF THE INSANE ASYLUMS.—Every industrial campaign increases the number of lunatics in the country. The institutions for the insane all expect their population to be augmented within a few months, from this cause. Protracted excitement, irregular habits, the loss of money in gambling bets, and in a few instances real heart sorrow at the defeat of a favorite candidate are among the exciting causes. When Clay was defeated the last time, a number of his enthusiastic admirers lost their reason. In the few days that we spent at the General Missionary Committee in Detroit we noticed three cases in that single State, one in McCob's Township, a young man of twenty-six who kept up a continual shriek of "16 to 1." Just over the line, in Indiana, a wealthy citizen who was particularly active in the work of the campaign, was in his delirium constantly shouted for Bryan and in apparently sane periods piteously bemoaned his fate. A young woman, a devotee of McKinley, was so delighted at his election that she leaped from the table and maniacally

shouted, "Hurrah for McKinley!" emphasizing it by hurling a water pitcher in the face of her sister.

CAUSES OF INSANITY.—The causes of insanity are predisposing and exciting. Probably the predisposition was strong in all these cases, but as no one can tell without a trial how much excitement he can endure, and the trial may ruin him if he goes beyond a safe margin, in exciting times everyone should sleep more than usual and never lose self-control for an instant. Even in religion the man who neglects his meals and sings or shouts or talks to past mid-night, is in a bad way. The mighty revivals of Wesley were managed with due caution. He went to bed and compelled his ministers and helpers to go to bed at the usual hour, and he was known to rebuke most strenuously those who in this particular would not obey him.

FOR "THE FRIEND."

"Under the impression of duty he committed to the flames all of his books, whose tendency was objectionable. The day preceding the reading of the record, in THE FRIEND, of this commendable incident in the early life of our lately removed, beloved friend, Clarkson Shepard, the writer received a letter from one who had had a birth-right in our religious Society, and who has been for some time engaged, in a small way, selling second-hand articles, including books and pamphlets. He wrote: "The old year closed with novels and trashy stuff all burned up, so far as I knew the bad. My range had no other fuel for all of one day, and I assure thee this made a very comfortable bed for body and mind alike. If our dear Father shall enable me to keep buying, this three hundred will be but the small end of lots of the same [demoralizing sort] coming amongst better goods, for my stove's warning." Recommending a general exercise of this process by fire, not even sparing elegant illustrations and fine bindings where the books are evidently of bad tendency, the writer adds the following extract, pertinent to the matter, from his tract "The Pernicious in Libraries!":

"One cannot, it has been sagely said, 'take fire into his bosom and not be burned.' Now, it is the spirit of judgment and of sacrifice that the times call for—when men shall be willing to 'come out, be separate, and touch not the unclean thing,' and when there shall be a readiness manifested to do, in effect, as did the convinced ones at Ephesus among whom 'the word of God grew mightily and prevailed,' in making an end by fire of their 'curious and entertaining, but soul-destroying books. Or, as did at a later day those Florentines whom the searching testimony of Savonarola pricked to the heart, and who in the great plaza of their beautiful city, burnt in one vast heap the pernicious books and all the other wretched trash which they were conscious had been instrumental in keeping them away from their God." J. W. L.

"A MOTTO button given with every package of "cigarettes." As the cigarette trade rarely lays its hand on any advertising device except to leave a noisome imprint, it need be no surprise to any one to be told that the buttons thus exploited are very often vulgar and of vile innuendo in language. Some recently used have been simply of a political cast; others, though seemingly morally harmless are calculated to encourage baldness and audacity between the sexes. In the schools at Patterson, New Jersey, the teachers finding that "motto-

utton bad" was proving a powerful factor in advancing slang and vulgarity and promoting immorality among the children, took steps to suppress the nuisance. The assistant pastor of the Roman Catholic church of St. Vincent de Paul, at Williamsburg, New York, seeing that he craze had reached large proportions in his parochial school, called all the children together, and required them to hand up the obnoxious buttons. About one thousand were thus gathered, and after the campaign buttons had been returned to their owners, a bon-fire was made of the rest. That was the way of Svanorala, a Catholic priest also, in St. Louis, reproved the young men of his congregation for their vulgarity, by calling on them to hand to him the motto buttons they were wearing. A committee of the Woman's Town Improvement Association at Montclair, New Jersey, went into the stores where the buttons were sold, and in nearly all cases induced the tradesman to cease sending them. At Bridgeton, in the same State, when the State Convention of the W. C. T. U. was held here last autumn, a resolution was adopted protesting "against the manufacture and sale of motto buttons in cigarette packages as tending to corrupt the morals of youth." A merchant friend of mine, in Philadelphia, having sent me a sample book of the buttons, hoping that they were manufactured in Newark, New Jersey, the United States District Attorney for that district was communicated with, and the matter has been placed in the hands of a post-office inspector. Parents will need to exert themselves not a little if they have any solicitude about the suppression of his enemy of the home.—J. W. L. in *Christian Statesman*.

**Isaac Sharp and the Flask of Brandy.**  
As I was going from London to Plymouth to take the *Durabin Castle* for Africa, a friend sitting next to me in the railway carriage said, "Hast thou any brandy with thee?" "No," I replied, "I do not take brandy." He said, "Thou art going into the wilds of Africa, and by life may depend upon it." He then took from his bag a flask of brandy and handed it to me. I knew that he did it in the kindness of his heart, and not wishing to offend him, I took it. I was in Africa when the heat of the sun was enough to make young ostriches blink, but that was certainly not the time to take brandy. Later in the year I was in New Zealand, and started, with my friend—Neave, to go from Christchurch to Nelson. When we came to that wonderful pass called Porters' Pass, those who were inclined to walk were invited by the coachman to do so. We met a rover coming along with his sheep, and, looking up at Donald, the coachman, he said, "You had better stay where you are." But Donald was in charge of Her Majesty's mails, and he went on until we got three thousand feet above the level of the sea, and there our coach stuck and fast in the snow. One of the proprietors of the coach was with us, and he said, "Donald, it's no use; you cannot get on. Not if I do not try," said he. I admired his luck and determination. We were within three miles of where we wished to go, and he shipped up the horses. They plunged and careed and finally broke the harness, and Donald was obliged to give in. He kindly offered me one of the horses, but, as the snow was falling thick and fast, I thought it better to stay where I was rather than to take the risk of being lost in the snow. Discretion is said to be

the better part of valour, and I believe it was that night. But I must tell you that the curtains of the carriage did not meet by about three inches, and when we sat there and the midnight blast came through, it was pretty cold. We remained there from five o'clock in the afternoon until nine o'clock the next morning. But was that the time to take brandy? Not a bit of it. It would have made bad worse, as some of you know very well. Well, I journeyed on through different parts of the world, carrying the flask with me. I was in jeopardy in one place, because had it been known that I carried brandy, I would have been heavily fined—that was in the Indian territory. To make a long story short, however, I may tell you that at the end of six and a quarter years I met my dear friend. I said I had to thank him again, as I had already done, for the loan of the flask, and that it now gave me great pleasure to return it to him. I said that I verily believed that there was brandy in it, but I did not know certain because the cork had never been drawn.—*Temperance Record*.

### The Distribution of Wealth in America.

The following interesting article from the *Christian Advocate* of New York may tend to lessen the apprehensions of those who have been evidently afraid of the accumulation of wealth and power in the hands of a few.

"The rich may be growing richer. It so, and honestly, none need complain. The poor are not growing poorer, whatever may be the social injustices inflicted upon working people. Average wages have increased from two hundred and fifty-five dollars per annum in 1850 to three hundred and sixty-five dollars in 1880, and still higher figures in 1896, and the sum of human comfort has more than doubled in the same time.

"Savings are larger than ever before. The State of New York presents an example of popular prosperity more or less characteristic of all the States. On June 30, 1896, the Superintendent of the State Banking Department showed that in the fiscal year then closing the resources of the savings banks had increased \$41,240,196; the amount due depositors had increased \$47,766,883; the number of depositors had increased 77,953; deposits during the year had increased \$16,880,859, and interest credited to depositors had increased \$1,564,458. The total resources of all the savings banks were \$806,751,426; due depositors, \$715,032,899; surplus (July 1, 1896), \$91,307,370; number of depositors, 1,732,382; number of accounts opened during the year, 346,147; number of accounts closed during the year, 268,189; amount of deposits received, \$215,490,558; amount of deposits withdrawn, \$194,652,293; amount of interest credited to depositors, \$24,958,727; current expenses of the banks, \$2,397,496.

"These figures are simply magnificent. Their significance is wonderful. In any other country they would be regarded with pride and gratitude as indices of social prosperity. More than one in four twenty-six out of every one hundred of the people in the State are savings bank depositors, whose money is skillfully handled for them at the low cost of three and one-third mills per dollar per year. They avail themselves of what are business philanthropic institutions, scientifically guarded by legal restrictions against loss or wrong.

Wealth is more evenly divided than in any prior era of American history. There is money at interest in savings banks to the extent of

more than one hundred dollars for every man, woman, and child in the Knickerbocker commonwealth, and the average amount is annually augmenting. The 1,732,382 depositors are all creditors at the rate of four hundred and twelve dollars apiece. More than half the people in the State of New York are directly interested in savings bank accumulations, and they are—almost exclusively—of the common people. Industry, thrift, integrity created these accumulations, and will preserve them at their gold value. Every dollar is an argument convincing, conclusive, beneficent.

The mightiest "money power" in the republic is in the hands of such depositors—"the potentates of the dinner pail," who, in banks and savings banks, trust and building and loan associations, hold investments aggregating \$5,330,000,000, owned by 10,000,000 thrifty folks, whose holdings average about five hundred dollars apiece—some of them more than that sum, others only a few dollars. This vast army of plain, good-sense, excellent people hold the foremost liens upon the assets of our great insurance companies. Out of their ranks issue the millionaires of to-morrow.

**A WISE DOG.**—The *London Spectator* tells the following story: "A collie in Scotland, whom I know well, is in the habit of leaping from his master's room slippers, cap, keys or anything he is sent for. One day, sent on the errand, he did not re-appear. His master followed, and found that the door of the bedroom had blown to, and that the dog was a prisoner. Some days later he was again told to fetch something, and as the wind was high his master after a few minutes' delay, followed him. He found him in the act of fixing the door firmly back with the door mat, which he had rolled up for the purpose; and, having taken this precaution, the prudent animal proceeded to look for the slippers. This same collie, when walking with me, ran in front and rang the gate bell of the house to which I was going, so that I had not to wait when I arrived there."

**A SAVING IMPULSE.**—In First Month, 1896, the city of Pittsburgh, Pa., was startled by the sudden fall of the Willey Building on Wood Street. A few moments after the catastrophe occurred, a stranger who was gazing at the wrecked structures from the opposite side of Wood Street entered into a conversation with a *Dispatch* reporter. He looked a good deal agitated and said:

"For about five years on every week-day I have passed along that side of Wood Street at about the hour this terrible disaster occurred. To-day I was on my way to Fifth Avenue, and had reached the Chamber of Commerce Building when a sudden impulse came upon me to take the other side of the street. I crossed over, and before I reached the sidewalk the crash came. Had I kept along as I was going I would have been in front of the Willey Building just in time to be crushed by bricks and falling timber. I can no more account for the action which probably saved my life than you can; I simply felt that I must do so, and I do not know that I felt even a premonition of danger."

"The Lord shall guide thee continually" (Isa. lviii: 11). "The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord" (Ps. xxxvii: 23). "Who-so is wise and will observe these things, even they shall understand the loving kindness of the Lord" (Ps. cvii: 43).—*Exchange*.

## THE FRIEND.

SECOND MONTH 6, 1897.

The Spirit of the Lord operating on the heart of man is the root and ground of religious growth; and experience shows that it pleases Him from whom comes every good and perfect gift, to make use of servants in his cause, whose eyes are not fully opened to see the mysteries of his kingdom.

We have recently been impressed with this fact in reading the experiences of a man named Dalling, a minister of the Church of England, who labored for a number of years in the town of Portsmouth, England, endeavoring to elevate the character of the people in that place, when religion and morality was to a very low ebb. He was a very laborious, self-sacrificing man, who spared no pains to benefit the poor people under his care, and much success appears to have attended his efforts; and yet his religious views were such as seem to us very outward, and not likely to be productive of much good. He was very high church, and appears to have placed his chief dependence on daily masses, and the partaking of his congregation in bread and wine over which he had said the prescribed formula. His case is an illustration of the fact, that it sometimes pleases the Almighty to bless the labors of those who are in a state of partial blindness, where there is a sincere desire to promote his cause.

A letter from a valuable Friend in one of the country districts of New York Yearly Meeting relates the following incident:

"Some ten or more years since, during our Quarterly Meeting, two of our members were sitting on our porch singing very loudly. It was trying to my feelings, I told them I was pleased to entertain them, but did not approve of their singing. And I am well satisfied if those who were not in favor of it being practised in our meetings had raised their voices against it; the condition of our Society would have been much better than it is at present [in this matter] as well as [in respect] to other departments from consistent Quakerism."

We have introduced this extract, in hopes that it may impress on the minds of others, the importance of maintaining a faithful testimony to our principles and practices. The word of the Lord that came to the prophet Ezekiel, was that if he did not declare the warnings that were given him to communicate, the blood of those that perished should be required at his hands. Does not a measure of similar responsibility rest upon those in our day, who, through timidity, or other unworthy motive, fail to uphold the standard of truth and righteousness?

**CORRECTION.**—The Friend who sent us the manuscript copy of the poem "Midnight Musings," printed on page 136 of THE FRIEND, writes to us that the author's name is Hatfield—not Hatfield; that in the last line of the first stanza "brightest" should read "lightest," and that the word "loved" should be inserted before "ones" in the first line of the tenth stanza.

## SUMMARY OF EVENTS.

**UNITED STATES.**—A treaty for the settlement of the Alaskan boundary was signed in Washington on the 23d ult, by Secretary Olney and the British Ambassador.

Many prominent citizens have signed a memorial to the United States Senate, urging the prompt ratifi-

cation of the proposed arbitration treaty between the United States and Great Britain.

In 1897 the Senate of the United States and the House of Representatives adopted the following concurrent resolution: "That the President be and is hereby requested to invite from time to time, as fit occasions may arise, negotiations with any Government with which the United States has or may have diplomatic relations, to the end that any differences between the United States and the two Governments, which cannot be adjusted by diplomatic agency, may be referred to arbitration, and be peaceably adjusted by such means."

The United States debt statement shows a net increase in the public debt, less the Treasury, during First Month of \$15,978,723. Total cash in the Treasury, \$858,553,910.

The following United States Senators were elected last week: Republicans, John C. Spooner, Wisconsin, and George F. Turner, Washington. The last named is of free silver proclivities, and is a Populist. Silver Republican, John P. Jones, of Nevada. Populists, Joseph H. Earle, South Carolina, R. Harris, Kansas, and Henry Heitfeld, Idaho.

The fusionists in the Oklahoma Legislature have passed a bill prohibiting gold contracts in the territory and also one abolishing the militia, declaring it to be "the instrument of a corrupt central government, used to the oppression of the people."

The New York correspondent of the *Public Ledger* says: "Much has been written concerning 'Greater New York,' but few have any conception how great a city it will be. Only London will exceed it in population, wealth and business. Its area will be 306 square miles or 194,840 acres. It will have an estimated population of 3,430,000. Its bonded debt will be \$216,481,593. Its annual tax budget will exceed \$53,000,000. The assessed value of its real estate (New York, Brooklyn and Staten Island) will amount to \$2,207,091,000. Its parks and park lands will comprise 7536 acres, not counting several big roadways, such as the Harlem Speedway and the Coney Island Boulevard, which are under Park control. The city will have seven bridges across the Harlem and one across the East River. Another East River bridge has been started, and one across the North River is projected. There are thirty three different ferries. The forty-five lines of street railway carry 792,000,000 passengers every year over 454 miles of track. There will be 1000 street cars under Park control. There are 218 banks and banking institutions in New York and Brooklyn alone, and the clearings of the Clearing House aggregate \$28,000,000,000 a year. The big city will transact a considerably more than one-half the foreign commerce of the country. These statistics give some idea of the immensity of the new city for which the charter has just been completed."

During 1896 the big Anaconda copper mine in Montana, earned a profit of \$4,000,000, the output in that year being 107,000,000 pounds of copper, nearly 500,000 ounces of silver, and about 15,000 ounces of gold. More than \$1,000,000 was spent in improvements.

The 250 savings institutions in Massachusetts had 1,249,068 depositors at the close of last year, with \$45,220,257 to their credit.

The snow storm of the night of the 27th ult, was general throughout this State, and from six to ten inches of snow fell in the city, and in some of the country roads were badly drifted. In several instances trolley roads have been obliged to suspend the running of cars, as the cuts on their lines are choked with snow.

Advices from the Cheyenne Indian Agency, in South Dakota, state that, as a result of the recent cold wave—three Indians froze in their tents, and 300 others will die from the effect of the exposure. Thousands of head of cattle perished in the storm, and 300 were found dead in one place.

George B. Roberts, President of the Pennsylvania Rail Road Company, died on the 30th ult, at the family home in Philadelphia, of Bright's disease.

Deaths in this city last week numbered 576, which is 108 more than the previous week, and 576 more than the corresponding week of 1896. Of the foregoing, 261 were males and 295 females; 107 died of pneumonia; 72 of consumption; 49 of heart disease; 34 of diphtheria; 23 of cholera; 22 of apoplexy; 18 of paralysis; 17 of nephritis; 16 of Bright's disease; 16 of cancer; 13 of convulsions; 13 of inflammation of the brain; 11 of marasmus; 10 of rheumatism, and 9 from casualties.

*Mails, &c.*—U. S. 28, 95 a 9c; 48, reg, 11½ a 11½; coupon, 11c. New 48, reg, 12½ a 12½; coupon, 12½ a 12½; 5½, reg, 11½ a 11½; coupon, 11½ a 11½; 14½, reg, 17 a 17; coupon, 17 a 17; 14½, reg, 17 a 17; coupon, 17 a 17.

12½ a 12½; 5½, reg, 11½ a 11½; coupon, 11½ a 11½; coupon, 17 a 17 a 10c.

**COTTON.**—7c per lb. for middling uplands  
**FEED.**—Spot bran ranged from \$11.00 to \$12.00 per ton for winter in bulk and \$11.00 a \$11.50 for spring in sacks.

**FLOUR.**—Winter super, \$2.65 a \$2.90; do., extra, \$3.00 a \$3.20; Pennsylvania, clear, \$1.30 a \$1.45; do., extra, \$1.45 a \$1.65; Western, winter, clear, \$4.20 a \$4.35; do., do., straight, \$4.35 a \$4.50; do., do., patent, \$4.60 a \$4.80; spring, clear, \$3.75 a \$3.90; do., straight, \$4.10 a \$4.30; do., patent, \$4.35 a \$4.50; do., favorite brands, higher. City mills, extra, \$3.15 a \$3.40; do., clear, \$4.15 a \$4.40; do., straight, \$4.4 a \$4.60; do., patent, \$4.65 a \$4.85.

**GRAIN.**—No. 2 red wheat, 87 a 87½.  
No. 2 mixed corn, 26 a 26½.  
No. 2 white oats, 25 a 25½.

**BEEF CATTLE.**—Extra, 4½ a 5c; good, 4 a 4½. medium, 4 a 4½; common, 4 a 4½.

**SHEEP AND LAMBS.**—Extra, 4½ a 4½; good, 3½ a 4c. medium, 3 a 3½; common, 22 a 26c; lambs, 4 a 5c.

**HOGS.**—Best Western, 5½ a 5½; com., 5 a 5½; State 4½ a 5c.

**FOREIGN.**—The *Globe*, commenting upon the modification of the arbitration treaty, says: "The Foreign Relations Committee of the United States Senate have left the treaty meaningless, and it would be discredit to the American sense of duty if they should approve of a treaty as it has been altered."

The *Pull-Mull Gazette* says: "The committee is doing its best to make hay with the treaty. It has not done, to brave public opinion in withholding its approval absolutely, but it has left the treaty without value."

It is semi-officially announced that if the negotiations for an arbitration treaty are resumed between France and the United States it will not be until the Anglo-American treaty is definitely concluded.

It has been estimated that the subscribed capital of the brewing and distillery firms in the United Kingdom amounts to \$250,000,000, while the market value of the shares is nearly double that amount.

Spain is reported to have been the largest importer of the production of amber last year in Germany worth about 440 tons, or nearly 100 tons more than in the previous year. By far the larger portion of the amber quantity is put out by the two mines of Palanico and Kraxepellen, belonging to the firm of Stantien & Becker, while the smaller portion is obtained by dredging and searching the shores of the Baltic Sea.

A draft of the reforms demanded by the Powers in Turkey has at last been presented to the Sultan through Baron Calice, the President of the Ambassadorial conferences. The Sultan is to govern through his Ministers, and not through the palace functionaries and the administration of justice is also to be reformed. An official report shows that there have been 438 cases of the bubonic plague in Bombay and 325 deaths, and 694 cases and 644 deaths from the plague in Karachi. Thoroughly reliable and independent Indian advisers concur in stating that relief will be required for about 3,500,000 people before the fairer states, the period of relief extending to Ninth Month. It is estimated that the total extent of the famine will be 14 million and eight millions next.

Twenty-five thousand four hundred and seventy-eight immigrants arrived in Canada during 1896; against 25,571 in 1895. Of these 8,645 went thence to the United States, as against 654 the previous year.

## NOTICES.

**FRIENDS' INSTITUTE LYCEUM.**—The next regular meeting will be held at 140 N. Sixteenth St., Sixth-day, Second Month 6th, 1897, at 8 o'clock, P. M.

**FRIENDS TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION** will hold its next meeting at 140 N. Sixteenth Street, Phila., 12th inst., at 11 A. M. The hour has been changed from 2 P. M. to 11 A. M., so that teachers and those interested in education might have an opportunity to hear Mr. B. Brumbaugh, who is expected to lecture on educational topics. The subject of the lecture will be announced later. All interested in education are welcome, and should not miss hearing Dr. Brumbaugh.

Wm. F. OVERMAN, *Business Manager.*

**WESTTOWN BOARDING SCHOOL.**—A stated meeting of the Committee on Admissions will be held Fourth and Arch Streets, on Seventh-day, the 12 inst., at 10 A. M.

J. W. BIDDLE, *Clerk.*

WILLIAM H. WILENS SONS, PRINTERS,  
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# THE FRIEND.

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ary and Letters of Deborah Brooks Webb.

(Continued from page 226.)

1870.—Ninth Month 19th.—In a letter to a friend, she says: "We gave in our minutes on a bird day morning, and since then have felt a quiet peace. It seems to me, I am to have good, long rest." In the same letter she writes, "Ah this undercurrent of peace in Him, ow it buoy up the soul above the waves, which sometimes threaten to overwhelm. All hidden in Him! Let the world pass by as it will; it cannot harm us if we be followers of that which is good. Let us then be of good cheer, and so overcome as He, our blessed Lord, vercame. My little flock have gathered in, seven of them (a few more expected), and we are journeying lovingly together. . . . I am trying to centre my interest and strength for the winter, with my little ones. Sometimes my courage fails, but 'God is our strength and our portion forever.' Is it not so? for He promises never to leave nor forsake, and I think we shall be kept by his power. Nothing in our selves as of ourselves, but all his goodness and mercy. Oh, my dear friends, let us bind on the shield of faith and faithfulness yet more closely."

Tenth Month 31st.—The diary continues: "A day of great humiliation! Shortly after taking my seat in meeting the words arose, 'It is appointed unto all men once to die, and after death the judgment.' There is no returning back to rectify mistakes. I had to revive them with a little reference to their solemnity and a desire that all might dwell lowly and watchfully on as to be enabled to walk worthy of that blessed sentence, 'Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world.' Shortly after, dear S. F. arose with the remainder of the passage, 'So Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many, and unto them that look for Him shall He appear the second time without sin unto salvation,' and enlarged so sweetly upon the offices of Christ. If my Heavenly Father would only give me the power to do others good! Thy will be done in me, Oh, Lord."

Eleventh Mo. 6th.—D. B., from New York State, at our meeting morning and afternoon. He seems wonderfully enabled to illustrate Scripture, and words flow so easily. My prayer

for him is that he may speak only the pure Word from the Fountain. Dined with my beloved friends E. and S. A. Richie, and was so glad to meet our Elkland friend Eleanor Battin. I am bowed in thankfulness to learn that one in that land is faithful as the Lord showed me she should be, and enabled me to speak plainly to her in regard to the ministry.

Twelfth Month 10th.—Meeting this morning was silent. While sitting with my friends this afternoon, I felt the desire to arise to dig and beg before the Most High for the arising of his life in our midst, and I soon found it to be his will that I should refer to it in testimony, and endeavored to encourage every traveller Zionward that they might see his face, and to sow to the Spirit that they may reap eternal life, for unto such He will arise as a morning without clouds. One week ago it seemed required that I should go to Woodbury and attend a meeting there. There seemed to be a wrestling for life, and they were encouraged to wait before the Lord, that He might prepare the sacrifice himself. God will provide himself a Lamb for a burnt offering.

1871.—New Year's night.—Oh, Father, help me. Oh, my Father, preserve me from falling away, and draw me nearer to thyself in spirit, that I may be a fruit-bearing branch, doing only thy will. Have mercy upon me, and give me wisdom. Oh, Father, be pleased to give me more of thy Holy Spirit to help me, that I may move only as thou wilt.

Fourth Month 9th.—Week after week bring new evidences of my Heavenly Father's goodness and mercy to me, but I do not serve Him as much in near abiding in Him as I wish I could. This day I felt humbled, having to rise twice in meeting, but cannot find condemnation. The Yearly Meeting is approaching. Oh, that thou, Holy Father, would stand in our midst, and chain down all improper feelings and subdue all unto thyself.

Second day, 10th.—Our Select Preparative Meeting to-day. We had some life amongst us; some lively elders. E. Pears, so lively and gentle and true. L. Starr said, "If we waited to feel first, Woe is me if I preach not the Gospel, our offerings would be in the life, and would reach the witness, or bear the evidence to others who were alive." C. W. said, "Words without life were burdensome." E. Richie made a few remarks in regard to waiting—"We were not to wait for something to say, but wait on God." S. F. Balderson came with a heart full of love and expressed the same; said "I were to feel freedom with and not to be only one of another." L. B. Kite, "Search me, Oh, God, and know my heart," etc. There were other lively spirits.

First-day, Yearly Meeting week.—We were favored with a good meeting this morning. Morris Cope—"I am the true vine," etc.; P. W. Roberts, "The kingdom of heaven is within you," Thomas Yarnall, "The foundation sure," etc.; A. W. Hall, "Cast me not off in time of old age; forsake me not when my strength fail-

eth," etc. There were some who had long fought the fight of faith, and some who had fought but a short time, but these were all encouraged. E. A. had thought of the preciousness of the love of God shed abroad in our hearts. There was a difference between feeling the touches of his love, and realizing it to be shed abroad in our hearts. Clarkson Sheppard, in an earnest supplication, just my heart's desire.

Susanna Lightfoot said in her last sickness, that she remembered when young she perceived the spirit of supplication to move from one end of the gallery to the other before anyone would give up to it, and remarks, "Oh, it is a fine thing to sit lively in meetings, and to witness the Holy Oil to run from vessel to vessel." So it seemed to me, a few moments before C. S. knelt. The spirit of supplication was there, but it was not my place, and I was rejoiced to hear his voice, rejoiced that evidence was thus given that the Master was with us, giving us fellowship with Him and one with another.

Sixth Month 25th.—All day at home; also last First-day, on account of my brother Sidas' illness. We have very little hope of his recovery. . . . It seems very sweet and pleasant, thankful for many mercies and desirous of saying—struggling to say, "Thy will be done."

About four o'clock on First-day, the second of Seventh Month, we thought he was passing from us, but he revived and continued until quarter past twelve o'clock, when he passed very quietly to his eternal rest. A song of praise was frequently on his lips for the many mercies granted to him.

In the Eighth Month of this year, he attended Bucks Quarterly Meeting, of which she writes: "Altogether it was a dull time in spiritual things to me. Was it my fault, or was it that the people sit so little in hunger and thirst after Christ's righteousness; filled with their own attainments, mourning because others do not do just as they think right, yet neglecting the living work in themselves. Oh, my God, make us all sensible as to what is our condition before thee, and give us thy restoring grace, that we may serve thee, and thee only. Oh, lead us to the true place of prayer and cause us to be frequent there. Look upon those whose souls are exercised before thee and hear their cry."

She spent part of the Ninth and Tenth months of this year with her friends W. and D. S. at Bryn Mawr. On the eighth of Tenth Month, she writes in her diary: "We visited Merion Meeting to-day, a very small meeting indeed, but I believe our Heavenly Father would have the living in Israel encouraged."

In relation to this visit, she writes to a friend, "Two weeks ago I felt like sitting with the little company at Merion. Our meeting here commenced at eleven o'clock. We started a little after nine o'clock, and rode down towards Overbrook Station, but no one seemed to know where the meeting-house was, at least five minutes before eleven. We drove up to George Randolph's to inquire. They directed us a mile

down the pike, and we found the place about twelve minutes after eleven. It was a little company indeed, none in the galleries. I was reminded of the time when the disciples were assembled, and the doors being shut, our Saviour appeared, and said, "Peace be unto you," etc. A few minutes before twelve, Henry Morris arose. It was their usual time for closing the meeting, but he felt he had received his penny, and thought others could say so, too; it was a very short meeting for all."

Under the same date she says in her diary: "As I ride along day by day," to and from her school in the city, "the foliage in the forest increases in beauty. Such beautiful scenes, and to feel with Cowper the thrill of joy that, 'My Father made them all, is such secret satisfaction. My health seems to be improving, and I have to feel so grateful to our gracious Heavenly Parent for inclining the hearts of my dear friends towards me, just at a time when I was in need. Gracious and merciful art thou, Oh, Lord."

15th.—W. and D. took me to Germantown Meeting to-day. I sat with Friends there, as a little child, not knowing that He would call for service. A little word from the "Prisoners of Hope," arose and they were encouraged to trust in the Lord, and unexpectedly thoughts came entirely new to me. Society seemed like a ship sailing for eternity, and the members thereof as stately trees, which should be subject to the Great Mass or Builder, that they may be squared and fitted to their proper places. We returned home grateful for the day's favors.

(To be continued.)

AN OLD SEA CAPTAIN.—Captain James Watson, of Westchester, N. Y., who died at the great age of ninety-eight, retained his mental and physical vigor to a remarkable degree up to the day of his death. He was a retired sea captain, and his ancestral acres in Westchester County have constituted an historic landmark for more than a century. He was born in the old homestead there, and when fifteen years of age went on his first voyage as a cabin boy in the Havre packet ship *Courier*. Fenimore Cooper and George Blunt (the latter afterward noted as a nautical publisher in New York city) were cabin boys on the same ship. Watson worked himself up, step by step, to the rank of captain, and it was often said of him that he was one of the most popular navigators. In consequence of his high standing his vessel, the *Virginia*, was chosen by the government three generations ago to bring the French indemnity money to this country. About fifty years ago Captain Watson retired from active sea life. His recollections were always of interest, especially those of the war of 1812. He was one of the lads who helped to throw up breastworks in defense of New York city against the British, and he also saw the British fleet lying in Westchester Creek.—*The Outlook.*

THE VALUE OF APPLES.—A Brooklyn physician translates the following from a German writer: "The apple is such a common fruit that few persons are familiar with its remarkably efficacious medicinal properties. Everybody ought to know that the very best thing they can do is to eat apples just before going to bed. The apple is excellent brain food, because it has more phosphoric acid, in an easily-digestible shape, than any other fruit known. It excites the action of the liver, promotes sound and healthy sleep, and thoroughly disinfects the mouth. It also agglutinates the surplus acids

of the stomach, helps the kidney secretions, and prevents calculus growth, while it obviates indigestion and is one of the best preventives of disease of the throat. Next to the lemon and orange, it is also the best antidote for the thirst and craving of persons addicted to the alcohol and opium habit."—*Selected.*

FOR "THE FRIEND."

The Fallen Rose.

The remarks of the Editor of THE FRIEND, in No. 27, on the removal of so many by death from among us of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting were examples to the flock—men and women sanctified by Divine Grace and devoted to the service of Christ—may well claim our serious consideration, and incite us who are left on the stage of action a little longer to increased concern, as the Editor says, "So to live in communion with God as to hear his voice, and be prepared to do his will, so that the work of the Church may still be carried on." While we may truly mourn for the loss the Church has lately sustained in the removal of these worthies, it may be said of them, comparatively speaking, as was said of Moses at his death, "His eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated." It is comforting in thinking of those worthies of our day who were as leaders of the flock towards the land of promise, whom the Lord after taking them as to the "top of Pisgah," giving them a sight and sense of the heavenly Jerusalem as He gave Moses a sight of the land of promise, has taken them from us, that it may be said of them, their spiritual eye was not dim, nor the force of their Christian character abated.

What was, in itself, a very simple circumstance, occurred with the writer last summer, that led to instructive and impressive thoughts. Seeing a rose bush well laden with bloom, I thought to pluck a rose to hand to a child then present, when lo, as the hand touched it, the beautiful flower fell to the earth. In an instant it had fallen to pieces. A feeling of impressive sadness, which is yet fresh with me as I think of it, came over me in seeing how suddenly, how unexpectedly, the rose, so beautiful, so fragrant a moment before, now fallen to the earth from a slight touch of the hand. Then the thought followed, that though one might be sad at seeing such a beautiful flower so quickly gone, who might not desire when the hand of death touches them, to be found, if consistent with the Divine will, thus clothed with all the freshness and fragrance of a Christian life. But it is not for us to choose, for an all-wise Creator has seen fit that many bright flowers in his creation should remain on the stem that binds to earth, until nothing seems to be left for us to admire; we can think of how brightly they once shone and how fragrant they had been, but how changed. Ah! may be an All-wise Providence has so ordered it that they may ripen seed. So has He a purpose in lengthening out the lives of some persons, until it seems as if we had to look backward, if we would view them as beautiful plants in his garden. Let us not doubt his wisdom.

Choice plants have been removed from among us just at the time when perhaps, like myself with the rose, I was admiring its beauty and its fragrance without the feelings ascending higher than to the plant itself—not sufficiently alive to the thought that the rose did not make itself, neither had it the power to remain to please the eye and gratify with its fragrance. A frail thing it was, in all its beauty. A touch with the hand and it falls. Is there not a need for us at this

day, dear Friends, to ever bear in mind more than we do, how frail we are of ourselves, that whatever there may be of heavenly beauty and fragrance in our lives, it is all of grace. As our Saviour thanked the Father for hiding the things of his kingdom from the wise and prudent, and revealing them unto babes, even so may we rejoice that He does still reveal these things unto his little ones. But if we should so admire the plants that He has planted and cased to be watered, and "God has given the increase," as to forget to render all the praise where alone it is due, He may see meet as in a moment, when our admiration is highest, to cause the choicest flower in his garden to fall to the earth with what might seem like a slight touch of the un-sparing hand of death. There certainly is a cause for one after another being removed from among us in the midst of their usefulness, and of the Society's need, as we think. "Let us examine ourselves." Let us forever bear in mind that however favored any may be, we of ourselves are as nothing. Christ is all in all to his humble, dependent children, and his promise to these is, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world."

F. H. W.

First Month 26th, 1897.

Scripture Illustration.

"THE DAY OF PENTECOST."—"The 'feast of weeks,' or Pentecost, had come to be more universally observed, by attendance at the temple worship, on the part of those Jews who were living in Gentile countries, than the passover itself. For this there were, possibly, two reasons. Not only was the week observed as the feast of the first fruits,—that is, a thanksgiving for the harvest,—but also there was added a commemoration of the giving of the law on the fiftieth day after the departure from Egypt. Since the destruction of Jerusalem this latter has been the chief object of the festival, since the Jews, landless almost everywhere, have ceased to be connected with agriculture. A second reason for the popularity of the festival may have been that the observance fell on a time of year more suitable for travelling than the early spring.

"Jews, Devout Men, Out of Every Nation Under Heaven."—It is to be remembered that long before the desolation of the land by the Roman Titus the Jews had been scattered through every part of the known world, from the frontiers of the then known world in the East to the farthest Spain. There were no Gentiles, unless they may have been proselytes, among the thousands who listened to Peter. The writers of that time were in the habit of speaking of three dispersions,—the first when the kingdom of Israel was destroyed by Shalmaneser, and the ten tribes were transplanted to the eastern confines of his empire, to Persia and Parthia; the second, the captivity by Nebuchadnezzar, who caused the plantation of many thousand Jews in the region between the Euphrates and the Tigris, where their descendants still remain, as isolated and distinct a race as everywhere else, although for twenty-five hundred years their ancestors have had no home in Palestine. The third dispersion was when, after the death of Alexander the Great, Ptolemy Lagos transplanted many into Egypt until it was said that there were more Jews in Alexandria than in Jerusalem, and more Jews than Greeks in Alexandria. It is from this last dispersion, rather than from the captive after the fall of Jerusalem, that the Jewish

donies to be found in every city in North Africa, probably derived their origin. They have penetrated far beyond the coast. In the case of the Sahara large numbers of Jews are to be found, with features most indistinctly Hebrew, and yet in color far darker than the Arabs. I have seen many, especially in the Sabæan cases, darker than a Hindu. These are known as the black Jews, and I was much interested by being told on several occasions that they had nothing to do with the rejection of Christ, because their ancestors had left Palestine long before his time. To such expatriated donists Hebrew had become, even two thousand years ago, merely a literary and dead language, studied, indeed, by all, but not used in ordinary concerns of life. So, at the present day, the Jews in London have a peculiar *jargon*, known as Yiddish,—a barbarous mixture of Hebrew with German, Polish, or Russian, as the case may be. And, in like manner, at the times of the apostles, the Jews of Parthia, of Rome would speak a widely different dialect, their mother-tongue being adulterated by language of the land of their adoption. The story of the "parts of Libya about Cyrene" is especially interesting, though Cyrene itself is now a desolation, when we notice the number of Hebrew colonies in all the scattered oases to the south of it. While the aborigines and the benedict and Greek settlers have vanished before the Arab invaders, and left no trace behind, the Jew has remained, and now is really the oldest inhabitant of those parts.—S. S. Times.

#### FOR THE FRIEND.

**Word in Season is Better Than Fine Gold.**  
Oh ye servants of the Most High, draw near unto God, for here is safety that will keep and staid through all the trials of time. With such a Heavenly Guide, what need we fear to go forth and obey his every command. If we abide in true and faithful obedience unto God, I will be well with us here and hereafter; and that greater reward can we think of, or ask, than to feel the presence of our Saviour, and his tender love filling our hearts to overflowing, then if we are commanded, let us go forth and break the bread of life, and administer the same to hungry, thirsty souls, that such these may have strength to arise and journey forth towards the holy city of our God, as instruments in his mighty Hand, to draw many unto the Heavenly garner, there to partake of the pure fountain of eternal life. Oh, great is the reward of the faithful servants of the Lord. I would that many may come forth,—from the East and West, and from the North and South, and proclaim the wisdom and power of God. That there may be a turning and overturning by the mighty hand of our God, bringing forth fruits of righteousness, that it may cover the earth as the waters cover the sea; that many may be brought forth that sit in deep mourning, and show forth the great wisdom and power of God, as revealed within the heart, by and through the spirit of the dear Son of God.

The call has gone forth from Him who rules the Heavens and on the earth. Oh, ye that could receive the blessing of God, come forth. Why will you tarry in deep mourning, wearing the sackcloth underneath; come forth and gather in the tender lambs that are bleating and cunnings to and fro, and thus find no rest for the soles of their feet. Oh, I feel the command has gone forth, Arise ye that have heard the sound of the trumpet, even the voice of the

Lord saying, Why will you tarry and lose your reward, by burying your talents in the earth.

Yes, my spirit yearns on behalf of the blind, and those that will not hear the still low voice that speaks within the heart, that would guide and lead all those that will give heed to the tender entreaties of Him who suffered and died upon the cross, to redeem all that will be willing to partake of the fullness of his redeeming love.

H. T.

#### The Place of Progressive Euchre.

"Euchre for Charity" in aid of the Jewish Maternity Home. One hundred and fifty tables will be provided in the banquet hall of the building obtained for the festive occasion; upward of sixty handsome prizes will be awarded, after which there will be a dance. In aid of the building fund of the new Roman Catholic Church of our Lady of Mercy, a progressive euchre party will be given in the Second Regiment Armory, three hundred tables to be provided, and more than two hundred valuable prizes. The euchre party has been decided upon by the ladies of the congregation as a popular means of raising funds towards the necessarily heavy expenses connected with a building of such magnitude as the projected church. The Hotel — presented a remarkable scene last evening, when over eleven hundred persons engaged in a progressive euchre party there, in aid of the Samaritan Hospital. The prizes, one hundred in all, were varied and beautiful. In aid of St. Luke's Homeopathic Hospital, the largest euchre party, it is said, composed exclusively of ladies, ever held in this city, took place yesterday. A progressive euchre party, at which there will be over one hundred tables, is to be given at the Broad Street Drawing Rooms, for the relief of the sick and wounded Cuban soldiers. Dancing will follow the euchre.

The above are samples of newspaper announcements and reports concerning euchre-for-charity entertainments similar to hundreds that are being given in all the cities this winter. At seaside hotels, such as those of Atlantic City, the play has become the absorbing winter pastime; while for evenings and dull days at the summer resorts generally it appears to hold first place as a dis-sipation. It would be very unnecessary to quote from "The Week in Vanity Fair" columns of the daily papers to show to how great an extent the parlors of private houses are used for progressive euchre parties.

My impression of the game of euchre had always been that it was a quite respectable kind of gambling—though when it comes to grading that vice, I know of no kind that can in any wise be labelled as respectable. When a man has been boldly cheated out of this or that piece of personal property, the vicious character of the transaction is thought to be sufficiently indicated when he is said to have been "euchred out of it." Now, this play of progressive euchre, with which fashionable society has been so much taken of late years, has been judicially defined with a good deal of clearness. Here is what two judges, of the States of Kentucky and Tennessee, respectively, have to say concerning it:

In his charge to the Grand Jury of Hamilton County, Tenn., perhaps two years ago, Judge Moon, at Chattanooga, using the following clear language: "Not only is gambling carried on in regular gambling resorts, but people of high standing and respectability gamble. They may not put down money, but they set an example for others in playing for prizes and awards. In

these progressive euchre games these persons play for fine pictures or gold headed canes. Examples are set that are a violation of the law, and it is just as demoralizing as common gambling. A conviction of one man of a higher class, is better, as an example, than the conviction of only ordinary people for common gambling."

Similarly, Judge Green, of Kentucky, in his charge to the Grand Jury of Boone County, in that State, took occasion lately to give his view of the difference between progressive euchre as known in society, and what is spoken of as common gambling. He said, "I don't know anything about progressive euchre, but I know that when two 'one-gallus' fellows play cards for money, or other property, down in a hollow, that is gambling. Progressive means advancing, and when parties deal in silks, satins, broad-cloth, diamonds, gold watches and gold chains meet in a parlor and play a series of games, and upon the result of the series the property in the prizes changes ownership, I think the game has progressed very far from the 'one-gallus' fellows in the hollow, but it is still gambling."

The substitution of every scheme of gambling or gain-getting through men's chance, is from the one malignant root. It is a bad thing for the Italian news-boy to pitch pennies and to throw dice. It is a bad and risky thing for the negro in the "slams" to be found playing policy. The merchant's clerk who has so far surrendered his sense of self-respect as to gamble for a bicycle, ought to bend very low over his unworthy and unlawfully acquired wheel at the recollection of the loss of moral uprightness that it has cost him. The lady possessor of a sofa that has been gotten by progressive euchre, as she blandly waves her visitor to be seated,—well, it isn't altogether re-aversing to reflect how the non-discriminating Kentucky judge ranges progressive euchre winners with the common gambling "gallus" fellows in the hollow. The manifestations of the lottery distemper are many and very varied, and may afflict when not witnessed all classes and conditions of society. A sound, moral sentiment in the community regarding it will most effectually hold it in check.

At present that sentiment is very far from sound, while there are influences tending to weaken it coming from the side of those who we might reasonably suppose would have a care how they engaged in practices that a just construction of the law would not sustain them in. Thus, there was a public euchre party, such as indicated in the first paragraph of this paper, given last winter at a large hall in Philadelphia, at which as appeared by the newspaper list of the participants, female members of the families of some of our judiciary, the magistracy, the district attorney's office, the city council and of others officially interested in the city's administration, were represented. Under these circumstances it would seem as though the judicial condemnation of this kind of card-playing for stakes must bristle with difficulties.

The highly pernicious consequence of such examples in helping to extend the gambling evil, already alarmingly widespread, may be gathered from such a paragraph as the following, taken from the New York letter of the *Public Ledger* a few days before these lines were written. It is one of the best known of metropolitan bank officials who is quoted by the correspondent. Having stated that for ten years he had made the subject of bank failures and their mismanagement a matter of close study in order to

ascertain the true causes of weakness, he thus illustrates some of the points taken:

"The banks of an inland city have this year been obliged to stand a loss of \$800,000 in loans made to one man of the town. They must have known the first life he was living, the orgies he was conducting on his yacht, and the like, but they shut their eyes to it all, and loaned him the money. They thought he had a profitable business and didn't care how he was living. This man came to me for a loan, but I refused it, because I knew what his habits were, just as I refused a loan to-day to a merchant whose business is undoubtedly sound, but who, I have discovered, is gambling and playing the races."

But, Poker and Playing the Races, as the two judges below the Ohio have shown us, are very brothers and boon companions of Progressive Eucharie. The crazing effects, the squandering of money, and drop in the moral tone, are the like symptoms of each.

[Since the preparation of the editorial comments on Hodzkin's Life of G. Fox, the following remarks have been received from another source.—Ed.]

### George Fox.

By Thomas Hodgkin. B. C. L. Withen & Co., 36 Essex St., W. C. London, 1870.

The above is a small work of about three hundred pages, having for its frontispiece a portrait of George Fox, taken from the supposed picture alleged to have been painted by Sir Peter Lely. The preface informs that there are frequent quotations from Barclay's Inner Life of the Religious Societies of the Commonwealth, a work of more than doubtful authority as to its facts, so far as they relate to the Society of Friends, and wholly unreliable as respects the conclusions drawn therefrom.

Many of the pages bear clear evidence that the views of the compiler of the Inner Life have been largely interwoven in this narrative. The position and character of George Fox are presented in a light which Friends have never adopted, and which but few, even in the present day, will be prepared to accept.

The author thinks that as Presbyterianism was the dominant form of church government during the earlier part of George Fox's career, that it was not high sacramental teaching or discourses on the Apostolical Succession which his soul revolted at; that the Episcopal parsons and squires who were the chief agents in persecuting Friends, during a long period of the Society's early history, were not the chief objects of his religious polemic, and that it was Calvinistic teaching against which he bore his most persistent protest. Further he thinks that Fox's utterances were directed against insincerity and hypocrisy rather than against doctrinal views different from his own. Thus we see this great man's protest against sacerdotalism and other prevailing errors, almost wholly set aside.

The author takes occasion to pronounce a panegyric upon Priest Lumpitt, who George Fox had characterized as a deceiver and a perverter of the right way of the Lord, and in other instances he speaks well of Priests whom Fox had condemned. Whilst we have an interesting and readable work, it is disappointing and hardly such as we should have expected from the pen of so able an author.

MAX raises many objections to God's sovereignty, but the great cause of all is, he says, to be sovereign himself.

### THE ARM CHAIR.

(Continued from page 229.)

Of ardent temper, quick and flashing zeal,  
Keen as high po! shod, but too brittle steel,  
In earlier life James CRESSON had been found,  
Like a high steel when first in harness bound;  
But grace had tempered and obduracy wrought  
A change so clear from wrong and thought;  
His ardent feelings felt the love of calm,  
Fitting a follower of the lowly Lamb.

A pointing finger to none other shown,  
A secret whisper to none other known,  
Bade ARTHUR HOWELL batten on his prey,  
When a sedition's mutiny gave-yard way,  
A few sad mourners stood beside a grave,  
Where 't' no dust, a solemn language gave!  
Soon from his lips burst forth the ardent strain:  
"I know not whom this coffin may contain,  
But my good Master, in whose power I came,  
Now bids me clear from wrong an injured name:  
Who who now rests within this narrow bed,  
By slasher wounded, bled her sorrowing head;  
Accused of that in which she had no part,  
She died in innocence—a broken heart!"

—As from a stranger came these words, a thrill  
Of secret wondering joy the mourners fill;  
For such who die, as yet, as apparitions end,  
That God a witness to her grave would send,  
Who to her innocence should boldly bear  
A clear, convincing testimony there.  
And He whose ways are wrapt in mystery still,  
Bid himself his servant led to do his will!  
—On to the grave this servant of the Lord  
Was sent to preach the everlasting word  
To rouse the thoughtless from delusion's dream,  
*Memento mori* was his frequent theme.

When pestilence her raven wing outspread,  
When terror swept the living from the dead,  
When love's sweet ties were severed in afflict,  
And all that he had lost, he wanted not;  
OPELEY and others, a devoted band,  
Before the march of terror took their stand!  
They nobly dared in that dark hour to make  
Themselves an offering for the people's sake,  
He was accepted! Great the church's loss,  
She mourned a faithful champion of the cross,  
Gathered at mid day, soon the face was gone  
Long ere the evening shades his labor done!  
—Two of the worthies living of that day,  
LEITCHWORTH and WISTAL hastening fast away.

Shrewd, witty, eloquent—with ample store  
Of all that schools could give of classic lore;  
Sarcastic powers opposing views to chill,  
When such the purpose of his subtle will,  
A learned lawyer, NICHOLAS WALN could sway,  
A jury's feelings in his youthful day;  
But soon like Paul, when the misson one spoke,  
Humble he bowed and bore the Christian yoke;  
Gambal's lessons ceasing to repeat,  
He lay a learner at the Saviour's feet,  
Simple of heart and of a feeble frame,  
Feeling unworthy even Christ to name;

Yet raised by Him, of living hopes to tell,  
And show his people a faithful guide;  
JAMES SIMON, like his Lord, from things around,  
Fit subjects for important lessons found;  
A cloud overspreading, or a bird in wing,  
Would to the theme in hand instruction bring!  
Filled by his Master, wondrously he shone;  
This emptied vessel scarce could stand alone.

Slow as a traveller winds o'er miry ways,  
Whose prudent care his onward course delays,  
So RICHARD JORDAN preached; at first each word  
Came slowly forth, nor life nor feeling stirred;  
But soon the channel cleared, the onward flow  
In freer volume swifter currents found;  
Bolder and higher than it gathers force,  
A mountain torrent rushing down its course:  
So JORDAN ministered in life's mid-day,  
A B-uzer's thunder on his way!  
Fishes and flosses, worthless not a few,  
Touched by love's sunbeams, his ofen drew;  
SMITH, with his venerable locks of snow,  
Sedately cautious the right path to know,  
Devoted ministers, alas! no more.

David Bacon and descendants. William Wilson, an elder of Philadelphia Monthly Meeting. Sarah Proctor Wilson, a minister of the Southern District Monthly Meeting.

And worthy elders who the ark once bore,  
When these were gone—their bodies to the sod,  
Their spirits taken to their fixed abode—  
A cloud around our Israel's camp arose,  
When our first leaders started up our foes;  
While a bold infidel his poison spread,  
And with his scorpions hungry children fed;  
Another race, part of the by gone age,  
Yet of the present, then employed the stage.

When beding mists were gathering force and form,  
RUTH RICHARDSON was taken from the storm;  
True to her Master, she was free to die,  
Yet nature shrank from the last agony;  
Gladly would she have left this scene of pain,  
The promised kingdom of her Lord to gain;  
But awful feelings shadowed forth the strife,  
The dread emergency of a nation's life,  
Gently her spirit from its house of clay,  
Was sent on wings of mercy on its way;  
When came the pale faced messenger to free,  
Her eyes were holden that he did not see,  
No pain, no sorrows, e'er her evening prayer  
Joined with her morning hymn of glory there,  
She felt no agony nor pain or grief,  
Taken in kindness without tasting death!

Melodious singer of heart-thrilling songs,  
Of Zion's injuries and Israel's wrongs;  
Whose lonely harp still on the willow hung,  
Till fresh-felt mercies every chord restrung;  
Then touched to praise his foes as in distress broke,  
That in each heart responsive feelings woke!  
—Oh, I beheld thee, as I last beheld,  
When Gospel love thy grateful bosom swelled,  
When weeping listeners he rd the tale of woe,  
Of mental conflicts it was thine to know;  
When as a flood the enemy came in,  
Sweeping awing the sin;  
When from a pit of horror burst thy moan,  
Illumed by no brightness from the throne;  
When Satan's shadows compassed thee around;  
When Satan's legions pierced with many a wound;  
When the rank weeds were wrappd about thy head  
When hostile-ross billows over thee were spread:  
Then He who died for thee, thy sins to purge away,  
Arose in might thy struggling soul to save;  
Bade the waves sunder and temptations dry,  
The scattering clouds haste from the brightening sky:  
The Sun of righteousness with cheering ray,  
Shed the full radiance of perfected day.  
—Then from thy lips poured forth a joyful song  
To the Redeemer—thy Redeemer's King  
In most melodious energy of praise,  
To God, the Saviour, Him of ancient days,  
The heart and language rising with the theme,  
Till praise gushed forth, one living, glowing stream.  
Then from thy lips the thrilling language fell,  
"O Glory to Him who raised my soul from hell!"  
—Emphatic in tears was many a cheek that day,  
As SARAH CRESSON told her chequered way,  
'Twas her last Gospel-labor here of love,  
Mercy soon gathered her to praise above.  
(To be continued).

### HOW A CAT SAVED A PRISONER'S LIFE.

In the fifteenth century there was a captive in the Tower of London, concerning whom a remarkable tradition has come down to us. This was Sir Henry Wyatt, grandfather of a rebel imprisoned in a later century, who, because his opinions were opposed to those of the king, was confined for a very long time in a cold and narrow cell, in which he neither had enough food to eat, clothes to warm him, nor even a bed to lie upon; so badly treated, indeed, was the unfortunate man that, but for a devoted little attendant which regularly visited him, he would probably have died of starvation.

This attendant was none other than a cat which, it is said, came down one day to the dungeon and forthwith formed a friendship with him, he having gladly welcomed her, placing her in his bosom to warm him, and "by making much of her won her love." The attachment to the lonely prisoner having been thus begun, the cat used to come to him several times each day, and when able, she would sometimes carry a pigeon to him.



There arose, however, the difficulty as to how to cook the birds; but Sir Henry was soon able to surmount this. On one occasion of his jailer sitting him, he complained of his meagre fare, and when told, as he knew he would be, that it was impossible to better it, he asked, "But supposing I provide any, will you dress it for me?" "I may well enough agree to do that," replied the man, thinking probably how little respect there was of being called upon to carry it his promise. And so, much to his astonishment, Wyatt told him about his little visitor; and from that time, whenever a pigeon was caught, the good keeper always dressed it for him.

When at last Sir Henry was released from the Tower, and prosperity came again, we are told that he ever showed great affection for cats; and in his portraits one was generally by his side.—*Sunday School Visitor.*

FOR "THE FRIENDS."

Some Reminiscences of John Salkeld.

Supposing I may be the only person living familiar with some of these incidents, I pen them down for preservation, seeing that though often facetious, they really occurred to one highly favored as a living Gospel minister in his day. It should be remembered that like our ancient friend, John Roberts, he was seldom at loss for an answer to all comers, nor did he often find himself outmatched. As an instance, take the following: Standing quite demurely, holding his horse on a ferry-boat on one occasion, several young men on board concluded to have a little sport with him, and so one, noticing that John's horse had a white face, queried with him, "What ails your horse that he is so pale a face?" The answer was, "Thine would be pale too, if thou had looked through a halter as long as he has." Not succeeding in raising the expected laugh, he there-upon stepped back, and another who would try what he could do, addressed him very familiarly with, "How do you do, Mr. Salkeld?" "Thou seems to have the advantage of me; I do not know thee." "Not know me? my name is More." John, after looking down meditatively for a moment, said, "Oh, I do recollect, there was Adam and Eve in the garden, and one more." The rest concluding it safest, allowed our friend to conclude his passage in peace.

Being in his dearborn on a very muddy road, he was on one occasion met by one called a gentleman, who looking for deference, very peremptorily ordered John to turn out and give him the road, but he only sat still and remarked, "Thou may turn out thyself," and at length it came to quite an altercation as to which should do so. Finally, John, drawing himself up to his full height, and speaking earnestly, said, "Well, if thou dost not turn out, I shall serve thee as I did a man whom I met a short distance back." The boldness and determination of his words and manner rather alarmed the other, who therefore said to his driver, "I think we had better turn out, and not have any quarrel with the old Quaker." Accordingly they did so, but feeling a curiosity to know what kind of a fate he had escaped by his compliance, he said in passing, "I wish you would tell me what it was you did to that man." "Oh," said John, very demurely, "He wouldn't turn out, and so I had to."

Joseph Hoag related an instance of John's making a convert, to the following import: That being once confronted by a foot-pal who demanded his money, he quickly overpowered

and disarmed him, when taking him by the collar of his coat and the seat of his pantaloons, he carried him bodily to a stream of water near by, and plunging him under again and again, would, during the intervals allowed as breathing spells, lecture him upon the evil of his ways. It is to be noted that John was taking it very much at his ease; not so the other, who at length, nearly strangled, stammered out, "Do you—intend—to—drown—me?" "I intend to keep thee here until thou departs this wicked life," and again he went under. Nor would John let him go until he had made promise so to do, which as Joseph Hoag affirmed he did, becoming a reformed character. This may fitly be styled baptism by immersion, and that upon repentance.

While loving and honoring John for his faithful occupancy of the powerful gift bestowed upon him, his friends were yet watchful to endeavor, what in them lay, to restrain his eccentricities, though not always with the desired result, as the following incident shows: Some of them making him a visit one morning, took him into another room to impress upon him the necessity of being more guarded in his expressions, etc., and it seems were in hopes that some permanent profitable impression had been made. However, the lecture had been long, when John excused himself for a few minutes, whether with malice aforethought or only incidentally, I cannot say, but he soon returned, and with a countenance and voice expressive of the deepest concern said, "Oh, friends, do come quickly, my wife is speechless." They hurrying after, he led them to the sitting room, and pointed to her enjoying a sound nap in her easy chair. Comment on this is unnecessary, only I think that as they rode homeward, they must have been troubled with grave doubts whether they had not gone for once without their guide.

That John could receive in a becoming manner the admonitions of a concerned mind, may be seen from his reply to J. Churchman's cautions on this subject, "Why, John, I have already overcome ten times as much as thou ever had to contend with." This was no doubt true, and yet we must all admit, it had been better if he had overcome more. Though borne with and even feeling a liberty in some things many would scruple at, as for instance, when returning from a religious visit, he was very free in his remarks, rather to the grief of his sober-minded companion, who, when John actually proposed they should try the nettle of their horses in a race, could not forbear expostulating with him, to which he replied, "I have been out on my Master's work, and I have done it faithfully. I am now coming home with my reward, and I have liberty to enjoy myself."

An incident occurring during a visit to England is perhaps better known, yet I subjoin it as follows:

Being disappointed in a companion to a certain meeting, he went alone and on foot, and presenting himself at the habitation of a Friend, asked for entertainment. Being dressed, I suppose, somewhat rustically, he was coolly received and told that in consequence of their expecting a Friend from America, it would be inconvenient, and yet if he was willing to lodge with their hired man he might stay; and when morning came he was further informed that if he would help load manure until breakfast time, he might partake of it, with the hired man, I suppose. John thought he could load manure, and did so, when his host supplemented his kindness by telling him of its being their meet-

ing day, and inviting him to go to it, after which the family drove off, wondering meanwhile, why the preacher had failed to put in an appearance. John found his way to the house unattended, and to the consternation of a certain Friend, took the head of the gallery. An apology and invitation to dine was proffered, to which John's laconic reply was, "I have been at thy house."

Being on his way to a meeting, he was observed by some young men, who said among themselves, "There goes John Salkeld, watch him; he'll preach," etc. Accordingly, he soon arose with their very words. Doubtless he had a message for some of them, and this was designed to render it more impressive.

This reminds me of a friend's saying that seeing the late William Scattergood come into their meeting in London Britain, the salutation arose in his mind, "Well, what is thy business here," and as if replying when he stood up, he began, "My business here to day is"—and so. These incidents are, I believe, reliable, and I thought possibly worth preservation. J. K.

A GOOD LAW.—The *Washington Post* has the following: It is not often that a man who comes to Congress with a hobby has the good fortune to see his hobby crystallize into a law. Yet this is the unusual experience of Representative Curtis, of New York.

General Curtis is probably the greatest authority on the subject of the literature of capital punishment in the world. Ever since he was a boy he has held the opinion that nothing is gained by putting a criminal to death, and he thinks that the farther the world gets from capital punishment the better it becomes. He is writing a book upon the subject and has made arguments to every one who would listen to him. One of his first acts upon coming to Congress was to introduce a bill decreasing the number of crimes for which the death penalty could be inflicted. He kept persistently at his hobby, supporting the bill by able reports, and has the satisfaction of seeing the measure, which had already been agreed to in the House, also pass the Senate.

It may not be generally known that there are sixty offenses under the Federal laws for which death may be inflicted as a punishment. To be sure, there have been no executions for these offenses for many years, but they are upon the statute books, giving, as General Curtis points out, a sanguinary character to our laws. Under the new law executions can take place only for offenses against the army and the navy, murder and rape, and to the latter two cases the jury is given discretionary authority to add to the verdict of guilty the words "without capital punishment." It is an interesting fact that the passage of a law which cuts off such a large number of death penalties was accomplished without a word of debate. The simple reading of the bill seemed to be sufficient.

PUTTING OFF REPENTANCE.—A hermit was conducted by an angel into a wood, where he saw an old man cutting down boughs to make up a burden. When it was large enough he tied it up, and attempted to lift it on his shoulder to carry it away; but finding it very heavy he laid it down, cut more wood and heaped it on, and then tried again to carry it off. This he repeated several times, always adding something to his load, after trying in vain to raise it from the ground. In the meantime the hermit, astonished at the old man's folly, desired

the angel to explain what this meant. "You behold," said he, "in the foolish old man, an exact representation of those who, being made sensible of the burdens of their sins, resolve to repent, but soon grow weary, and instead of lessening their burden, increase it every day. At each trial they find the task more difficult than before, and so put it off a little longer, in vain hoping that they will by and by be more able to accomplish it.

Thus they go on adding to the burden till it grows too heavy to be borne, and then, in despair of God's mercy, and with their sins unre-pented of, they lie down and die. Turn again, my son, and behold the end of the old man whom thou sawest just now heaping up a load of lumps." The hermit looked, and saw him in vain attempting to remove the pile, which was now accumulated far beyond his strength to raise. His feeble limbs tottered over their burden; the poor remains of his strength were fast ebbing away; the darkness of death was gathering around him; and after a convulsive and impotent attempt to lift the pile, he fell down and expired.—*Healed of Truth.*

FROM "THE LONDON FRIEND."

### Elihu Burritt on the Quakers.

George Fox came out from under the weaver's roof, and preached a strange gospel to Papist, Episcopalian, Puritan, and Presbyterian. His rationalism was most sweeping and unsparring. He laid his broad axe to the root of all religious systems and creeds, or, rather, to the trunk of them just where it joined the root. He preached against all outward forms and ordinances (hitherto known and revered; against a man-ordained and salaried ministry of whatever sect; against all formal or stated prayer and praise, read, said, or sung at fixed hours of worship; against pulpit and priest and water baptism of any form; and all the sacred ceremonies and sacraments, dear alike to rigid Puritans and Papists.

He would pull off his hat to no one but God himself, and to Him only in prayer. He abjured and denounced oaths to human Governments and persons as profane. With his hedge-bill he slashed this way and that, until, as he believed, he had reduced the faith as it was in Christ and his first disciples to its first simplicity, purity, and experience.

True religion, he insisted, was a living spirit in the human soul, and breathed into it directly from above, inspiring thought, speech, and life; moving men and women to speak as it dictated, and to hold their peace in prayerful silence until it did move, whether they sat in the "ministers' gallery" or on lower benches among the common waiters at the mercy-seat. They were to follow the Saviour of mankind in the fresh and full footsteps He made on earth, without shadow of turning into the by-paths or cross-tracks of human traditions, even in language as well as life and spirit. This they served as they would have done the music and painted glass of the cathedral. They put away from it all ornamental phraseology or florid diction, and made it as plain in utterance as their own death-words and homely words in dress.

They swept every department of domestic and social life clean of all worldly superfluities, and sobered down even the natural impulses and reveries of childhood to the even beat of stud and domestic morality. The quaint men and women, who retired to the arms, or oaths, or cross for any form of Government, temporal or spiritual, set themselves to the work of win-

ning the last great victory of religious opinion and worship.

We are too far from their starting-point to understand or to account for the almost universal feeling of repugnance which their strange words and ways inspired. Being more speechful and energetic under the pressure of persecution than in later and quieter years, their first voice in the wilderness was as sharp as John the Baptist's to the Pharisees when they denounced the ceremonial forms and ordinances of both Church and Dissent. Thus, they were regarded as a kind of broad-brimmed Ishmaelites, with their hand against every Christian sect, and every sect's hand against them.

Their mission was to hold up a quiet, steady, and unwavering testimony in face of the religious and political powers against their long-established and strong-built systems; to assert not only the rights of the individual conscience in the matter of Christian belief and worship, but the sovereign supremacy of the Holy Spirit's role in the heart and life, which no human Government might despise or alienate.

They were few in numbers, and bore such testimony against all the recognized denominations, that they would have been overpowered and silenced had it not been for the intensity of their religious belief, the even and quiet goodness of their lives, and a pertinacity and serenity of patience under suffering which made them not only invincible but victors in the great conflict for the rights of conscience, which they were raised up in due time to achieve. They learned to suffer and be strong beyond any other denomination in the great Non-conformist struggle.

Not only did they lift up their testimony against the rites but against the rates of the Established Church, and opposed to every prerogative it claimed a passive resistance, which for persistence and duration has no parallel in the history of English Christendom. One of their periodical assemblies still commemorates their stern experiences through the long conflict—"The Meeting for Sufferings."

The annals of the Christian Church have not produced a more characteristic and significant institution than this term implies. It was a meeting to comfort and strengthen with sympathy and watch with loving ministry the members of their communion suffering imprisonment or the spoiling of their goods for holding up their great testimony.

Doubtless it was one of these Meetings for Sufferings during the Commonwealth that one of the most beautiful acts of brotherly love on record was inspired. One hundred and sixty-four Quakers from different parts of the nation came up to Westminster, and pleaded at the bar of the House of Commons for permission to substitute themselves, body for body, for their friends then lying in different prisons throughout the kingdom. With the very odor of their lives of faith and charity breathing inward upon the British Senate, they stood before the Speaker with their quiet and serene faces, and preferred this strange, embarrassing request to a Parliament which had deposed Charles I., and put him to death for trenching upon the political rights of the people.

The little priestless set of Quakers, therefore, was raised up for a great and timely mission: to reform the reformers; to make the freedom of the human conscience, or liberty to worship God according to its dictates, perfect through suffering.

Their invincible patience was irresistible.

The unjust judge, though he feared not God nor regarded man, was constrained to arise and avenge them of their adversaries. He could not stand out against their quiet faces and mild voices from year to year. He yielded point after point; and what he yielded to them availed for those who had not the strength of patience to ask in the same way. The Non-conformist sects of Great Britain owe a great deal more to the patient, persistent, passive testimony of the Quakers than to any other, or, perhaps, to all other denominations put together.

Thus, the honor was reserved to this small sect to be the last contingent of that army of martyrs which through the ages has been enlisted by the Spirit of God to make the Christian faith free, pure, and perfect through suffering.

### Natural History, Science, etc.

*A Double Star Revolving in a Day and a Half* has recently been detected by means of photo spectroscopy, on plates examined by — Fleming. The speed with which such bodies move must be enormous, if, as is probable, they are comparable in size to our own. Or we might compare them with the living and the dead couple which form the variable star *Beta Perse*. These revolve in three days at a distance of three and a quarter million miles, and the smaller ("dead") one is moving two hundred thous and miles an hour. The newly-found pair, revolving in half the time, must lie much closer together.

*A Meteor Seen in Space.*—The ordinary shooting-star is visible because it is burning in the atmosphere. Its enormous velocity, measured in miles per second, causes sufficient friction for this, even where the rarity of the air is ten thousand times greater than what we breathe. The average height is about fifty miles. No ordinary meteors have yet been seen by reflected sunlight, for even one which, on burning shines like Sirius, may be only as large as a bullet, and the largest masses are too small to shine like a miniature moon while still one hundred and fifty or two hundred miles from the earth. But on Seventh Month 21st, Professor Brooks, of Smith Observatory, Geneva, New York, watching the moon, saw through his telescope a dark, round object move horizontally across its disc. It was almost undoubtedly a meteor, moving through space between the earth and moon. If he had but reckoned how long it took we might roughly calculate its greatest distance. But he only says "rather slowly." Let us assume this to mean at least one and a half seconds, the moon being about three-quarters full. The average speed of a meteor, at the earth's distance from the sun, is about twenty-five miles per second. Hence it travels fifty miles whilst crossing a disc which is two thousand miles across. Consequently, its distance would be one-fortieth that of the moon's which is about two hundred and thirty thousand miles away. Upon the above assumptions it was distant, therefore, about six thousand mile from the observer. If one only knew the exact time it took crossing, whether at right angles to the line of sight, and whether precisely over the centre of the moon, this distance could be told accurately. The whole forms an interesting matter for speculation, but as it stands the 'ifs' are decidedly too prominent. In any case I must have been an abnormally large meteor! The largest on record, seen more than a hundred years ago, was estimated to measure!

ile in diameter: it moved down the German ocean and the Channel, dropping a fragment in the way, and disappeared over the Atlantic. calculations indicated that it never came very close to the earth, and that it probably returned to the realms of space.—*Edmund Clark.*

### Lucy Gregory.

1836.—Eleventh Month 19th.—Indisposition plagues me to spend most of the day alone. The odds look full of ruin; and the wind, roaring round my dwelling, forms a striking contrast to the calm tranquillity which reigns within. My feelings are so indescribably consoling at the present moment, that I am ready to marvel why it should be thus with me. I so often seem waded down under a deep sense of my manifold infirmities, and the proneness in my nature to turn aside from the paths of rectitude and self-denial; and that—and amid all these weaknesses of the flesh—my Saviour, my blessed Saviour should so tenderly watch over so poor, unworthy a creature, proves indeed that his love is infinite, free, and unbounded. Yes, and I have faith to believe that He will still continue to manifest himself as the "Sinner's Friend," and that no capon of the destroyer will ever be suffered to art the precious seed of the Kingdom, which trust is beginning to take root in my heart. What a privilege to know that "my Redeemer yeth;" and, whilst He condescends to direct my steps, whatever the future events of my life may be, I have no cause for anxious fear.

Twelfth Month 31st—1837 is fast verging towards its close; and, in bidding adieu to this yearful year, I can say it has been one of the happiest I have ever passed. The astonishing improvement in my health has allowed me the opportunity of partaking more fully of those social and rational pleasures, which tend to cheer and enliven the path of life, and which, oftentimes, I have more thoroughly enjoyed upon having so long known their deprivation. Here is so very much in nature calculated to animate and instruct the mind, as well as to ratify the outward eye, that frequently when wandering amidst the beauties of creation, whilst beholding the rich display of his goodness, my thoughts have been directed towards the beneficent Creator of all, who thus so bountifully provides for his creatures.

1838.—Second Month 2nd.—My thoughts are dwelt much on the privileges and advantages I enjoy from having been brought up within the pale of a Society from which the dishonourable amusements of life are excluded. And I have also thought, whilst we conscientiously condemn the lamentable abuse of time and talents, which the practice of these vain pursuits must occasion, that we should be exceedingly cautious how we judge those whose situation in the world is totally different from our own; many of whom, no doubt, feel almost associated to sanction—by their presence—that they would gladly be excused from, if left to the influence of their own unbiassed judgment. Teach me, O my dear Saviour, to turn my eyes not upon others but upon myself.

Eighth Month 2nd.—Oh! Holy Father, accept I pray thee, the simple though sincere offering of praise, from a heart overflowing with gratitude for the continued extension of thy goodness; and grant me, I beseech thee, a measure of that strength which will enable me more and more to look on myself as nothing, only as thou art graciously pleased to work thy will in me, through the quickening influence of thy

blessed spirit. Oh, humble me, I pray thee, under a sense of my natural proneness to sin; and, if it be thy will, preserve me from evil, and refresh my soul.

WHOEVER partakes of Tobacco or Intoxicating Drink doth put an enemy into his mouth to steal away his brains, is just so far a drunkard, and the more liable to be sent to his last account unwashed, unhalloved, unanointed, unanointed, with all his imperfections on his head. Let us be sober, be vigilant, putting on the breast-plate of faith and love, and for a helmet, the hope of salvation.—S. X.

HE is safe in the greatest dangers whom God undertakes to protect; and He undertakes the protection of all who commit their cause to Him; think of Noah, David and Daniel.

## THE FRIEND.

SECOND MONTH 13, 1897.

(GEORGE FOX. By Thomas Hodgkin).—This book forms one of a series of biographies of men who have been prominent as leaders in the great religious movements of modern times. It is skillfully prepared as a literary work, and is an interesting book. Indeed, the character and experiences of George Fox are of such a striking nature, that the work might reasonably be expected to be attractive to the reader.

T. Hodgkin appears to have been quite careful that his own profession as a Friend should not lead him to overestimate the character of George Fox, or the value of his services to religion and his country. Indeed, the chief criticism we have to make on his work is that in some points he fails to do full justice to that remarkable man.

It rates rather harshly on the feelings of one who has all his life been accustomed to look with great and deserved respect on the sayings and experiences of this great reformer, and to trace the Divine hand in his movements, to hear him spoken of as narrow-minded and manifesting bitterness to those that opposed him, and to see such epithets as "strange, excited discourse," applied to communications delivered under a weighty sense of Divine requiring, and whose authority was proven by the wonderful effect they produced on the listeners.

Thomas Hodgkin appears to have been influenced by the writings of the late Robert Barclay, who in his *Inner Life of the Religious Societies of the Commonwealth*, largely substitutes his own imaginations and inferences from the history of the times, for the explicit statements of the early members of our Society, thus endeavoring to make them responsible for views which they did not entertain. Some of these points are shown in a review of his work, by the late Dr. Charles Evans, of Philadelphia, entitled "*An Examen*," to which the reader is referred.

The impression left on the mind by the reading of T. Hodgkin's work is a wish, that in addition to the literary qualifications which the author possessed for writing such a book, he had been animated by such a love for the principles of Quakerism and a sense of the responsibility of his work, as would have eliminated from his book all that tends to lessen one's veneration for those faithful advocates for the Truth, who counted not their lives dear unto themselves

so that they might finish their course with joy, and the ministry they had received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the Gospel of the Grace of God.

Our Friend, Josiah W. Leeds, having been exercised over the spread of what is called "Progressive Eucher," in the community, has issued a tract on this form of gambling, a part of which is published in THE FRIEND of this week.

A personal letter from him states that in some public houses kept by members of our Society, the tables have been allowed to be used for this evil purpose. This is a sad and unexpected piece of information. The evil of gambling is so well known, that few indeed are the persons who can plead ignorance as an excuse for indulging in it. And the proprietors of boarding houses, who permit their tables to be used for such objects, certainly fall far short of bearing that open testimony against wrongdoing, which is required of a consistent Christian.

If any of our readers have given way to the temptation to indulge in this form of gambling, or any other; or to sanction it in any way, our desire for them is that expressed by our Saviour to the woman who was brought to Him as an offender, "Go and sin no more."

### SUMMARY OF EVENTS.

UNITED STATES.—On the 2nd instant, at the State Department, the Anglo-Venezuelan Arbitration treaty was signed by Sir Julian Pauncefote, the British Ambassador, and Jose Andrade, the Venezuelan Minister. The arbitration tribunal will consist of Baron Hirsch and Sir Richard Henn Collins, on the part of Great Britain; Melville W. Fuller, Chief Justice, and David J. Brewer, Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court, on the part of Venezuela, and a fifth jurist to be selected by the four persons nominated.

On the 30th inst. a bill creating a new Judicial District in Texas was passed over the President's veto in the United States Senate. The Anglo-American Arbitration Treaty was considered in executive council.

The United States last year produced 32,000,000 barrels of fermented liquor.

On the 2nd instant the Secretary of the Interior sent to the Senate the geological survey report on the gold deposits in Alaska. It shows the presence of a gold belt 200 miles in length, which enters the Territory near the mouth of Forty Mile Creek, and extends westward across the Yukon Valley. It is the opinion of the geologist that it is practicable to prosecute quartz mining throughout the year in this region. Large areas of bituminous coal were also discovered along the river. The report says that there can be little dispute as to the boundary line where it crosses the State of Idaho to the west of the 115th meridian.

The State Capitol building, at Harrisburg, was completely destroyed by fire on the afternoon of the 2nd instant. Both Houses of the Legislature were in session when the fire started, and hasty adjournments were taken. The flames, which started in the Lieutenant-Governor's apartments over the Senate Chamber, and leaped so rapidly that practically nothing could be done to check them. The loss is estimated at over \$300,000. The legislative records were saved.

On Fourth-day last, the New York Central Railroad Company, with its affiliated branches, began regular and efficient traffic over the great steel viaduct and new Harlem River bridge, which have been in course of construction for the last few years. The only one of the steel viaduct can best be explained by some figures. The structure is about two miles in length, and raises the grade a maximum distance of 20 feet. The viaduct is 55 feet in width, giving room for the four tracks that have been built in it, and which are laid in a solid water-tight flooring of cement. The new Harlem bridge, at its upper end, is 100 feet wide. The new Harlem bridge, as it is called, has been a constant and expensive annoyance to the railroad company and to navigators, for its draw has to be opened even for the smallest craft. The new bridge being twenty or thirty feet high water mark, makes it possible for tugs, barges and scows to pass under it. It will be necessary

to open the draw only for the passage of large boats. The drawbridge is the largest of the kind ever built. It is 61 feet wide, and 400 feet long, carries four tracks, and the rails and weights 400 tons. When open it leaves two navigable passages, each 100 feet wide.

When P. A. Spiller settled in Kansas many years ago, he made a discovery in digging a well, bordering a neighbor in digging a well, found a fine, rich surface soil at a depth of 100 feet. Digging through this, the workmen found gravel, clay and water. This earth, which was thrown out was found covered in the course of a few weeks with a rich growth of tropical vegetation. There were little date trees and other varieties of palms, berries, straws, weeds and grasses. In great numbers, all totally unlike anything which grew or could grow in the open air throughout the year in that climate.

What is considered the greatest quantity of pure sulphur ever found in the West has been discovered in the Cascade Mountains, Washington, not far from the Northern Pacific Railroad. John Kenneth, of Oting, the discoverer, has kept the exact location secret, but has brought out samples which evidence the high value of the find. By correspondence, it is said, Kenneth has been able to interest a syndicate, headed by John P. B. Pfeiffer, in the discovery.

It is reported by Philadelphia, Pa., that the New York, states that Thomas A. Edison, after much experimenting, has discovered a chemical that, in connection with the Fluoroscope, will make some of the internal parts of the body plainly visible. When the vital organs are not destroyed the blind under certain circumstances may be cured.

Prominent stockmen of the Indian Territory and the Panhandle report that the recent blizzard has resulted in the death of thousands of cattle on the range. For the first time in a hundred years large water courses are frozen over.

Deaths in this city last week numbered 505, which is 10 more than the previous week, and 38 less than the corresponding week of 1896. Of the foregoing, 250 were males and 255 females; 104 died of pneumonia; 54 of consumption; 45 of heart disease; 27 of diphtheria; 23 of apoplexy; 20 of old age; 17 of bronchitis; 14 of nephritis; 13 of inflammation of the brain; 13 of cerebral palsy; and 12 of Bright's disease.

Of the 505 deaths, 48 were males, 48, negro, 111; 112, colored, 112 and 112, white, 122; 5, 112; 115; cholera, 6; 103, 106.

Cotton was quiet but steady at 7 1/2 per pound for mill spinning.

FEEDS.—Spot bran ranged from \$11.25 to \$12.00 per ton; white water and lark \$11.25 to \$11.75 for spring in a sack.

Flour.—Winter wheat, \$2.55 to \$2.80; do, extra, \$2.90 to \$3.20; Pennsylvania river, clear, \$4.10 to \$4.25; do, do, straight, \$4.25 to \$4.40; Western winter, clear, \$4.10 to \$4.25; do, do, straight, \$4.25 to \$4.40; do, do, patent \$4.50 to \$4.65; spring, clear, \$5.45 to \$5.80; do, straight, \$4.90 to \$5.20; do, extra, \$5.20 to \$5.45; do, favorite brands, lighter, City mills, extra, \$5.05 to \$5.20; do, clear, \$4.05 to \$4.30; do, straight, \$4.30 to \$4.50; do, patent, \$4.55 to \$4.80. RYE FLOUR.—\$2.75 per barrel, 65 pounds Pennsylvania. BUCKWHEAT FLOUR.—\$1.20 to \$1.25 per 100 pounds, as to quality.

GRAIN.—No. 2 red wheat, 85 1/2 cts; No. 3, 84 1/2 cts; No. 2 white oats, 25 1/2 cts; No. 3, 24 1/2 cts.

BEEF CATTLE.—Extra, 43 c; good, 42 c; 4 c; medium, 41 c; 1 c; common, 40 c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS.—Extra, 41 c; good, 40 c; 4 c; medium, 39 c; 3 c; common, 29 c; 2 c; lambs, 4 to 5 c.

HOGS.—At Western, 51 c; 50 c; other Western, 51 c; 50 c; State, 41 c.

FOREIGN.—In the British House of Commons last week, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, Chancellor of the Exchequer, moved a resolution granting £780,000 to meet the first instalment of the Anglo-Egyptian expedition to the Sudan. It was adopted by a vote of 169 to 57.

The Prince of Wales, on the occasion of his arrival at a hotel, to be called the Prince of Wales Hotel, in London, for the purpose of commemorating the sixtieth anniversary of the Queen's accession to the throne.

The Under Secretary of the Foreign Affairs stated in the House of Commons on the 8th inst. that the removal of the last vestige of the length of the cable had been successfully completed.

Five thousand refugees have entered from Canada, and that place is now a wretched quagmire.

It is said one can no longer claim to possess the longest railway bridge in the world. The recently completed bridge in the State of Oregon is 10,000 feet long. This distance is nearly 2,000 feet longer than the longest new structure, exclusive of its approaches. It is 13,225

feet, while its principal spans over the main channel of the river are 620 and 455 feet respectively. The remaining spans extend over some nine miles of low-lying land, which for several months of the year is completely submerged.

The plan of reform for Cuba was signed by the Queen Regent on the 13th inst. The principal features will be a Council of Administration, most of whose members will be elective. The high officials of the island will be appointed by the Governor General, but they must be Cubans or Spaniards of two years' residence on the island. The Council of Administration will frame a tariff and draw up a budget. The plan is not favorably received in Spain, as it gives the Cubans everything.

Spain's Prime Minister says the Government would not wait for the complete pacification of Cuba to introduce the reforms. If the rebellion is confined to the Eastern provinces it will be sufficient. There is much dissatisfaction in Madrid over what are believed to be the excessive concessions made to the Cubans in the scheme of reform, and it is thought that Cabinet changes are likely to result.

A despatch of the 3rd inst. from Porto Rico, says, The autonomists of the island have issued a manifesto announcing strong dissatisfaction at the reforms recently granted. The manifesto states that because of the party's attitude its members will refuse to vote at the coming municipal elections. These elections are the first practical application of the new law.

Permission to excavate the site of old Corinth, between the Acropolis and the modern city, has been granted by the American School at Athens by the Greek Government.

It is stated that the Czar of Russia has epileptic seizures about once a month. His medical attendants have prescribed a strict regimen designed to strengthen especially the nervous system. He has abandoned smoking and only takes a very small quantity of wine. Apen granted a long respite to his health is good.

The Governor of the Transvaal has recently announced that the bubonic plague has appeared at Candahar, Afghanistan.

A Force of Cossacks will be sent to watch along the Amu Darya River, to prevent, if possible, the introduction of the disease into Russian territory. The names of the men who recently explored the Pamirs and the Himalayas, found there unknown tribes who are fire-worshippers and ignorant of the use of money. Their animals are all dwarfed, the cows being the size of ponies, the donkeys of large dogs and the sheep of fox or wild sheep appearance. Their chief article of barter is tins.

Rupshu, a district on the north slope of the Himalayas, 15,000 feet above sea level and surrounded by mountains from 3000 to 5000 feet higher, has a permanent population of 500 persons, who live in goat-skin tents all the year round. Water freezes there every night, but the falling water prevents the dryness of the air. The people are shepherds, and dress in pajamas and a long cloak, wearing an additional cloak in unusually cold weather.

## NOTICES.

WESTOWN BOARDING SCHOOL.—A stated meeting of the Committee on Admissions will be held at Fourth and Arch Streets, on Seventh-day, the 17th inst., at 10 A. M.

J. W. BIDDLE, Clerk.

WESTOWN BOARDING SCHOOL.—Applications for the admission of pupils to the school, and letters in regard to instruction and discipline should be addressed to WILLIAM F. WICKERSHAM, Principal.

Payments on account of board and tuition, and all other business in regard to business should be forwarded to EDWARD G. SMEDLEY, Superintendent.

Address, Westown P. O., Chester Co., Pa.

WESTOWN BOARDING SCHOOL.—For convenience of persons coming to Westown School, the stage will meet trains at Philadelphia 7:15 and 8:46 A. M., and 2:55 and 4:32 P. M. Other trains, if desired, requested. Stage fare on regular trips, fifteen cents on special trips, twenty-five cents each way. To reach the school by telegraph, wire West Chester Phone 85. EDWARD G. SMEDLEY, Supt.

FRIENDS TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION will hold its next meeting at 110 N. Sixteenth Street, Phila., the 15th inst., at 11 A. M. The hour has been changed from 2 P. M. to 11 A. M., so that teachers and those interested in education might have an opportunity to

hear Dr. M. G. Brumbaugh, the noted lecturer on educational topics. The subject of the lecture will be announced later. All interested in education are welcome, and should not miss hearing Dr. Brumbaugh. W. M. F. OVERMAN, Business Manager.

WESTERN QUARTERLY MEETING OF FRIENDS.—The train leaving Broad Street Station, Philadelphia at 7:17 A. M., on the nineteenth inst. will be met at West Grove to convey (free of charge) those desiring to attend the Western Quarterly Meeting of Friends, to be held at London Grove, Chester Co., Pa.

It would assist the Committee if those intending to come could inform us by postal card in advance.

TRISTAN C. MOORE, ) Committee.

GEO. R. CHAMBERS, )

DIED, Twelfth Month 23rd, 1896, at his home in New Garden Township, Chester County, Pa., JON THOMAS in his eighty-first year; an esteemed elder and overseer of New Garden Monthly and Particular Meeting, of which he was a regular attendant, but one and especially the last days; nothing but sickness debarred him from his usual faithful and faithful holder of the testimonies and practices of our Friends. It was the last trip he was making to our week meeting when he was stricken down by his horse running off, and breaking both of his legs, which laid him up on a bed of languishing. The shock was to him and especially the nervous system, and he never fully recovered his normal condition. During his illness he was as meek as a child, and his prayer was, that he might depart and be at rest, leaving us (his children and friends), the comforting legacy that his end was peace and he has left us a priceless legacy of a reputation for integrity worthy to be imitated. His love for ever one and especially the poor and needy of his neighborhood, was one of his sterling attributes. He was ever thankful, often expressing his appreciation of the doctor's services. Thus we feel clear in having ministered to his last wants, trying to nurse him back to health; and we keenly feel the loss of his society and all that we might have gained from his wise counsel and high his precept and example will live long after him.

—, at his residence near Downingtown, Pa., First Month 2nd, 1897, WILLIAM CURTIS DIZELER, a member and minister of the Monthly Meeting of Friends of Philadelphia for the Western District, aged nearly seventy-six. The son of a Lutheran preacher, he possessed a fine musical talent, and was a young man young he came under the influence of the Holy Spirit, and was brought to a sense of the mission of his sins. Abiding in the same power, he was convinced of the spiritual nature of the Gospel including the true baptism and communion, and was in principle a Friend before he knew there were people professing the Truth as it had been opened to himself. A faithful adherence to the light manifested to him soon separated him from observances in which he had been taught, and eventually, before he was aged, led his steps to Philadelphia, where he heard there was a people in sympathy with his views. Following Friends whom he saw on their way to meeting he was led to the knowledge of that which satisfied him that they were spiritually true, and so he came in due time faithfully attached to their religion Society, where he was at length brought forth in living ministry. In the exercise of this acknowledged gift he was especially and powerfully, at times, enlarged upon country meetings and in prisons and almshouses, he was in the habit of visiting in his younger days New Jersey, Delaware and Ohio. In his younger days he did much self-sacrificing work in the most dangerous quarters of the city. Several remarkable instances of his guidance in special cases are remembered, illustrating the power of Divine Grace. He kept his regular course of self-denial, and in his younger days he had many of his persons open to Philadelphia, less for gain than for a place of refuge for those who were afflicted and persecuted; with the young who need counsel and the strength of his fatherly sympathy, with the older concerning the welfare of Truth; and with ministers of various denominations who craved an abiding in a higher spirituality. In the places where he labored he knew no more, we miss a valiant soldier of Truth upon the field of his life, and in his younger days he was one to the Captain of his salvation, who stood witness to the immediate opening and direction of the Spirit of Truth, and one whose last remembered testimony on a religious visit was: "The same that mad George Fox a Friend, was a me Friend."

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# THE FRIEND.

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ary and Letters of Deborah Brooks Webb.

(Continued from page 234.)

1871.—Twelfth Month.—A cold winter, with the snow or rain. The small-pox has visited this city, so that there has been over two hundred deaths every week for some time. It seems a solemn consideration, death apparently so near. The sweet promise has been much with me. It shall not come nigh thy dwelling," accompanied with a secret hope for preservation.

1872.—Fourth Month 2nd.—Yesterday went Mr. M. and L. E. B. to attend the funeral of my dear friend Anna S. Bailey, near Pottstown, sorrowful indeed it is to part with one so much loved, but there is sweet evidence that she is entered into the rest prepared for the people of God.

In a letter to a Friend dated Fourth Month 1st, she thus alludes to the approaching Yearly Meeting: "How close it is upon us. I think sometimes that the weight of it ought to rest (bare) on my spirit, for it is always a serious foe. The young look forward to it as a season of strengthening, the middle aged also, and the older ones as a time of great responsibility. How differently I go up to them, from what I did to do. Then there was such a longing for a greater manifestation of his will, and desire for confirmation of my already taken stumbling footsteps. Blessed forever be his holy name. He did not leave me comfortless, unattended, but sent message after message, answering all my objections, confirming all my convictions. How the words of precious ones gone before used to distil as the dew upon the thirsty gourd, cheering, brightening every living desire. And how true it was, the more faithfulness vs. abode in, the easier the pathway became, and the light seemed to shine brighter, but obedience brought clouds of doubt, a wilderness journey. How expressive are the words, 'he path of the just is as a shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.'" Fifth Month 5th.—A month of much exercise and many blessings. Yearly Meeting has passed. Went with dear E. A. and Ann Jones over to the other side of the meeting-house. It was a trial, but I want to do whatever will serve the Lord's cause the most in the hearts of the children of men; our side (the east), was so full

and the other so vacant. The Yearly Meeting was more satisfactory than many of late. Abbie Heald, the only woman Friend with a minute. She is weighty and deeply exercised.

In a letter to a Friend she alludes to some of the exercises of the Yearly Meeting:

"E. R. E. gave us such a good testimony in regard to the Queries, addressing the young, that they should not look upon them as a mere form, that it was possible to keep themselves unspotted from the world; that the helge was thrown around them by their elder friends, who were influenced by the Spirit of Truth. It was very good. Thy poor friend felt the weight of the meeting. Once called: the first session, 'I am the Lord thy God which brought thee out of the land of Egypt; open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it;' believing a hungering and thirsting in our meetings would have its reward. If there was no sensible evidence of acceptance, yet if there was an effort to draw near unto Him, they could no more be hidden than the poor woman who came in the press behind our Saviour to touch the hem of his garment, virtue would go out of Him."

26th.—A variously exercised Meeting. First, P. A. Elkinton in supplication; then S. F. B. in testimony, quite excellently. After a good pause, J. Collins Stokes knelt in supplication, the first time in public, desiring that every trial may be sanctified to us, etc. He has had many trials, but perhaps all intended to bring him to a willingness to acknowledge his Master's name publicly. Oh, that others in our meeting would be faithful. We hear that our Ohio friends have arrived safely at their home, and in a sweet letter to day from E. Fawcett, she desires for me, that I may be kept in the "safe enclosure" of the Great Head of the Church, and bring forth fruit, to the praise of his Great Name.

Seventh Month 2nd.—I feel like being much alone to-day: much with God. One year ago to-night brother Silas died, went, we humbly believe, to his everlasting rest.

In the summer she visited Watkins Glen, Niagara, went down the St. Lawrence to Lake Champlain and Lake George, Hudson River, and to her relatives living in Providence, R. I., of which she says: "It was a summer full of rest and pleasure, which had seemed promised me by my Heavenly Father." In a letter to a friend, alluding to this journey, she makes the following remarks, which are so characteristic, it was thought best to insert them: "We have been so favored, some annoyances, but much to be thankful for. 'I thank thee for this, and please give us the other,' has so continually been my prayer, and, dear, so granted."

From Boston, Eighth Month 21st, she writes: "Brother seemed anxious to take us to Rocky Point, to get a baked clam dinner and see the various objects of interest there. We found much to enjoy, particularly the rocks piled in wild confusion, and so massive, too, some forming natural bridges, and others small caverns and elevated pathways. I quite enjoyed going through them all, and am often reminded of

that passage in Prov., 'The conies are little people, they dwell among the rocks. There were so many places for 'little people' to hide, both from the enemy and from the storm. Can we not take the lesson home? Our Saviour's arms are always open for us, and we can hide in Him all our griefs, and He will in no wise cast out. He is our Refuge, our Rock, our High Tower and Fortress. 'Be not faithless, but believing.' We had many beautiful drives and were at meeting several times. It was quite small, many out of the city. There is one Friend I love so much—Elizabeth Meader—she is Joseph Hoag's daughter, and is one of the few who have the good old ways. She came out to call on us, but we were away, so we returned it before long. She says she has faith to believe that our Society will yet be revived, and come back to the old standard. It is cause of rejoicing to many here that S. F. S. is not made a subject of conversation. She seems to be one of the past, influence all gone, and almost forgotten. Many young and inexperienced feel the query arise, 'Why was she not settled in her mind, and grounded before she went forth to teach others.' The public opinion seems to be that she has left her strength behind her. She will not have the extended influence she had while connected with the Society. 'So dear, we see, 'The Lord will work, and who shall let Him.' Oh, that He would winnow more and more the chaff from amongst us, and breathe upon the dry bones, that there may be a shaking and an arising into life. Life! Life! More of that in our day of Quakerism, and we shall prevail!—take that away and we are nothing, worse than nothing—stumbling blocks.' . . . Alluding to her return to Philadelphia, she says, "I scarcely know where home is to be just now, but as the poet says, 'In some way or other the Lord will provide.'"

"It may not be my way,

It may not be thy way,

And yet in his own way,

The Lord will provide."

"So I just trust it to Him. . . . How sweet to feel there is a refuge in every doubt and trial, and that it is blessed to trust in Him. 'Blessed are all they that put their trust in Him.'"

Under date of Ninth Month 9th, she writes: "Poor E. Rhoads, released at last from suffering. It seems almost certain that she is safe in our Father's love, for innocence and purity shone so conspicuously in her daily life. Only to be ready, seems our daily watchword. What an affliction for her husband. How many interesting young mothers have been removed of late years."

Eleventh Month 7th.—Our hearts have been made sad this week, from the decease of our dear friend Lydia B. Kite, on Sixth-day morning. Our meeting was very remarkable, seeming more like a funeral than a First-day morning meeting. Dear Lydia was of a very gentle, loving spirit—a lively minister, and when the end came she could feel that it was a solemn

thing to die, but so glorious." She saw the pearl gates open to receive her, with an eye of faith, and waited the moment when she should depart.

Twelfth Month 6th.—Attended Arch Street Meeting, it being the last time it was to be held there on First-day mornings. The Southern Meeting has been joined with it, and the meetings are to be held at Orange Street. It seems sad. We had a good meeting. Richard Esterbrook was there, and quite lively in testimony. My dear Master gave me to supplicate for them, that they might die to live, suffer to reign, and not deny Him.

In a letter to a friend she thus alludes to the union of these meetings, Twelfth Month 8th, 1872: "Well, dear, I wrote to you of the prospect of the two meetings being united—that was very quietly accomplished last Fifth-day at an adjourned meeting, though all the business was not completed, they (expect) this week to finish. It has been quite a grief to some Friends, but I am continually reminded of the accounts we read of the stork. It is said they live to a great age, and that when old and infirm, the younger ones watch over and care for them, bearing them on their wings to places of safety, so it seems to me, the junior meeting is to come home and support the senior, and good nourishment and care they will get. I think, for many of the Southern Friends are so valuable. Some call the union of the two meetings their marriage, but others say both parties are consulted in marriage. I went down last First-day morning to Arch Street, thinking it would be pleasant to see the last one."

In a letter of Twelfth Month 29th she thus speaks of her dear friend, S. F. Balderston: "S. F. Balderston was very excellent in testimony, as he always is. I think he is a great blessing to our meeting in the hand of his Maker, so gentle spirited, so meek, and so filled with the Heavenly illuminating oil in his ministerial services, bringing forth things, new and old."

1873.—Fourth Month 19th.—My birth-day. Forty-three years have passed since life was mine. Now, how do I pass it? Am I desiring above all to glorify my Creator and Redeemer? Oh, Lord, thou knowest! thou knowest my desire to do and be whatever is thy will. Strengthen me, Oh, Lord, lead and guide me and give me thy own spirit and thy wisdom.

21st.—Our Yearly Meeting has commenced, and we humbly hope the Shepherd of Israel will watch over us for good, and restrain all unruly spirits.

27th.—Yearly Meeting passed over, and we have great cause to bless the name of our King, who has divided the sea, whose waves roared, and made a way for his people to pass over. We feel that his blessed hand was with us. We have been greatly favored in our meetings here at our North Meeting-house many times of late. Be pleased, Oh Father, to hear the petitions of thy children.

(To be continued.)

"THESE words spake Jesus, and lifted up his eyes to heaven, and said, Father, the hour is come; glorify thy Son, that thy Son also may glorify thee: as thou hast given Him power over all flesh, that He should give eternal life to as many as thou hast given Him. And this is life eternal, that they might know thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent."—John xvii: 1-3.

THE Lord often crosses our will: for the benefit of our souls.

## A Flight Across the Sea.

It had long been my desire to cross the ocean, to visit the country beyond the sea. Accordingly about two months previous to the date of sailing, I secured a berth on the *Rhynland* (one of the American Line steamers, running between Philadelphia and Liverpool). It was about 8.30 on a morning in late summer, one of those extremely hot days, we sailed out from the harbor in Philadelphia. A pilot boat guided us out to the breakwater, where it left us about four p. m. I had often wondered why an experienced captain could not guide his own ship out of the harbor at either end of the trip, without going to the expense of hiring a pilot, whom they have to pay from one hundred and fifty to two hundred dollars, according to the weight of the vessel. The point in question is this, The majority of the ocean steamers with their cargo are insured, and if anything should happen them without a pilot, the company will not hold themselves responsible for the insurance. A captain is held responsible for the safety of his ship all the way through, and is required to be stationed at his post on the bridge at every time of danger, no matter how long it lasts. The distance from Philadelphia to Liverpool is about three thousand four hundred miles, while from New York it is three thousand. The fastest time on record is made by the *St. Paul* and *St. Louis*, in five days and five hours, but in order to do that they are compelled to consume about five hundred tons of coal each day. The small ones consume about sixty tons of coal a day.

Soon after we left the breakwater we encountered a heavy fog, which continued with us for about four days and nights. During that time they kept the fog whistle blowing at intervals of only about two minutes each. Strange to say I went to my berth each night and slept soundly through it. The most dangerous part of the route is opposite Sable Island (just this side of the Banks of Newfoundland) where it is most always foggy and stormy, and unless extremely careful, vessels are very apt to run aground.

The deepest part of the ocean is at a point called Flenish Cap, or the Devil's Hole (as the sailors call it), where it is said to be unfathomable. One of the first questions which greeted my ear soon after my return was, "Did I get sea-sick?" Notwithstanding the fact we were favored in not having any storm, there is a peculiar recking motions at times, which is very apt to upset one's equilibrium. In regard to myself, I will candidly admit it did not lose any time in getting there, as I was sick the very first night. But the next morning was able to be up on deck again, and so continued to be all the way through the trip. One evening especially during the voyage, I witnessed one of the most gorgeous sunsets that ever decked the horizon. After a time Luna shed her rays over the water, lending new enchantment to the scene, and making one of those brilliant panoramas of nature which we sometimes read of but seldom witness.

Early on the morning of the 19th we were safely landed at the docks in Liverpool. There was only a few minutes detention at the custom-house. After unlodging my trunk and standing back, expecting to see one of the officials in charge step forward and dive through the entire contents of it, was surprised to hear him say, "Have you any tobacco or cigars in there?" And when I quickly answered him in the negative, he said, "All right, you can lock it up

again." In regard to tobacco, they do not raise it to any extent over there, so cigars are consequently a luxury which only the wealthy class can enjoy. Four of us secured a bus and were driven to Lime St. Station (about three miles distant) for the sum of a shilling each (twenty-five cents.)

I will state here, in order to avoid having trouble with money there, it is very important to obtain English currency before leaving the American shore. At the above station I secured a ticket on the London and North-western Railway for Euston, London, and in a few minutes was comfortably seated in one of the cars, in route for that point. The distance from Liverpool to London is one hundred and ninety-six miles. Our route extended mostly through beautiful agricultural districts. In some sections they seemed just to have finished their wheat harvest, as it was all shocked ready for hauling in. But then things in general seem to be much more backward through England than in America (excepting the people). Owing to the scarcity of timber through England, Ireland and Scotland, the houses are all built of brick and stone. Almost before we were aware of it our train halted at Euston Station, London, the terminus of the road. After looking after my trunk, which I failed at that time to find, and by the way it is a regular nuisance to be bothered with in travelling, as it is much better to adopt the plan of Nellie Bly, and carry all the clothes one needs with them. I secured a hansom and was driven to 21 Windsor Road, where I had previously engaged boarding. Next morning, bright and early, I started out sight-seeing. Having resolved before leaving home if I got to London to make it a point to visit Windsor Castle, the Queen's residence, I went to Victoria station, and after a ride of thirty-five miles, was set down in the town of Windsor. Conspicuous among all the buildings was the Castle itself, situated on a prominent eminence overlooking the picturesque river Thames, and built in such a manner as to form almost a circle. Ascending a long flight of stone steps, we found ourselves within the Castle grounds. The Queen was absent at the Isle of Wight, her seaside resort. When the Queen and court are absent the state apartments of the Castle are usually open to the public on certain days of the week from eleven o'clock until four in summer, and from eleven until three, in winter. Tickets of admission are issued at the Lord Chamberlain's in Castle Yard. The suite consists of the following rooms: The "Vandyck room," so called on account of the paintings contained therein by that master. The Zuccarelli room contains nine large paintings, but will not take the time or space to describe them. The ceiling of the state ante-room is painted by Verri and represents a banquet of the gods. The grand vestibule is a lofty apartment, lighted from above by an octagonal lantern of elegant design. The "Waterloo Chamber" is a noble room of large dimensions. In it many of the state banquets are given. Visitors are conducted to the Throne room. It contains a handsome ivory throne, a gift to the Queen by the Maharajah of Travancore. Next to be seen is the grand reception room. This is simply magnificent, ornamented in the style of the period of Louis XIV. The walls are embellished with some fine specimens of Gobelins tapestry. The room also contains a magnificent Malachite vase, a gift to the Queen by Nicholas Emperor of Russia. Over the door by which

he visitor enters the "Queen's Audience Chamber," is an interesting whole length portrait of Mary, Queen of Scots, in a mourning habit, with a crucifix in her right hand and a breviary in the other. In the background is a representation of her execution at Fotheringhay, under which scene is a Latin inscription to the following effect, The Queen, the daughter, consort and mother of kings, was struck by the axe of the executioners, and after being cruelly wounded by a first and second blow, at the third her head was severed in the presence of her officers of Queen Elizabeth. In the upper border of the picture is another thus given in English, Mary, "Queen of Scotland, true Princess and legitimate heiress of England and Ireland, and mother of James, King of Great Britain, who harassed by the heresy of her people, and overpowered by rebellion, came into England in 1568, for the sake of sanctuary and relying on the word of her kinswoman, Queen Elizabeth, is perfidiously detained captive for sixteen years, and traduced by a thousand alumnies, is by the cruel sentence of the English Parliament, at the instigation of heresy, handed over to execution; and on the 18th of February, 1587, is beheaded by the common executioner, in the forty-fifth year of her life and reign."

The Castle was first built in the eleventh century, and has been added from time to time by the different kings. Victoria is not only Queen of England, but also Princess of India. She is eighty-one years of age, and has already completed the sixtieth year of her reign. She has reigned longer than any other sovereign by two years; George III having reigned for fifty-eight years. We were conducted through the stables, where she has at her command almost one hundred head of horses, all bob tails. In a room adjoining the stables the walls are covered with elegant sets of harness, which almost dazzles one's eyes to look at. Another room is filled with carriages of all sizes and patterns, while still another very large one, the floor of which is covered with turf, is called the School-room, where Princess Beatrice's children are now learning to ride.

(To be continued.)

First Month 21st.—At a literary entertainment recently held at Westport Ontario, various opinions were given respecting the qualities that a true education should develop, among which was the following graphic description given by Minnie M. Wright, a young woman of high educational attainments.

I will mention only two qualities that should be developed by a true education:—"Charity and humility, and they embrace nearly every good and great quality—Charity toward all mankind, and humility on our own part. Let us look for a moment into each. Charity to others, and what a train comes along with it—selfishness, sympathy, pity, love, forbearance, mercy that is twice blessed, kindness to virtues and faults, gentleness, a desire to uplift all who we around us, an ennobling quality indeed. Humility teaches us to see ourselves as God sees us, in all our human weaknesses and shortcomings, and need of Divine help, it is for all of us spiritually and intellectually to sometimes stand on the threshold of the bitter valley of humiliation to which a truly educated writer has said only the wisest and bravest of men can descend, owing themselves forever as children gathering pebbles upon an endless shore. E. R.

AMBITION carries the torch of discord.

FOR "THE FRIEND."

A TENDER EXHORTATION TO OUR DEAR YOUNG AND UN-ESTABLISHED FRIENDS TO SUPPORT OUR ANCIENT AND ESTABLISHED DOCTRINES AND PRACTICES.

Immediate revelation to each individual, in their communion with God, those who in willing submission yield obedience to his requirements are brought to realize the fulfillment of his gracious promise, "If ye continue in my word, then are ye my disciples indeed, and ye shall know the Truth, and the Truth shall make you free." It is here we receive what we ask for of Him, because we keep his commandments, and do those things that are pleasing in his sight, and "herely know we the Spirit of Truth, and the spirit of error—the first tenders our hearts, drawing them up to God; the second leads into a state of forgetfulness of God and of consideration of our latter end. The message to the church in Philadelphia appeals with great responsibility to you, "Behold, I have set before thee an open door, and no man can shut it, for thou hast a little strength."

In the measure of light, with which you are enlightened, strength lieth, "That was the true Light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world," therefore "in that which convinceth you of sin abide," therefore "repent and do the first works." What are the first works? "Stand still," the true light gives sight, and sight brings a godly sorrow for sin. He that believeth in the Lord shall not make haste. True repentance is comparable to the laying of a foundation to a great building. It is of this tender visitation and deep work the prophet Malachi speaks, "Behold, I will send my messenger, and he shall prepare the way before me." "The Spirit that I will send shall convince the world of the Son of righteousness and of judgment," and the Lord whom ye seek shall suddenly come to his temple, even the messenger of the covenant, whom ye delight in. "Behold, He shall come, saith the Lord of hosts," and then querieth, "But who may abide the day of his coming, and who shall stand when He appeareth? For He is like a refiner's fire, and like fuller's soap, and He shall sit as a refiner and purifier of silver." Then follows the thorough result of his work, "And He shall purify the sons of Levi, and purge them as gold and silver, that they may offer unto the Lord an offering in righteousness; then shall the offering of Judah and Jerusalem be pleasant unto the Lord as in days of old, and as in former years."

Then the prophet speaks of the continuation of the work of sanctification, and a true preparation to be made "pillars in the house of our God, to go out no more." Here is the "patience of saints," the true love "that endureth all things," and waiteth in patience to receive and feel the eternal reality of "the things hoped for," and another: "They will not follow because they know the voice of the true Shepherd," always remembering as long as we are in the flesh, we have an unwearied enemy that will deceive the very elect if it is possible, yet with every temptation, He (Christ), will make a way for our escape, so that we shall be able to endure it, so our love is seas med with that fear that keeps the eye single to God.

If there is any point in life that requires sober consideration, it is the choice of a life of true godliness, because here we have the flesh, the world, and the devil against us, contesting every step in taking up our daily cross of self-denying. Our practices, wherein we differ from the changeable customs of the world in dress and address, have

for their foundation positive Scripture commandments, "Be ye not conformed to this world, but be ye transformed in the spirit of your own mind, to know what is that good and acceptable will of God," and to let our yea be yea, and our nay be nay. The devil and the world appeal to the lusts of the flesh, the pride of life, captivating the mind, blinding it, saying, "there is nothing in those little things." Mark the effect, for it is truly great. The spiritual sensibility of life is benumbed and enfeebled, so that the way is often effectually closed from making any further progress. "Like as the foxes, the little foxes that spoil the vine," for our vines have tender grapes. Experience of age and depth in the knowledge of Divine things in every generation has set its seal to the truth that our doctrines and practices are the very laws and commandments of God, and lead their humble and obedient followers to the peaceful shores of eternal rest.

Therefore, dear young and inexperienced Friends, be not wiser than your Maker and Lawgiver, before Him every knee shall bow either in mercy or judgment, and every tongue confess, that Jesus is Lord, to the glory of God, the Father.

PETER N. DYER.

WEST BRANCH, IOWA.

### The Engineer's Experience.

Travelling recently from Chicago to New York, I found in the morning, upon crawling out of my berth, that the train was standing stock still. The porter told me it had been standing thus for an hour and a half, while I had been sleeping. I dressed and peeped out, and saw that we were alongside the platform of a country station. I took a good breakfast in the dining car, and then went out to stroll up and down the platform.

In the cab sat the engineer alone, waiting. Having a natural fondness for machinery I stopped to admire the huge monster.

The engineer seeing my admiration of his machine, asked me to come into the cab. I gladly accepted his invitation.

The engineer, a bright, pleasant faced man, about forty years old, explained to me the uses of the numerous valves and levers about him. They were all as bright and shining as polish could make them, for an engineer is as proud of his engine as any housekeeper is of the neatness of her dwelling. I glanced at the two shining steam gauges with the clock between them, and then I noticed what seemed to be an ordinary white moth, mounted in a gilt frame, hanging against the wall of the cab.

"Is that for an ornament?" I asked, pointing at the moth.

The engineer smiled. "Well, partly for an ornament," he said, "but a good deal more for sentiment. I put that moth there because it saved my life, and the lives of two hundred and fifty people as well."

"How in the world could an insect save human lives?" I asked.

"Well, I will tell you if you want to hear the story. I reckon there's time enough before we are able to get out of this."

I settled myself in the absent stoker's seat and prepared to listen.

"It was 'sich a long time back," said the engineer, "only a year ago last spring. I was running this very train, and this very engine—old 449. My fireman, Jim Meade, the same fellow as I have got now. You can see him over there against the telegraph office.

We were timed to leave M— about one o'clock in the morning, and to arrive in S— about six o'clock. On the night when the thing took place a fearful storm of wind and rain had been raging since early evening, and was at the height of its fury when I started from the engine shed.

It was about midnight and the wind seemed to sweep clear round and through the building. It was terribly dismal. Jim was there, and the engine was already, so after getting my working clothes on, I ran the engine down to the station. Our train, the vestibule limited, was an hour late. I gave the engine a thorough oiling, and made sure that all was in order.

As we sat in the cab we could hear the storm raging outside, while the rain, driven by the gusts of wind, beat fiercely against the windows. Presently our train came in long and heavy, consisting mainly of sleepers.

By-and-by the little gong above my head clanged sharply, and with a puff and hiss of escaping steam we were off into the night and storm, rattling over junctions, past signal lights, and between long lines of carriages till, with a roar and a rumble, we rushed over the long iron bridge and away through the hills, waking their slumbering echoes with our shrill whistle.

The darkness grew more intense, if possible, while the wind shrieked by. The rain became more blinding, till nothing could be distinguished in the gray murk which enveloped us.

Suddenly through the mist and rain I saw looming right in front of us the gigantic figure of a woman wrapped in a long, black mantle, which seemed to flutter in the wind. She waved great spectral arms about in swift, twisting movements. As I stood looking in horror, the figure vanished with a final wave of the arms.

I was too much astonished and stupefied even to make a movement of my hand toward the throttle. At that moment Jim had been bend-over the fire. As he looked up he exclaimed: "Hallo, Frank. What's up? You look as though you had seen a ghost."

I did not answer. My mind was too full of the strange figure I had perceived.

We were now nearing Rock Creek, where there was a bridge over a deep stream. I felt more nervous than ever. We dashed around the curve and whizzed by Rock Creek station, which is only a mile from the bridge. As we passed I glanced at the steam gauge for an instant. A cry from Jim caused me to turn quickly toward him. He sat rigid, his eyes large and starting. His jaw dropped, the very picture of terror. He pointed with a shaking finger out into the darkness. I turned and looked, and then I began myself to shake.

There on the track was the same hideous figure of a woman outlined on the background of light from the engine, now motionless, now whirling in a waltz dance, but all the time motioning us back.

"Frank," gasped Jim, but scarcely above a whisper, "don't go over that bridge. Don't go for heaven's sake! Don't go until you are sure it's safe."

I suppose I was pretty badly scared. At any rate, I put on the brake for all I was worth. I couldn't have resisted the impulse to stop the train.

As we came to a stop I could hear the roar of the water in Rock Creek just ahead. I stepped out of the cab and met the conductor coming up.

"What's the matter? What's the matter?" he asked impatiently.

I felt decidedly foolish. There was no gigantic woman to be seen now. Nothing could be made out more than a few feet away in the blinding storm.

"Well," said I, "we've seen something. I don't know what it is—seemed liked it was a great black ghost that was waving its arms, and warning us not to go forward."

The conductor looked at me curiously. "Are you crazy, Frank," he said. "But we're so near the bridge we'll take a look at it."

We took our lanterns and went ahead, leaving Jim with the engine; he looked frightened to death. But I tell you, we hadn't gone five rods before we stopped in horror.

There at our feet lay a black chasm, filled with the roar of the river, as swollen with the spring rains, it dashed down toward the lake. The bridge was washed away.

Only a few splinters of wood and twisted iron clung to the abutment; while now far out over the blackness, that awful figure of a woman danced again on the thin air, relieved against the shaft of light that the headlight threw.

It was flinging its arms about as if in wild glee. The conductor stared at the chasm and then at me.

"Was that the thing you saw when you stopped the train?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Well, it's something more than luck that saved us to-night, Frank."

We went back slowly to the train, feeling very queer and thankful too, I can assure you.

Several passengers had come running forward by this time. Among them was a young man from Chicago, about eighteen years old, who was smarter than the whole of us, as it turned out.

When he was told of the woman in black he turned and looked at the locomotive headlight.

Then he ran up toward it. I looked up as he did so, and I saw a peculiar spot on the glass.

"There's your woman in black!" said the boy.

And there it was, sure enough—that same moth miller that you see there in the frame. He was clinging to the inside of the glass. As I tapped on the glass the creature flew back and lighted on the reflector.

That's the whole story, sir. The moth by fluttering on the glass just in front of the illuminator, had produced a great black shadow like that of a cloaked woman darting in front of us, and when he flapped his wings in his vain attempt to sail through the glass, he gave his mysterious shadow the appearance of waving the arms widely.

Then when he flew back out of the direct shine of the light, the figure disappeared, of course.

We never knew how he got in there.

Anyhow, he saved our lives by scaring us with that woman in black.

So you see why I keep that moth in the frame. It's to remind me of the way we were saved that night. Yes, you may call it accidental, but I called it providential! —*Words of Cheer.*

"STRANGERS OF ROME."—The word "strangers," applied only to those from Rome, refers to those Jews who were expelled from Italy by Tiberius, and who, though the edict was revoked, did not return. The Jews in Rome were so numerous in the time of Augustus that eight thousand of them supported an embassy from Judea to the emperor.—*H. B. Tristram, in S. S. Times.*

## THE ARM CHAIR.

(concluded from page 236.)

Of polished manners and of graceful mien,  
Lovely in life was MARY MORTON seen;  
Each native talent sanctified by grace,  
Was kept, obedient, in its proper place.  
Not quick to offer, cautious still to try,  
As Gideon did his fleece, both wet and dry;  
Like leave among waters, 'tumbled on her knee,  
Her spirit wrestled for the heavenly dew;  
She dug for water in a weary soil,  
Till bubbling life-springs recompensed her toil.  
As gently passed the fleeting breath away,  
Retentive memory brought her youthful day,  
And one fond look back on the past she drew,  
Which "Oh, my mother!" trembled on her tongue;  
Then the freed spirit passed, and beauteous lay  
The rifled casket, lovely in decay!

Widows and orphans, ye may mourn indeed!  
Who now shall clothe you, who the hungry feed!  
Yes! show your garments, tattered ones, and say,  
These SASSON gave us in a wintry day.  
From the bleak storm she clothed the shivering frame  
When sickness pestered, with healing cordials came,  
When age went tottering with no hand to save,  
She gave the crutch supporting to the grave!  
No cold philosophy was her to dream  
Of Babel's tower, or of Malthe's scheme.  
As the heart prompted, the concurring hand  
Obeyed instinctively, each kind command.  
When streams of suffering ran beside her door,  
The bitter waters lost their nauseous power;  
The prophet's sail she in the current threw,  
And sat and saw the changing waters grow.  
Careful her Master's bounty to bestow,  
A faithful stewardship of gifts to show;  
That she might hear that language at the close—  
"To me ye did it, as ye did to those!"

A pillar of the church, erect and strong,  
Swayed by no friendship to the church's wrong;  
Unwarped, unmoved, sound to the very core,  
And rendered firmer by the weight he bore;  
An honest watchman the alarm to sound,  
When foes were sowing tares within our ground,  
Or rootless plants luxuriously would shoot,  
In spreading branches, and produce no fruit;  
Was EVANS. Off the archers' bows were bent  
To turn the veteran from his firm intent;  
Their malice moved not, and their threats were vain,  
Fixed at his post determined to remain;  
And when at last the signal was given,  
Death's message found him with his armor on;  
No oilless lamp to trim, no loins to gird,  
Ready to enter at the bridegroom's word;  
Where his loved HANNAH, earlier called away,  
Was his fellow-runner to the realms of day.

So too our SHEPPARD, when she heard the cry,  
Her wings expanding sought her home on high;  
One thought upon a faithful sufferer cast,  
Told her own hopes, then to her aid past.  
Aid the wrongs of that time, and  
When into waiting went forth his power;  
Though meek of manners and of gentle heart,  
JANE BETTLE played a Christian soldier's part.  
Though courteous, firm, unwavering, though kind,  
Pupil of Christ, he disciplined her mind.  
Secured him from active service here,  
Yet bearing burdens in her private sphere;  
Who waited waiting for his faithful word,  
Until her fetters were in love unbound.  
Her youthful Edward, but of promise rare,  
Was early called to bloom in regions fair;  
Another chord, strong though unseen, to move  
The heart to seek a resting place above.

ALLEN, when all around was clothed in night,  
Passed from earth's darkness to eternal light.  
Oh, what a blessed change to thee was given,  
To sleep in Jesus and to wake in heaven;  
Leave thy worn vestments with their earthly stain,  
A spotless robe of righteousness to gain!

YE WHO MY BEING GAVE—ye too have flown,  
To join the ransomed souls in that eternal throne.  
When the redemptive Sire, as death drew near,  
Saw the vale awful, but devoid of fear;  
He whom he loved was near him in that hour,  
Death had no terrors, and the grave no power.  
Before thee, Mother, rose a "brilliant path,"

\*Catherine Sheppard, an elder of the Northern District Monthly Meeting, died the fifteenth of Twelfth Month, 1842, aged eighty years.



'or thee thy Saviour had no looks of wrath,  
 Who died to save Him long and, at the last,  
 His arm supported as ye Jordan passed!

'hus, one by one, in quick suc-cession go,  
 Whose who have labored in the church below!  
 We dare not murmur as we kiss the rod,  
 'Nor art our helper, save thy church, O God!  
 'Hine, in our midst, the forms we dare not shun,  
 A earth and heaven alike, thy will be done!

'ell me, my old AEM CHAIR, when thou wert young,  
 Vere Quaker parlors with gilt pictures hung?  
 'd art Quaker to his image fall,  
 A household idol placed along the wall?  
 'h, we do not know, 'till we cry to pride,  
 Abomination!" as she turned aside.  
 —But times are altered: splendid mansions glow,  
 And gilded mirrors humble Quakers show.  
 With Turkish carpets are their parlors spread,  
 While silken curtains hang about their bed?  
 'What contradiction! grave the dame and sire;  
 'Jongous their dwelling—simple their attire!  
 'Their children moulding to the place they dwell,  
 'n London fashions, Paris manners swell;  
 'While parents scarcely wish to set them free,  
 'or what they won't restrain they love to see.

're there no worthies now to fill the place  
 'f those victors, who have run their race?  
 're we deserted? has all merit flown?  
 'nd must the church in helpless anguish moan?  
 'h, no! the grace that made them what they were,  
 ' living remnant in due measure share;  
 'nd haply they on whom their mantle fit,  
 'ay where the ancients sat, in judgment sit.

'aith, give me power to see a brighter day,  
 'hen all these "letting things" shall pass away;  
 'hen the convulsion, which has now begun,  
 'hall pause in silence, all its purpose done.  
 'hen the oppressors of the seed shall wear  
 'he mask no longer, all their acts laid bare;  
 'hen chaff and chert shall to the wind be doimed,  
 'nd dress the world in the robes of fire!  
 'hen to the world the worldly part is given;  
 'hen the redeemed shall clove walk with heaven;  
 'hen to our Zion shall the weary come,  
 'ike "doves to windows," pressing to their home.  
 'h, haste the day, when through his power Divine,  
 'he Father's light around his church shall shine!

Many there are whose prayers avail for this;  
 Whose greatest joy would be in Zion's bliss;  
 Whose morning breathing and whose evening prayer,  
 Is that the Lord would place his glory there.  
 What though a worldly spirit has crept in,  
 That faint the kingdom through new ways would win;  
 Scorning the narrow path our fathers tread,  
 And following man, would pass the crosses and rod,  
 Yet they who look from P'egaz's height can see,  
 Such by-paths lead away from Calvary;  
 While they who seek in empty forms for bliss,  
 Will grasp at shadows and the substance miss.  
 No, no! As ancient PENNOCK clearly saw,  
 Still with his people shall abide the law;  
 Still shall the testimony here be found,  
 Still our and daughters to the altar bound.  
 The Lord himself his attributes shall take;  
 Again shall order out of chaos break.  
 Then shall the church in rapturous numbers sing,  
 And shout victorious as she owns her King;  
 While those who seek to draw her from the way,  
 Themselves shall lose in error's paths astray!

THE METHODS OF QUACKING.—One of the most amusing, and at the same time sad things, is to see certificates published in religious papers and others, signed by men certifying that they have been cured of disease by a machine, or a medicine, which is an infallible cure for the maladies spoken of, when to our certain knowledge the signers of the said certificates subsequently died of the same disease. We have noted fifteen cases of as many different remedies, which in corroboration of this statement we should publish, were it not for the grief it would give to the bereaved; and were we to publish them without the names the vendors would deny the facts.—*Christian Advocate.*

The Absurdity of War.

War is the last remnant of man's mode of deciding disputes in the animal or savage state, says E. L. Goulkin in the "Century." As soon as he started on the road to civilization he set up Judges or Courts to settle controversies. Before that, when two men differed about anything, they tore or mutilated each other's bodies, and it was tacitly agreed that the man who was most mutilated, if not killed, should give way. But he abode by the decisions of Courts very reluctantly. The earliest battle of the reformers of the race was to get him to submit to the Judges. He always preferred in his heart some kind of mutilation of his adversary's body, and in order to give a certain dignity to this mode of settling quarrels, he got up the theory that God presided over it, and always gave the victory to the man that was right. In England this notion lasted in the "trial by battle," or "wager of battle," almost down to our own time. It was held that the Deity was on the side of the man who gave most cuts and stabs.

When the wager of battle as the settlement of disputes of any kind became too absurd, the turbulent classes were driven into starting the duel. They felt that there must be some mode reserved of getting at an adversary's body with some weapon. So they established the rule that all offences against what they called their "honor"—that is, their sense of personal dignity—must be avenged by cutting, stabbing, or shooting, and that each man must decide when his "honor" was injured, and when cutting, stabbing, or shooting was necessary. This was a very cunning arrangement; for if it were left to other people to say when your "honor" was injured, you might never, or very rarely, get a chance to cut or stab or shoot at all, because they might say your honor was not injured. But there was even a better device than this; it was arranged that the man who you said had injured your honor could not deny it or apologize without disgrace. He was held bound, no matter how trifling the injury, to give you a chance to cut him or stab him, and to do his best to cut or stab you. In what manner this mended your honor was never explained. To all outward appearance, after the theory of the interest of the Deity in the matter had died out, your honor remained after the fight exactly what it was before the fight. The cutting and stabbing had neither proved nor disproved anything; it had simply gratified an animal instinct of the primeval time. Duelling however, has disappeared here and in England. It flourishes still in the old barbarous, absurd form, on the Continent.

Disputes between nations, for obvious reasons, have not come as rapidly under human methods of decision as disputes between individuals. Nations have never agreed to have Judges and arguments as individuals have. The result is that their mode of deciding differences of opinion has always remained the old animal one of doing as much material injury as possible to the other side; and there still lingers the belief that God is on the side of the one which does the most injury; that He counts up the number of killed and wounded, and decides that the one which has most killed and wounded is in the wrong. During war He is prayed to see that the number of killed and wounded on the other side be the larger, and after what is called a "victory"—that is, the killing and wounding of a larger number of your enemies than they have managed to kill and wound on your side—people hurry to church and sing hymns of

thanks. This belief is very strong still in our day, and the enemy's dead are counted joyfully. The human plan of deciding differences of opinion by Judges, proofs, and argumentative persuasion, as distinguished from the animal or feline plan of deciding by the tearing and rending of bodies, has in fact not made much progress, though it has begun to receive attention. —*Selected.*

WHEN PEOPLE CATCH COLD.—The "cold spots," meaning thereby the surface areas peculiarly susceptible to cold, are principally the nape of the neck and the lower part of the back of the head, the front of the abdomen, and the shins. The acute discomfort and the sense of impending disaster which result from the steady play of a current of cold air upon the neck from behind are well known. The necessity of keeping the abdomen warmly clad is also generally recognized, though perhaps not as generally carried into practice. Curiously enough, few people are conscious of the danger they run by exposing the usually inadequately protected shins to currents of cold air. This is the usual way in which colds are caught on omnibuses. When driving one takes care to cover the legs with a rug or waterproof, but on the more democratic conveyance rugs are not often available, and the reckless passenger by and by awakens to the fact that the iron has entered into his soul—in other words, that he has "caught cold." People who wear stockings, such as Highlanders, golfers, and cyclists, invariably take the precaution of turning the thick woolen material down over the shins, the better to protect them against loss of heat, though, incidentally, the artificial embellishment of the calves may not be altogether foreign to the manoeuvre. This is an instance of how all things work together for good. It does not, of course, follow, because certain areas are peculiarly susceptible to cold, that a chill may not be conveyed to the nervous system from other points. Prolonged sitting on a stone, or even on the damp grass, is well known to be a fertile source of disease; and wet, cold feet are also, with reason, credited with paving the way to an early grave.—*London Medical Press.*

A ST. BERNARD DOG, which lives near Boston, proves a great comfort to a widow to whom he does not belong. Dogs usually confine their care to their own households, but this one, recognizing the unprotected state of the widow, who lives alone, extends his services to her house. She is afraid of tramps who pass her home on the way to Boston. The farmer who owns the dog, therefore, when he sees a suspicious character coming up the road, says to his dog:

"Jack, go over to Mrs. H's and sit on her piazza till the tramp gets by."

Whereupon the dog runs over to H's, and posts himself at the door, and if the tramp comes up the walk steps forward and growls at him. As the dog is a big one and rather forbidding, though he has never been known to bite anyone, the tramp, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, remembers that it is setting late and that he hasn't any time to fool away along the road. When he is well out of sight the dog returns home.

The dog carries his gallantry to the same lady to such an extent that when she is visiting his master's house of an evening, he always accompanies her home to the door of her house. —*N. Y. Tribune.*

## A Reminiscence.

The writer has not seen a printed or historical account of the life work of either Clarkson Sheppard or Joseph Scattergood, but has great cause to remember their visit in the love of the Gospel to the churches and members of the Society of Friends west of the Mississippi River, being in company with them at the house of the late S. W. Stauley, from whence they took leave of those present, to go, I think, direct to their eastern homes. The latter turned the writer aside and proposed that we should enter into a friendly correspondence, which gave rise to a quick succession of thoughts on the part of the writer, viz: to refuse such proffered kindness would be indecorous, and it is not likely that I can interest so great and good a man, but perchance some good may come to one whose life has been spent on the frontier. The proposition was accepted with, I think, the understanding that he would inform of his arrival at home, etc. It was not long till a pleasant note was received giving that information with some remarks on the isolated situation of the portion of Society that they had visited in the west, and of his thoughts of establishing a fund to be considered as a nucleus that might be added to until enough accumulated to establish a boarding-school within the limits of Hickory Grove Quarterly Meeting, a branch of Ohio Yearly Meeting, in the State of Iowa.

Owing to many and varied interruptions in the domestic career of the writer, none of this correspondence is now extant, leaving nothing to guide my pen in this sketch but memory. The boarding-school has been in operation for several years, but is not self-supporting, nor can it be, unless a more general interest is manifested in its usefulness or object.

It is not far from the time of this visit that the officials of the State of Iowa decided to build a prison at the little city of Anamosa, Jones County. Shortly after the work began, wife and I, being in that place for social purposes, in company with others, proposed visiting the new begin prison, and were informed that a small sum would be required of each adult with the explanation that the object was to accumulate funds to purchase books to establish a library for the benefit of the convicts, making it a pleasant fund to aid in. Not long after this, in writing to my Friend J. S., allusion was made to this visit, and of their wish to form a library. Pretty soon I received a note informing that at date there was due at my address a package of books for the prison library. I called for books, but being informed that the express charges west of Chicago were charged to me, I thought it doubtful whether I could take the books, but found my slender purse contained the exact amount. On reaching home, wife and I began to feel the responsibility of the charge we had assumed. Being familiar with the history of the Society of Friends, we thought of many instances of suffering and abuse that had fallen to the lot of not a few for much less officiousness than we were engaged in, viz: offering to our State officials books advocating the tenets of doctrine held by the once despised Quakers, and we knew not but that in this case it would incur great displeasure. At the close of our following mid-week meeting I informed Friends of the trust I had in care, proposing that if any one felt inclined to join me in it it would be pleasant to have company, it was not long till a Friend called and informed that he and wife were inclined to join wife and I in going with the books. A time was set when

they would call, our place being in route for them.

A pleasant ride of eight miles brought us to the gate of the prison yard. It seemed in place for me to go forward. On informing the turnkey that I had business with the warden, he informed me that that official was not in; leading to a brief explanation of my business. Oh, said he, I presume the clerk can wait on you, bidding his attendant to escort the gentlemen to the clerk's office. I followed with trembling steps and faltering heart, but, oh, how changed were my feelings on approaching that official as he grasped my hand as that of an old acquaintance, remarking that he took me to be a member of the Society of Friends and that he had not met with any of our people in a long time, adding, I have great respect for that Society, leading to the query, Why so? Because, said he, My parents were members. I was raised in it, I was one of the first set of students admitted in the Mt. Pleasant Boarding-school, and in those days Jacob and Mary Ouz, my grand-parents, sat at the head of Ohio Yearly Meeting. Oh, said I, that makes us almost relations, for my elder brother married thy first cousin. The opening for social chat was so wide I must needs excuse myself, telling my friends were waiting out in the cold, adding that through the kindness of a Friend of Philadelphia I had the privilege of offering them a parcel of books for their library, adding that I knew not how they might feel about receiving a parcel of our books. Oh, said he, you could not suit me better, and I am sure the warden will thank you. At this juncture he bid his attendant to bring in the books and the Friends, taking cognizance of the books.

In his official capacity he showed us everything of interest that they had completed, and by use of drawings, what was intended, making us as welcome as life-long friends; inviting us to return at every convenience, laying his hand on my shoulder, saying, You remember that any of your family or Friends are always welcome here on account of those books. But, said I, it is my Philadelphia friend deserves thanks for the books. No, said he, it is you that we know in that matter, and you must accept our thanks. You may thank your friend all you please, saying at the rate we pay for books, there were fifty dollars worth. Mention was made of my paying express charges, and it was refunded.

Shortly after this, being in Cedar County, I met with Elizabeth Williams, who, with her husband, many years deceased, were the first caretakers of the Mt. Pleasant Boarding-school, of Ohio Yearly Meeting. Relating to her something of my acquaintance at the prison, giving the name of Louis Kinzie, as Secretary. She started with emotions of interest and sympathy, saying she knew him from his beginning in life's voyage, that he received his education principally under the tuition of her husband, and she remembered him well as a student in the Boarding-school, desiring me at the first opportunity to remember her kindly to him. At hearing the name of the dear old woman, his emotions blazed, giving utterance to the ejaculations, Is it possible that my old matron is still alive, I supposed her in heaven long ago, for there is where she belongs when she quits this world; desiring me if opportunity offered, to give his respects to her. Thus it was my privilege to exchange their friendly greetings, until the death of Elizabeth Williams, in the autumn of 1881. Whether Louis Kinzie is in the body or out of the body, I know not.

My acquaintance extended to the warden and several of the principal of police, whose kindness was such that they, or the warden, informed me that at any time any of our ministers might incline to hold religious service with the convicts, no preliminary arrangements would be necessary, just use freedom and come to the chapel at their usual hour for collecting and the announcement would be made that the service for the day would be left entirely with the Friends or the visitors. It has been the privilege of the writer to attend several meetings thus held, that were without doubt highly favored seasons; as in the case of the late Elwood Dean, and a woman and her husband for companion, from eastern Ohio, our committee on the latter occasion may have reached the number of twelve or fifteen. We were treated with much respect; we inclined to spend much time in the prison, to be present at their dining and afterward to see them in their individual cells. As we passed into that apartment I queried of the guard at the door, why he didn't escort us as I had noticed him do on other occasions. Because, said he, we know that you people will do our men no harm; you are at full liberty to talk to them all you wish. A messenger soon came to inform that No. — wished to see me; as I approached he extended his hand through the iron bars, saying, as I received it in mine, O, Mr. D., you don't know the good it does us to have you come in and talk to us, for we see that you have no pre-arranged matter, what you say comes right from your heart, and it does us good. The chaplain said he, comes in with a discourse written down and reads it off to us, but has no feeling of interest in us at all; he is an hireling. I could but think had the guard been present, the poor convict would not have felt that freedom. My own words of cheer are not now at my command, but his parting words were, May God bless you; come and see us often.

My present thought is the Society of Friends have much to be thankful for, and the work owes much to the Society of Friends. I wish now to say that recently a destructive fire occurred in the State prison at Anamosa, Iowa by which the entire library was destroyed. Whom my readers will respond, as did that worthy man, Joseph Scattergood, and send a parcel of books to the same address, Wm. R. Dewees, Springville, Linn County, Iowa, or direct to Warden Madden, Anamosa, Jones Co., Iowa.

CONCERNING STORIES TOLD TO CHILDREN — We cannot take too great care in our conversation before children. I call to mind an incident which will illustrate this truth. A father told a story of a lie which, in very early childhood, he told his mother. A little girl, six years of age, heard the story, and a few days after was found guilty of an untruth. On being reproved, and the mother expressing both grief and surprise, she said, "Papa told a lie when he was a little boy, and it was just as bad for him as for me!"

The mother, remembering the story, explained that papa was but two and a half years old, was punished at the time, was sorry for his sin, and became thereafter a truthful boy and a good true man. But both father and mother learned a valuable lesson from this incident.

I doubt the wisdom of allowing boys to hear the stories of the pranks of their fathers in their college days. Reminiscences between collegians in the absence of the young may be harmless, but fathers, in the presence of their

children, should pause long enough to decide whether they are willing their sons do likewise. Nor do we always remember that children are kely to misunderstand or misinterpret what they hear. A gentleman told me this story of a childhood, over seventy five years ago. A boy was told before him of a boy who had omitted some crime, and it was observed that he was a "Sunday-school scholar." To appreciate the story, we must remember that Sunday-schools at that time were few and they were wholly unknown to the boy. His inference was that the crime was the natural result of the boy's wickedness in the attendance of school on that day. This was not the thought of the narrator of the story, who, believed in the good of Sunday-schools, and that the boy's sin was greater on account of his unusual advantage. In telling me the story, the person said, "It was some time before, as a child, I could feel it was quite right to have school on the Sabbath."

A minister, in a sermon, to young people, in telling, for their interest and benefit, the story of his childhood and youth, no doubt to illustrate the grace of God in the change wrought within him, entered into particulars of his early life,—his smoking, swearing, and drinking. A father who was not a Christian, relates the following instance: his son, who heard the sermon, was found, soon after, smoking and swearing. When asked for the reason, as he had never been known to do either, the boy said, "If I can learn to do these things when a boy, perhaps, when I become a man, I can be a preacher like —," whom, by the way, the boy greatly admired.

It is not my intention to enlarge upon these incidents, but leave them to speak for themselves to others, as they have done to me.—*Alice Hamilton Rich, in S. S. Times.*

### The Treaty of Arbitration.

It has been a cause of sincere rejoicing, we believe, among a large portion of our fellow-citizens, that an agreement has been made between the representatives of Great Britain and the United States providing for the establishment of a tribunal for the peaceful settlement of certain questions of dispute by arbitration, should such hereafter arise between these two countries, and which now only awaits the sanction of the Senate of the United States, and the Privy Council of Great Britain to give it the force of law.

The widespread interest which this important measure has awakened in the United States is shown by the close attention with which the proceedings of the Senate in regard to it are observed from day to day, and by the editorial and other comments of the daily press.

The delay which has taken place in acting upon it by the Senate has awakened fears lest that body should not approve of it as originally prepared. Evidence of these apprehensions is afforded in the large number of communications which have been addressed to the Senate urging its prompt ratification. These have come not only from bodies of religious professors of different denominations and peace societies, but from associations of lawyers, of bankers and business men, boards of trade, citizens in various parts of the country in their individual capacity, and by the Legislatures of at least two States—Minnesota and Massachusetts. It should be mentioned also that a few memorials have been received by the Senate remonstrating against its ratification.

The usual course upon the presentation of a

proposed treaty to the Senate is to refer it to its standing Committee on Foreign Relations, by which when it is satisfied to do so, it is reported to the Senate either with or without amendments. A final decision upon it is reached by the Senate in executive session, the proceedings of which are not public. After the approval of a treaty in this manner, should no alteration in it be made, it is proclaimed by the President and becomes a part of the law of the land.

In the present instance the full text of the Treaty was soon obtained by the public press, and thus became known throughout both countries before the respective bodies gave it the consideration required by their respective forms of government.

In the promotion of a treaty which indicates so great an advance in the cause of peace, it could not but be expected that the Society of Friends would be deeply interested, and also concerned to use the influence which it might possess in its favor, if it would open for it.

At a late special meeting of the Representative body of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting an Essay of a Memorial on the subject was adopted as follows, and directed to be submitted to the Senate. A committee of three of its members was appointed to attend to its presentation:

*To the Senate of the United States:—*The Memorial of the Representatives of the Yearly Meeting of the religious Society of Friends for Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Delaware, respectfully represents:

That they have observed with much satisfaction that a treaty has been laid before the Senate providing for the reference to arbitration of certain questions of dispute, should such hereafter arise, between this country and Great Britain.

Within the past fifty years the method of settling international differences by arbitration has led to gratifying results in several cases in which the United States has been one of the parties in interest; and an extension of this method by the treaty now under consideration appears to us eminently wise and proper.

The advantage of an established system under which matters of dispute may be withdrawn from irritating discussion and referred for judicial and peaceful settlement, as thus proposed, must be apparent. We rejoice in the belief that such a course commends itself to the Christian sentiment of a large body of religious professors on both sides of the Atlantic, and if adopted would strengthen the close ties which already exist of a common language and lineage, and commercial and friendly intercourse.

The substitution of arbitration for an appeal to the sword we believe is in harmony with the spirit and teachings of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Prince of Peace, and that so far as it is accepted it will hasten the approach of that happy period which we believe it is the Divine purpose to bring about in the earth, as foretold in ancient prophecy, "When nation shall not lift up the sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."

We would express the hope that on the present favorable occasion the Senate of the United States will so act, as to be instrumental, under the Divine blessing, in further establishing this method of ending differences as a part of our national system, by the speedy ratification of the Treaty, without making such amendments to it as will materially limit its application.

By direction and on behalf of a meeting of the Representatives aforesaid, held the eighth of Second Month, 1897.

GEORGE M. COMFORT, Clerk.

It is understood that the Committee of our Meeting for Sufferings took the above Memorial to Washington, and that the way opened for a personal interview of a satisfactory kind with four of the Senators. What the final issue will be, cannot at this time be told, but it may be hoped that the Meeting for Sufferings will have the satisfaction of feeling that they have done what they could.

## THE FRIEND.

SECOND MONTH 20, 1897.

Among the pleasant recollections of the days spent at school is the time occupied in studying the Essays of Jonathan Dymond on the Principles of Morality. The clearness of his style, and the directness and force of his reasoning, made it a book which has remained fresh in memory during the many succeeding years. We are pleased therefore, to find that the Book Committee of our Meeting for Sufferings, has issued a new edition of this valuable work, which is for sale at Friends' Book Store, 304 Arch Street, Philadelphia. Price, 75 cents.

In the essays as left by their author, the general principles of morality are applied to a great variety of cases. Some of these are not so applicable to American institutions and customs as to those of England, and therefore their retention in a volume especially designed for circulation in this country would unnecessarily swell its size. Bearing this in mind, the Committee who superintended its publication have somewhat abridged the book by the omission of some parts which could be left out without weakening the force of the arguments or the general value of the work.

We hope it may have a wide circulation, believing its thoughtful perusal will prove of great advantage to many.

The Committee have prefixed a brief biography of the author, which we propose reprinting in THE FRIEND.

We understand that the Report of the U. S. Commissioner of Education gives extracts from twenty-four books of English history, touching on the relations between England and the United States, and that these do not inculcate a spirit of antagonism towards this country. Although circumstances have at times brought the two countries into collision, yet there are no two nations that ought to be more closely united. They speak the same language, are descended from the same ancestors, look with reverence on the same noble examples of virtue and patriotism; and although both have cause to blush at their treatment of weaker races, yet there are probably no other nations that have shown a more earnest desire to promote the welfare of the world, as for example in the suppression of slavery.

It is a remarkable circumstance that a comparatively small island should exercise such a preponderating influence over a large part of the world, and that it should reckon among its subjects more millions of people than ever Cyrus or Alexander governed.

A letter recently received from a Friend in England speaks of the two books recently published by our Meeting for Sufferings—Dymond's Essays, and Memoirs of Stephen Grellet.

It mentions that the late Joseph Pease had

Dymond's Essays translated and published in Spanish, and that the King of Spain was so favorably impressed with it, that he offered Joseph Pease a title, which the latter declined. Of S. Grellet he remarks, "I regard it as a very useful book. I have given several copies of it to persons who appreciate it much."

"When in Russia, three years ago, we were mentioning the book as having been read by the late Princess Alice to her mother, Queen Victoria (who has always taken an interest in Friends), to one of the ladies of honor to the Empress (Alexandra). She at once said, 'I know the book well. I have read it, and she accepted a copy to hand to one of the court ladies who would value it.'"

SUMMARY OF EVENTS.

UNITED STATES.—Congress in joint session on the 10th instant witnessed the count of the Electoral vote for President and Vice President of the United States for the term beginning Third Month 4th, 1887. The votes of the several States were read in the following order, as prescribed, by Vice President S. Cresswell, who presided. It was that McKinley had received 271 votes for President and Bryan, 176; that Hobart had received 271 votes for Vice-President, Sewall, 149, and Watson, 27.

The Mas-sachusetts Legislative Committee on Constitutional Amendments has voted to refer an amendment to the Constitution striking out the word "male," thus giving to women the full right of suffrage.

The Police Department of Taunton, Mass., is trying a novel experiment to decrease drunkenness in that place. The name of every person arrested and convicted of the offense in question is to be sent to each licensed liquor dealer in the city, with a warning that if he sells to any one of them within six months after the receipt of their names the person so doing will be liable to a fine.

The Iowa Supreme Court has decided that the Miliat liquor law does not apply to cities under special charters. This restores the prohibitory law in Davenport, Iowa, Cedar Rapids, Keokuk and several other cities.

Newark, N. J., consumes more beer per capita than any other American city.

John Gray Evans, who, until a few weeks ago was Governor of South Carolina, is in New York sending the praises of the dispensary law of that State, which, he says, has put an end to the rum-drunkeries in South Carolina. Governor Evans also says that his State is already in favor of silver as before election, but likes McKinley better than Cleveland. He believes that the next Congress will do something for a more flexible currency. South Carolina farmers have learned economy, and now enjoy a notable degree of prosperity.

News of the discovery of the richest copper deposit ever found was brought to Spokane, Washington, last week, by Paul Gaston, a well-known mining man. He shows samples of the ore taken from the ledge, which was assessed as 45 to 50 per cent copper and 5 to 6 per cent silver. The ledge from which the ore was taken runs from twelve to forty feet in width, and is well defined for several miles. It lies in an entirely new mineral district, and is located on the Canadian boundary line north of Okanogan County, Washington.—The ledge extends on both sides of the boundary line.

The worst snow storm of the year, rage I on the 11th inst. in Western and Central Kansas. Deaths in this city last week numbered 540, which is 25 more than the previous week, and 48 more than the corresponding week of 1896. Of the foregoing, 297 were males and 243 females; 121 died of pneumonia; 41 of consumption; 32 of heart disease; 21 of old age; 23 of diphtheria; 19 of inflammation of the stomach and bowels; 17 of cancer; 17 of inflammation of the brain; 16 of bright disease; 15 of epilepsy; 14 of inanition; 10 of convulsions; 12 from asphyxiation; 10 of portulacium and 10 of unknown causes.

Med. Cas. 46: 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140.

Copper.—Official quotation, 7 1/2 per pound for melting; 60 lb.

FEED.—Spring range 4 from \$12.25 to \$12.75 per ton for winter in full, and \$12.00 to \$12.50 for spring in sacks.

FLOUR.—Winter super, \$2.55 a \$2.80; do, extras, \$2.00 a \$2.30; Pennsylvania roller, clear, \$4.10 a \$4.25; do, do, straight, \$4.25 a \$4.40; Western winter, clear, \$4.10 a \$4.25; do, do, straight, \$4.25 a \$4.40; do, extras, \$4.50 a \$4.65; spring, clear, \$3.50 a \$3.75; do, inferior brands, higher. City mills, extra, \$3.05 a \$3.30; do, clear, \$4.05 a \$4.30; do, straight, \$4.30 a \$4.50; do, patent, \$4.55 a \$4.80. RYE FLOUR.—\$2.75 per bbl. for choice Pennsylvania. BUCKWHEAT FLOUR.—\$1.10 a \$1.25 per 100 pounds, as to quality.

GRAIN.—No. 2 red wheat, \$1.20; do, No. 1, 2 1/2 a 2 3/4. No. 2 white oats, 2 1/4 a 2 1/2.

BEEF CATTLE.—EXTRA, 4 a 5; good, 4 1/4 a 4 3/4; medium, 4 a 4 1/2; common, 4 a 4 1/2.

SHEEP AND LAMBS.—EXTRA, 4 a 4 1/2; good, 4 a 4 1/2; medium, 3 1/2 a 3 3/4; 2 a 3 1/2; lambs, 4 a 5 1/2.

HOGS.—Best Western, 5 1/2 a 5 3/4; other Western, 5 a 5 1/2; 5 1/2 a 5 3/4.

FOREIGN.—The House of Commons has rejected a bill providing for the closing of public houses on the first day of the week.

Lord Dufferin is President of the committee in charge of the celebration of the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of North America, which will be held this year at Bristol, Cabot's home port.

In England about one in twenty-one of the population have an account in a savings bank; in Wales, one in forty; in Scotland, one in twelve; in Ireland, one in one hundred. The average annual income of English depositors is \$1 U. S. in the Welsh, 1 1/2 in the Scotch, \$1 1/2 to \$1.50; and to the Irish, 75c. 100.

It was one hundred years ago this month that a man was arrested in London for wearing a tall silk hat, the first article of headgear of that kind ever seen in the world.

The town of Bida, the capital of the Foulah tribe, in Senegal, captured by the British Niger Expedition. No details of the battle have yet been received.

Several university professors, who signed a declaration in favor of the striking dock laborers of Hamburg, are to be prosecuted by order of the German Government.

The Cretan insurgents have bombarded Crete, the Cape of Crete, and the Turks returned their fire with sanguinary results. Greece has notified the Powers that ties of race and religion compel her to intervene in behalf of the oppressed and outraged Christians in Crete. Preparations were made to land men and armaments of war upon the shores of Crete.

The committee on the reform of the British currency has recommended there have informed Prince George, commanding the Greek torpedo flotilla, that they have received orders to prevent the occupation of the island of Crete by Greece, and if necessary to use force to carry out their instructions. On the 15th inst. all the foreign warships had formed a cordon around Crete, in readiness for action; the French admiral in command. It was thought probable that foreign occupation of Crete will be developed upon by the Powers, which will likely be limited to a considerable increase of the gendarmerie on the island, with the co-operation of the foreign fleets controlling the Cretan ports.

The Spanish Prime Minister stated last week that the treaty, which it arrived for putting into effect the reforms in Cuba.

Prime Minister Canovas del Castillo has issued a statement in which he says it will not be incompatible to apply the reforms in Cuba while General Weyler is in command there, but he adds, the moment to effect the reforms has not arrived.

The London Times publishes a Madrid despatch saying that the papers there announce that the Duke of Tetuan, Minister of Foreign Affairs, has received from Dupuy de Lome, the Spanish Minister to the United States, a telegram stating that President Cleveland, Secretary of State Olney and all of the other members of the United States Government are in favor of Cuba recently adopted by the Spanish Government as ample. Minister de Lome, the despatch says, added that the Cuban question may be considered as dead so far as the United States Congress and public opinion are concerned. President-elect McKinley is also believed to regard the reforms favorably. The Times says that the United States Government is reserved, but that the foregoing is more or less correct.

On the 16th instant the Havana Official Gazette published two decrees, the first of which provides for making compulsory the circulation of script at par with silver; for the trial of deprecators of paper money on charges of being in league with the rebels; and for the sending of an order to the American Bank

Note Company of New York for the printing of fractional currency, which order is to be immediately executed. The second decree provides regulation for the sale of lottery tickets.

The Cuban tobacco yield the past year has been 75,000 hales, instead of 500,000 hales, the yield this year. The sugar crop has been reduced to one fourth of its former size, and will be smaller the coming year.

Since the beginning of this century no less than fifty-two volcanic islands have risen out of the sea. Nineteen of that number have since disappeared and ten are now inhabited.

NOTICES.

FRIENDS' INSTITUTE LYCEUM.—The next meeting will be held at 140 N. Sixth St., Sixth-day, Second Month 19th, 1887, at 8 P. M.

WESTOWN BOARDING SCHOOL.—A stated meeting of the Committee on Instruction will be held at Fort and Arch Streets, on Seventh-day, the 20th of Second Month, at 10 A. M. GEORGE M. COMFORT, Clerk.

DYMOND'S ESSAYS ON THE PRINCIPLES OF MORALITY. (Abridged Edition).—A reprint of this valuable work, in which several chapters and parts of chapters have been omitted, to adapt it particularly for use in this country, has long been issued under the authority of the Meeting for Sufferings in this city and may be had at Friend's Book Store, No. 304 Arch Street, Phila. Price, 75 cents; if sent by mail, 85 cents.

WESTOWN BOARDING SCHOOL.—Applications for the admission of pupils to the school, and letters if regard to instruction and discipline should be addressed to WILLIAM F. WICKESHAM, Principal.

Payments on accounts of rent and tuition, and communications in regard to business should be forwarded to EDWARD G. SMEDLEY, Superintendent. Address, Westtown P. O., Chester Co., Pa.

WESTOWN BOARDING SCHOOL.—For convenience of persons coming to Westtown School, the train will meet trains leaving Philadelphia 7.17 and 8.46 A. M. and 2.53 and 4.32 P. M. Other trains are met when required. Stage fare on regular trips, fifteen cents on special trips, twenty-five cents each way. To reach the school by telegraph, wire West Chester Phone 85. EDWARD G. SMEDLEY, Sup't.

WESTOWN QUARTERLY MEETING OF FRIENDS.—The train leaving Broad Street Station, Philadelphia, at 7.17 A. M., on the ninth-eve inst. will be met at West Grove to convey (free of charge) those desiring to attend the Western Quarterly Meeting of Friends, to be held at London Grove, Chester Co., Pa.

It would assist the Committee if those intending to come could inform by postal in advance.

W. F. THOMAS, J. Committee.

DIED, at the house of her son-in-law, Charles Cope Winona, Ohio, First Month 28th, 1887, of pneumonia, ANNA E. ELLIOTT, widow of the late Joseph Edgerton, in the eightieth year of her age; a member of New Garden Monthly Meeting of Friends. She was through life strongly attached to the ancient principles and practices of Friends, and mourned the dear partners therefrom. She was enabled to feel the strengthening support of the Divine arm through penitential trials, and for months before her death gave evidence that her spirit was ripening for a more enduring inheritance; and as the period of dissolution approached, her anxiety and concern increased to be prepared for the solemn change, saying at one time, "I crave to be washed and made clean from every defilement at once, as I feel that I have not yet passed all understanding." She passed quietly and peacefully away, leaving to her relatives and Friends the comforting belief that through the merits and mercies of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, she was enabled to attain to that condition she so earnestly longed for, and being really when she was out to meet Him."

—, First Month 25th, 1897, MARY H. HOLLGATE, in the sixty-sixth year of her age; a member of the Monthly Meeting of Friends of Philadelphia.

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# THE FRIEND.

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## Diary and Letters of Deborah Brooks Webb.

(Continued from page 24.)

1873.—Sixth Mo. 24th.—Monthly Meeting laid before Friends the impression I had had, but it was the will of my Heavenly Father that a visit be offered to Salem and Haddonfield Quarterly Meetings, and they granted me a minute. Oh, that I may be equipped with the armor of God.

In regard to this visit she writes to a Friend under date of Sixth Month 29th: "You will be interested in what lies nearest my best life at his time, viz: my proposed visit in the service of Truth. Oh, that it may be to the honor and praise of the blessed, holy and eternal Name. He has been very good to give me quiet trust in Him and many confirmations. Friends granted is all three\* minutes, and we are to enter upon our work next Third-day morning. I go in rembling, but seek to hide under the shadow of his wing of the Almighty. Oh, that I may see the states of the people, and minister his Word of the strengthening of his children. . . . I know you will think of us, and please desire that my spirit may draw all its supplies from the alone true Fountain of Light."

Seventh Month 22nd, she again writes, "The dear Master has indeed been good, supplying all my needs so far, and the query, 'Lacked ye anything,' with the answer, 'Nothing, Lord,' has often come to mind. Sometimes I feel so poor, and as though I had done so poorly, and then the kind words of unity from dear Friends would cheer me on my way. I have not felt like giving out, only after having to be very plain, and thinking others could do it so much better, I felt such an abhorrence of self, no condemnation that I could see, but such an unprofitable servant. We are to leave the result to the Master."

Ninth Month 15th.—She gives some account of Haddonfield Quarterly Meeting. "It was favored, I think, with a solid exercise. Several of the Committee were there—H. Wood, P. W. Roberts, and others. In Select Meeting, P. W. R. supplicated for the living, that they might be strengthened and enabled to persevere, referring to those that had been gathered. We

missed J. Snowdon very much and E. B. Stokes also. . . . 'Cast not away your confidence, which has great recompense of reward,' seemed to be my message to them, and it felt to me the chariot wheels were only waiting to convey other redeemed spirits over the border. Mary Lippincott, a dear aged afflicted Friend was there. She has wheels to her chair, and is brought to meeting in that way, whenever the weather is suitable. Her home is with her son-in-law, and we took tea there, Phoebe and Abby also. She seemed so redeemed and just ready to step into the good country. There was a little silence before separating, and encouragement offered." After giving the exercises of a number of Friends in the general Quarterly Meeting the —day following, she writes:

"Next thy poor friend thought a little was required of her. 'We have an altar, whereof they have no right to eat who serve the tabernacle.' God is the judge. He knows those upon the altar of whose hearts the flame is kept burning, whose spirits cry, 'Search me, oh, God, and know my heart, try me, and know my thoughts, and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting; purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean,' etc. But some, it is feared, have settled upon this; but feeling that once experiencing the forgiveness of sins is enough, they are safe now. But we have not so learned Christ. Encouragement was given to bear the cross daily, to sit alone and keep silence, a putting of the mouth as in the dust, being willing to appear as a Fool for Christ's sake. This was a close testimony given me to bear. It is often sealed upon my spirit, that this people are not willing sufficiently to descend into humiliation, do not realize the words, 'This people have I formed for myself: they shall show forth my praise.' I think there is a deepening with many; but if it was more general, would not Zion arise and shake herself from the dust and put on her beautiful garments."

In her diary, alluding to the closing up of this visit, she writes, Tenth Month 3rd, 1873: "This visit has been performed greatly to the peace of my mind, and my spirit magnifies the power of the Holy One of Israel for help granted in many needful times. Without thee I am so poor, and with thee very rich. My endeared friends, Edward and Sarah Richie accompanied me, greatly to my comfort and satisfaction. There are many concerned Friends in all parts, but more need of cross-bearing is apparent."

12th.—The sweetness and force of the words, "The name of the Lord is a strong tower, the righteous runneth into it and are safe," have impressed my mind much this day. The Lord is good to them that put their trust in Him, blessed forever be his name, in that He enables me to run into it this day as into a high tower, where the waves of trial break harmlessly at my feet. Oh, that all might taste and see that the Lord is good, might seek Him in prosperity, that He may be with them in trouble.

Twelfth Month 7th.—My prayer is unto thee,

Oh, thou Almighty Helper of the weak, for more strength, more power of endurance, more faith in thee and thy love. Oh, Father, thou hast supported me through many trials. Be pleased to be near me always, and also hear thy wrestling children everywhere.

21st.—Feeling a constraining of love towards Friends at Plymouth, we spent this day with them, and attended meeting. They seem a weak company, but might be more lively if some of them would be willing to come forward and fill up their ranks in righteousness.

1874.—First Month 10th.—This morning went to Frankford for the first time, and feel that the Lord is good to remember mercy to his poor hand-maid. J. S. E. had an appointed meeting in the afternoon, which we attended, afterwards visited S. D., who had just lost her husband. We had sweet sympathy with and for her.

During the fore-part of the Monthly Meeting, my spirit was wounded by the remembrance of a remark, made some days before, by a person who was with me. I tried to turn again and again from the thoughts, lest they would come back, and nothing but a pers-vereing, 'Get thee behind me, Satan,' could avail me anything. A sheltering wing remained with me the remainder of the day. It seems to me to be very important for ministers to have feeling companions with them.

In a letter dated First Month 21st, 1874, she writes: "Thou knows Aaron and Hur were of great service to Israel, by upholding the hands of Moses, so, my dear, do not feel anxious about much service, for the dear Master will show unto thee all that He requires, be it much or little, and thou knowest too that the beauty of that parable of the sheep and the goats is, that those who had done the most service, and whom the dear Master had received and blest, to whom that sweet welcome was addressed, 'Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world,' did not seem to realize that they had done any good. So, my precious Friends, you do not know, but the blessed Master knows, and all that we have to do is to keep close to the Fountain, and obedient to every little manifestation. The manifestation to my mind for Frankford was very small indeed, but child-like obedience seemed the impressed law, and the result clothed my soul with thankfulness for his great mercies. My night is little, but, oh, the desire that it may be pure, is very strong."

In a letter dated First Month 28th, 1874, she says: "The kind words of Friends often bring encouragement, and cheer the pathway, but the weaned soul finds it needful to return them to the Treasury again, and to realize the truth, 'We are unprofitable servants; we have done nothing but what was our duty to do.'"

In a letter to a friend of Second Month 23rd, 1874, she writes: "I can feel to embrace thee in the arms of true sisterly love and affection. How often I have wanted to find a sister in whom I could confide, and whom I could trust

\*Her companions being Edward and Sarah A. Richie.

to remain steadfastly mine, through heights and through depths. But perhaps it is not best for us to have many earthly props, lest the heart's affections should turn around them too closely, and we should lean upon them instead of upon the arm of Almighty power.

"Years ago, when the conflicts and exercises for the ministry were much upon my spirit, I used to think, 'If I had a sister like S. A. R. and H. E., how I should enjoy going to meetings with them, and sitting as under their wing, but I used to notice that the two Elizabeths almost never came in with them, but always alone, just as I had to go, 'Alone with God.' 'I will allure her into the wilderness, and there will I speak comfortably unto her: I will give her the valley of Achor for a door of hope.' Is it not true? Do we not find it so; that the path of regeneration and a being born again is a tribulated path, not an easy going one of, 'only believe, and all is well?' But now, having followed Him, our Lord and Master, unto Calvary, we can at times taste the blessedness of a rest in Him. Oh, how the soul feels that it has got hold of an anchor and a star—a sure refuge for every emergency; feels that its Divine Leader has promised 'Never to leave nor forsake, and having loved his own which are in the world, He loveth them unto the end.' D. B."

(To be continued.)

### Nevada's Disgrace.

Nevada is a sovereign State of the American Union. It sends to the United States Congress two Senators, and is allowed there by its vote to balance the vote of New York or Pennsylvania or Georgia. Its population is less than fifty thousand, just that of Saginaw, Michigan. It cast ten thousand three hundred and sixteen votes for President, of which eight thousand three hundred and fifty seven were for Bryan. It has the smallest population of any State in the Union. It never ought to have been made an independent State; but it was believed, when it was admitted, that it would rapidly increase in population, because of its mineral wealth. These anticipations have not been fulfilled; it has rather declined. The population in 1890 was seventeen thousand less than in 1880, and it is not supposed to have increased since.

It is not disgraceful to be small; a diamond is small. It is not disgraceful to have voted for Bryan. Many good people made that mistake. But what disgrace Nevada is that last week it passed a bill through its Legislature, instantly signed by its Governor, making prize-fighting a legal sport. This was done with the particular purpose of bringing to Carson City the fight between Corbett and Fitzsimmons, which every other State in the Union rejects with disgust. The Christian people of Nevada—for there are such, not many—protested; but they were not heard. Louisiana, Florida, the Dakotas refused to legalize the Lottery, and refused great bribes; and all the States had crowded the brutal prize-ring out of civilization, and Texas and Mexico had refused to welcome anything more brutal than the game-cocks and bull-fights. So the tough-skinned Barneys and Aarons appealed to the Legislature of Nevada, got the backing of its "business men," that is barkeepers, and held up the delusions of thousands of desirable citizens attracted by the fight who would remain to invest in silver mines and scenery; and the Legislature and the Governor took the glitter for gold, and enacted the law, and the shame.

It will not last long. The good opponents in

the end. All the States had the lottery two or three generations ago, and the last of them has settled the matter finally only lately. Nevada is full of mining camps, and the tag end of the mining camp followers. It will get civilized by and by. The State is horribly disgraced, but we will not quite yet cut its star out of the flag. Churches and schools take time to get in their work; but theirs is the only work that is permanent—the saloon and the prize-ring have no vitality in them. "The memory of the just is blessed, but the name of the wicked shall rot; and their power is as sure to perish as their name."—*The Independent.*

### FOR "THE FRIEND."

Having of late felt my mind drawn toward the dear young people of our Society, I thought perhaps what I have to say to them might be communicated through the columns of THE FRIEND. In the first place I desire that you may choose good associates, even the association of those whose lives are pure, and who you know are living for something better and nobler and higher than the pleasures and treasures of earth. I can say from sad experience that if you choose loose, evil associates, and persist in it against the will of your parents, it will bring sorrow upon yourselves and may bring down your parents in sorrow to the grave. Oh, dear young people, the first commandment with promise is, "Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

I remember when a boy, at one time of disobeying my father, my mother having been called home prior to this, and oh, I wish I could make you to understand and realize what I suffered in thus disobeying him who I believe was endeavoring to train up his children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord; and I never shall forget the suffering it caused him, neither shall I ever forget the earnestness in which he reprimanded me for so doing. Many were the bitter tears of sorrow he shed, and many were the tears of remorse I shed in thus grieving him.

Obeys your parents in the Lord, for this is right. In this fast age, it seems to me, there are so many snares to draw away from the strait and narrow path which leads to life eternal—so much entertainment, some of which may be innocent in themselves, but many which have a tendency to draw the young and tender mind away from the one thing needful, which is the salvation of their souls.

I have been pained to see in so many of our young people a tendency to depart from the simplicity in dress and address, from what the Society of Friends have always believed was right for them to observe. Am sorry some have gone out into the world, and even surpass those who have not known or mingled with Friends. Dear young people, I advise you to stop and think of that dear Saviour who was made willing to suffer for us all, and meditate on the marvellous love of our Heavenly Father in sending his dear Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life. Remember this same Son and Saviour wore a seamless garment—no pride, no gay attire, but a meek and lowly Jesus, who tasted death for every man; and if we are his true followers, we must in a measure be like Him. Remember, dear young people, our blessed Saviour said to his followers, "Marvel not, brethren, if the world hate you; for ye know that it hated me before it hated you," and I am a firm believer that we cannot please Him and meet the world

half way, for we are told in the Scriptures of Truth that if we love the world, the love of the Father is not in us; and I believe this not only means the sin pleasing of earth, but it also means the changeable fashions thereof and customs.

I have also been pained that so many of our dear young people are in the practice of going to other places of worship very frequently. Now, I do not want to judge, but I have fears that some go because perhaps their inclination are to be entertained; but, dear ones, can we believe that when we go to a place of worship we go to be entertained? I feel to say that while I believe there are many Christians in other societies, yet I believe that a pre-arranged programme of words, music and song, often has a tendency to draw away from pure spiritual worship, it is more pleasing to the natural will of man, and I have heard it remarked that our meetings are too quiet, even by younger members, and that they are not interesting enough. Oh, I exhort you to remember the command "When thou prayest, enter into thy closet and shut the door (even the closet of the heart), and pray to thy Father who is in secret, and thy Father who heareth in secret will reward thee openly."

Dear ones, despise not silence, for it is in the silent breathings of the soul to its Maker, and communion with Him individually, that each may have our strength renewed, and when it pleases God to call instruments to speak vocally to the people, they can only stir up the pure mind by way of remembrance, they cannot save our souls. This is an individual work. Oh, let us not depend on man as our leader, but follow Christ, the Leader and Bishop of souls. We must not only believe in Him as to the outward sacrifice, but we must accept Him, even the last Adam, which is a quickening spirit, let us mind the Light which enlighteneth every man that cometh into the world, and which reproves for sin, and which justifies us and gives peace when we do well. This, I believe, is the rule of salvation, and not the Bible. If the New Testament Scriptures are the only rule of salvation, as some claim, then how could Daniel, Noah, Job, Enoch, and many others have been saved? and if the Bible is the word of God, as some that even call themselves Friends claim (sad indeed to me), how could the Bible take upon itself flesh, and dwell amongst us? for it testifies that the Word was made flesh and dwelt amongst us.

Dear young people, be not deceived, for one may say, "Lo, here is Christ," and another, "Lo, He is there," but behold, the kingdom of God is within you; may you not look to the "Lo, here's" and the "Lo, there's," but keep an eye single to the Captain of Salvation, who I believe will teach you as never yet man yet taught. Oh, I desire that you may not build upon the sand, for if you do, when the trials of life and tribulations come upon you, and bereavements, and the enemy tempts you, you will fall, but if you build upon the Rock of Ages, Christ Jesus, He will enable you, if faithful to Him, to overcome the world, the flesh and the devil, and will give you an inheritance among those that are sanctified. I believe the gate is just as strait and the way just as narrow as ever it was, and that it is the way of the cross, for "except a man deny himself and take up his daily cross, he cannot be my disciple," saith the dear Master.

WM. TEST.

LEGRAND, IOWA.

"SCOLDING never raised a crop of love."

### The Convincement of Elizabeth Fry.

FOR "THE FRIEND."

A work recently published in England concerns particulars of Elizabeth Fry's convincement, some of which have probably never before met the public eye. As the statements are written from the standpoint of those who were not in sympathy with her course, but antagonized it, they possess a peculiar interest. It may be remarked that Elizabeth Fry's parents were of a class commonly known as gay Quakers. Elizabeth's mother died when she was twelve years old, and the training of a large family of young children devolved upon an elder sister, who was then but seventeen, and had but little in any sympathy with Friends. The father, evincing insistency upon his children attending Friends' Meetings seems not to have taken much art in their bringing up, and they were educated in all the indulgences and follies of a fashionable life.

The editor thus describes Elizabeth at the age of nineteen: "She had hitherto been the sweetest and brightest of the sisterhood. She was one who most enjoyed dancing, and who always took pleasure in the admiration she excited. But her sister's journals record how one day . . . when she was in her twentieth year the whole family went to the meeting at Goats [this was the name of the street in Norwich where the meeting-house was located]. The seven sisters sat in a row in front of the gallery. Elizabeth had on a pair of new purple boots laced with scarlet. They were a perfect delight to her; she intended to console herself with them or the oppressive dullness she expected. Hitherto she had often been excused from "Goats," for her health was less strong than that of her sisters, but her uncle Joseph, in whom the Quaker spirit was stronger than in her father, had urged that she ought to make an effort to attend and had induced her father to insist upon it. So, not unwillingly she had gone."

At this meeting William Savery, from Philadelphia, was present. What followed is told in an extract from the diary of her sister Richenda, then sixteen years old, as follows:

"He began to preach. His voice and manner were arresting, and we all liked the sound, but Betsy's attention became fixed, and at last I saw her begin to weep, and she became a good deal agitated. As soon as meeting was over, she made her way to the men's side, and having found my father, she asked him if she might line at . . . our uncle Joseph's, where William Savery was staying. He consented, though rather surprised by the request. We others went home as usual, and for a wonder we wished to go again in the afternoon. As we returned in the carriage Betsy sat in the middle, and astonished us all by weeping most of the way home. The next morning William Savery came to breakfast, and preached afterward to our sister, prophesying a high and important calling to which she would be led."

The editor proceeds, "From that day Betsy's love of pleasure and the world seemed gone. She began to lead a life apart from the rest of the family, gradually but firmly withdrawing herself more and more from its daily interests and occupations. By the little Richenda, for whom life still sparkled . . . this change in Betsy was bitterly felt. It kept her awake with grief and annoyance."

Richenda further writes in her diary: "At length I felt I ought to tell her openly what my feelings were, and when we went to bed together, I openly told her my mind, and how I

disliked the change which I saw was taking place in her, and I asked her what influenced her in it. She told me she felt it was her duty to be a Quaker; she was certain she was acting from reason and not from enthusiasm, and that she had felt far happier since she had adopted the principles of Quakers than she had ever done before. She said she knew it was her path to tread in. . . . To some," she said, "drawing and singing may be innocent and pure amusements; to me they are not, therefore I give them up."

Her sister Catharine, who was five years her senior, thus writes: "I have a clear picture of Betsy's appearance at this time. It was peculiarly lovely. Her fine flaxen hair combed simply behind, and parted in front. Her white gown plainly fitted her figure, which was beautifully proportioned. I remember her sitting on the window seat in what we then called the blue room, with her feet up, in deep meditation."

But a change became daily more evident in her, and appeared more and more as a reality, though at that time we could not in the least understand it, and it was a very great cross to me. I now see how much the expression of our feeling must have added to her difficulty. When she told me she could not dance with us any more (which was at that time my greatest delight), it was almost more than I could bear, and I tried to argue with her, and begged and persecuted her. But it was all in vain. The firmness of her character was called into play, and I never remember her to have been shaken in one single point which she felt to be her duty. The Bible became her study, visiting the poor, especially the sick, her great object. . . . To us (who were tried by many things in her which were great crosses to us), she was now always amiable and patient, forbearing and humble. And in looking back upon the change in her life and its great results, we may feel assured that God was at work in her soul and that she was at that time truly awakening to a new life in Christ Jesus and called to a most important service."

And now came a great struggle when Satan put forth his power once more to win her back to the world. But she was victorious. The editor tells us that after this Elizabeth took a most remarkable step. "She begged that she might be allowed to visit London and examine for herself into all the fascinations and amusements of the world. And to London . . . she was sent. She 'tasted London,' as she called it, had dancing lessons in the mornings, concerts and parties in the afternoons, the theatres in the evenings and balls at night. But the result was that when she came home she was quite decided as to the course she meant to follow. The narrowest way of religion was chosen. . . . The pleasures of the world . . . renounced forever. With Quaker principles she began to adopt Quaker peculiarities. . . . It is remembered that she even refused to look at the picture which Opie was painting of her own father."

Thus we have seen in a brief period of the life of this remarkable woman, the wonderful awakening under a powerful Gospel ministry as she sat in Norwich Meeting enjoying her purple boots with red strings, her quick perception of the heavenly call, the various stages of a gradual conversion, as shown in her struggle through the allurements which surrounded her, the final temptation of her London experiences—and her ultimate victory.

This paper would not be complete without adding that it is further stated that subsequently when on a visit to one of her relations, she was

in company with Deborah Darby, who told her that she would be "a light to the blind, speech to the dumb, and feet to the lame." And Elizabeth wrote in her journal, "Can it be? She almost seems as if she thought I was to be a minister of Christ. Can I ever be one?"

Let it be remembered that all that has been mentioned here occurred before Elizabeth Fry had completed her twentieth year. G. V.

### Clay Eaters.

A Washington Post correspondent, who was attached to a corps of engineers, geologists and naturalists who were making a tour of investigation through the wilderness of the Smoky mountain region of North Carolina several years since, when near the water-hed which drains westward into the New River in West Virginia and the head waters of the Big Sandy, was informed by resident mountaineers that about twenty miles away there was a neighborhood in which every resident was said to be a clay eater. Accompanied by Captain Denton, a mountain guide, and a negro servant, he says, we crossed the range through a narrow gap, and descended after a ten-mile ride, upon a narrow creek, which subdivided a little valley between two parallel mountains. Here we struck the first cabin in a strung-out settlement of perhaps forty or fifty families.

"Every person on this yer creek is a clay eater," said the guide, as we approached a low-roofed, rude log cabin, the door of which stood wide open, facing the stream.

A tall, sallow, stoop-shouldered man of forty or fifty stood near the door, from which, on our approach, streamed nearly a dozen bare-headed, bare-footed children, ranging from two to eighteen years of age. The man was clad in a coarse hempen shirt and trousers. Like the children, he was bare-headed and bare-footed.

Our guide spoke to the man, calling him by name, Dinker, and abruptly introduced the subject of our call.

"Dinker," said he, "they uns hev rid over, the moun'tin jes' to see sun us you-uns eet clay. They-uns sez they-uns don't b'liev we uns kin eet it."

"You-uns 'lite an' kum rite in," said Dinker. "Morg," turning to one of the large boys, "tek off'n they-uns' saddl's an' brides an' turn they-uns' hosses inter the pasture."

The boy took charge of the animals and led them into a small patch of ground fenced in with a brush fence.

We declined to enter the house, giving as an excuse that it was much pleasanter under the shade of a big tree which stood near the door. At our request, Dinker sent one of his boys, a sallow-faced, tow-headed lad of fifteen or sixteen, after some of the clay which was said to be edible. The guide and myself accompanied him to the creek, where he stopped in front of a layer or ledge of bluish gray clay several inches in thickness. The stuff, when taken in hand and moistened, felt pliable, soft and oily like putty, and bore much the same general appearance. The boy carried a handful of the clay to his father, who, after taking it, gave it another wotting, then, rolling it into a ball, began manipulating it as a painter preparing putty for use. He rolled it, pressed it out, and manipulated it until the greasy, slippery mass became soft, pliable and tenacious. Then he separated it into pills or boluses, from the size of a bullet to that of an ordinary marble, with two or three as large almost as a walnut. He gave the smaller children several of the small-

est balls or pills, and the larger ones the balance, reserving to himself two of the balls of clay.

The boys, girls and the man then put the balls of clay in their mouth, when, by constant chewing and the aid of the secretions, they soon converted them into soft mucilaginous masses, which, with no apparent difficulty, they swallowed.

For fear that there might be some sleight-of-hand locus-pocus about the affair I determined to try the clay myself. I took a piece about the size of a bullet and put it into my mouth. In a short time, without chewing or manipulating it at all, I found that the saliva had completely dissolved the mass. There were no gritty particles apparent, but, on the contrary, the stuff left an oily feeling, but without semblance of taste.

I didn't swallow the stuff, but could have easily done so but for the repugnance I naturally felt toward eating dirt.

After the clay had all been swallowed by the man and children, I said:

"Does this stuff satisfy your hunger?"

"Sartin; that's why we-uns eet it. A feller kin eet nuff to las' three or foh days, but this yer bunch'll only las' till to-morry."

"Doesn't the stuff make you sick? Doesn't it affect you some way when you make what you call a meal out of it?"

"Never heard us nobody gettin' sick on it, but that's some es say it makes they-un weak."

### A Poor Business.

It is a poor business that has to be apologized for, or defended, by those who are engaged in it. The business of an actor seems to be of this sort. Some of its best representatives have confessed to a sense of its unworthiness, and others of them have endeavored to defend it against the accusations of their fellow-actors. Henry Irving opens an article on his art, in a recent number of "The Forum," with an attempt to show that acting is not itself "degrading." He speaks of "the curious perversity which has prompted some distinguished artists to decry the art of acting," and cites in this line the examples of Macready and Fanny Kemble. Macready felt the degrading influence of his art when he availed himself of his real grief over the recent death of his daughter, to force force to his simulating, before an audience, of a father's grief over a dead child. And Fanny Kemble found acting "repulsive" to her best nature, "because it quenched the springs of natural emotion." It would seem as if this testimony from such actors was entitled to respect; but the strange thing about it is, that Henry Irving cannot see why this imitation of real feeling on a stage should be any more degrading in its effect on the actor than the analysis and formal representation of such feelings by a novelist or a poet in his writings. The poet or the novelist describes the feelings which he would exhibit in his characters. He tells by his pen how those characters feel. But the actor simulates in his own person the feelings of love or of lust, of anger or of hatred, of ennobling or degrading sentiments; and in so doing he degrades his best nature, and lessens his responsive power to the influence of noble sentiments brought to bear upon him in the actual experience of life. The dramatist exercises his personality in the creation of a character; but the actor gives his personality to the mere imitation of a character created by the dramatist.—*N. Y. Times.*

### The Divine Superintendence.

The Divine superintendence of the workings of the universe and of the affairs of men is an important article of Christian belief. Nobody who believes in prayer doubts it. God, we say, is in the events of history, in the work of his Church, and is not unmindful of the doings of the wicked. But it is one thing to have a general article of belief, it is another to realize the truth of it.

Practically, most men limit the Divine superintendence to certain fields of operation. They see God's power in the universe and the evidence of his laws in nature; they believe he gives close attention to things embraced in the religious sphere, and they love to think that the conduct of every individual is a matter of concern to Him. But there are many things of value and interest to them with which they in no wise associate Him. They are little things, too little for the Almighty to care about. For example, there are a multitude of personal acts assumed to be morally colorless. The question of right or wrong does not enter into them. The Infinite Father, absorbed with greater concerns, makes no note of them.

Is this really so? Not if the words of Christ mean anything. The hairs of your head are all numbered. There is nothing that concerns you which escapes the Divine attention. He who numbers the hairs of the head knoweth also the thoughts of the heart. If nothing, even so insignificant a thing as the hair of the head or a thought of the heart, is unknown to Him, of course nothing is unobserved by Him. The Divine superintendence is not confined to great things, such as flying worlds, the fate of nations, the work of the Church, the spread of intelligence, the deepening of conscience, the improvement of a people's morals. It is all-comprehensive. If not even a sparrow falls without Divine observation, or a sheep is lost without awakening Divine concern, surely human thoughts and actions, human joys and sufferings, little though they may be, claim Divine consideration; for a man is of much more value than many sparrows or many sheep.

The thought that One whose eye never slumbers, whose hand never rests, is in vigilant superintendence over every individual life, may be pleasant or distressful, according to our relations to Him. While his mercies come to all, his promises are to them who love and obey Him. It is to those who have been conformed to his likeness, that the reality of his constant superintendence is most precious. The Lord is mindful of his own. His own are precious to Him. He knows their down-sitting and their uprising, understands their thought afar off, and is acquainted with all their ways. No act or thought or experience is too little to escape Him.

It follows that life is larger and more comprehensive and more important than many have supposed. My Father cares about everything that I care about. The thoughts and acts which seem too little to concern Him are not unimportant to me, and therefore not unimportant to Him. They go to make or mar a character, and that is of supreme concern. When those great lenses which give modern telescopes such wondrous power are nearly completed all polishing tools are laid aside, and they are brought to their delicate perfection by touches of the thumb dipped in the finest of rouge. The lines of flinty glass are changed by so light a thing as the finger-tip. Character is perfected by little touches. And it is a beautiful thought that the Infinite

Being who made the worlds and holds them in his mighty hand superintends with wondrous patience and surpassing gentleness every process in shaping and perfecting the character.

Does this truth make life seem greater and more difficult and more responsible? If so it also enlarges the compass of prayer and makes the Divine fellowship more real and helpful.—*The Independent.*

### A Flight Across the Sea.

(Concluded from page 243.)

From the Castle grounds we wended our way to Windsor Church the royal church of England, where the Queen attends. Her seat was soon discernible among the others, being covered with the coat-of-arms. I was glad to avail myself of the opportunity to rest myself in it for a few minutes, and, while sitting there, tried to imagine how I should feel if I was Queen. I had not long, however, to meditate on such reflections as these, for the shades of evening were fast gathering around, warning us it was time to seek our train, back again into the big, foggy city of London. If the city seems like a thoroughfare by day, it certainly seems doubly so at night, with the 'buses, hansoms and all sorts of vehicles running in every direction, while, on the pavements, their is a regular procession of people. One day, soon after I got there, I stepped into a bank and asked the clerk if he would please exchange a sum of money for me. "We cannot do that here," he said. "You will have to go to one of the banks in the city to have that done." "In the city," I said, "I thought I was in the city." "Oh, no," he said "you are merely on the outskirts." Another day was spent at Westminster Abbey. Although the building has stood there, braving the storms of more than eight centuries, it really looks as though it might still remain there for centuries to come. Soon after entering the building, I was surprised to find, placed near the entrance the bust of our American poet, Longfellow. Underneath was this inscription, "This bust was placed amongst the memorials of the poets of England by the English admirers of an American poet, 1884." On the floor of the abbey was inscribed, "Near this stone lie buried the remains of Alfred Lord Tennyson. Born August 6th, 1809. Died October 6th, 1892." Alongside of him was Robert Browning. Near by were busts of Milton, Goldsmith, Campbell, Charles Dickens, Shakespeare, Robert Southey and Robert Burns. A small room adjoining these statues was called "The Chapel of Faith," where all who enter are requested to keep silent. On the floor in another part of the abbey was this inscription, "Brought by faithful hands over land and sea, here lies the remains of David Livingstone, Missionary, Traveller, Philanthropist," etc. As we stood there within the walls of that mighty sepulchre, gazing in wonder and admiration at the cold, silent faces of those long since departed, what a crowd of recollections come surging through your mind. Generations will come and go, monuments will crumble into dust, but they have left behind them names, which will remain fresh throughout ages of futurity.

Concerning the India exhibition at Earl's Court, London, perhaps a short sketch would be of interest. There were exhibits from Ceylon, Burmah and other Eastern dependencies. Beautiful tapestries of various designs, linens, embroidery, jewelry unique and inexpensive, and statuary. The so-called "Queen's Palace," erected there, of beautiful architectural design, covers an area of



thirty-two thousand square feet. There also is the Empress Theatre, said to be the largest of any building in England. In the latter there are entertainments given, every afternoon and evening, by a Hungarian named Imre Kiralfy, who has represented some of the scenery of that country, and hundreds of men and women dressed in their native costumes. There are students of Dr. Jenner, discoverer of vaccination, who died in 1823, and James Watts, improver of steam-engine, and George Stevenson, engineer, who died in 1848. Here, also, was to be seen the like groups of West African negroes (Delta of the Niger); opium-eaters of Java; bushman and family, a race represented by Africans; 300 groups of Zulus, of South Africa. Last, but not least, was the great Ferris wheel. It was built in London, and has an altitude of three hundred feet. The axle is seven feet in diameter, and has eight columns, one hundred and fifty feet high; forty cars, twenty-four feet long, nine feet wide and ten feet high and accommodating twelve hundred persons. About two months previous to my visit there, something went wrong with the machinery, and there were several hundred people compelled to remain suspended a mid-air all night, but, in compensation, each was presented with the sum of five pounds, felt particularly anxious to obtain a view over the city, so decided that this was my opportunity, but will candidly admit I could not refrain from breathing a sigh of relief when I set my feet on terra firma again. "Earl's Court" is reached by the underground railway, of which he least said the better. One evening, while here, I attended the services at St. Paul's Cathedral, which ranks second only, in size and age, to being the largest and oldest cathedral in the world. The one at Cologne, in Germany, the oldest. The parks throughout England are inferior to our American ones. The principal one in the city is Hyde Park, and is quite a fashionable resort. One custom over there, entirely different from the American custom, is to ask one for a penny for any little privilege they may stand in need of. At the railway stations you do not see cans of ice-water for the accommodation of the public. When you want a drink, you must ask, and pay a penny for it. When you want to wash your hands, you must pay a penny for the privilege. One day, while at Hyde Park, I happened to sit down on a seat at rest. Directly opposite to me was Rotten Row, one of the most noisy streets in London. While sitting there, and wondering why they should give this handsome street such a homely name, I was surprised to see a man dressed in uniform step up in front of me, and say, "A penny, please!" I said, "What for?" "Why, for sitting down on that seat," he said. I will not reply. Within walking distance of Hyde Park are Buckingham Palace and Marlborough Head. The former is where the Queen resides while in the city, and the latter where the Prince and Princess of Wales, England's future king and queen, reside. Among the other places of interest visited were Kensington Museum, London Bridge, and the Tower of London near by, where can be seen the block-headed Lady Jane Grey was beheaded, dunces where kings were confined, and various other sombre reminiscences of past dark ages. Here, also, can be seen the crown jewels. As all earthly pleasures fade away, so, to all too soon, the same fate for my departure. Again I find myself at the docks in Liverpool, among a heterogeneous collection of men, women and children, each and all awaiting their turn to be taken, on

a tender, to meet the *Penobscot*, which is awaiting us out on the Mersey River. It is pouring rain, and the picture is gloomy in the extreme. First comes the steerage passengers—and such a lot of them. One might naturally wonder where they would stow them all. Next come the cabin passengers, and, after all, the baggage. Time after time the tender returns with the latter, but finally she has left us to return no more, and steerage, cabin passengers and baggage are all stowed away in some part of the ship. It is two P. M. We take one last, lingering look at the shores and merry skies of England, and we are soon on our way down the Channel. At the same hour the next day a halt opposite Queenstown is made. A tender comes out to meet us. We take on a few passengers, and send back by them our mail, which goes on a fast line to New York. A few of the Irish peasantry came on board with articles to sell, such as silk shawls, lace collars, canes, etc. After disposing of quite a number among the cabin passengers on the upper deck, they slid down a heavy coil of rope into a small row-boat awaiting them from below, and were soon heading for the shore. Gradually the Irish coast recedes from view, the myriads of sea-gulls have disappeared, and we, too, are heading for the shore. Our return voyage was similar, in many respects, to the out-going one. We encountered the same heavy fog as we did then, many times coming close up to the sides of the ship. At such times of danger, especially while out in mid-ocean, one is made to feel and realize their utter dependence on the goodness and mercy of an all-wise and ruling Providence. Whenever anything goes wrong with the machinery, it is never worth while to question the officers concerning it, for they will give you but little satisfaction. One night, between the hours of ten and eleven, when most of the passengers were cleverly settled in their berths, the vessel slowed up, and finally stopped. Of course, some of the men passengers—who seem to be by nature more nervous and easily excited than women—hurried up on deck to try and ascertain, if possible, the cause of the delay. The only satisfaction they could get was, they had broken a shovel. In about fifteen minutes, however, we were moving on. Once again, when the vessel stopped for a short time, we did not think it worth while to ask any questions, but tried to console ourselves in the belief that, perhaps, they had simply broken another shovel. But now we are fast nearing the end of our journey. It is nearly noon, and again we are in the midst of a dense fog. But hark! In the distance we hear the sound of a gun. Loudly the captain responds with his whistle. Again and again it is repeated, and gladly we hail that sound, for it is our pilot, coming out in the ocean to meet us. At last there emerges through the fog a sailing vessel. Now it is close beside the ship, and in almost less time than it takes to write it, he is standing beside the captain, on the bridge. And now, in conclusion, let me say, although England can proudly boast of her lordly castles, her ancient cathedrals and her magnificent palaces, yet it seemed to me I had never witnessed a grander, fairer scene than on the morrow, when we came in view of the shores of our own United States of America. C.

WHEN we are much engaged in our Master's work, it seems to me next to impossible that we should escape some little spots and stains, though we may be ever so careful of our clothing, and wrap it ever so closely about us, it will get a

little soiled by being used every day. I am sure mine does so, and if I should hinder my Master from stripping it off, and washing both them and me, I should ere now have made but a very mean appearance in the sight of Him who sees through every false covering; for He holds no beauty nor comeliness in anything that is not derived from himself, who is the only unmixed fountain of light and purity.—*Mary Peckley*.

FOR "THE FRIEND,"

#### LORENZO'S DEFEAT.

The air was full of fragrance  
From the blossoming of spring,  
Yet thou, oh, learned and mighty,  
Hadst need of any more healing;  
Without that priceless jewel,  
Life, with its good and ill,  
Is lost and undone forever—  
O, fainting heart, be still!

The monk stood by that death bed,  
In Florence sweet and fair,  
To bring such consolation  
As might be wanting there,  
"There be three things, my father,  
That will not let me rest,  
And I know not if I shall ever  
Will forgive for those oppressed."

Then the Padre said, "God's mercy  
Covers the judgment seat;  
Have faith that He can save thee,  
Do works for repentance meet,  
Restore that thou hast taken,  
Bring back the scattered sheep,  
Give this fair city freedom,  
And He will grant thee sleep."

Lorenzo, "the Magnificent,"  
Joined to his idols fast,  
Turned his face to the wall  
And that day was his last,  
Stript in the midst of plenty.

In manhood's strength laid low;  
Unrepentant and unrepentant!  
We reap the things we sow!

Lorenzo, "the Victorious,"  
A victor now no more;  
The sacked and pillaged cities,  
The orphan's wail in the street—  
When such sad thoughts disturb thee  
Met by the Judgment blast;  
Unrepentant and unrepentant,  
Thou hast met defeat at last!

G. G. M.

FOR "THE FRIEND,"

#### The Oak Family.

At the usual monthly meeting of the Moorestown Natural History Society, held on the ninth of Second Month, the Oaks formed the subject of investigation. One of the women Friends had undertaken to illustrate the forms of the leaves, and she had evidently entered into her subject with much energy and enthusiasm, having prepared 20 sheets, on which were mounted numerous specimens of as many species of oaks. About one half of these belonged to the White Oak group, and about the same number to the Black and Red Oaks and their near allies. The leaves of most of these Oaks are more or less lobed, and in the second group these lobes terminate in a fine bristle, the elongation of one of the ribs of the leaf. The bristle is not present in the first or White Oak group. The leaves vary considerably in outline in the same species, especially in the Spanish Oak (*Quercus foliata*), of which one hundred and fifty forms have been collected from the same tree; and perhaps half that number were exhibited to us in the evening. The groups of leaves were not only instructive and interesting, but graceful and pretty. The largest and most valuable of the oaks is the White Oak (*Quercus alba*), which attains its

largest size in Southern New Jersey, and on similar geological formations further South, in Maryland and Virginia. Our well-informed friend, Benjamin Heritage, of Mickleton, N. J., described one growing on the farm of the late Joseph Tatum, below Woodbury, which measured thirty-three feet in girth, near the ground. There is also a very fine specimen in the graveyard, at Salem, N. J. The wood is strong and tough, and much used in the mechanic arts, and in ship building.

B. Heritage had brought with him a segment of white oak from a noted tree in his part of the State. It had formed one of the monuments of an old property line, and had itself been a common corner tree for four farms, but as they had fallen into the hands of a common owner, who had no botanical enthusiasm, he had turned this valuable specimen into fire-wood. The specimen which Benjamin had rescued from the flames was about one foot in length, and contained two hundred and seventy-four rings of annual growth. As it probably did not reach more than half way from the bark to the central pith, it is fair to estimate that the tree was five hundred years old.

There are oaks in England whose history reaches back one thousand years, but even these ancients are young when compared with some of the giant sequoias of California, which are believed to be three thousand years old, and to have been among the oldest specimens in the forests when the Christian era commenced. If these trees are destroyed, there is no probability that the human eye will ever again see such magnificent vegetable productions. It is well therefore that the Government has taken measures to protect them.

Some doubts have been expressed as to whether the number of rings of growth accurately measure the age of a tree. But one item of Benjamin's experience seems to remove this uncertainty. When young his father cut down a piece of woodland on his farm, in which Benjamin assisted. Thirty-six years after, it was determined to again cut the timber which had grown, and B. H. took advantage of the opportunity to count the rings on many of the stumps that were left, and he found them all to indicate thirty-six years of growth.

On his oak segment, he had driven in pins at different places, one indicating the outside of the tree at the time of the Declaration of Independence, another the founding of Philadelphia, and a third the birth of George Fox. In the same manner a section of Sequoia might be made to register all the most important events of history for the last three thousand years.

The acorns that were exhibited were also interesting, varying in size from those of the Oregon Oak (*Quercus macrocarpa*), two inches or more in diameter, down to those of the Willow Oak (*Quercus phellos*), not much larger than a large pea.

When the exhibition had been displayed and sufficiently admired, one of the men Friends gave us a disposition on oaks of a more general character, embodying a considerable amount of general information. Then a third person produced sections of ten or eleven species, to show the character of the wood and bark.

The whole entertainment was one of exceptional interest and was much enjoyed by the large number of persons in attendance. This was largely due to the thorough manner in which those who had agreed to prepare the exhibition had performed their duties.

J. W.

## Letter from Germany.

ROSDORFERWEG, First Month 21st, '97.

My Very Dear Auntie!—I go to bed regularly and earlier than before, and get up earlier. This morning is the one when I have to be in the lecture room by a little after eight. I was going to tell thee about that course. It is upon the prophets of Israel. I have always realized that they were noble and deeply inspired men, but have never known anything especially about them. When I heard the course was to be given, I said to Fraulien Meyer, "Oh, I would like to hear that," and she said at once (she has charge of the course for women), I might go without paying if I choose, she would be only too glad to have one more to hear the professor. It is a course not much attended, so of course I was glad to accept, as I had proposed to go anyway. The lectures are simply fascinating. He explains the history of the times, the condition of the people, and gives places in different parts of the Bible to look up that bear on the subject. But most interesting are his descriptions of the prophets themselves. How fearless they stood in opposition to the whole people, proclaiming what they knew to be given them to say, and suffering whatever might be done against them. The professor is a young man; though not at all what one would call eloquent, yet he makes a manner so quiet and earnest that it makes a deep impression. He is himself so thoroughly imbued with his subject that it is a simple delight to listen to him.

These last two weeks the lectures have been upon Jeremiah, and I have come home from both lectures so enthusiastic, it seemed almost that I had been there in Jerusalem and been present at some of the gatherings of the enraged populace, who preferred to listen to the pleasant prophecies of the false prophets than those of Jeremiah, which spoke only of the fall of their beloved city.

There was one thing in this morning's lecture that interested me, especially where he dwelt upon one scene which he said was probably the most characteristic in the entire Bible, of the real character and meaning of the prophets. Where the false prophet Hananiah, after contradicting Jeremiah, took the wooden yoke from his shoulder and broke it in two as a symbol to the people of how the power of the Babylonians should be broken, saying at the same time that the Lord had inspired him with the words he spoke. Then Jeremiah went quietly away; but soon the word of the Lord came to Jeremiah, and told him to go to Hananiah and reproach him with having misled the people, etc.—thee probably knows the history very well, but it was simply this point which he made so clear this morning, of the humility of the true prophet, who made no reply until sure that it was the word of the Lord that had been given him to say, but then, when he had this assurance, how he was bold as a lion. I find a little difficulty in telling about it in English—always a German word comes up. I must put in my whole evening writing up the lecture and reading all the passages he mentioned, for to-morrow morning I have my lesson, and when I have corrected what I write before copying to keep. It is excellent exercise, not only for what I learn in relation to the subject itself, but also for the practice in writing the German. After hearing a lecture like that I can write it out exactly as well as if it were English. I make mistakes, of course, but only small ones, and generally what I really know, but there are so many little points

to consider, and when I write, I never think of how to write, but only of the thoughts I want to express.

I had a fine French lesson this morning. The first two with the French professor I found difficult. I was rather afraid to speak, I guess, and that made it so I could not, but by this time I am used to him, and I could talk fairly well. He stayed half an hour over the time, talking on all sorts of things, principally America. But I must go now to my work, I have not answered thy letter yet, but will do that next time.

First-day evening.—Oh, I have been so lazy to-day! By the end of the week I am tired and must rest. I went to bed a little after ten last night and rose a little before ten this morning. Then on coming into my sitting-room, I found my breakfast waiting me, and in a few minutes Fraulien Oltmann came. She had slept as long as I—so I was very glad to have company. I love to talk with her, and we are both so busy we do less of it than we wish. After sleeping so very, very soundly, I am always stupid, and I felt entirely too dull to write then, so I read until dinner time, and as soon as that was over I laid down and slept like a rock for about three hours. I roused myself for the afternoon meal, and then joined Herr Director and a young woman who lives there, on a walk. On returning, I felt bright as a cricket. I had first to read aloud to Albanae a little. The poor child has had an inflamed eye for a week, so that she dare not do any reading or sewing or use them in any way. She goes in the different classes, and in this way gets something from the school, but it is quite distressing. She is also not allowed to be much out of doors, so the time passes slowly for her. Still another week she must take care of her eyes, but I hope by that time she will be better. Every evening she must bathe them for fifteen minutes with oak water, and two or three times a week have them touched with some preparation. I read to her a little every day, but do not take a much time as I should like to give her. I am really too busy. I am so rested now that I can keep going all week, though by the end of the week I will be tired, of course. Albanae has just come to set the table—she has to be doing something, and so helps the maid quite a good deal. This is the Bertha of whom I have written a number of times, and whose home we visit in Mengershausen. She is a very nice girl. I like to have her about, and so original and good, and perfectly reliable. I have laughingly told her a good many times that she must come home to America with me, and keep house for me there. Really, if I had a sure position as a house, nothing would be better. In every way I should be delighted if she would come and engage to stay long enough to make it worth while. They become very, very little herewages, I mean, and she is thoroughly trust-worthy—a person I could always trust Albanae with, and intelligent and good-natured as possible, and without any airs or pretensions, and really from an excellent family. However, this is only talk, but it is not impossible. With the care and work I will have when I come home giving lessons and all that, I must have some one I can implicitly trust, and I dread to begin with such servants as one gets in America very often; she is the sort of a character that would not be easily spoiled.

We have had a deep snow for several days and everything looks so lovely. The best part of it is that the mercury, though even at night not very low, does not reach the melting point

t noon, so that the snow remains beautiful, the first evening after it fell, I made snow-cream, and we had a regular jollification all to itself. Albanac was beside herself for joy, and all thought it very good. I like to surprise with something American now and then. I am simply in love with the French language. The lecture yesterday afternoon was so delightful. I have never understood one so well, that makes me so happy, to feel that from oak to week I make real progress. In Paris I will attend the lectures in the Sorbonne, the university of Paris. I have my guide-book of Paris (of course in the French language), always, and whenever I hear or read anything of the city, I look it up at once and place it on my maps. In this way I am getting already quite familiar with the names of the streets and objects of interest, and particular things that I just see in special museums etc. Then I have had some in the history of Paris. Altogether, when I get out of the cars at the "Gare du Nord" (the North railway station), where the train from Cologne comes in, I shall feel quite at home, and know just where to go. Of course my guide book will be my inseparable companion, and the plan of Paris I will keep open all the time, more or less. Oh, I like that, to feel myself a stranger in a strange place, and to be one, and only myself to depend on. It is so much more interesting than to have some one arrange all that for one.

But I must draw my letter to a close. The creator's family are coming up this evening to say awhile, and they complain very much that I am always studying and never show myself. I have promised to be sociable this evening, with a great deal of love, thy affectionate  
E. S. KITE.

### How Gadabout Changes His Color.

Gadabout is the most interesting pet in my family, although a tiny creature and somewhat tubesome, for as his name suggests he is a regular little truant. Whenever he can he runs away from his home, and hides in the most unexpected nooks and corners for a day or even to days. After a long search perhaps I will accidentally see his diminutive head peeping out between the covers of some volume in the library, his bright little almond shaped eyes blinking saucily, as if saying, "Well, here I am!" Or I may discover him snugly curled up within the reel of a fishing rod taking a nap, and almost invisible because he had assumed the same color as a fish line upon which he lies.

Gadabout is a little lizard, not quite six inches long, his tail making half of this length.

It was after a great many curious experiences all much journeying that Gadabout found his way from the Florida woods to his present home in California. At first he was supposed to be dead. At my approach he ran and concealed himself beneath the leafy flooring of his little creche. There he would peer out and eye me cautiously. Gradually he became tamer and accustomed to my handling him, until he would lie quietly on my finger while I watched his side-like coat fade to the palest gray; for, as nicely as possible, Gadabout takes the color of whatever he rests upon.

It is this habit that makes the little creature so interesting, and how he changes his color all why are questions that puzzle all who observe his transformations.

When asleep upon his nasturtium leaf bed he

is of an exquisite green tint. When he lies on my brown gown he quickly changes to a brown hue. When he lies on the carpet his armored coat is so spotted and velvet-like as a leopard's. Indeed, these changes in Gadabout's colors seem endless, and take place in a marvelously short time.

In all probability Gadabout himself knows very little about his many-tinted coats; for this power of changing color is one of nature's ways of protecting some of her small, helpless creatures. If in his native woods Gadabout should crawl out, or rather dart out (for these little lizards are like a flash of light in their movements), upon the brown limb of a tree or upon the sandy ground, he would be a very conspicuous object, as he is naturally of a beautiful light-green hue. He would be quickly noticed by the first bird or other lizard-eating enemy that came along. But mother Nature enables him to take the color of his surroundings and thus find protection by not being easily seen.

But how does Mother Nature do this.

The magic change in Gadabout is caused by the effect which the color he lies upon has on his color cells.

In an inner layer of the skin of Gadabout there are little bags or cells filled with coloring matter—some with red, some with brown, some with black, some with green, and so on. These cells, though very small indeed, have the power both of expanding and contracting; and a colored light carried to them through Gadabout's eyes causes that same color to appear on Gadabout's skin. When Gadabout's eyes catch the color of my brown dress, then the brown cells expand and Gadabout looks brown!

This is the way that Gadabout so often hides from me. If he nestles on a red cushion he looks red. If he climbs into a green palm he looks green. And on a many-colored Persian rug he looks like some little Persian figure of the design!—Sarah E. Ufford, in *Little Men and Women*.

**THE MANIA FOR HIGH BUILDINGS.**—High buildings have their evils. The family of an official occupying apartments on the top of a downtown office building looking out on the bay, has almost been broken up from the effects of foul air from soil-pipes on adjoining roofs. In a Wall Street building the janitor is suffering from typho-malaria from the same cause, and a law firm occupying an office on the floor next the roof have suffered annoyance and positive injury from the gases from chimneys and soil pipes on adjoining but lower buildings, being wafted into their windows. As these buildings are heated by steam, there is no ventilation except by open windows; if they open the windows, the foul air causes headache and nausea, while if they kept them closed, the heat radiated by steam pipes is overpowering and debilitating.

In another building foul air rises from the cellar and is diffused through the floors, and several tenants have been advised to abandon their offices.

Wingate, the sanitary engineer, says that these huge office buildings, family hotels, and apartment houses, "like gigantic cupping glasses, suck up and diffuse impure ground air or other foul odors throughout every cranny in their structure." This he says affects the tenants of upper floors as much as it does the others, if not more; while they are specially subject to gases from plumbing pipes, chimney stacks, and other things around them.—*Christian Advocate*.

How prone we are to be selfish in our griefs. In our bereavements we think of ourselves, of our sorrows, of our losses, rather than of the griefs of others who are stricken with us, or of the joy into which our loved ones have entered. A group of mourners stood about the death-bed of a lovely saint, whose life had been one of doing and enduring for others. One of these, turning to another, said in a natural and impulsive outburst of sorrow: "I don't think we can realize how much we have lost." The other, whose very heart was riven in this bereavement, responded in the calmness of unselfish trust: "I don't think we can realize how much she has gained." What finer tribute could there be than this to the character of her who had trained her loved son to this self-perpetual love and faith!—*S. S. Times*.

## THE FRIEND.

SECOND MONTH 27, 1897.

It has recently come to the knowledge of the editor of THE FRIEND that a fear lest Philadelphia Yearly Meeting should ultimately adopt the methods of holding meetings for worship which prevail to a lamentable extent in some parts of what professes to be the Society of Friends, has acted as a discouragement to some whose thoughts had been in degree turned towards seeking membership with it. We are not surprised that such a hesitation should be felt by any who have been favored to hold that Divine communion which is the crown of our religious meetings, if they think that Friends are preparing to desert their ancient ground, and imitate the practice of those who place more dependence on outward performances than on the inward travail of spirit.

While we can but hope that the fears of such are needlessly excited, yet the signs of the times indicate the importance of being on our guard, and of withstanding the first steps in the direction of introducing such novelties.

Robert Barclay says of singing of psalms in public worship, that the case is just the same as in preaching or praying. It is very sweet and refreshing when it proceeds from a true sense of God's love in the heart, and arises from the Divine influence of the spirit. But as for the formal, customary way of singing, it has no foundation in Scripture, nor any ground in true Christianity. While we cannot recall any instance of such singing in a Friend's Meeting recorded in the history of the Society in its purer days, yet we do not doubt, that the mind may be so impressed with a sense of the goodness of God, that ejaculations of prayer or praise may spring from the motions of the spirit, which will be edifying to the church. But this cannot be counted in that "artificial music," for which, as Barclay states, "we have neither example nor precept in the New Testament."

George Whitehead, when in Edmondshury prison, was put in a dungeon four yards underground, with two other Friends, fellow-prisoners, for reproving the jailer for permitting drunkenness among his prisoners. He says: "There we were detained nearly four hours, singing praises to the Lord our God, in the sweet enjoyment and living sense of his glorious presence." After his release from prison, G. Whitehead wrote as follows: "In the comfortable enjoyment of the Lord's glorious Divine power and presence, several of us have often been made to sing aloud in praise to his

glorious Name; yet, his high praises have been in our mouths oftentimes, to the great amazement and astonishment of the malfactors shut up in the same ward with us. When walking therein, our hearts had been lifted up in living praise to the Lord, often for several hours together, with voices of melody."

We do not believe that these "voices of melody," were any utterance of artificial tunes, prepared by man and committed to memory, but the natural harmonious expression of that "sweet enjoyment with which they were Divinely favored."

It was so also with Barbara Blandin, one of our women Friends, who, when barbarously beaten, was so filled with Divine joy, that she sang aloud to give vent to her feelings, and G. Fox likewise, when beaten in prison by a cruel jailer, was moved to sing aloud.

It would be easy to produce evidence that our early Friends recognized the distinction between formal singing and that which comes from the spirit. Edward Burrough, in an address to the people of England, says: "True singing I own, with the spirit and with understanding, singing in the spirit, making melody in the heart to the Lord. But your singing is carnal, traditional and heathenish, and is an imitation, and is not with the Spirit of Jesus."

In his tract, entitled "A Measure of the Times," the same zealous writer says: "When singing in the spirit and with the understanding was ceased, and not known, then began people to get the form of singing of David's experiences in rhyme and meter."

#### SUMMARY OF EVENTS.

UNRECORDED AMERICAN IMMIGRATION bill, having passed both Houses of Congress, is now in the hands of the President. It adds to the classes of excluded aliens all persons over sixteen years of age who cannot read the English language or some other language—except that admissible immigrants may bring with them or send for illiterate parents or grandparents not over fifty years old, wives and minor children. It also prohibits from employment on public works any who come regularly or habitually into the United States for the purpose of engaging in any mechanical trade or manual labor, and who have not made declaration of intention to become American citizens. The Secretary of the Treasury, however, may permit the entrance of aliens for the purpose of teaching new arts and industries. The act is not to apply to persons coming here from Cuba during the continuance of the present disorders there.

The Arbitration Treaty will go over to the next Congress. Senator Sherman is of opinion that it will then pass as a two-thirds majority bill.

On the recommendation of Secretary Francis and a Forestry Commissioner of the National Academy of Sciences, the President, on Sec and Month 22nd, 1891, signed and promulgated thirteen proclamations establishing thirteen additional forest reserves, containing an aggregate area of 21,372,940 acres.

The Senate ratifies the South Dakota vote broken on the eighteenth instant by the re-election of James H. Kyle, by the votes of the Republicans and a few Populists.

A bill granting women the right of suffrage in Oklahoma Territory has been defeated in the House by a vote of 159 to 157.

In the Massachusetts House a woman suffrage amendment was defeated by a vote of 96 to 53.

The Missouri Legislature, on the 20th instant, repealed the vagrancy law, and there is now no statute in that State for the punishment of vagrants. The law repealed permitted persons convicted of vagrancy to be held by the sheriff of the district to which sent for a day, or as negroes in times of slavery.

It is estimated that the turkey trade of the United States exceeds \$1,200,000 annually. The greatest of the turkey-raising States are Illinois, Pennsylvania, New York, Ohio, Indiana, Iowa, Missouri, Kansas, Kentucky and Michigan.

Success has attended the experiment of some landowners at Orlando, Fla., who undertook to raise Kentucky blue grass and timothy. The Orlando plot

chosen for the experiment is hummock land, with mair underneath, and great hopes are built upon the favorable indications of this first year.

The grain-raiser says more than 1,000,000,000 cigarettes were smoked in America last year, an increase of 233,687,340 over the record for 1890.

One hundred and seventy-five Catholic churches of Boston have asked the Legislature to restrict the liquor traffic.

Great destitution is reported in the parishes of Winn and Jackson, in the State of Louisiana. This district of the State is composed of a farming population, in the main well-to-do, but last summer a protracted drouth visited the section, which prevented the maturing of crops. In fact, nothing was raised, and the farmers have no produce with which to feed either their families or their animals. Nearly all of the sufferers are entirely worthy, and they need food and clothing. In the parish of Winn more than 500 families are actually suffering for the necessities of life, and the number is daily increasing. The relief tendered by the State is entirely inadequate to tide the people over the emergency, and outside aid is urgently needed.

Deaths in this city last week numbered 530, which is 10 less than the previous week, and 59 more than the corresponding week of 1890. Of the foregoing, 263 were males and 267 females; 115 died of pneumonia; 67 of heart disease; 57 of consumption; 27 of diphtheria; 21 of cholera; 20 of typhoid fever; 18 of other forms of fever; 17 of apoplexy; 14 of bronchitis; 12 of Bright's disease; and 9 of inflammation of the brain.

Markets, &c.—U. S. 2's, 95 1/2; 4's, 97; 4 1/2's, 111 1/2; 112; coupon, 112 1/2; 113; new 4's, 124 1/2; 122 1/2; 5's, 113 1/2; 114 1/2; currency 6's, 103 1/2 100.

Corn was steady at 7 1/2c per pound for middling quality.

FLOUR.—Spot bran ranged from \$12.50 to \$13.00 per ton for winter in bulk, and \$12.25 a \$12.75 for spring in sacks.

FLOUR.—Winter super, \$2.55 a \$2.80; do., extras, \$2.90 a \$3.20; Pennsylvania roller, clear, \$4.10 a \$4.25; do., do., straight, \$4.25 a \$4.10; Western winter, clear, \$4.10 a \$4.25; do., do., straight, \$4.25 a \$4.40; do., do., patent, \$4.50 a \$4.65; spring, clear, \$3.65 a \$3.80; do., straight, \$4.00 a \$4.25; do., patent, \$4.30 a \$4.45; do., favorite brands, higher. City mills, clear, \$3.05 a \$3.20; do., clear, \$4.05 a \$4.30; do., straight, \$4.50 a \$4.50; do., patent, \$4.55 a \$4.80. RYE FLOUR.—\$2.25 per barrel. WHEAT.—No. 1, \$1.10 a \$1.25 per 100 pounds, as to quality.

GRAIN.—No. 2 red hard, 85 1/2 a 86 1/2.

WHEAT.—No. 2 mixed corn, 26 a 26 1/2.

WHEAT.—No. 2 white oats, 23 1/2 a 23 1/2.

BEEF CATTLE.—Extra, 4 1/2 a 5c; good, 4 1/2 a 4 3/4c; medium, 4 1/4 a 4 1/2c; common, 4 a 4 1/4c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS.—Extra, 4 1/2 a 5c; good, 4 1/4 a 4 1/2c; medium, 3 3/4 a 4 1/2c; common, 3 a 3 1/2c; tans, 4 a 4 1/2c.

HOGS.—Best Western, 5 1/2 a 5 3/4c; other Western, 5 a 5 1/2c; State, 4 1/2 a 5c.

FOREIGN.—About one-third of the land in Great Britain is owned by members of the House of Lords.

During the last sixty-five years the increase of population has been as follows: France, 10 per cent; Austria, 45 per cent; Italy, 45; United Kingdom, 63; Germany, 75; Russia, 32; British Colonies, 510; United States, 626.

Bonito, the discoverer of a method of photographing the sea bottom, has succeeded in taking several photographs of the vegetation that grows on the rocks, by means of a water-tight camera and flash-light. He placed a camera or box, with a lens, at the bottom of the sea in a barrel containing oxygen. A puff of gas from the barrel carries magnesium powder into the flame of a spirit-lamp, standing under a bell-jar on the upper end of the barrel. Another puff actuates the magnesium shutter of the camera at the same time. He found that this method is very useful in exploring coral reefs.

Russia's penal statistics, just published at St. Petersburg, show that, in the dominion of the Czar, the women criminals outnumber the men by nearly fifty per cent, just the contrary being the case in other countries. At 87 of the women criminals are unmarried, and the majority come from the laboring classes in the cities.

It has been officially announced in Constantinople that two thousand Moslems had been killed in Setia, a town in the eastern extremity of Crete, by the Christians. Of all the M-hammuleh residents of the place, only 100 were left escaped.

On the 16th inst. Colonel Vassos, commander of the Greek forces in Crete, issued a proclamation, proclaiming a Greek occupation of the island. He promises,

in the name of King George, to protect the lives and property of the inhabitants, without distinction of nationality, and to respect all religious convictions of the inhabitants, while bringing to them peace and law.

The Greeks, it is said, attacked and captured For Agbia, taking 400 Mus-sulman prisoners. Among them numbers are 100 Turkish troops, the remainder of which prisoners being Moslems, who had taken refuge in the fort.

A Turkish force has sailed from Constantinople for Crete. They will not be permitted to land if the Greek torpedo flotilla can prevent it.

On the 21st instant, insurgents in the vicinity of Cana made an attack upon the town, whereupon the commandant of the foreign Powers sent shells into the camp, and the Greek flag was lowered. Several men were wounded, but, it is stated, none were killed.

The Powers have agreed to authorize Italy to capture and administer the affairs of Crete, pending the establishment of a constitutional autonomy. It has been decided by the Powers that the granting of autonomy to Crete must be preceded by a complete cessation of Greek interference.

The French Minister of Foreign Affairs says it will be necessary to effect reforms in the entire East with the co-operation of the Sultan.

Scandinavia wants to secure peace in case of a European war, by having its neutrality guaranteed by the Powers of the North, the case of Belgium and Switzerland. Resolutions asking for the same, were submitted in the Norwegian Storting, the Swedish Riksdag and the Danish Folketing.

Brazil has about 2,000,000 acres planted in coffee.

The New York Herald has a dispatch from Buenc Aires which says: "A protocol has been signed by the Brazilian Minister of Foreign Affairs and the diplomatic representative of France resident in Rio Janeiro. The protocol embodies terms of settlement of the Amazon question, and rules for the determination of the line of demarcation in Guiana. The Federal Council of Switzerland is named in the protocol as the arbitrator. The Brazilian Congress will discuss the protocol, but the consideration will be brief, and it is likely that any objection will be offered at the terms."

Pitcairn's Island has been annexed to New South Wales. It has over 800 inhabitants, descendants of the mutineers of the British brig *Bounty*. They are an interesting Christian community.

The authorities of the Dominion of Canada have presented the Hawaiian Government with 80,000 young salmon, to be placed in the rivers of the Hawaiian Islands.

Women in Canada will soon practice law as barristers. The Ontario Law School some time ago passed rules to this effect, with the following regulations to dress: "They must be bareheaded, wear blue gowns over a black dress, and white collars and cuffs."

WESTWTON BOARDING SCHOOL.—Applications for the admission of pupils to the school, and letters in regard to instruction and discipline should be addressed to WILLIAM F. WICKESHAM, *Principal*.

Payments on account of board and tuition, and communications in regard to business should be forwarded to EDWARD G. SMEDLEY, *Superintendent*. Address, Westwton P. O., Chester Co., Pa.

WESTWTON BOARDING SCHOOL.—For convenience of persons coming to Westwton School, the stage will meet trains leaving Philadelphia 7.17 and 8.46 a. m. and 2.53 and 4.32 P. M. Other trains are met when requested. Stage fare on regular trips, fifteen cent on special trips, twenty-five cents each way. To reach the school by telegraph, wire West Chester Phone 8.

EDWARD G. SMEDLEY, *Superintendent*.

WESTWTON BOARDING SCHOOL.—The spring term will begin on Third Month 15th, 1891. Application for admission should be made to

Wm F. WICKESHAM, *Principal*, Westwton, Pa.

WANTED.—A middle aged Friend to serve as m-tron for the Barclay Home; to enter upon her duties Fourth Month 13th, 1891. Application may be made to

THE BARCLAY HOME, 326 N. WALTON ST., West Chester, Pa.

CORRECTION.—In the last number of THE FRIEND page 243, for "She is eighty-one years of age, and I already completed the sixtieth year of her reign" read "She is nearly eighty-eight years of age, and on Sixth Month 28th, 1891, if living, will have completed the sixtieth year of her reign."

# THE FRIEND.

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Diary and Letters of Deborah Brooks Webb.

(Continued from page 29.)

1874.—Third Month 15th.—“Now, if we can only pursue in the pathway of life unto Him,” think I have the expression quoted somewhere. The path of light is living,” and does not an earnest character find it so, that he must keep a new nature renewed day by day? . . . I do doubt you have your dippings and baptisms, ut through all the blessed Master is near and reaches over the gold with tender interest. “In our patience, possess ye your souls. But there hall not an hair of your head perish.” What wonderful assertion! True, though, for we now that it is from the lip of Truth. He nows how to encompass as with a shield, all ose who trust in Him. . . . The little tract, “What Is It” [of which she was the author], is eing stereotyped. It passed the committee ithout dissent, except the desire for the chilren to mind their parents and friends. Some ought the parents might not always be fit to rect their children and give proper commands.

29th.—Alluding to two unsavory supplications in meeting, she says: “I could not enjoy tither of the prayers. Pouring out our natural esires seems more appropriate for the closet. I ink there is a deeper baptism and inspiration ed for our public approaches to the throne f Grace.”

Fourth Month 3rd.—At home to-day because f a hemorrhage of the lungs—a little last night so. It is a long time since I wrote in this urnal, and much has transpired. My mind as drawn to visit Trenton, N. J., and E. and s. Richie went with me. It was not a time of ounding, but I hope the good cause did not suffer. P. and E. C. D. entertained us very kindly, nd we dined at Henry Wood’s.

20th.—Second-day.—This is Yearly Meeting eek, and yesterday was my birth-day, and I m laid upon a sick-bed. Surely “Man proposes, but God disposes.” This is the third week f my sickness, and I am not yet allowed to sit p. Thou, oh, Lord, seems near me; be pleased o teach me every lesson it is thy design I should arn from this illness.

29th.—Quite a snow-storm this morning, coning for nearly two hours. The roofs and avements are quite white. Now about noon

the sun is shining and the snow all gone. I am sitting up in bed, gradually recovering. Oh, Father in heaven, be pleased to bow down thy ear and hear my cry for help, to walk with greater nearness unto thee. Oh, keep my spirit seasoned with thy grace.

Fifth Month 6th.—This is the fifth week of my sickness, and I am able to sit up in a chair twice a day for half an hour.

11th.—First-day. I am down stairs; came down yesterday, and feel pretty strong.

21st.—Came to Bryn Mawr to spend a little time with my dear friends, W. and D. C. S. They have indeed a lovely home out here, and sweet Christian kindness and careful government of temper reigning in the hearts of the heads thereof, makes it delightful to be with them.

Sixth Month 2nd.—Came into town again much improved in health. Went to meeting for the first time. Parvin Masters and Mary Townsend were married. P. E. and E. Sharpless had good service. I added my mite at the last in regard to the solemn covenant and the need of making a similar covenant with the Lord our God. “Oh, that thou hadst hearkened to my commandments, then had thy peace been as a river, and thy righteousness as the waves of the sea.”

7th.—Came down to Cape May by the kind invitation of Anna P. Cook, and am remaining at her house.

10th.—Awakened quite sick; had hemorrhages in the night, felt quiet and peaceful. Some return the next day and sent for a physician. Soon much better and able to be about again.

14th.—First-day. Sat down together to worship God, some others coming in besides Anna’s family. A solemn time, and I hope a time of refreshment to some.

21st.—Again several of us assembled for worship, and oh, that the seed so often sown in the hearts of some may indeed bear fruit. “Come, see a man who told me all things that ever I did,” was the language of my heart. A. P. C. knelt at the last, and poured out her heart’s desire for her household, herself and family. I thank thee, oh, Father, for the blessing of having been here, and I humbly implore thy mercies upon her, for all her kindness to me. Restrain, O, Lord, and guide and preserve her children from the evil path; keep them innocent and tender.

27th.—Came to West Chester to Ann Sheppard’s.

28th.—First-day meeting large. It is a blessed thing to be gathered inward to the Source and Centre of all Good.

Seventh Month 6th.—Came on Seventh-day to be with W. and A. M. T. for some time. A pleasant visit with A. How thankful I am for so many favors and kindnesses. To-day we learn of the funeral of Mary Lippincott.

15th.—Went to Whiteland Meeting. Dined at I. and A. W. Hall’s. Sarah Williams there. They have just lost their brother Jesse.

17th.—Tea at Anne Pim’s, aged eighty-two, and a very upright and smart woman. Her natural force seems scarcely abated.

On the tenth of the month there was a sad accident at Atlantic City. Several persons went out sailing, and in returning the boat upset. Anna Roberts, Ollay Sharpless, wife and two children were drowned.

Eighth Month 7th.—I am on the eve of departure from West Chester to Parkerville for a three weeks’ visit, having been here six weeks, the last five with W. and A. M. T. It has been so delightful here. My spirit seems so united to theirs in Christian fellowship and the spiritual warfare. We have visited several meetings together, and I can acknowledge that heavenly help has been near, to my humbling admiration. I feel helped spiritually, and my health has improved very much.

Ninth Month 5th.—To-morrow I commence school, if health permits.

On the Fourth-day before leaving West Chester was their Monthly Meeting.

To-day Zechariah second chapter, verse five, seems to be for my health and strength—“For I, saith the Lord, will be unto her a wall of fire round about, and will be the glory in the midst of her.” Oh, my Lord, bless me, bless and preserve me, keep me close to thy side.

Alluding to this subject in a letter, she says: “I was so thankful to hear of your good visit from ——. Better times coming, and we can serve Him as much by suffering his will, as doing it. How thankful I am too, for my delightful sojourn with you. My spirit bows in humility and praise. I have opened so many times up a Zechariah second chapter, verse five. It seemed almost new to me, and so sweet. If we can only lay hold upon it, and keep inward with our Light and Guide as much as we long to do. . . . H. Scull referred to the words in connection with Jehovah’s: ‘Jehovah Jireh.’ The Lord will provide.’ ‘Jehovah Nissi—the Lord my banner.’ ‘Jehovah Shalom—the Lord send peace.’ Are they not beautiful?”

20th.—I am improving in health, but am I improving in gentleness and meekness? I fear my manner has not been so quiet and gentle with the children during the past week, as it should have been. Be pleased in thy mercy to forgive me, oh, Father, and heal me; strengthen me, oh, Lord, to be calm and quiet and govern in quietness, for I feel persuaded nothing else will so reach the witness for Thee in the hearts of the children. Oh, Father, I abhor myself, and repent and beg to be restored to the subdued peaceful manners of thy true children. Set thy fear before my eyes all the day long. I beseech of Thee, for thou art worthy to be served.

27th.—A better week, but had to be decided. I did try to bring them the unruly ones, to the fear of the Lord, showing that He was ready to forgive.

After attending a funeral, she wrote, Tenth Month 15th: “J. S. S. said a little up-stairs. We both felt something. Many are the afflic-

tions of the righteous, but the "Lord delivereth him out of them all." It opened so plainly the difference between those that had no Anchor, and those who are on the Rock. One is delivered out of his afflictions, while the other is forced to seek alleviation from outward sources until they are all found to be as the shifting sand, and they are lost in perdition. Let us hold fast our confidence, our anchor on the Rock. "He delivereth them out of them all."

Tenth Month 18th.—At Haverford Meeting, Clarkson Sheppard and wife, also J. S. E. were at meeting, Clarkson largely engaged in testimony, J. S. E. a little at the last. My wife was also added, a desire for some that they might bow in submission, he willing to let the Master come in as with a whip of small cords, and cleanse and purify the temple of the heart. Clarkson's text was: "If I wash thee not, thou hast no part with me." They dined at Haverford College. My little scholars seem brought into good order again.

28th.—She writes in reference to a place to board: "This morn dear S. A. R. went to S. A. Cooper's and asked about rooms, and finds three spare ones, so to-morrow I intend to go and engage, if it seems as bright. She and her daughter are kind."

Alluding to a recent visit to some friends under trial, she says: "How often since being with you, has my spirit been in sympathy with your sufferings. Have we not been baptized together, but in the baptism we feel that He, our blessed Lord, is with us, sanctifying, blessing. In all their afflictions He was afflicted, and the angel of his presence saved them." I feel that there is salvation and preservation in meekly bowing to his will. The cup that my Father has given me, shall I not drink it? Please tell W.—that I believe all things will work together for his eternal good, for he loves the Master. Think of the white robe of righteousness that the great tribulations bring, who would want to be without them? Then let us love Him ardently and centre our treasure in heaven. My love kindly to him and thy own dear self. Your kindness is like balm, and the reward for the cup of cold water is sure."

Extract from a letter dated Twelfth Month 6th, 1874: "How interesting THE FRIEND is this week. I recognize W's handiwork in the account of W. E. Underzook."

The blessed Master knows how to use us; how to bring us forward in his work, and then to help us to lay all crowns at his feet and to wear our wreath humbly when returned. Is it not so true, "My times are in his hand," and it is so sweet to look to Him in everything, to feel that He knows our situations, and will order all things for our eternal good. I was struck with a remark of John Woolman's in the (Life of) S. L. Grubb. It said "he was brought into a low season, and in it he remembered he had called God Father, and he felt that he loved Him. S. F. B. gave me a printed poem on John Woolman which contained these lines:

"There is glory to me in his name,  
Meek follower of Bethlehem's Child.  
More to bring by far than the splendor of fame  
By which the vain world is beguiled.  
'Tis the glory of goodness, the praise of the just,  
Which outlives even death, and is fragrant in dust."  
"I have thought how fragrant his name was,"  
(To be continued.)

God respects not the arithmetic of our prayers, how many they are; nor the rhetoric of our prayers, how long they are; nor the music

of our prayers, how melodious they are; nor the logic of our prayers, how methodical they are—but the divinity of our prayers, how heart-sprung they are. Not gifts, but graces, prevail in prayer.—Selected.

#### FROM "THE (LONDON) FRIEND," Persecuted For Love's Sake.

Scattered items of news have appeared of late in the Russian newspapers, to the effect that some sect of "Doukhobors" (spiritual wrestlers, have been mis-conducting themselves in some way, and have been subjected to repressive measures by the Russian Government. But, unfortunately, very few people know definitely who these Doukhobors are, how they have evoked the displeasure of the Government, or what punishment has been inflicted on them for their offences. The absence of any detailed accounts of the matter is due to the fact that in this case (as in all its dealings with the so-called sectarian movement) the Russian Government, though it considers its conduct justifiable, tries carefully to hide its deeds from the knowledge of the rest of the population. It does this by elaborate restriction of all endeavors to find out and to proclaim the true facts of the case; and to mention that the censor decides what news may be printed.

We therefore think it desirable to make known to others, in a brief form, the trustworthy information concerning the present state of the Doukhobors which we have obtained with great difficulty, and have carefully verified. We feel sure that a knowledge of their real intentions, conduct, and sufferings will evoke in the readers those feelings of sympathy and compassion which are so dear to men who sacrifice themselves for the sake of what they hold to be the truth.

Of the whole twenty thousand so-called Doukhobors living in the Caucasus, twelve thousand men are, and have been for the last two years, suffering most cruel persecution. More than four thousand of them, deprived of the possibility of supplying themselves with the most elementary necessities of life, are suffering from cold, hunger, disease of all kinds, and general exhaustion. Many have already died, others are dying at the present moment, and they are all in danger of being exterminated if the persecution is not stopped. These people are persecuted because their religious convictions do not allow them to fulfil those demands of the Government which are, directly or indirectly, connected with the slaughter of their fellow-men.

Their belief is, that to man has been given the possibility of perceiving in his own soul the voice of the indwelling God, to whom he owes obedience more than to the dictates of his personal desire, or to the external demands of others which clash with this voice. This inner voice, in the conception of the Doukhobors, is simply love; which should primarily be directed towards God, and be expressed in doing his will, and secondly to man, and be expressed chiefly in abstaining from all that is opposed to their well-being—for instance, from irritation, anger, fighting, murder, war, military service, and every form of violence.

"The Spirit of God lives in us and gives us life," writes one of them in reply to our question, what they meant by the "Book of Life." He who is pure in body and in his acts, meek and humble, never disputes with anyone, never contradicts anyone, follows after good, and withdraws himself, from evil deeds, who loves the Lord his God with all his heart, with all his

soul, and with all his mind, and also loves his neighbor, and all who surround him, as him self; in a word, he who does not harm any living thing on earth, but fulfils the law of God, and has a conscience pure and unspotted—such a man has "the Book of Life." The Deity, according to the Doukhobors, dwells in the soul of man; and there, consequently, is the real temple of God. Temples built with hands, ceremonies, and sacraments they altogether reject. "God, they say, is a Spirit, and it is in spirit that we must bow down and pray." The religion of the Doukhobors is purely spiritual, and they willingly call themselves not only Christians, but also "Doukhobors," taking this name as meaning that they live by the Spirit (doukh), and in the Spirit wrestle (boryatsya) with evil.

The attitude of the Doukhobors to the Government and the authorities is expressed by the following words of theirs: "We remember that it is said, 'Render unto God that which is God's; and to Cesar that which is Cesar's,' and we do not oppose the authorities if they demand from us that which is not forbidden by God; but that which is God's we cannot give up. We are ready to lay down our life for any man and would lay it down for the Tsar if we saw him in distress; if, for instance, he were drowning, or people were killing him, or he were badly off in some other way, we should be ready to lay down our lives for him as well as for any other man. Only we will not kill people for anyone; the right way to defend people from their foes is not with arms, but with words of truth. Truth should be spoken straight to people's faces, and then they will be ashamed to do evil deeds. It is a fearful sin to lift one hand against a brother-man. It is sad to kill even a little bird."

After their first appearance, in the middle of the last century, the Doukhobors were soon subjected to various forms of persecution by the Government, because their consciences forbade their complying with some demands of the authorities, especially with the demand to serve in the army. The Doukhobors always based their refusal of military service, and of participation in other forms of violence, on Christ's teaching, and on conscientious motive which every Christian is bound to respect. In order, therefore, to find a pretext for persecuting, judging, and punishing them, the real religious ground for their conduct was usually concealed, and other reasons, generally of a political and criminal character, were attributed to them. It was stated that the Doukhobors were rebels, that they roused people against the authorities, and committed a number of other criminal offences—robberies, murder, money forging, debauchery, &c.

The primary and chief propagators of these beliefs were the representatives of the Orthodox Church, which the Doukhobors, from their religious convictions, repudiated. The Orthodox Church, as is well known, is protected by the Government, collects its revenues with its assistance, and in its turn justifies and blesses every demand of its protector, however contrary to the teaching of Christ such a demand may be. The prayers to "read enemies underfoot," and the Church's demonstrative and official participation in all the military organizations for human slaughter, are striking illustrations of this. It is, therefore, natural that the convictions and conduct of such people as the Doukhobors, serving as a lively reproach to the representative of the Orthodox Church for their own apostasy,

om Christ, should evoke in the latter feelings of anger and even of hatred.

Not having power to decide the fate of the Doukhobors at their own free will, the church authorities, who wish to destroy them, sought to discredit them before the civil power, which alone could inflict punishment. In the case of the Doukhobors, the same thing was repeated which was first seen in Christian history when Christ was libelled by the Jewish high priests before Pilate, and which still continues in Russia to-day in the case of all the so-called scoundrels, whom the representatives of the Established Church try to represent as political criminals—accusing some of Socialism, some of deauehery, and others of anarchism, etc.

Although these revolting libels are in contradiction to the whole teaching and life of the Doukhobors, people have always been found who readily believed such reports. The Russian Government believed them, and consequently inflicted cruel punishments on the Doukhobors. At the end of the last century large numbers of them were imprisoned and sent to penal servitude, where they were beaten to death. Only the Emperor Alexander I. forms an exception. Trusting the reports and libels against the Doukhobors he appointed a special Commission to investigate the movement; and when the Commission, after careful investigation, reported at the Doukhobors were neither rebels nor political criminals, but peaceful, honest, sober, and good people, he issued more than one ukase defending them from the fanaticism of the priests and from persecution at the hands of the local administrators. In contradiction to the demands of the Archbishop Job of Ekaterinoslav, who slandered the Doukhobors and demanded their banishment, and, in general, that rigorous measures should be taken for the destruction, in his words, of "so harmful, offensive to God, and soul-destroying a heresy," Alexander I., in a ukase of ninth December, 1816, addressed to the Military Governor of Kherson, wrote:—"Is it seemly for an enlightened Christian Government to turn wanderers back to the bosom of the church by cruel and harsh means—tortures, lashings, and so forth? The teaching of the Saviour of the world, Who came on earth to seek and save those who were lost, cannot be instilled by violence and executions, and cannot minister to the extinction of those it is desired to recall to the way of Truth. True belief is instilled by the grace of the Lord through persuasion, teaching, mildness, and good examples. Cruelty convinces no one, but rather renders them. All the rigorous measures which were exhausted on the Doukhobors during the thirty years preceding the year 1801, so far from destroying that sect, more and more increased the number of its followers. All these circumstances show clearly enough that it is unmeet not to consider any project for a fresh lishment of these people, but rather to think of defending them from all excessive exactness on account of their difference of opinion in matters of salvation and conscience, with reference to which neither compulsion nor oppression can ever have any part." The same Emperor Alexander I. decreed that the Doukhobors should be allowed to return from banishment and from prison, and granted them permission to emigrate from various parts of Russia to the "Zolotchniia Voli," in the Tavrichiski Government. But when, in the reign of Nicholas I. the enemies of the Doukhobors renewed their cunning and denunciations, the Emperor believed them, and by his orders, in the forties,

the Doukhobors were torn from their homes and settlements, and I moved, as criminals, to the "Wet Mountains" in the Caucasus.

It was unfeeling were the accusations of rioting, debauchery, and all kinds of crime brought against the Doukhobors, may be seen, in addition to other evidence, by the fact that, living in the Caucasus during the two following reigns of Alexander II. and Alexander III., which lasted for half a century, the Doukhobors were not found guilty of any one of the crimes of which they have been accused, and which would certainly have appeared had they been habitual to them. But, on the contrary, by their peaceful, honest, temperate, and industrious life, the Doukhobors earned the general respect not only of their Russian neighbors and of the Circassian mountaineers, but even of the representatives of the military and civil power, with whom they were in excellent repute.

The locality to which the Doukhobors were banished by Nicholas I. is situated in what now is the Akhalkalaky District of the Tiflis Government. It was expected, as is mentioned already in the Ordinance of the Committee of Ministers of sixth February, 1826, that here, in the vicinity of Turkey and Persia, surrounded by warlike tribes, who at that time had not yet been subdued, and who continually committed raids on the Russian settlements, the Doukhobors would not be able to maintain their principle of not resisting evil by violence; and that, in any case, the damp and unfavorable climate and the extremely unproductive soil of the locality assigned to them would prevent their increasing in numbers or again collecting wealth. But these expectations of the Government were not realized; and we have here once more an illustration of the incredible physical obstacles which can be surmounted by people who live a moral life.

Notwithstanding the exceptionally unfavorable conditions in which the colony of Doukhobors was situated, they, to the astonishment of everyone, began to flourish; and their numbers, after a time, increased so largely that they were crowded for room, and the surplus population emigrated, partly to the Elisavetpol Government, and partly to the recently acquired district of Kars. But having grown rich, that fate befel the Doukhobors which usually befalls people who try to serve two masters—God and mammon. Under the influence of a material prosperity they degenerated morally. Influenced by avarice, they began to go to law in the Government courts; in order not to be interfered with, they bribed the local authorities, who, in the Caucasus, are almost all venal; for the maintenance of external order they appointed leaders amongst themselves, who inflicted punishments by force; and having lost their manly firmness, they began to enter the military service when, in the reign of the Emperor Alexander III., this was demanded of them. They began also to smoke, to drink, and to keep arms for the defence of their riches. But although they temporarily, in external life, renounced the demands of their faith, yet in their inner consciousness they never abandoned their fundamental principles; and consequently, as soon as events disturbed their material well-being the religious spirit which had guided their fathers awoke within them.

The apparent cause of their religious revival was the circumstance that after the death, nine years ago, of the woman Kalmykova, who was their leader, her relations and their adherents, by bribing the local authorities, arranged mat-

ters so that the communal funds of the Doukhobors were declared to be the private property of the deceased, and therefore had to pass, as an inheritance, to the near-of-kin relations of Kalmykova. This revolting injustice split the Doukhobors, in 1887, into two parties. One, the "large party," consisting of fifteen thousand people, demanded that the communal money should be refunded, and acknowledged as their leader Kalmykova's former assistant, Peter Verigin, whom, before dying, she had appointed to be her successor; the "small party," consisting of the other five thousand and people, took the side of those who had obtained the communal funds, and tried in every way, especially by accusations to the Government and bribes to its representatives, to ruin Verigin and his followers.

Outraged they succeeded in this. Verigin was banished to the extreme north, and his nearest friends suffered a similar exile. But the evident injustice of this persecution produced the most beneficial spiritual results on Verigin, his friends, and on the "large party" of the Doukhobors.

A LETTER FROM CHARLES DINGLE TO HIS DAUGHTER MARTHA, WHILE TEACHING SCHOOL AT NEW GARDEN, OHIO.

*Affectionate Daughter:*—In reading one of thy late letters to thy sister H., I found that thy remote situation, separated from thy near connections and associates in these parts proved considerably trying to thee, which impressed my mind with sympathy, but nevertheless afforded satisfaction in finding it had a tendency to promote in thy mind serious thoughtfulness, which caused thee to express some tender feelings which had taken place in one of thy solitary walks. I was glad to find thou had such walks or opportunities of solitude, and my desire for thee is that thou may more and more be concerned to cultivate and cherish this disposition. Thou, no doubt, it will produce delicious fruits of retirement, which will far exceed all the trifling waste-time pursuits and creaturely gratifications which so much and so easily beset and mislead many of the children of men. Well assured I am, it is for want of a true sense of the unspeakable loss sustained in being diverted from, and divested of, this sweet, soul-enlivening enjoyment, which, indeed, is to be found in frequent and fervent retirement. Yea, this is the direct path that leads to the banqueting-house, where we shall oft find (as we are thus concerned to be fitted for it) admission, and the banner over us to be love. This is a prize worth leaving all to obtain. Thus the spiritual life, by virtue of a Divine influence, comes to have dominion in us, and our ability increases to hold converse with the spiritual appearance of Him who will become the chiefest amongst ten thousand. And thus, as we are concerned to draw near to Him in secret, we shall be induced to acknowledge that one hour in his presence is better than a thousand elsewhere. Yea, how doth this experience enlarge and sweeten, not only our spiritual life, but also our temporal enjoyments of the good things of this life. Yes, we shall soon find that it is good for a young man, and of course for a young woman, or, indeed, for any of us, to sit alone and keep silence, not only as to the outward, but, as much as may be, from every hindering, obtruding thought, save only in a hope and reliance on Him who hath said, "Ask and it shall be given you; seek and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you." And when we have found this hid and heavenly treasure, how are we convinced that we have

been diverted by vain shadows, and feeding, as it were, on husks, and all for want of returning to the Father's house, where there is bread enough and to spare.

Oh, saith my soul, may we leave all and follow Him in the way of his requiring. So shall we inherit substance and be in possession of that peace which the world cannot give. Yet the effectual means is plainly pointed out by the lip of Truth, that, to be faithful in the small requirements, to do, or otherwise not to do, such things which the awakened soul finds the discoveries of Truth are for, or against. This being the case, we begin to find the efficacy of the Divine gifts: faith springs up, yea, that faith which works by the love of God to the purifying of the heart, and thus the soul is enabled to triumph over the fear of death, hell and the grave, which must, indeed, be the combined king of terrors to all such who are destitute of the operation, more or less, of this essential means of salvation; for it is declared that, without it, it is impossible to please God, but with it, although it may be small, represented as a grain of mustard seed, yet, as we are concerned to cherish and cultivate it in the field or garden of our hearts, how it will enlarge, branch out and bring forth of its prostrating and soul-cleansing productions, whereby we shall become rich in faith and good works. This is the way to lay up treasure in heaven, where we have security given that it is out of the reach of danger. Then, O then, how will it yield us a more heartfelt satisfaction than any other, for where our treasure is, there will our heart be also. And thus a change is wrought in us, as represented by our sovereign Lord, who beautifully illustrates it by the well-known operation of leaven, which a woman hid in three measures of meal, till all was leavened. But why in three measures of meal? This affords a lively type, if I conceive aright, of our three-fold capacity of body, soul and spirit. And as we become passive, and do not contract its heavenly operations, but become co-workers with it, how it will effect a change throughout. Even the body will participate, in measure, of its Divine influence, so as to control, subject, yea, and considerably to shate the natural and carnal propensities which lead astray and make work for repentance. But it is to be feared it too often happens, a right application, from a true sense and sorrow for error, is neglected and put by until a more convenient season. And thus we are in danger of letting the time allotted us pass by unimproved, until this sorrowful situation overtakes us. "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved" (Jeremiah, viii: 20).

Dear daughter, the draught of my mind hath led me to communicate serious considerations to thee, which, I hope, if it affect thy mind in reading (and the impression is lasting) as it has mine in writing, it will answer the desire of thy affectionate father for thy welfare, more especially as relates to that never-ending duration which time only separates us from.

CHARLES DINGLE, Sr.

Seventh Month 26th, 1899.

**SPARE THE CHILDREN'S FEET.**—A ragged woman was crossing the corner of a public park in London where the children of the poor are accustomed to play, many of them bare foot. A policeman stationed on the corner watched the woman suspiciously. Half way across, she stopped and picked up something which she hid in her apron. In an instant the policeman

was by her side. With gruff voice and threatening manner he demanded:

"What are you carrying off in your apron?"

The woman seemed embarrassed and refused to answer. Thereupon the officer of the law, thinking that she had doubtless picked up a pocket-book, which she was trying to make away with, threatened to arrest her unless she told him at once what she had in her apron.

At this the woman reluctantly unfolded her apron and disclosed a handful of broken glass. In stupid wonderment the policeman asked:

"What do you want with that stuff?"

A flush passed over the woman's face, then she answered simply, "If you please, sir, I just thought I'd like to take it out of the way of the children's feet."

Blessings on the kind-hearted care-taker who was so thoughtful of the children's feet. And should not we imitate so good an example, and take out of the path of the little ones anything which can wound them, injure them, or cause them to stumble?—*Selected.*

**GRANDMA'S PATCHWORK QUILT.**

A motley and but meaningless—  
To you a thing of shreds  
And patches—but a queer and quaint  
Old curio, its threads  
All make a clew to lead me down  
The labyrinth of time,  
And set my grandma's wedding bells  
Once more, for me, a-chime.

The air grows sweet, as with the breath  
Of orange blossoms, and lo!  
I seem to see the happy bride  
And happy bridegroom go,  
I all but hear the hearts that beat  
Within each happy breast,  
Beneath those bills of grandma's gown  
And grandpa's wedding vest.

Nor is it only wedding bells  
I hear, nor orange bloom  
That fills the air. The cypress hangs  
All heavy o'er a tomb;  
And sad and far away I hear  
Or seem to hear the bell  
That tolls above a lovely dead  
Laid low, the funeral knell.

My hand fal's tenderly, as on  
A grave, whence'er I touch  
That tear-stained bit of lace-blue;  
"Thy' well we know "of such"  
As she, who wore it long ago,  
"The kingdom" is, dry-eyed  
We cannot see what once was hers,  
The little girl that died.

And grandma tells with trembling lips  
How old she'd be to-day,  
Her first-born—fifty-five—and thinks  
Of childish hair grown gray  
With grief. Yet, tho' she gives to God  
Thanks that her pet ne'er knew  
A care, her tears still fall upon  
That bit of "baby-blue."

And so she follows, one by one,  
The friends of other days;  
The loved and lost come back to her  
Along the patchwork maze;  
And ancestors I never knew  
Of faded silk combine  
As grandma points the pieces out  
Of garments that they wore.

Like storied stones that go to make  
The names of great men shine  
Thro' mist's of years, these little bits  
Of faded silk combine  
That humber lives be not forgot  
To many a heart you've built  
A monument, O tiny blocks  
Of grandma's patchwork quilt.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

**The Need of Conscientiousness as to the Newspaper We Buy and Encourage.**

The *Evening Post*, of New York, in its issue of the ninth instant, had a thoughtful, and so far as its associate daily publications were concerned, a commendably outspoken editorial upon the subject of "The Press and Juvenile Crime." It quotes a writer in the *Revue de Deux Mondes*, Alfred Fouillée, to show how startling has been the increase of juvenile crime in France since the year 1880, the ratio of said increase in thirteen years being twenty-five per cent, as compared with eleven per cent, for adult criminals. In Paris, more than half the arrests were of offenders under twenty-one year of age. An English writer shows that these figures are typical for Great Britain and the United States also.

In probing for the causes of this increase, it finds that, while they are doubtless numerous yet the "one, unmistakable cause is a crime loving and a crime-producing newspaper press"—quoting, in special support of this, the last report of the New York Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, wherein the president, Elbridge T. Gerry, says, "The first cause of their training in vice is what may well be called *vicious journalism*. Lurid stories of crime illustrated by vivid pictures representing criminals in daring and attractive attitudes; descriptions of criminals arrested for gross immoralities, with the like pictorial illustrations. An one conversing with children held for crime may soon learn whence the suggestions of crime are derived. They are only too ready to talk on the subject, and frequently to compare the exploits with those chronicled in these newspapers." The records of the above society, *the Evening Post* adds, "show case after case where juvenile crime was as directly caused by newspaper papers as if the editors had gone out, like many Fagins, and taught children to pick pocket, fire buildings and poison food."

During twenty years or more, the compiler of this article has sought to show, by tracts and by very many contributed articles, the direct connection between pernicious reading matter with immoral and brutalizing pictures, and the commission of crime. Until within quite a few years, however, the daily newspaper had not much attraction for the lad under sixteen, it fatuated with criminal-heraldic ideals, as had its sensational story paper, the dime novel and the detective library, so called. The vicious illustrations of criminals and their bad deeds, now so common in the dailies, have tended to bring the latter and the sensational story paper publication much more on a par. Nevertheless, the reading-matter of the latter, purposely thrown into short paragraphs, easily apprehended, filled with slang and constant references to the police and pistols, presents special attractions for the boy of low or warped moral calibre. In "An Examen of the Boys' Job of Train Derailment near Rome, N. Y.," contributed by the writer about a year ago, to the *Episcopal Record* occurs the following sufficiently convincing illustration, I think, of the connection noted:

"All of the party denied that they had been drinking, but said they were in their sob senses, and they wrecked the train because was a purpose which they had long cherished and which they foolishly believed they could safely execute after the fashion of some of the 'heroes' of whom they had read. This was plainly enough substantiated by the evidence



officer who went to the room of the boy, Bristol. He was found lying on a bed. On a chair by the bedside was a yellow-covered volume giving the adventures of the James boys, and train robbers. The officer said to the boy, as he took him in charge, that such stories are very exciting. Bristol said, yes, but he sought they were a pack of lies. In the room of the leader, Hildreth, were found a revolver, several packs of cards, 'blood and thunder' novels, boxing-gloves, etc. The novels found were published by —, of New York City. One of them bears the startling title 'The Last Dark Seeds of the James Boys; or, The Great Robbery on the Rock Island Road.' On the outside the back cover is a list of over one hundred evils relating to the James boys.

"This is the kind of trash," says the Rome editor, "that the young train wreckers were fond of reading, and which inflamed their minds and turned their weak brains to such an extent that they worked themselves up to commit a criminal deed that stands without a parallel in the history of the country."

"Dozens, if not hundreds, of the daily and religious papers of the land made similar acknowledgment. The Rome train derailment case, with its tragic and fatal accompaniments, and all the rest evidence as to cause and effect which it applied, brought with it at least the shock of a much needed awakening.

Going back to the editorial in the *Evening Post*, the writer makes some remarks on homicidal mania, as induced by lurid pictures and details of assassination, expresses the view that the American press is the worst in the world as the recorder and provoker of crime," and his issue with Elbridge T. Gerry that it (the press) has never yet disregarded an appeal based on principles of public morality and public decency." He is forced to believe, by what he has observed, that the money argument is much more weight than exhortation.

"We do not propose," he impetuously concludes, "to waste any breath on newspaper proprietors. It is to the general public, to the Christian men and women who buy their daily paper, to the business men and philanthropists to keep their wretched and infectious sheets alive by advertising in them, that the appeal should be made. Their is the responsibility, and in their hands is the remedy."

"That is a bold breaking away from a slavish editorial courtesy," and a note of dissent from a quarter where it has long been greatly needed. It is likewise a pointing to the practical remedy necessary to be laid hold of by a very large number of advertisers and readers, before there to be any improvement in the make-up of our daily papers generally. Most of the morning issues of Philadelphia issue their papers on the first day of the week the same as on other days, with the difference that the "Sunday" issue is the most objectionable of the seven, and the highest priced. One of these, which I lately scanned, contained thirty-eight pages of matter, together with a twelve-page (smaller size page) supplement of vulgar jest and pictured indecency. In reading matter was of the world, its business, politics, sports and vanities, while many of the advertisements were absolutely vicious, and any serious minded person doubt that it is plain duty to refuse to patronize such a sheet — not simply the First-day issue, but the publi-

cation itself? The abstention from "pernicious reading" and from "the corrupting influences of worldly associations," referred to in the third query of our Book of Discipline, would seem to commend a pretty general uniformity of testimony and practice in the above indicated particular.

JOSEPH W. LELAND.

A COPY OF AN ESSAY OF A TESTIMONY FROM WESTLAND MONTHLY MEETING CONCERNING CHARLES DINGEE, WHO DIED THE 30th OF TWELFTH MONTH, 1815.

"Blessed are the peace-makers, for they shall be called the children of God." "Blessed are they who do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled."

For the sake of survivors, and as a small tribute due to the memory of our departed Friend, we feel engaged to give forth this short testimony concerning him. We believe that in the morning of his day he was acquainted with the voice of the Shepherd of Israel; and with his heart-tendering visitation; and by obedience to the discoveries of light, experienced a growth in the ever blessed and unchangeable Truth, and became qualified for usefulness in Society in different respects.

Since his removal among us he was reappointed to the station of an elder, which place he filled so much to the satisfaction of his friends, that in the remembrance of him, the language of Holy Writ occurs, "The path of the just is as a shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

His death was sudden, having spent a part of the evening preceding his close according to his usual practice in devotional retirement (as we apprehend), he afterwards prepared to take his natural rest, laid down in apparent health and in a little time expired, having attained to the sixty-fourth year of his age.

FOR "THE FRIEND."

"The memory of the just is blessed."

"The fathers where are they, and the prophets do they live forever?"

These passages seem appropriate to the memory of our dearly beloved Friend, Samuel F. Bolderston.

His careful and consistent Christian walk in life among us, and his constant desire to live in peace and love with all men, and to the glory of his Divine Master, seem to make it incumbent upon survivors that some memoranda should be preserved of him—for such examples are rare.

He was the son of Ely and Esther Bolderston, and was born in the city of Baltimore, the twenty-second of Eleventh Month, 1810. His parents, grandparents and great-grandparents were members of the Society of Friends, and included among them several who were worthy elders and gifted ministers.

He was of a tender conscience and spirit from childhood, and was mercifully kept from violation of the moral law, although he deeply felt, very early in life, the tendency to sin, and the need of Divine help to overcome it.

He was sent to Westtown School when in his eleventh year, and remained there for two years. His recollection of this time and the attachment formed for some of the teachers and scholars continued to be a source of pleasure to him through life. While at the school a sermon preached by Samuel Bettle, Sr., had a powerful effect upon his heart, which was never dissipated. In his seventeenth year he conscientiously and understandingly relinquished worldly honors and hopes, and accepted the rule of the

meek and lowly One, whom he received and obeyed as Redeemer, Prophet, Priest and King, as his wisdom, righteousness, sanctification and redemption. By obedience to this light and leading he followed Him unflinchingly through his long life.

He served an apprenticeship to the leather business, but did not pursue it on account of the great reverses in business suffered by his father, who was reduced from affluence to the condition of a bread-earner, and obliged to start life anew. Samuel then learned the wall-paper business, which he conducted in connection with the queen-ware business with his father, in Frederick, Md.

When nineteen years of age he felt it to be his duty to put on a plain dress, which he did, and with this change gave up everything which interfered with a consistent maintenance of the principles of the Society of Friends, to which he was ever after a devoted adherent, believing that they represented the pure teachings of the Gospel of Christ.

About this time he first appeared in testimony in meetings, and was recorded a minister at the age of twenty four years.

In 1833, following the leadings of duty, he went to Frederick County, Virginia, and taught school. He then went to Ohio, where he was similarly employed for one year. Returning to Virginia in 1835, he was married the same year to Martha Ann Griffith, at old Hopewell Meeting-house. She was the daughter of John and Rachel Griffith, both honored elders, and greatly beloved in that State. She proved to be a true helpmeet to her husband in every way, and was enabled to be deeply baptized with him in the many and varied exercises which were permitted to come upon him as a minister of Jesus Christ.

He continued teaching in Virginia until 1846, when he removed to Bellefonte, Pa., and took charge of the Academy there, where he continued for three years, having among his scholars the Curtins, Valentines, Thomases, etc., who retained a great respect for him.

He was unusually well-qualified for teaching, combining great gentleness with firmness, and gained both the respect and affection of his numerous pupils. He managed, without difficulty, large boys and young men who had defied previous teachers, and, at Bellefonte especially, brought a state of disorder and rebellion into order and discipline.

When visiting Virginia he was always called upon by some of his old pupils, now prominent men and active in the business and politics of that State, who remembered him and his influence over them with affection and gratitude.

In the summer of 1848 he made a visit to Virginia, travelling with his wife and four small children in a carriage; there being then no other mode of conveyance. The trip occupied a week each way upon the road.

In the spring of 1849 he removed, with his family of six children to Philadelphia, settling in the limits of the Northern District Monthly Meeting, which he continued to attend diligently throughout his life, never omitting the attendance of week-day meetings, whatever the pressure of business might be.

He seldom attended meetings other than his own, feeling that, while duty led some to visits in Gospel love more or less extended, it was his place to remain at home and minister to the flock there, as such service might be required.

He was favored to attain to an introversion of spirit in meeting to such a remarkable degree that, although oppressed with cares all his long

\* The *Evening Post* stands nearly alone among the daily papers of the country in refusing to publish the contents of horse races.

life, he repeatedly said, "These were never allowed to hinder his communion and worship there."

He was a diligent reader of the Holy Scriptures, making them his daily companion, and was more familiar with their contents than most Bible students, being able to locate almost any verse or incident that might be inquired for at any time. He was quite conversant with the writings and Journals of Friends, and had printed and largely distributed, at different times, extracts from the writings of George Fox, William Penn, John Woolman and others; also from the sermons of Stephen Crisp and Samuel Fothergill, besides several papers of his own composition. He was also acquainted with many of the best authors, both ancient and modern, from whom he often quoted.

While diligent in business he was fervent in spirit, serving the Lord, doing all things as in his sight, and as unto Him.

In the exercise of his gift as a minister, he was dignified, earnest, clear, forcible and convincing, ever having an eye single to the glory of God. He rarely repeated in his sermons any part of a former communication, but brought forth from the treasury matter both old and new, often quoting some extracts from pious authors to elucidate his subject. In the last sermon, at his own meeting, in Ninth Month, 1893, he quoted these lines:

Wife as the world is God's command,  
Vast as eternity his love,  
Firm as a rock his Truth shall stand  
When rolling years shall cease to move.

He always regarded public prayer as a service of the greatest importance.

Samuel F. Baldwin left but little written matter expressive of his own exercises and feelings, except a few letters, mostly addressed to his children.

In one, written in 1880, he says, "This morning, as I lay reflecting, I felt my strength renewed in the omnipotence of God. *Omnipotence*, what a word to dwell upon! And what a mercy inexpressible, that we may lean upon Him, yes, 'Lean upon Him on whom archangels lean.'"

"I am renewedly convinced that the more we seek for and trust in Divine aid and power the more we shall receive it from Him.

"Let every one's faith stand in the power of God," was the constant language of George Fox. And truly, there is no other help, no other support but in his power and goodness and mercy, manifested to mankind in his Son, to whom He bare this record on the Mount: "This is My beloved Son. Hear ye Him." Through many and varied trials and vicissitudes, for fifty-three years, this has been my support, my help, my hope, my trust."

In a letter of another date he writes:

"Greatly do I desire your present happiness, which can only be found in true wisdom's pleasant ways, but far more do I desire for you, and for us all, that when the curtain shall be drawn and eternity shall open upon us, we may all be gathered safe into the heavenly garner, even into that holy and heavenly city whose walls are salvation, and whose gates are everlasting praise. A city which needeth not the light of the outward sun nor of the moon to shine in it, but the Lord God and the Lamb are the light thereof. I find as I draw nearer to the close of life, an increasing desire for myself, and for all dear to me, that we may all be permitted to join with the innumerable multitude in singing the song of Moses and the Lamb. My soul bows before the Eternal Majesty on your behalf, and

for us all, that we may be preserved unto the end of our days, and at last enter into eternal rest and peace."

Toward the close of life our dear Friend was afflicted with the total loss of sight, and an illness continuing nearly a year and a half, during which he manifested great patience and uttered many weighty expressions.

He departed this life the fifth of First Month, 1895, in the eighty-fifth year of his age, having been an acceptable minister nearly sixty years, and we doubt not has joined the just of all generations.

**THE DEVIL'S MISSIONARY WORK.**—*The American Issue* quotes from the note-book of one who was present at a meeting of the Ohio Liquor League some years ago, these words from an officer of the League who, when discussing and citing the conditions of success in the trade, remarked:

"It will appear from these facts, gentlemen, that the success of our business is dependent largely upon the creation of appetite for drink. Men who drink liquor, like others, will die, and if there is no new appetite created, our counters will be empty, as will our coffers. Our children will be hungry, or we must change our business to that of some other more remunerative.

"The open field for the creation of this appetite is among the boys. After men are grown and their habits are formed, they rarely ever change in this regard. It will be useful, therefore, that missionary work be done among the boys, and I make the suggestion, gentlemen, that nickels expended in treats to the boys now, will return in dollars to your tills after the appetite has been formed. Above all things create appetite."

This is the kind of "missionary work" done by the fifty-five thousand eight hundred and seven bartenders and seventy-one thousand four hundred and twelve saloon-keepers who act as Satan's missionaries in the dram-shops of this country. Could Satan himself show greater and more malignant craft? What are you doing to hinder it?

Is it not true that Christians do a little missionary work in the same "open field"? Who will help? The people should be taught, the young should be warned, the unwary should be cautioned. Cheap illustrated literature should be scattered everywhere to show the dangers of indulgence in strong drink and guide the young in paths of truth and soberness.

A LETTER from Augustine, Fla., is published in *The American Journal of Science*, which tells of the body of "an immense octopus" thrown ashore some miles south of that city. Nothing but the stump of the tentacles remained, as it had evidently been dead for some time before being washed ashore. The body measured eighteen feet in length by ten feet in breadth. Its immense size and condition prevented all attempts at preservation. Prof. A. E. Verrill says that the proportions given indicate that this may have been a squid-like form and not an octopus. The "breadth" is evidently that of the softened and collapsed body, and would represent an actual maximum diameter in life of at least seven feet, and a probable weight of four to five tons for the body and head. These dimensions are decidedly larger than those of any of the well-authenticated Newfoundland specimens. It is perhaps a species of *Architeuthis*. Professor Sienstrup recorded many years

ago a species of this genus (*A. dux*), taken in 1855 in the West Indian seas, but his example was much smaller than the one here recorded.—*Late Paper.*

### A Vision.

A minister of the Society of Friends, while on a religious visit to Russia, had the following experience. He says:—

"While in the Transcaucasus my mind had been much exercised about Prussia— and her son, dear Christian people of the Greek Church. He was a fine young man of about twenty years of age, who, on the occasion of our taking a meal at his mother's house in Northern Russia, had pleaded in the loving earnestness of his heart for what I felt the Spirit of the Lord condemned. As my thought turned toward them, while lying awake on my bed one night, it seemed as if the Saviour appeared and beckoned to me, and I rose up and followed. We came shortly to a large gateway over which was written in bold letters:

"The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof: thou shalt worship the Lord thy God and Him only shalt thou serve."

"We passed through into a beautiful garden where were all manner of shrubs, trees, and flowers, 'pleasant to the sight and good for food.' The air was balmy, and there was a clear brightness that did not dazzle; the song of birds and hum of happy life caused a sweetness of harmony that cannot be described; nothing jarred or disturbed the perfection of the whole. We passed on, through paths of beauty that seemed endless, till we came to a more open part, where were erected large and magnificent buildings, judged by a sense I had once known, but which now looked nothing more than the toy buildings I made when I was a boy with my little wooden bricks. One of these was called the 'Greek Church,' another the 'Roman Catholic,' and another the 'Anglican,' while spreading in all directions were smaller buildings of a similar kind, but all professedly erected for the same object. From some of them music was issuing that some might consider the perfection of harmony and sound, but it fell dead and lifeless on the ear. We entered first the 'Greek Church'; not a seat was vacant and priests in gorgeous vestments were attending to the duties of their Order; numerous candles lit up a magnificent display of colors, pictures, and arrangements most imposing. During a little lull in the service my Companion called, in a voice of power, pity and love,

'Come to Me.'

A very few appeared to hear Him, but among them I noticed my friend and her son turn a responsive look. "Not one of the priests did I see take any notice, except that two or three who kept their backs toward Him, were more diligent in their respective employments. With a look of deep tenderness He turned and went out, no one following Him. Oh! that a lost world could see that look. I have seen nothing to compare it to; no pen nor pencil could describe it. We entered each building in turn and in each the same loving invitation from his lips went forth, 'Come to Me.' In some of the smaller and less pretentious buildings the proportion of those who turned a responsive look to his tender call was much larger than it the more showy ones, but none arose and followed. He looked sad and thoughtful, but beneath it all could be discerned a Kingly power. "We walked on, leaving these churches behind us, but there was a change in all sur

ounding; the garden, though still retaining huch of its beauty, had lost its former freshness and a blight and sense of oppression rested over and over all. Presently we came to a deep, wide, and extensive ditch, in which were human ones—the collection of centuries, and the outcome of persecutions by the professing Church. Many of them were fresh, and in some cases the flesh was still decaying on the skeleton. Now He spoke to me, as we gazed on the sad spectacle, and said, "Son of man, seest thou what these people have done, and are still doing, in thy name, and for my honor?"

"Close by was a building, differing from any I had seen before. Over the doorway was written: 'I was in prison and ye visited me.' As we passed through we heard the clank of our arms, and entering a cell, a prisoner, whose face was radiant with joy, rose up to meet Him; He recognized his Lord. He took his hand and sat down by him, and for the first time smiled at rest. Motioning me to leave, He said: 'Go and tell my Church where they will find Me.'"

**HE HEARS AND HELPS.**—A young accountant in New York City got his accounts entangled. He knew he was honest, and yet he could not make his accounts come out right, and he toiled all that day and night until he was nearly crazed. It seemed by these books that something had been misappropriated, and he knew before God he was honest. The last day came, and he knew if he could not that day make his accounts come out right he would go into disgrace and go into banishment from the business establishment. He went over there very early, before there was anybody in the place, and he went down at the desk and said: "O Lord, you knowest I have tried to be honest, but I cannot make these things come out right! Help me to-day—help me this morning!" The young man arose hardly knowing why he did so, opened a book that lay on the desk, and there was a card containing a line of figures which explained everything. In other words, he cast his burden upon the Lord, and the Lord sustained him. A young man, do you hear that? O, yes, God is a sympathy with anybody that is in any kind of toil! He knows how heavy is the load of bricks that the workman carries up the ladder of the wall; He hears the pickaxe of the miner down in the coal shaft; He knows how long the tempest strikes the sailor at the masthead; He sees the factory girl among the spindles, and knows how her arms ache; He sees a woman in the fourth story, and knows how few fence she gets for making a garment; and louder than all the din and roar of the city comes the voice of a sympathetic God: "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee."—*Talmage*.

SELECTED.

As to Miracles.

Miracles! Why should anybody stumble over them? The world itself is a miracle. It can be accounted for on no other basis. The scientists have failed to create a world upon their own theories. The scoffers have been nonplussed. The creation of the world is a miracle of miracles.

It is not the province of a daily newspaper to dispute with theologians, but it is too much to suggest that the miraculous foundation of the planetary system may very well include minor miracles? Why the simplest surroundings of every-day life are miracles. Open the

palm of your hand before you and then close the fingers. How is it done? How account for the force unless it is of the marvellous? Every sense is a miracle—seeing, hearing, tasting, smelling, feeling. The air you breathe is a miracle. The brain, which gives you power to think, is a miracle.

What is the use of wasting time over the discussion of miracles? The fact that you are alive is a big enough miracle itself to swallow all these petty discussions.

The above extract brings to remembrance the lines of Whittier:—

"A miracle seems the Universe,  
A marvel our life and death;  
A mystery which I cannot pierce,  
Around, above, beneath.

In vain I task my aching brain,  
In vain the sages' thought I scan,  
I only feel how weak and vain,  
How poor and blind is man."

World-Wide Peace Progress.

A consideration of the recent world-wide progress of Peace and Arbitration, in spite of vast armaments, is well calculated to afford renewed encouragement to the many earnest workers, who on both sides of the Atlantic, have long been striving, through evil and good report, to promote the brotherhood of nations.

Perhaps no year of the century, now so near its close, has witnessed more cheering signs of this progress than the one just terminated. For although it began amidst alarms of war and dangers of an unusual character, yet, as the months pass on, it is manifest that the pacific influences at work amongst the peoples and their rulers were more powerful than those tending to strife, and that good feeling was to triumph over wild passion.

In particular, the end of 1896 brought across the Atlantic the welcome intelligence that the very important aim of so many friends of Peace, for many years past, namely, the establishment and official acceptance of a general Treaty of Arbitration between the United States and Great Britain has been practically attained, and that the American Secretary of State and the English Ambassador at Washington have almost completed the terms of such a Treaty, providing for the constitution of an Arbitral body consisting of three Judges of the United States Supreme Court and three of the English Judges, to whose decision are to be submitted all differences which may arise between the two countries during the next five years—the present limit of the Treaty, as an experimental measure. It may be well believed, that having been once tried, this Treaty will become a permanent institution by subsequent renewals. In conjunction with the previous announcement, in President Cleveland's Message to Congress, that the Venezuela difficulty between the two countries has also been put in the way of a final peaceful solution, this event is a matter for profound thankfulness and satisfaction—a feeling which is intensified by the expression, on the part of the incoming President of the United States, William McKinley, as conveyed in a letter from him to the Pennsylvania Peace Union, that he also rejoices in the peaceful relations between England and America; and he remarks with emphasis, "Most certainly the citizens of the United States have a right to take pride in that their country is far-most in efforts towards arbitrating international disputes."

Turning from the Western to the Eastern Hemisphere, we also find increasingly pacific conditions, almost everywhere. One of the most gratifying of these is the growth of more cordial relations between Great Britain and the vast Empire of Russia, and also between her and her near neighbor the French Republic. The once formidable "Central Asian" bogey, which used to awaken so many fears, and so much controversy, has almost disappeared, by the completion, in the last weeks of 1896, of the delimitation of the Russian boundaries on the confines of India and Afghanistan. The Russian Government has shown a very conciliatory and honorable spirit in its procedure in this matter. The long-continued divergence of policy between Russia and Great Britain, in reference to the Ottoman Empire, also shows signs of a closer agreement in the future. And the French Government appears more inclined than previously to unite in such international concert. One good effect of this is already shown by a quieter aspect of affairs in Armenia—that district whose mis-government has been, for two years, the source of imminent danger to the peace of the world. The peril in that direction has by no means passed away, but it has decidedly lessened during recent months.

One of the most desirable elements for the promotion of International Peace, is an increasing degree of amity and co-operation between France and Great Britain. And here also, both President Faure and M. Hanotaux, as Minister of State, have recently given hopeful indications of a willingness to reciprocate any advances which may be forthcoming from this side of the Channel. And it is a cheering sign that one of the most influential of Parisian journals, the *Figaro*, has just published an article in favor of more intimate relations between the two countries, an object which, it says, is desired by the majority of the French people and of their Parliamentary representatives. Italy, although suffering grievously from her naval ambition and warlike aspirations in Africa, has nevertheless concluded a peace with her late enemies. In Asia, the two neighboring nations, China and Japan, are peacefully settling down after their war, which has inflicted serious injuries both upon the victors and the vanquished. British India, with Burma and Assam, are quiescent; and so, in general, is all the vast continent of Asia. In Siberia, railways and commercial activity are progressing apace.

Even in poor Africa, with its irritating sores in Egypt, the Sudan, Zanzibar, and the South, matters are not nearly so bad as they were a year ago. The Matabele War is reported as ended. The relations between the Transvaal and England are less strained, and in the great island of Madagascar, affairs are perhaps somewhat less threatening than they were not long ago.

The conditions of Spain as to Cuba and the Philippines, and with that of Turkey in reference to Armenia and the Great Powers, afford ground for continuing anxiety, which, however, is not so acute as it was some months ago. For Turkey shows some signs of yielding to combined European pressure, especially now that the very uneasy agitation for solitary British interference has almost died away; and in Cuba there are not wanting indications that the long and terrible Civil War is approaching some sort of termination.

May these remaining clouds on the political horizon of the new year be gradually dispelled,

and Peace continue yet further its world-wide progress. But, for what has been already, and especially of late, attained, there is abundant cause to take heart and thank God.—*The Herald of Peace.*

A REMARKABLE incident which was told me by G. W. Taylor, illustrative of Burritt's singular mastery of languages, happened while he was still at work at the forge in his native town of Worcester. A vessel sailing from Boston had been cast away on one of the South Sea Islands, and the details of the shipwreck, set forth in the dialect of the island, were forwarded to the vessel's owners, and presented by them to the Boston insurers. The learned pundits of Harvard College were thereupon consulted as to this evidence, but none could unlock the lingual mystery. Finally, one of them remarking that he had heard of the notable attainments in languages of a blacksmith over in Worcester, a delegation was appointed to proceed thither and have a talk with the man. Elihu was found busily at work at his forge. Could he enlighten the professors as to those "crow tracks" which were all a mystery to them? Scanning the manuscript, he confessed that the writing was one with which he was not exactly familiar, but if they would leave it in his care he would see what he could do with it. This was done. In a short time a complete translation was forwarded, and the underwriters being fully satisfied as to the loss, the claim of the owners, which amounted to thousands of dollars, was paid. How was Burritt to be reimbursed? The forge was again visited, and the "Learned Blacksmith" was asked for his bill. Despite all expostulations to the contrary, he refused to charge any more compensation for his valuable labor than what he would have received had he been engaged at his ordinary daily employment. However, when afterward in England (he was appointed United States Consul at Birmingham in 1865), his grateful beneficiaries settled a thousand dollar annuity upon him, the interest of which was paid him the rest of his life.—*Selected.*

#### SUMMARY OF EVENTS.

**UNITED STATES.**—The United States Treasury debt statement shows a net increase in the public debt, less cash in the Treasury, during Second Mo., of \$1,592,137. For each in the Treasury, \$864,338,167.

At the British Embassy at Washington, the Spanish draft of the Anglo-Venezuelan treaty has been signed by Sir Julian Pauncefote and Minister Andrade, and the document is finally ready for submission to the Venezuelan Congress, conforming to the constitutional provision that it must be in the language of that country.

On the 29th of Second Month the Spanish Minister in Washington was advised by Marquis de Almonada that the pardon for Julio Sanguill had been received from Madrid. Sanguill was immediately released from prison, and has since settled for Ky. Wt.

Efforts are making to sell to the Government, for \$50,000, the farm of 112 acres, near Hodgenville, Ky., on which Abraham Lincoln was born.

A number of people in New York have formed a club called the Mescalobol Club, which, as its name indicates, will have for its object the "classification and identification of the larger fungi of the United States; the study of wild mushrooms and their food and also the poisonous varieties, and to arouse a wider interest in economic fungi."

A Salt Lake City dispatch says that a volcano has burst forth in the Great Salt Lake.

*March's Monthly says that since the movement for*

open spaces started in Philadelphia ten years ago, two hundred and thirty parks have been established.

Corine Wood died in St. Louis on the 24th ult., at the age of 123 years. It is said that her mental faculties were unimpaired. She was married in Louisville in 1800.

Deaths in this city last week numbered 554, which is 24 more than the previous week, and 62 more than the corresponding week of 1896. Of the foregoing, 297 were male and 257 females; 125 died of pneumonia; 58 of consumption; 45 of heart disease; 22 of apoplexy; 20 of diphtheria; 19 of convulsions; 18 of old age; 14 of bronchitis; 13 of inflammation of the kidneys; 13 of inflammation of the brain; 12 of influenza; 11 of marasmus; 10 of influenza (trifurp); 9 of marasmus; 7 of inflammation of the stomach and bowels, and 9 from casualties.

**Markets.**—U. S. 2's, 95 1/4; 4's, 97; 4's, 111 1/2; 112; coupon, 113 1/2; 113; 117; 4's, 122; a 123; 5's, 113 1/2; 114; currency 6's, 103 1/2 106.

**COTTON.**—Midling upland—officially quoted 7 1/2c. **FLOUR.**—Spot brand ranged from \$12.75 to \$13.50 per ton for winter in bulk, and \$12.50 a \$13.00 for spring in sacks.

**FLOUR.**—Winter super, \$2.55 a \$2.80; do., extras, \$2.90 a \$3.20; Pennsylvania roller, clear, \$4.10 a \$4.25; do., do., straight, \$4.25 a \$4.40; Western winter, clear, \$3.80 a \$3.95; do., do., straight, \$4.00 a \$4.15; spring, clear, \$3.65 a \$3.80; do., straight, \$4.00 a \$4.25; do., patent, \$4.30 a \$4.45; do., favorite brands, higher. City mills, extra, \$3.05 a \$3.20; do., clear, \$4.05 a \$4.20; do., straight, \$4.30 a \$4.50; do., patent, \$4.55 a \$4.80. **RYE FLOUR.**—\$2.75 per barrel for choice Pennsylvania. **BECKWEAT FLOUR.**—\$3.75 per barrel per 100 pounds, as to quality.

**GRAIN.**—No. 2 red wheat, 84 a 84 1/2c.  
No. 2 mixed corn, 26 a 26 1/2c.  
No. 2 white oats, 23 a 23 1/2c.

**BEEF CATTLE.**—Extra, 4 1/2 a 5c; good, 4 a 4 1/2c; medium, 4 1/4 a 4c; common, 4 a 4 1/4c.

**SHEEP AND LAMBS.**—Extra, 4 1/2 a 4c; good, 4 a 4 1/2c; medium, 3 1/2 a 3c; common, 3 a 3 1/2c.

**HOGS.**—Best Western, 5 1/2 a 5c; common sorts, 5 1/4 a 5 1/2c; State, 4 a 5c.

**FOREIGN.**—England's total foreign trade in 1896 amounted to \$8,129,315,395, while our own reached only \$1,642,025,161.

The single ship leaving the United States flag passed the Straits of Canal last week, according to the report of the Consul at Cairo, although the traffic aggregated nearly \$16,000,000. Two-thirds of the vessels used the water-way were British.

Great Britain favors the establishment of administrative autonomy in Crete, and believes that, subject to a stipulation, Crete ought to remain a portion of the Turkish Empire. Notice has been sent to the Powers to this effect.

It is said that King George and his cabinet declare that it is impossible for them to recall the Greek troops from Crete. They are resolved to maintain their present policy. The proposal of the Powers is regarded as a proceeding contrary to right, which will only add to the crisis. The blockade of Crete by the foreign warships is being strictly maintained.

A number of Cretan Deputies have presented a memorial to King George, stating that they had decided not to accept autonomy, but to continue their struggle to realize union with Greece.

Several prominent persons say that many officials there declare that Turkey will never give her consent to the scheme of the Powers to establish autonomous government in Crete.

The peace of Europe may hang upon the settlement of the present difficulty in Crete, and the way that is safest, that of the Powers insisting upon the island as a part of the Turkish Empire, is the one that is most unpopular to the people of all the countries whose interests are involved. If the Powers crush Greece the whole world will protest; if they do not, the peace of Europe may be imperilled. It is an awkward situation any way it is looked at, and the most obvious thought it suggests is that it may form a final settlement of the Armenian question, which is such a disgrace to modern civilization, and which would have been settled long ago had not each great nation feared the influence of the other. Every day the situation is becoming more desperate, owing to the fact that should the island the state of war prevents any attention to the Armenian question, the towns which are besieged by the insurgents the situation is much worse than it is in the country districts. In Heraklion alone, where there has been a very large influx of refugees, the outlook is very serious. There is now in the town, counting the regular Moslem population

and the refugees, fully 25,000 persons. Provisions are very scarce and a famine is imminent. Large number of the refugees are already dying of starvation, and it was knowledge of this fact that led Korakas, the Greek leader, to issue his order permitting the cultivation of the fields.

China imported 13,000,000 square feet of American lumber last year, most of it from the States of Oregon and Washington.

A Bombay dispatch dated Second Month 23rd says: "The official plague-returns for the past week show a distinct abatement in the ravages of the disease." The Japanese Government has decided to state that in Sira, a district there is more suffering from the famine than in any other section of the Southern Punjab, the death-rate has reached 23 per cent. of the population, 40,000 persons having died. The killing of the cat by the Mohammedans is causing trouble with the Hindus. The users are repining at the loss of the cat. The Japanese Government has intended to adopt gold standard of currency upon a ratio of 32 1/2 to the silver yen, or dollar, will be gradually withdrawn from circulation, and the smallest gold piece will be of the value of five yen. The new standard will go into operation Third Month next.

A New York  *Herald*  correspondent writes: "Cheerful news from Buenos Aires, that owing to the Government's progress of negotiations with Argentine looking to the settlement of the boundary dispute with the Republic. It is stated that the Commissioners of Chili and Argentina have arrived at a perfect understanding as to the boundary line through Atacama. This highly important, as the settlement of the dispute will chief bone of contention, involving relations with Bolivia. If this line should be determined by arbitration, as is now proposed, a signal victory in the interests of peaceful relations with Argentina will have been achieved."

**WESTOWN BOARDING SCHOOL.**—Applications for the admission of pupils to the school, and letters directed to instruction and discipline should be addressed to WILLIAM F. WICKERSHAM, Principal.

Payments on account of board and tuition, and communications in regard to business should be forwarded to EDWARD G. SMEDLEY, Superintendent. Address, Westown P. O., Chester Co., Pa.

**WESTOWN BOARDING SCHOOL.**—For convening of persons coming to Westown School, the stage will meet trains leaving Philadelphia 7:17 and 8:46 A. M., and 5:33 and 7:52 P. M. Other trains will meet with convenient stage fare on regular trips, fifteen cents on special trips, twenty-five cents each way. To reach the school by telegraph, wire West Chester Phone 8. EDWARD G. SMEDLEY, *Sup't.*

**WESTOWN BOARDING SCHOOL.**—The spring term will begin on Third Month 15th, 1897. Application for admission should be made to WM. F. WICKERSHAM, Principal, Westown, Pa.

**WANTED.**—A middle-aged Friend to serve as an iron for the Barley Home; to enter upon her duty Fourth Month 1st, 1897. Application may be made to THE BARLEY HOME, 326 N. Walnut St., West Chester, Pa.

**FRIENDS INSTITUTE LYCEUM.**—The next meeting will be held at 140 N. Sixth Street, Sixth-day, Third Month 9th, 1897, at 8 P. M.

**DIED.** at his residence in South Norwich, Ont., at the fifth of Ninth Month, 1896, DAVID STOVER, in 1871.

At the residence near New Durham, Or, twenty-fourth of Twelfth Month, 1896, in the eighth year of his age, WILLIAM B. MASON.

Bth the above were members of Norwich Month Meeting of Friends (Conservative).

—CHARLES H. SHOEMAKER, formerly of Chatham, Pa., on the sixteenth of Second Month, 1896, at the house of his son, Wm. O. Shoemaker, Richmond, Indiana, in the eighty-fifth year of his age. During the last several years of feeble health, those about him were comforted with evidences of a peaceful preparation for his final change. The promise, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed in Thee; because he trusteth in Thee," was of great benefit to his comfort, and when articulation had become tremendously difficult, in answer to the inquiry how he was feeling, a few words of that Scripture gave evidence that his mind was indeed stayed in peacefulness, through his protracted decline he manifested a calm and grateful spirit, in which he quietly passed away.

# THE FRIEND.

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ary and Letters of Deborah Brooks Webb.

(Continued from page 258.)

1874.—Twelfth Month 20th.—Yesterday was the funeral of our valued Friend, Lydia Starr, she passed away suddenly on the morning of the sixteenth. It seems mournful to see our folks thinning, but it is our hope that some day we may be guided by the power of Truth and come forth and serve the Lord. Oh, that the young people would "taste and see that the Lord is God."

I can bless thy Holy Name, oh, Lord, in that thou givest me such a comfortable home, and much peace and rest in thy presence. Two first-days, I have had such a heavy cold, not to go out to meeting, but the Lord was near, my little sanctuary in all places whither I go. Blessed, forever blessed and holy be thy name.

1875.—Third Month 28th.—The new year is come and nearly three months of it gone, and my entry has been made here; but I have it a very happy season—so pleasant and cheerful a home; so many kind friends who love me. Many thanksgivings have arisen for my comfortable, cheerful room and returning health. Since writing here, our beloved friend Thomas Smedley, has been called from work—rewards, and such is the sweet savor his name gives, that we humbly believe he is gathered home through the redeemed of the Lord. Our Yearly Meeting is near at hand. May the Lord be with us.

Fifth Month 2nd.—Here, at my kind friends, V. and D. C. S., and I feel so thankful for the favor. Our Yearly Meeting has passed, and on the whole was a comfortable one. Hannah Stratton, from Ohio, was favored in the ministry. Deborah Rhoads had a reaching testimony or the young.

To-day I went to Haverford Meeting; a little testimony was required, "I have meat to eat, hie ye know not of." Oh, my God, be pleased to help me in every way, fill me with thy Holy Spirit, and preserve me from all evil; keep me lively, neck and watchful.

7th.—There are fields Elysian. There is a home for the soul, there are pleasures at his right and, and in his presence fullness of joy. These words were formed in my soul during afternoon

meeting, and expressed with addition, "He brought me into his banqueting house, and his banner over me was love."

30th.—Still at Bryn Mawr, enjoying it very much indeed, getting stronger all the time, and able to be out in the open air without taking cold so easily. On the sixteenth we went over to Springfield meeting—a time of exercise, in testimony and supplication. I feel a jealous fear over myself lest I should speak without the true anointing. The requiring seemed there, and I tried to obey.

Oh, my Father in heaven, look down upon thy dependent little one, and preserve me from opening my mouth, unless thou alone draws me.\* Oh, that I might be filled with the Holy Spirit and power. Keep me more lively in glory all the day long.

On the first of Eleventh Month, I came to S. Mason McCollin's to board. They all seemed very kind and interesting.

1876.—Ninth Mo.—My vacation closed and my mind thankful for the many favors granted during this season of rest. Visited relations in Sandwich, Boston, Lynn, Providence, Duchess Co., New York, and many friends besides in these parts.

In allusion to this visit, she writes from Sandwich. "We have such lovely walks together (with her sister), sometimes with the wind blowing in the salt flats, and I breathe in such monthfuls; it is so good. We can see a whole reach of bay, almost a semicircle, as we go from one cousin's house to another. It is interesting, too, to realize that here my grandparents lived, and trod upon this same ground, besides my mother and a multitude of aunts and uncles. Here they had their childish sports and here sealed their marriage vows, preparatory to dispersing north, south, east and west. The meeting on First-day was interesting. I could own all that was said. It is called one of the most "Friendly" meetings in the Quarter. It was real pleasant last evening to see the Philadelphia FRIEND. I have been brought to wonder several times if there was not a service in my coming here, even though the visit was intended to be purely of a social nature. Those who advocate new things go so far that the lover of the pure Truth cannot follow them. There is something here worth cherishing, and so I suppose there is in parts of all other Yearly Meetings."

Tenth Month.—During this summer the great Centennial Exhibition was held in this city, and it was wonderful to see the good order preserved throughout.

In a letter of Ninth Mo. 12th, she writes, "Our meetings on First-day mornings are much visited by strangers, probably Centennial visitors, and they continue coming about every ten minutes

\* This exercise brings to mind a somewhat similar one in the diary of our late highly valued friend, Hannah Gibbs, when near the close of her lengthened out life, and of ministry some fifty years, she says, on returning from a meeting in which she had spoken, and felt some doubt as to its right authority, she wrote, "Thou knowest, I have never dared to open my mouth unless I believed the word was in it if I did not."

or so, until nearly time to close. It does not seem really disturbing either, for they evidently want to know our principles, and the dear Master, who never fails in his supplies, has so far felt them, to our dumbing admiration.

"On my first return to the city, the longing desire was to rest from service for about three weeks, but they seemed as sleep having no Shepherd, and his compassionate love was toward them, so what could the poor instruments do but follow the beckonings of his hand in the feeding of them. Many many baskets full of fragments be taken up."

Tenth Month 24th.—The following Minute was adopted by our Monthly Meeting: "A concern having been revived at this time on account of the many deficiencies existing among us and in us, the belief that advantage would result in the appointment of a Committee to visit as way may open for it, the members of this meeting, it was on deliberate consideration concluded to separate one for this purpose, who are desired as ability may be afforded, to tenderly counsel and encourage all of our members to increased faithfulness and dedication in the discharge of their religious duties."

In reference to this committee, of which she was one, she writes to a friend, Twelfth Month 17th, 1876:

"I am truly glad to hear of the appearance of J. S. in your meeting. He is indeed a promising young man, and may be an instrument of much good—if he keeps near the Master. As—said when I bid him farewell, 'It is only as we are kept.' So true it is, and so much I feel it in these visits in our meeting. 'Only as He gives wisdom, only as He opens the way, opens the mouth, gives tongue and utterance.' I shrink very much from making them all religious family sittings, it is so weighty, but do feel willing to spend the time socially, and then as our minute says, 'If way opens.' We are greatly encouraged to believe the dear Master is with us, and that so far the visits are acceptable."

1877.—Second Mo. 25th.—I am at home today from the effects of a cold, and wish to commemorate the goodness of my God, in that He has helped us all, through his great work.

On Third-day (Monthly Meeting) a minute was read expressive of the exercise of the Committee, and some of us had to feel "that we were unprofitable servants," having done nothing but what it was our duty to do. The kindness with which we have been received leads us to hope that it may do good. I think it beneficial to visit by committee: once in every few years.

She writes to a friend on the death of her father, Fifth Month 17th, 1877: "My heart seems with thee so much, that I think I must just send thee a little reminder of tender love and sympathy. I know what the feeling is, after passing through such a scene—how we feel inward, away from the world, shut out as it were from the spirit, with a shrinking from ever treading its walks again, and an earnest desire

to keep close to the Fountain, that the good savor may not flee away from us. Oh! it is an effort to face it again, but one we have to make under the constant feeling of needing to watch and pray, lest we fall into temptation. I trust you had a satisfactory time on that last occasion of deep feeling. . . . I thought so much of him of late, and of the child-like simplicity that seemed to be about his spirit, and remember how delightful it is always to witness it before the departure of beloved friends; it seems like ripening for the kingdom. How conspicuously it shone in Samuel Cope. I have remembered how his parents were accessory in helping the poor slaves to freedom, and thought of the truth of the passage, "Inasmuch as ye have done it to one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

Eighth Month 27th.—Not unto us, oh, Lord, not unto us, but unto thy Name, give glory for thy mercy and for thy Truth's sake. Thou hast been good unto thy poor child, showing down blessings and favors all through these months of rest. Thou hast helped thy poor child to speak what seemed thy will in many meetings. I thank thee, oh, Father, for this peace.

In a letter to a friend dated Twelfth Month 30th, 1877, she thus writes of a "train of thought which occurred to me in the night season." I had been deeply exercised on account of some alterations which should be made, but why did not open for it, so of course the dear Master was to be told, and when the soul is full, how ardently we press our cause, and then comes the satisfied rest and feeling that He knows all and will do what is good. After this I remembered the remarks by some author, "That truth was not true prayer which did not end in still submission." So dear, the still submission came to my troubled spirit and continued many days, through the clearing clouds, until it is all accomplished; and how thankful I can be now. Here we are just on the threshold of a new year, the past year full of goodness and mercies, even our afflictions tempered by Him who is touched with a feeling of all our infirmities.

I do not know whether it is good to dwell too much on the harrowing thoughts that come up at this season, but rather committing our way unto Him, press onward. I can seem to see thee, my dear, slowly recovering, leaning on his arm, so desirous to walk carefully before Him. He will accept thee and strengthen thee, so trust and be not afraid. Dear S. E. was at our M-ly Meeting, and so strengthening to the laborers. I felt real thankful. Does He not know how to hand cups of cold water?

(To be continued.)

A few days before the decease of Mary Pealey, she attended the M-ly Meeting at Mount Melick, where she was drawn forth in a wonderful manner—that was as a people were the hidden guests, and if we make excuses too long, our excuses at length would be taken, and then the Lord would send to the highways and hedges, and compel others to come in; for his table must be filled with guests; that a glorious day would yet come, when the Lord would bring from the east and from the west, and from the north and south, and thousands and tens of thousands would be brought to sit down with Him in his kingdom; and that the invited unfaithful children of the kingdom would be cast out.

She also had to declare that she saw (and that in the Light) that the fields were already white unto harvest, and the faithful laborers

but few; so she desired that all might do their day's work in their day, and mind the things that belong to their peace, before it should be hid from their eyes.

#### Crater Lake, Oregon.

In 1886, Captain C. E. Dutton, then on the United States Geological Survey, first discovered and brought to notice this remarkable body of water. During the past season, J. S. Diller, who has for some years been in charge of the work of the survey in northern California and southern Oregon, has supplemented Captain Dutton's work upon the lake, and brought to light additional facts, which altogether make it one of the most interesting and instructive geological phenomena of the world.

Crater Lake is situated sixty-five miles north of the California line, near the intersection of the forty-third parallel and the one hundred and twenty-second meridian, not far from the Klamath Indian Reservation. As its name signifies, the lake occupies the bed of an extinct volcano. It is seven thousand feet above the sea, and is elliptical in form, with diameters of six and a quarter and four, and a quarter miles. There is no drainage-basin emptying into it outside of the rim of the crater, so that the water of the lake is wholly derived from the precipitation over its surface. The lake lies nine hundred and fifty feet below the surrounding rim, with sides sloping nowhere more than forty degrees. There is nowhere room for a camp on the immediate shore. From the rim the land slopes away from the crater in every direction.

The bottom of the lake is a comparatively level plain, from sixteen hundred to two thousand feet below the surface of the water, making it the deepest body of fresh water on this continent, if not in the world. But there is, rising from the bottom, a subsidiary volcanic cone which projects six hundred and fifty feet above the water. This and the entire rim of the crater are composed of lava in very fresh condition.

The problem which J. S. Diller discussed at the last meeting of the Geological Society related to the age and origin of this remarkable lake basin. One of the most striking facts brought to light by his investigations was that the basin has been formed since the glacial period, for the sides of this truncated cone, wherever exposed near the rim, are covered with glacial scratches and furrowed with shallow depressions resulting from the erosion of pre-glacial water-courses. It is evident, therefore, that in glacial times the cone was perfect, or nearly so, running up the height of Mount Hood or Mount St. Helens, and supporting glaciers of vast size. From many indications in the surrounding valleys, it would appear that these glaciers were suddenly melted by volcanic heat, giving rise to tremendous floods.

But what has become of the portion of the cone which has disappeared? Was it blown out and scattered far and wide, like that of Krakatoa a few years ago, or did it fall inward and disappear in the cavernous depths below? Diller is of the opinion that the latter explanation is the correct one, for there are no fragments scattered abroad, such as would result from an explosion. But, it will be asked, how could the cone fall in and be so completely engulfed as it is? Diller's answer would be, that probably the vast lake of lava underneath has found some lower outlet, and been drawn off sufficiently to leave the present cavity, together with sufficient room to engulf the upper part of the truncated cone.

With reference to the date of this eruption nothing more can be said than that it synchronizes with the glacial period, concerning which there is abundant evidence that upon the Pacific Coast it is geologically very recent, the ice no yet having departed from the higher peaks of the vicinity, while the indications of erosion since the formation of the lake are very slight. In previous papers Diller has confirmed the surmises of Captain Dutton that there have been extensive volcanic eruptions and lava flow in that region during the past two hundred years. In some places, indeed, these have been so recent that the forests overwhelmed by them have not had time to decay, though constantly exposed to the weather.

FROM "THE UNITED FRIEND."

#### A Young Minister of the Olden Time and His Gift.

Early in the second quarter of the last century, there lived within the limits of Abington Meeting near Philadelphia, a lad by the name of John Griffith. Welsh by birth, and of Quaker parentage, he had been attracted by the fair reports of the province of Pennsylvania to quit his native hills and seek a home in the new world.

Here, removed from the watchful care of his parents, the boy fell into some ways that were not good for him; but though the earthly parent was not near to reprove, the Heavenly Father did not neglect his child. By the visits tations of his grace, He would have turned him from the indulgence in that which was harmful and set his heart on better things; but, he says: "I was very unwilling to give up to the call of Christ. I could plead abundance of excuse concluding among other things, that I was young and might live a great many years; that if I did take my swing a few years, I might [still] become religious sooner than many other had done who were brave men in their days. I would, however—to make myself more easy for that time—fully determine to be a very religious, good man at one time or other; but I must be not yet."

The wisdomfulness of his heart does not seem to have manifested itself in any marked improprieties of conduct, for he speaks of standing fairly well before men. "I was afraid to tell a lie," he says, "except to embellish or set off a pleasant or merry tale or story; apprehending it no great crime to tell a lie in jest. I do not remember ever to have sworn an oath, or uttered a curse." He attended meetings for worship in a perfunctory way, though what he heard there was to him "like water spilt upon a stone." "I was indeed for some time," he writes, "like a heath in the desert, not knowing when good came; and if at any time the seed of God's kingdom fell upon my heart, which was like the highway ground, it was soon taken away and I presently lost the savor thereof."

One evening, when he was about nineteen years of age, he was engaged in boisterous merrymaking with some young companions, as they carried their roystering to such a degree that after retiring for the night, John felt some sharp lashes of conscience for his part in the affair. The thought that men are not brought into this world for such a frivolous purpose was pressed home to him, and he was sobered though his conviction did not prevent his prettily soon getting to sleep. He had not slept long before he was awakened by one who brought the news that one of his merry-making companions, who was in the same house, was ver-

and likely to die. In an agony of mind, John hastened to him—the thought of the way in which the evening had been mis-spent, and he sudden illness that had fallen on this poor friend, weighing him down with distress. He felt as though his own last hour was at hand, and that there was no hope of deliverance from an everlasting misery.

"This happened," he says, "on a Seventh-day night, and though the young man in his time recovered, yet he was not fit to be left next day, which hindered me from going to meeting, where I was exceedingly desirous to go; for by this time I was pretty thoroughly awakened to a sense of duty, and it being a week before the like opportunity presented to me again, it seemed the longest week I had ever known. O how did I long to present myself before the Lord in the assemblies of his people! that I might pour forth my inward cries before Him in a state of sincere repentance and deep contrition of soul; which, through the effectual operation of his power in my heart, I was then in condition to do."

"Now I clearly saw that repentance is the gift of God, and that his love, wherewith He hath loved us in Christ Jesus our Lord, leads us thenceforth. The fleshly will being for he present overcome and silenced, there was a living up with all readiness of mind to the Lord's requirements. There was not anything so near to part with for the real and substantial enjoyment of the Beloved of my soul; or I was brought in degree to experience that I came "for judgment into this world, that I might see that I might see; and that they which see might be made blind." I could no longer look upon my former delights with any satisfaction, but instead thereof had a glorious view of the beautiful situation of Mount Zion. My face was turned thitherward, and for the joy which was set before me, I was made willing to endure the cross of Christ and despise the shame; and though I became a wonder and a gazelock to my former companions, I did not much regard it, knowing I had just cause so to be. My great change struck them with some awe, or I observed they had not the boldness to mock or deride me before my face."

When First-day came the young man went to meeting, and it proved a memorable occasion. "We strangers who were present, spoke in the ministry, and their words seemed especially addressed to his state. "Now did I in some degree," he writes, "experience the substance of that was intended by the 'baptism of water unto repentance; the washing of water by the Word; and the being born of water and the Spirit.' All which would be fully seen and clearly understood by the professors of Christianity, were they rightly acquainted with the Gospel of Christ, 'which is the power of God unto salvation, [to every one that believeth.]" His power inwardly revealed, is alone able to work that change in them without which, our Lord saith, none shall so much as see the kingdom of God. But alas! being carnal in their minds, a spiritual religion doth not suit them; or as saith the Scripture, 'the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, for they are foolishness unto him; neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned.' Hence it is, that professors of the Christian name retain signs and shadows, whilst the substance is neglected; pleading for the continuance of types, when the anti-type is but too regarded. Where this latter is experienced, the shadows and types vanish and come to an

end; as did the legal types, when Christ the Anti-type came and introduced His dispensation, which is altogether of a spiritual nature. . . .

"This administration of water by the Word continued in a remarkable manner upon me, for about three months, in which I found great satisfaction, as it was accompanied with an heavenly sweetness, my heart being balm to my wounded spirit; my like being melted before the Lord as wax is melted before the fire. Great was my delight in reading the Holy Scriptures and other good books; being favored at that time to receive much comfort and improvement thereby. But this easy, melting dispensation was to give way to a more powerful one, that the floor might be thoroughly purged, even the baptism with the Holy Ghost and with fire. For the former dispensation of the Lord to my soul seemed much to resemble John's baptism with water unto repentance, as being the real thing signified thereby in order to prepare the way of the Lord."

Under this fiery dispensation, he tells us, he was for a time greatly distressed, believing himself utterly forsaken. "All the former tenderness was gone, and I was as the parched ground." His mind was often beset with evil thoughts, but he was mercifully preserved from succumbing to them, though often apprehensive that he was not so earnest as he might have been in resisting them. "Very great," he says, "were my temptations, and deep my distress of mind, for about a year; in which time I was but as a little child in understanding the way and work of God upon me for my redemption. Yet He who will not break the bruised reed nor quench the smoking flax, until He sends forth judgment unto victory, by his invisible power bore up my head above the raging waves of temptation so that the enemy found he could not overwhelm me therewith. The Lord taught my hands to war and my fingers to light under his banner through whose blessing and assistance I found some degree of victory over the beast, viz: that part which hath its life in fleshly gratifications."

But now the young man, though he could not be drawn into sensuality, was lured into a subtler error. So anxious was he to walk strictly according to the Divine Will and deny himself in all things inconsistent therewith, that he mistook certain of his own morbid imaginings for the Lord's voice, and fancied himself divinely commanded to refrain from some of the necessities of life, and to curtail his hours of natural rest. These unnatural mortifications of the flesh did not continue without attracting the sympathizing notice of his friends; and finally a ministering Friend of the meeting to which John belonged, was drawn to have some close conversation with him on the subject, and so laid bare the matter to the young man that his eyes were opened to the delusion. The experience was a useful one, for, as he says, "I then clearly saw that Satan in his religious appearances is carefully to be guarded against, as nothing in religion can be acceptable to God but the genuine product of his own unerring Spirit."

It was not long after this that John Griffith had a view that he should be called to the work of the ministry. Over the careless, self-indulgent, jest-loving youth a mighty change had come; "my mind," he says, "being at times wonderfully overshadowed with the universal love of God to mankind in the glorious Gospel of his Son, to such a degree that I thought I could, in the strength thereof, give up to spend

and be spent for the gathering of souls to Him, the great Shepherd of Israel, and that I could lift up my voice like a trumpet to awaken the inhabitants of the earth. But I found all this was only by way of preparation for this important work, and that I had not yet received a commission to engage therein."

The lamb that had but lately strayed after the stranger, had now come to know better the voice of the true Shepherd, and waited to hear it. "A fear and care were upon my mind lest I should presume to enter upon this solemn undertaking without a right call; it appearing to me exceedingly dangerous, to speak in the name of the Lord without clear evidence in the mind that He required it of me, which I then fully believed He would do in his own time [and that] was to be waited for. From this time until I was really called into the work, I frequently had—especially in religious meetings—openings of Scripture passages, with lively operations of the Divine power in my mind; and sometimes with so much energy that I have been almost ready to offer to others what I had upon my mind. But as, through a holy awe which dwelt upon my heart, I endeavored to try my offering in the unerring balance of the sanctuary, I found it too light to be offered; and was thankful to the Lord for his merciful preservation in that I had been enabled to avoid offering the sacrifice of fools. But when the time really came that it was Divinely required of me, the evidence was so indisputably clear, that there was not the least room to doubt."

In his human weakness he was disobedient to the first call, but when the call was extended again at the following meeting he yielded. We have the record in his own words: "At the next First-day meeting, the heavenly power overshadowed me in a wonderful manner, in which it was required of me to kneel down in supplication to the Lord in a few words. I gave way thereto in the dread of his power with fear and trembling. After which my soul was filled with peace and joy in the Holy Ghost, and I could sing and make sweet melody in my heart to the Lord. As near as I remember, I was twenty-one years of age, the very day I first entered into this great and awful work of the ministry."

Thus was John Griffith preserved from falling into the pitfall of mistaking the day of his call; but now another danger awaited him. This is set forth in his journal:

"As I was enabled to wait on my ministry, I experienced a considerable growth and enlargement; and in a faithful discharge of duty therein, great peace and heavenly consolation like a pleasant refreshing stream, flowed into my soul. I also found that it was a means of engaging the minds of Friends in a sweet and comfortable nearness of unity with me, which I had never before so largely and lively felt. Many well-minded young people, and some others of little experience seemed to admire my gift, and would sometimes speak highly of it, which they did not always forbear in my hearing. . . . My judgment was against it; yet I found something in me that seemed to have no aversion thereto, but rather inclined to hearken to it, yet not with full approbation. The same thing in me would want to know what such-and-such (who were in most esteem for experience and wisdom) thought of me. I sometimes imagined such looked shy upon me, which would cast me down—all which, being from a rof of self, I found was for judgment and must die upon the cross before I was fit to

be trusted with any great store of Gospel treasure.

"I began also to take rather too much delight myself in the gift; and had not Divine goodness in mercy, by a deep and distressing baptism, kindly prevented, this might have opened a door for spiritual pride, which is the worst kind of pride, to enter in, to my ruin. . . . In the midst of my high career, the Lord was pleased to take away from me for a time the gift of the ministry, and with all sensible comforts of the Spirit; so that I was, as I thought, in total darkness, even in the region and shadow of death.

"In this deplorable state of mind, I was grievously beset and tempted by the false prophet, the transformer, to keep up my credit in the ministry, by continuing my public appearances. It might well be said of him that he would 'cause fire to come down from heaven in the sight of men, to deceive them;' and so I found it." Sometimes the young man would be almost persuaded to rise and speak, but as he waited patiently he would find it was but his own imagination that moved him—like sparks that go out in the darkness—and he would keep silence. Thus for four or five months he continued in great distress. His friends, like Job's, had much to say, some conjecturing one thing and some another. But a better day was coming. "When my gracious Helper," says the journal, "saw my suffering was enough, He restored [my gift] again, and appeared to my soul as a clear morning without clouds; everlasting praises to his holy name! My mind was deeply bowed in humble thankfulness under a sense of the great favor of being again counted worthy to be intrusted with so precious a gift; therefore I was careful to exercise it in a great fear and awfulness, and more in a cross to my own will than before."

An especial purpose of this account has been to call the attention to two points which are characteristic of the views held by Friends touching Gospel ministry. First, that the inward opening of heavenly things, which are from time to time vouchsafed to every faithful follower of Christ who abides in Him, are not in themselves a call to the ministry. And secondly, after the real call has been received and known, it must not be assumed that this call is once for all, but that in the right exercise of the ministry a fresh baptism must attend each appearance, and be waited for.

John Griffith grew in his gift and in time became an instrument of power in the Lord's hands for the spread of his everlasting truth. That his subsequent service was blessed, was, we cannot but believe, largely due to his having learned these deep lessons at the very beginning of his Christian course, and faithfully observed them.

PEACE.—Henry VII. prefaced all his treaties with the words, "When Christ came into the world peace was sung, and when He went out of the world peace was bequeathed." Jesus said, "Blessed are the peace-makers, for they shall be called the children of God."

"If there is in the affairs of mortal men any one thing which is proper uniformly to explode, and incumbent on every man, by every lawful means, to avoid, to deprecate, to oppose, that one thing is, doubtless, war. There is nothing more unnaturally wicked, more productive of misery, more extensively destructive, more obstinate in mischief, more unworthy of man as formed by nature, much more of man professing Christianity."—*Erasmus on War.*

## DIVINE LOVE.

BY THE LATE JOHN L. KITE, M. D.

There is a love that childhood knows,  
While nestling on its mother's breast;  
Increasing as love's fountain flows,  
Replete with life, while thus caressed.

There is a love the mother feels,  
While yearning o'er her precious child;  
Which grows and strengthens as she seals  
That love on lips which sweetly smiled.

This is a pure, parental love,  
Which glows like summer's noontide hour;  
An emanation from above,  
Melling the heart beneath its power.

Love is a flower that women hide,  
Yet nourish in their inmost breast;  
In men it is an ocean tide,  
Which bears them to earth's sweetest rest.

A love there is, that lengthens years  
Of toil and sorrow learns to brave;  
That sweetly dries the mutual tears  
Of friendship, tottering to the grave.

There is a love true patriots feel,  
Embracing all their fatherland;  
Which seeks to bless the common weal;  
Knits heart to heart, and hand to hand.

But what is childhood's lovely bud?  
What woman's full, expanded flower?  
Parent's warm glow, or husband's flood?  
What friendship's tie? What patriots' power?

Compared with that Eternal Love,  
That flows in one unvarying course;  
The mercate Fountain above,  
Supplying its unfailing source.

That Love, whose boundless breathing fills  
Creation's measureless expanse;  
Beneath whose smile each creature thrills,  
Warmed into being by its glance.

That Love which brought Immanuel down  
To save from death a dying world;  
To gather to his Father's crown,  
What satan had to ruin hurled.

'Twas revelation's star that shined  
In Bethlehem's Babe the Incarnate Word;  
From heavenly hosts the anthem flowed,  
Which hailed the birth of Christ the Lord.

In that still hour, when all was calm,  
Night bidding earthly passions cease,  
The watching shepherds heard the psalm,  
Which ushered in the Prince of Peace.

Behold, on this auspicious morn,  
Good tidings of great joy were heard;  
For unto you this day is born  
A Saviour, which is Christ, the Lord.

You'll find this Healer of man's woes,  
His refuge from the power of sin,  
Wrapped in an infant's swaddling clothes,  
Laid in the manger of an inn.

Oh, matchless love! The blind, the lame,  
To heal whose wounds that lady blest,  
Physician, Saviour, Jesus came,  
Without a place to lay his head.

Love's sympathetic garb He wore  
Beside the grave where Lazarus slept;  
The Jews this witness for Him bore,  
"See how He loved!" when Jesus wept.

Again, when o'er Jerusalem  
He grieved because He failed to bring  
Her erring children home to Him,  
Like birds beneath a parent's wing.

'Twas Love Divine that bore Him up,  
Through years of ballasting and pain;  
That made Him drain each bitter cup,  
That man, lost Eden might regain.

No grander scene could earth afford,  
Nor heaven diviner Love display,  
Than was revealed when Christ the Lord  
Gave for our sins his life away.

While foes their bitter scorn declare,  
They found Him to love's mission true;  
"Father, forgive them," was his prayer,  
"For oh, they know not what they do."

The contrite malefactor's plea  
Accepted was in sacrifice;  
For Jesus answered "Thou shalt be  
To-day with me in Paradise."

"My God! My God! Oh, why hast thou  
Forsaken me," the Saviour cried;  
These cruel nails, this bleeding brow,  
The gushing waters from his side.

All these the Paschal Lamb endured;  
For us a full atonement made;  
Our pardon thus his blood secured,  
He for our sins the ransom paid.

When stretched upon that bloody cross,  
Immanuel yielded up his breath;  
Earth trembly confessed its loss,  
And open threw the gates of death.

For us He died that darkened day,  
For us his precious blood was shed;  
Love could alone such ransom pay—  
A Saviour dying in our stead.

Dying, He triumphed o'er the grave;  
"Thou'ld'st e'en from death his bitter sting;  
And to his ransomed followers gave  
Salvation's hallowed song to sing.

"Praise to the Lord!" the anthem rung;  
"The Lamb's redeemed us by his blood,  
From every nation, kindred, tongue,  
Made kings and priests unto our God."

Glory to God for sinners slain!  
His are all riches, honor, might;  
And his the power to rule and reign;  
Let every creature own his right.

A vesture dip't in blood He wore,  
And on his thigh the imprinted words;  
His name and title thus He bears,  
"The King of kings and Lord of lords.

Then to his gathered church He gave  
A name descriptive of his love;  
Bride of the Lamb, 'twas his to save,  
That she might reign with Him above.

Bride of the Lamb, thy glories shine  
Like jasper and like crystal clear;  
On Zion's mountain it is thine,  
In spotless garments to appear.

Thy wall heaven's jewelry displays;  
Salvation was its name of old;  
The pearly gates are gates of praise;  
Thy streets are paved with burnished gold.

Tears can no more thy vision dim,  
Nor sin thy happiness alloy;  
God is in New Jerusalem,  
The Fountain of eternal joy.

Forever clothed in linen white,  
Around the throne each bears a palm;  
Nor temple needs; no other light  
Than God Almighty and the Lamb.

Proceeding from Jehovah's throne,  
Flows out that pure and crystal river,  
Whose living waters can alone  
Preserve in health the soul forever.

The tree of life beside it seeth,  
Casting its fruit each month around,  
Its leaves a heavenly recipe  
Are healing to the nations found.

The Spirit and the Bride say "Come,"  
Let him who is thirsty repair;  
The lame, the blind, the deaf, the dumb,  
And life's sweet waters freely share.

Sheep among empty farms that roam,  
On barren mountains, bleak and cold,  
Will find when safely gathered home,  
One Shepherd and one heavenly fold.

Then will all evil passions cease,  
And e'en as in the realms above,  
On earth will reign the Prince of Peace,  
O'er one great family of love.



## A Reminiscence.

In the course of my epistolary intercourse with Joseph Scattergood, one day, at the close of our week-day meeting, a friend put into my hand two letters. On reaching home, the one indorsed by an unknown scribe was opened and read. It proved to be from a man that had once lived neighbor to me, but was then on the frontiers, in the State of Kansas, and, in common with others, was suffering great destitution on account of failure of crops. He said he thought of me as being in a more favored place, and that, perhaps, I could collect and send them some aid. Wife and I thought the case a trying one, for our community had just been so thoroughly canvassed for a similar purpose, it was not likely that much, if any, could be raised, but concluded we must try.

The letter from Joseph Scattergood was opened and read, in which he asked me to inform him if I knew of any needing aid. Gentle reader, imagine our feelings when we realized that the hand of the Lord was in this thing, and we knew it not. I took from my Kansas letter suitable extracts, including a note expressive of my confidence in the honesty of the applicant, and forwarded them to J. Scattergood. In a few days I received in response a few lines, accompanied by his check for fifty dollars, to be forwarded to the suffering parties. My collections were not so much, but it did me good to have so kind and sympathizing a friend. The whole amount was forwarded, and in due time I received from Reuben Miller an account of its reception, and of the distribution of it among his needy neighbors, accompanied by their heartfelt gratitude to their unknown benefactors, a statement of which was forwarded Joseph Scattergood. But, as a personal friend of his once told me that he was very precise in his correspondence and business transactions, keeping a transcript of all, so, if any discrepancy should appear betwixt his account and this, I only can beg the clemency of the critic, having nothing to guide my pen but memory. As the name indicates, so tradition put it, that the family were inclined to do good, for my mother used to tell her children that when she was a very little girl, one Thomas Scattergood sometimes attended the meeting where she belonged, and his preaching so impressed her mind that she thought him well named—Scattergood. A mother's story is long remembered by her children, for she told us, too, that when she was a lass, and one day, standing before a glass, crimping and curling her hair, preparatory to going to meeting, her elder sister, with whom she lived, spoke advisory to her on the subject. Mother said her answer was, "Sister, unless He forbids it, I intend to wear my curls to-day just to my own mind." "And to meeting I went, completely suited with myself. But there was that nan, Scattergood. Presently he began to preach on the subject of decking and adorning, and finally spoke pointedly on the prevailing custom of curling the hair. My head," she said, "dropped pretty low, my fingers were moistened with the tears that flowed from my eyes, my curls were reached and straightened out as best I could get them, and I, left to realize that once I wore my curls to my mind, but I never wanted them more."

It is related of the late Daniel Millhouse, of Ponsville Monthly Meeting, Morgan County, Ohio, that many years ago, when engaged in farming, he had gone to the field and commenced ploughing, but had made but a few rounds when

an impression was made on his mind that his proper business for the time was to go and take a quantity of flour to the home of a certain fatherless family some miles distant. The impression increasing in weight, he loosed his team from the plough, prepared the flour, and set off on his errand of mercy. On reaching the home of the family, the poor, disconsolate mother, overcome with gratitude, informed him that she had sent her children to school, and their scanty lunch basket contained all the available bread-stuff in her possession, and she knew not how to provide supper for them on their return. A friend in need is a friend indeed.

The Journal of the late Joseph Hoag is copious with evidence that he was remarkably gifted with a sense or sight of circumstances likely to happen. Of such the writer is cognizant of one not set down in the book. In the year 1841, as he and a companion were making the canvass of the Society of Friends in Eastern Ohio, on returning from a meeting which they had attended, several carriages being in company, some changing of places had been made to accommodate the inclination of the travellers for social and religious conversation. My mother was in the carriage with Joseph Hoag, seated on the back seat pleasantly engaged in conversation, when, of a sudden, Joseph desired the driver to stop, and let him and Debbie get out, for he apprehended danger near at hand. The lines-man, seeing nothing of the kind, continued to move on, till Joseph laid his hand on him, and, with almost commanding tone, said, "Job, thou must stop and let Debbie and me out of here," as if he felt it to be a dangerous place for them. The request was granted. The team had moved forward but a few steps, when the king-bolt of the carriage came apart, letting the front end of the box drop, with violence, to the ground, bruising the driver some, and it looked likely, had the old couple remained where they were, the consequence to them might have been serious. My mother frequently related this remarkable event with feelings of emotion. "The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord."

[To the printed minutes of Kansas Yearly Meeting of Conservative Friends is appended the following epistle from our aged Friend, Huldah M. Beede.]

*Penned for the Friends of Kansas Yearly Meeting, held at Emporia, Kansas.*—Feeling, as to personal acquaintance an entire stranger, which does not prevent a living interest, an earnest solicitude on your behalf and for your prosperity in every way. Trusting it is in pure Gospel love you are brought near in my best feelings, in most tender sympathy.

A little portion of believers, earnestly desirous of living answerable to your high and holy profession, often feeling stripped and lonely—Oh, that it may drive closer to the Eternal Fountain, the Rock of Ages, that your abiding may be by the Saviour's side, low and humbly listening to hear his blessed words of reproof or teaching. It does call for much inwardness of mind to know the will of our blessed Lord; to be taught of Him; be guided by his unerring hand. Great indeed is the mystery of true godliness, and yet made clear to the seeking heart; as they are led into it, step by step, in dedicated obedience, the beauty of it cannot be told in words. With close adherence to the still, small voice, which teacheth as man never taught, it will lead to know and partake of that which satisfies the longings of an immortal soul—the excellence thereof felt and appreciated.

Despise not the day of fresh visitation. Dear young Friends, particularly would I beseech you to make a full surrender of the whole heart, Shriek not at the cross; despise not the day of small things; count nothing small that is manifest in the silence of all flesh, in the silent chamber of the inner part. To be faithful in little things is something great. It is a great advantage, dear Friends, crucifying that which ever stands opposed to entire dedication of heart—strengthening that which maketh for peace and righteousness.

Under a sense of unworthiness, dear Friends, it is a desire to extend a word of encouragement, realizing without the sure seal it will be valueless, or of no weight in your hearing. Deeply realizing the daily warfare that must be maintained against all hindering and besetting things, by which all are surrounded and have to war against in our daily walk. Dear Friends, you that have continued to love the ancient landmarks, have mourned the broken down walls, our lovely order and precious testimonies trampled upon as of no account, most deeply my tenderest sympathy greet you. Stand firm, remembering the eyes of the dear youth are watching your steps. Let circum-pection mark them in every particular; and, dear young Friends, the call hath been sounded within you again and again. Have you listened, being obedient to the heavenly call? Remember, precious chosen children, this call is all of unmerited mercy and love. Dear lambs, chosen for the fold, I beseech you, keep not the Beloved out until his head is wet with the dew and his glorious locks wet with the drops of the night. Your beloved fathers and mothers, bowed with weight, responsibility and care, are watching you with anxious hearts, needing your help to hold up, steadying their weary hands and comfort their drooping spirits.

Dear children, close in with offered mercy—defer no longer—deep regrets in the future, let me tell you, cannot make amends for present slighted favors. All hope better things of you—things pertaining to and accompanying your salvation. Oh, could I take each one of you by the hand and speak words that would stimulate and encourage to perseverance, and doubling of diligence to make your calling and election sure! I can do nothing of ourselves. I can only commend you unto God, who can give all things according to individual needs. Let brotherly love continue, and charity abound among you. Let your lights so shine that others, beholding, may come and glorify our blessed Lord. A day of mingled sadness, with discouraging appearances. Live to-day with the mind centered to the alone Head and Helper of his people. Do what is presented, leaving what is past, not attempting to scan the future; leaving all with the great I Am, who knoweth the end from the beginning—will turn and overturn, eventually bringing to pass his own gracious designs, causing the wrath of man to praise Him, who is ever alone worthy of all adoration and praise.

Trusting the foregoing lines have been penned in Gospel love and fellowship, that due allowance for age—ten years laid by with infirmities; hoping a charitable mantle may be over many mistakes covering all; while feeling this effort falls far short of justly conveying feelings of interest and earnest solicitude for your individual growth in the ever-blessed Truth—will feelingly bid you an affectionate farewell.

Your friend,

HULDAH M. BEEDE.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., TENTH MONTH 16TH, 1896.

FOR "THE FRIEND."

### Friends' Freedmen's Association of Philadelphia.

The Board of Managers are glad to state that the present appointments at Christiansburg School, Va., have been wisely made, and the work there is meeting the expectations of Friends, as outlined at the last annual meeting of the Association. We hope during the present month of which due notice will be given to have the opportunity of hearing direct from Booker T. Washington, who then expects to be in Philadelphia, relative to the school now under his oversight, and the especial management of Charles L. Marshall, one of Hampton's graduates, who, also, has promised to be with us at our annual meeting in Fourth Month next, when he will state what has been accomplished during the past year under his charge, and his plans and hopes for the school's future. Our immediate anxiety is that the funds (two thousand dollars) promised him at the last annual meeting should be promptly subscribed. Thus far we have received only one-half that amount, and the salaries of the teachers are now due. Any contributions, large or small, will be gladly received by the treasurer, David A. Alsop, 409 Chestnut street.

The Industrial Department is getting in good working order, and will undoubtedly prove of great value to the people. We add a few extracts from letters lately received from Charles L. Marshall. "I want to thank you for having made it possible for our Blacksmithing Department to have such a rich donation as 1,000 pounds of iron and steel." Under date of Tenth Month 15th, 1890, "I find myself almost borne down by your kindness in sending to us such an excellent sewing machine and form for our sewing room. The girls of that department wish me to say to you that they are very thankful for your having made their chance here so rich." Eleventh Month 4th, 1890, "We are very much pleased with our Champion Forge, No. 14." Twelfth Month 10th, 1890, "We are moving on nicely, both in industrial and class room work, and I think the day is not far distant when our school will be, like Tuskegee, a blessing to the land." First Month 30th, 1891, "I am constantly in receipt of letters from people throughout this part of the State, rejoicing in the chance given colored boys and girls in the field of mechanical science." And again, "We have yet many urgent needs in order to make a good, fully developed industrial school, but we believe these will be forthcoming as soon as we are able to prove our needs real." Second Month 25th, 1891, "I have never witnessed, in all my life, such a growing interest in industry as is now true of the teachers and students of our school."

MARY PEILEY when in America on a religious visit, was led to labor with a young man at Boston, on his being likely to marry one of another Society. She says, "It arose in my heart, while we talked with him, that he was deeply tainted with deism, a disbeliever in the Scriptures, of the coming of Christ in the flesh, and his second appearance by his Spirit. I told him my opinion of his state, which he acknowledged to be true; he spoke in defense of his opinions. I told him the ground whence his unbelief sprung was leaning to his own understanding, and departing from the Light, which alone can convince of God and godliness."

There is much instruction in the remark of this deeply experienced Friend, that unbelief

springs from dependence on one's own understanding, and departing from that spiritual Light which alone can unfold spiritual mysteries.

FOR "THE FRIEND."

### Letter from Germany.

ROSDORFERWE: Göttingen, Second Mo. 4th, '91.

At Goslar we visited the chapel, and saw the iron box containing the heart of Henry the IV., and from here descended into the semi-subterranean parts of the castle, which remain exactly in the same condition in which they were built, and where the retinue of the Kaisers were accommodated. Coming again into the open air, I took my seat on a stone bench in a remote corner of the grounds, and let my fancy have free play with the shades of the past all around, and the same sun, sinking to rest behind the mountains, that had shone on the comings out and goings in of those imperial heads so long ago. The twilight lasts so long in this northern latitude that I had still time to take an indirect course back to the hotel, hunting up more narrow streets and quaint, nodding houses.

At half-past seven the next morning I had finished my coffee and rolls, and spent the intervening hour and a half between this time and the hour when the Rathaus would be open, to take a long, last look at the most interesting objects that had attracted me the day before. Having climbed the Rathaus steps, and opened a massive door, I found myself in a low, old-fashioned room, with wooden benches ranged along the sides. Having secured a ticket by applying in an adjoining room, I seated myself upon one of the benches, until at last a man appeared and beckoned me to follow him. This I did, passing through a narrow entrance, and up a short flight of steps, and we came soon into the famous "Huhligung-zimmer," the wonder of the place. The decorations of this room date back to the fifteenth century to the time of Goslar's greatest glory as a member of the Hansa. The room is not large, but the walls and ceiling are a mass of paintings in bright colors, representing mostly Bible scenes. There is here a large collection of curiosities—wonderful silver work belonging to a very remote period, various manuscripts and objects belonging to Kaisers, priests and burgomasters that have figured in the history of Goslar. There was a sort of wooden cage there, which held exactly two persons, into which quarreling women used to be put, who, not able to endure one another's proximity at home, were forced to learn to do so in the public market place. Then there was a corner devoted to instruments of torture, but I could not look at them long.

I had, however, but little time to tarry. Hastening back to the hotel, I paid my bill, and, as the town clock struck half-past ten, I had just emerged from the shadow of the great gateway, and had set my face towards the south. Goslar lies on the northeastern side of the Harz, directly at the foot of the mountains, and Andreasberg at the top of almost the last range, to the south. It was over a nine-hours' steady walk, and the day was well in advance. At first the way skirted along the edge of the mountain, then turned into a valley that rapidly narrowed and ascended, becoming soon charmingly picturesque. There was much driving and much walking along the road up this beautiful Okertal ("thal" always means valley, Oker is the name of the stream, as it is one of the most visited regions in the Harz. Every short space was provided with a restaurant and

garden, where one could quench thirst, and all such places were simply swarming with humanity. At Romkerhalle I made a little halt for at this place a very pretty water-fall came tumbling down some two hundred feet, and though to seat one's self at one of the many tables, temptingly placed at a proper distance to have a good view of the falls, meant to indulge in a drink, I was quite ready to partake of another glass of milk, and did so in the German fashion, sipping a little from time to time and taking my ease, as though that were the only thing I intended to do that day. When the glass was finally emptied, I started forward at this point leaving the main road, and following a narrow path that brought me at last, after constantly following the white arrows painted on the trees, to the Forsterei, situated at the top of the Ahrendsberg, about two thousand feet above the valley. Here I was to have dinner. It was served to me, under a tree, by the side of the road, but it did not hold me long. I took again my wanderer's staff, and, having inquired of the Forsterei the way to Torfhaus, my next halting-place, and having been told, I set off. For two hours the way was merely a sort of trail, with very little to mark it, so that more than once I was quite at a loss whether I was right or wrong, but I always came, in time, to something definite enough and, by regarding my map and the lay of the land, I arrived at last in the Chausee. How I enjoyed that walk over this unused path. It led along a high ridge, often through the woods, but with frequent views or all sides, and always the Brocken straight ahead.

It gives a veritable shock, after an hour or two of such wandering, to come back to an ordinary, dusty road, the sight of weary pedestrians, and, above all, to one's own prosaic self. On taking a turn in the road, I found myself at Torfhaus, the starting-point for the ascent of the Brocken on this side. It was a charming little hotel, with the mountain right in front, and a glimpse, through a valley, of the misty plain beyond, in the distance.

For a long while I had been thinking about this hotel, and when the waiter asked me "Grosse oder kleine tasse?" "Grosse," I said with emphasis. It was brought to me in a little summer-house overlooking this charming view.

Of course you have heard of the "Spectre of the Brocken." The story of that rock, casting shadow like a man, formed a very vivid picture on my youthful mind. The mountain made no impression upon me. I do not even think I knew it was a mountain, but I saw there always that giant, casting his shadow, whichever way the sun happened to be, on all sides of him. I need not tell you that the top looks just as round and smooth, from a little distance, as though there were no stones on his fat old sides. I believe there is, however, some foundation for the story. When the sun is just setting and then happens to be clouds in the right position in the valley—of course it must be a certain time of year, as well, when the sun is in the proper part of the heavens—then there is a rock, whose shadow, caught on the clouds, is like that of a giant head. I don't know who ever got all those proper conditions together, and saw the specter there, but I suppose some one has. But in Germany no one seems to know much about it.

From Torfhaus there was quite a stretch to the reservoir which supplies the mines of Andreasberg, which are worked by hydraulic power, with water. On the other side of this artificial lake, I left the main road again, and

allowed the course of the "Raybergergraben," which is a most romantic stone-formed ditch, which carries the water along the side of the mountain, at a good elevation, with charming views through a valley, whose sides are almost steep enough to form a cañon of the plains that is south of the Harz. This two or three miles roadway is the most picturesque of anything I have seen in the Harz. At last the ditch disappeared in a mountain, and I, not being able to follow, climbed the steep side, and came, at last, where I could look down upon Andreasburg. It was already past sunset, but still quite bright. The rest of the way, being all down grade, made at a very rapid pace, and arrived about nine o'clock at the Osterer.

### What One New England Girl Did.

BY HELEN MARSHALL NORTH.

In a tiny farm-house on one of the brightest and holdest hills of western Massachusetts there was born, one hundred years ago last month, a little New England girl, whose name is known in all parts of the world where Christian education is honored, and whose influence will cease only with eternity itself.

I think that no New England girl of that day had fewer external advantages to help her on to fame and influence than had the little Mary Lyon. The farm on this story hill-side in Buckland, and the very small house that sheltered her parents and seven children, were the sole patrimony of good Aaron Lyon, the father. They lived miles away from the churches and schools of Buckland and Ashfield. There was little money to spend on anything but the necessities of life, though always a portion for a poorer neighbor.

"The children of that household never thought of being dependent or depressed, they felt that their father had laid up for them rich store in grateful hearts and among the treasures which will never decay; and that their mother, who was considered in that neighborhood a sort of presiding angel of good works, as continually adding to those stores. I can now remember just the appearance of that neighbor who had a numerous household to clothe, as he said, one day. 'How is it that Mrs. Lyon can do more for me than anyone else?'"

There was, indeed, great store of health, of right spirits, of affection for each other, and of love and reverence for the highest things of life that little mountain home—a godly heritage.

Mary grew up, a sweet, healthy girl, with real masses of reddish gold hair, cheeks like roses, and enough energy and perseverance to fit out two or three girls. She walked patiently, sometimes a mile, sometimes two or three, one or another of the district school-houses in the vicinity, situated in the loveliest woods of all New England. The site of one of these, which must, I think, have been the very first that she attended, reminds one of the "Drum-chy" school-house in which "Domie" taught Georgie Howe."

Very near the picturesque little farm-house began the ascent of "Put's Hill," from which glorious view of all the country for miles and miles around was to be obtained. Even the tops of the Berkshires seemed at its feet. Here Mary loved to come to gaze on the lovely mountain tops, and dream of what lay beyond the hills. And to me it has always seemed that this road outlook may have inspired, or at least quickened, that feeling of good-will to all the

world which was the dominating trait in her character in after years.

After a time, the mother was left a widow, and Mary had gathered all the learning offered in the little district, and was ardently longing for Latin and the higher English branches. A generous old gentleman of Ashfield, Esquire White, discovered her wonderful ability, and opened for her a way, though not by charity, to the Sanderson Academy, in his own town, and later to the then famous seminary at Byfield, near Newburyport.

The story of how Mary Lyon studied at these schools is so fascinating that one longs for a fuller record of these years. Like Napoleon, she often allowed herself only four hours of sleep out of the twenty-four, and the least possible time at table, in order that she might improve every minute in study. "Mary is gathering knowledge by handfuls," wrote her room-mate.

When she first entered Sanderson Academy, she was unusually shy and awkward, and the principal expressed a fear that the students would laugh at her appearance. "They will not laugh long," replied her staunch friend, Esquire White.

The students did notice, with some amusement, the eager, absent-minded girl, whose fine head was crowned by a great mass of bright hair, and whose plain dress of indigo-blue was not bluer than her eyes. But she seemed to see no one, and to think only of the great pile of books under her arm.

When she first took her place in the Latin class the scholars wondered what she would do. And when she recited, first, all the declensions of nouns, then of adjectives and of pronouns, and, to the amazement of her teacher, Elisha Burritt, began on the verbs, every scholar in the room ceased studying to listen, and no one laughed again. Within a week (some accounts say within three days) Mary Lyon had committed to memory and recited the entire Latin grammar (Adams'). When, in later years, some one asked her if it was really true that she had done this, she said, "I traced out the likenesses and differences among the declensions and conjugations, and could commit anything to memory quickly when I was young; and as to the rules of syntax, they are so much like those in English grammar that it did not take long to learn them. So, you see, it was no great feat after all."

In these schools she was much loved for her thoughtfulness and unselfishness. When it was suggested to her that another wished the seat that she was occupying, she hastened to her at once, and said, "Do take my place if you like it better than your own. It does not matter where I sit."

Mary Lyon's life was only fifty-two years long. After she left the Byfield Seminary, and even before this, she taught in district and "select" schools in western Massachusetts, always giving of her best, and so impressing the highest principles of intellectual and spiritual life upon her pupils that they never forgot it them. School committees waited to get her pupils for teachers, and every one recognized the value of her instructions. All along the years she snatched opportunities for study. One winter she had a delightful season of study in geology in the family of an Amherst professor whose wife taught her drawing and painting. A term at the Troy Polytechnic was a rare treat to her, but the college course for which she longed was not at that time open to women.

In Londonderry, N. H., and at Ipswich, Mass.,

Mary Lyon taught in academies for women, and here, as elsewhere, it was her ardent desire to make of each pupil a strong, noble worker in the world's great field. Children's children will not forget the influence of her example. But Mary Lyon longed to establish a permanent school for girls, at moderate cost, in which the highest intellectual culture should be matched by the highest spiritual culture. And in 1834, being almost without means or social influence, and with the public sentiment strongly opposed to the higher education of women, she gave up teaching in order to complete and bring to fulfillment her plans for that ideal institution which found its embodiment in Mount Holyoke Seminary—now, and for some years, Mount Holyoke College—in South Hadley, Mass.

With few who had faith in her ideas, and only here and there a friendly hand to aid her, Mary Lyon, now thirty-seven years old, went throughout the State of Massachusetts, seeking means and friends for the enterprise on which she believed the future welfare of hundreds of young women depended. She longed to establish a college with a course like that of Yale and Harvard and Amherst, and from her experience in teaching young women, she saw no reason why the higher branches were not possible for them. But no trustees could be found to sanction so bold a plan, and she had to be content with a seminary course. Even then, one trustee, of honored name, withdrew his influence, we are told, because connection with the project threatened to make him unpopular.

At length, after long struggles, many prayers and many tears, the money was collected for the first building, and on a fine October day in 1835 was laid the cornerstone of that building, known for years, after other buildings had grown up about it, as the Main Building, and in the fall of 1836 destroyed by fire. Twice the wall-fell, and there were many discouragements to meet. Mary Lyon lived nearby, and personally superintended the building.

The school was to open Eleventh Month 8th, 1837. Miss Lyon wrote to a friend, "When I look through to November 8th, it seems like looking down a precipice of many hundred feet, which I must descend. I can only avoid looking at the bottom, and fix my eye on the nearest stone till I have safely reached it."

The story of the success, immediate and lasting, of Mount Holyoke Seminary is well known. For twelve years, Mary Lyon's bright spirit upheld its interests. Many graduates went out as missionaries, with her loving counsels ringing in their ears. Many went out as teachers under the spell of her advice to seek those places which were considered undesirable by others, and there find their mission. Many found homes of their own, and taught to sons and daughters those principles of high living and pure thinking which they had learned of Mary Lyon.

So it came about that this little New England girl from the tiny farm house on the Massachusetts hills became a guiding power in the world. And to-day, as one looks out from the bold hill-top which she loved, strays by the wild little brook which was dear to her, and listens to the bird song in the romantic spot of her birth, he feels quite sure that nothing in the world brings a sweeter reward than a life spent in loving care for others.—*Christian Advocate.*

My eye is for humility and wisdom, that I may be mercifully preserved from falling, and that I may not be tempted to exceed the life and authority of Truth. I know of nothing

more excellent, nor more desirable, than the living virtue of it, qualifying our spirits and enabling us to move in the Lord's work. I wish it, above all things, for ourselves. I wish it, above all things, for our children, that they, as well as we, may surrender themselves at the Great Captain's discretion, make no terms of capitulation in yielding up the citadel of their hearts, only that life, spiritual life, may be granted them, that they may be taken into the service of the Lord. There is no other service which is attended with such advantages. There is safety and protection in it from the usurpation of other lords, which have had dominion. There is maintenance, clothing and pay. There is honor, dignity and immortal glory. All these blessed privileges and rewards are involved in this important cause. I heartily desire that our children's obedience in all things may keep pace with the knowledge communicated to them. "Hear and obey, and your souls shall live," is worthy of all acceptance. First, to be diligent in waiting, in order to hear the still, small voice, which is of private interpretation to our several states individually. Next to obey, in submission and faithfulness, the discoveries of the Divine will in the jobs and titles, as well as the weightier parts of the law.—*Richard Shaubleton, 1784.*

A postal card from our friend Thomas C. Battey, informs that the name of the young Indian, a nephew of Black Beaver, who, as mentioned in the article on "The Penn Parchment," in THE FRIEND of First Month 30th, perished in the flames of the Wichita school-house was "Soldier," not an uncommon name among the Indians. He was not a soldier, but a student in the school.

#### SUMMARY OF EVENTS.

UNITED STATES.—The Fifty-fourth Congress expired by limitation at noon on the 4th inst. The two Houses could not agree on the General Deficiency Bill, and the measure was not passed. The President did not approve the Sundry Civil, Indian and Agricultural Appropriation bills, which thus failed. The Arbitration Treaty failed to pass the Senate.

In vetoing the Immigration bill, President Cleveland says: "In my opinion it is infinitely more safe to admit a hundred thousand immigrants who, though unable to read and write, seek among us only a home and opportunity to work, than to admit one of those voracious agitators and enemies of governmental control who cannot only read and write, but delight in arguing by inflammatory speech the illiterate and peacefully inclined to discount and tumult. Violence and disorder do not originate with illiterate laborers. They are rather the victims of the educated agitator."

William McKinley, of Ohio, was inaugurated as President of the United States at 12 o'clock M. on the 4th inst. The oath of office was administered to him by Chief Justice Fuller, of the United States Supreme Court, on the east terrace of the Capitol, in the presence of a great multitude. A few minutes later President McKinley, with bare head, read his inaugural address from manuscript. Vice President Hobart took the oath of office in the Senate Chamber, and delivered an introductory address.

President McKinley urges monetary reforms; economy in public expenditures at present; the provision of more revenue by a conservative tariff bill, and strongly indorses the Arbitration Treaty.

Those desiring to resign offices were promptly examined by the Senate: Secretary of State, John Sherman, of Ohio; Secretary of the Treasury, Lyman J. Gage, of Illinois; Secretary of War, Russell A. Alger, of Michigan; Attorney General, Joseph McKenna, of California; Postmaster General, James A. Gary, of Maryland; Secretary of the Navy, John D. Long, of Massachusetts; Secretary of the Interior, Coville N. Bliss, of New York; Secretary of Agriculture, James Wilson, of Iowa.

The Governor of Kentucky has appointed Major A. T. Wood, of Mount Sterling, United States Senator, to

succeed Blackburn. The Governor also issued a proclamation calling an extra session of the Legislature Third Month 15th, to elect a Senator for the full term. John A. Henderson, of Tallahassee, Vice President of the Florida Central and Peninsular Railroad, has been appointed an interim United States Senator by Governor Bloxham, to fill the vacancy caused by the expiration of Senator Call's term.

The Governor has also ordered by appointment H. W. Corbett to the United States Senate, to succeed Senator Mitchell. Corbett was Senator from Oregon from 1866 to 1872.

The President issued a proclamation on the 6th inst. calling an extra session of Congress on Third Month 15th, "to receive such communications as may be made by the Executive."

The enormous strength of the gold reserve of the country is shown in the fact that in New York the banks hold nearly \$51,000,000 gold, and the Treasury "free gold balance" over all obligations now reaches almost \$15,000,000.

A cotton mill company, to be operated entirely by colored labor, has been organized at Concord, North Carolina.

The Council of the American Geographical Society at New York has approved the project of Polar exploration laid before it by Civil Engineer R. E. Peary, U. S. N., and will subscribe toward the expense.

A severe shock of earthquake occurred in the vicinity of Niagara Falls on the night of the 6th inst.

An Indianapolis dispatch says that, as a result of last week's rain in Central Ohio and Southern Indiana, 113 bridges and trestles over rivers and creeks were washed away.

On the 2d instant the large power-house of the Union Traction Company, at Third and Mount Vernon Streets, was destroyed by a fire that was started, it is thought, by the chain of a travelling crane touching the armature of a generator. The roar of steam escaping from a bursted supply pipe caused a stampede of spectators and frightened the horses attached to a chemical engine, which knocked down and injured a number of persons. About a dozen lines of street cars were blocked for almost four hours. The loss on buildings and machinery is placed at \$400,000.

Deaths in this city last week numbered 537, which is 17 less than the previous week, and 3 less than the corresponding week of 1896. (Of the foregoing, 208 females and 269 males; 109 died of pneumonia; 63 of diphtheria; 22 of old age; 17 of convulsions; 13 of scarlet fever; 15 of inflammation of the stomach and bowels; 11 of inanition; 11 of bronchitis; 10 of inflammation of the brain; 9 of whooping cough, and 9 of peritonitis.)

*Markets.*—U. S. 2's, 95 a 97; 4's, reg. 111 a 111 1/2; coupon, 113 a 113 1/2; new 4's, 123 a 123 1/2; 5's, 113 1/2 a 114; currency 65, 103 a 104.

*COTTONS.*—Midling uplands ruled steady at 7 1/2c.

*FEED.*—Spot bran ranged from \$12.50 to \$13.00 per ton for winter in bulk, and \$13.50 a \$14.00 for spring in sacks.

*WOLLS.*—Winter super, \$2.55 a \$2.80; do., extras, \$2.90 a \$3.20; Pennsylvania roller, clear, \$4.10 a \$4.25; do., do., straight, \$4.25 a \$4.40; Western winter, clear, \$4.10 a \$4.25; do., do., straight, \$4.25 a \$4.40; do., do., patent, \$4.30 a \$4.75; spring, clear, \$2.65 a \$2.80; do., straight, \$4.00 a \$4.25; do., patent, \$4.30 a \$4.40; do., favorite brands, higher. City mills, extra, \$2.05 a \$2.70; do., clear, \$4.05 a \$4.20; do., straight, \$4.20 a \$4.50; do., do., patent, \$4.55 a \$4.80. *Wool Floor.*—\$2.25 a \$2.60 per lb. as to quality. *BUCKWHEAT FLOUR.*—\$1.10 a \$1.15 per 100 pounds, as to quality.

*GRAIN.*—No. 2 red wheat, 89 a 89 1/2c.

No. 2 mixed corn, 26 1/2 a 26 1/2c.

No. 2 white corn, 22 1/2 a 22 1/2c.

*BEEF CATTLE.*—Extra, 4 1/2 a 5c; good, 4 a 4 1/2c; medium, 4 1/2 a 4c; common, 4 a 3 1/2c.

*SHEEP AND LAMBS.*—Extra, 4 a 4 1/2c; good, 4 a 4 1/2c; medium, 3 1/2 a 3c; common, 3 a 3c; lambs, 4 a 5 1/2c.

*HOGS.*—A terrific anthracite gale prevailed last week about the coasts and in the interior of England. The damage to vessels and harbor works has been great.

The collective note presented to the Porte by the Powers mentions the gradual withdrawal of the Turkish troops from Crete, and suggests a military convention between the Powers and the Porte for the settlement of details. The reply of the Porte to the collective note of the Powers regarding the granting of autonomy to Crete has been received by the diplomats

in Constantinople. The Porte assents to the terms of the Powers.

Greece is prepared to recognize the temporary suzerainty of the Sultan, to withdraw her fleet completely, and to place the Greek army in command of any military representative of the Powers senior in rank to Colonel Vassos, for restoring order in the island, if the Powers agree with ultimately to leave the decision as to the fate of Crete in the hands of the people. The reply of Greece to the demands of the Powers is not satisfactory, and Germany and Russia have signified their approval of an immediate blockade of the Greek and Cretan coasts.

The English Anti-Tobacco League, after an existence of twenty-six years, during which it has published books and pamphlets and a million leaflets, all setting forth the evils of tobacco, have been distrusted, if forced to admit that the use of tobacco is increasing, and the Vice-President of the League concludes that it is impossible to cure an adult smoker.

The reports of the health authorities show that since the beginning of the bubonic plague in Bombay, the present time there have been 8,283 cases and 6,973 deaths from the disease.

The authorities in Cairo, Egypt, have given a permit for a horse-car line to the Pyramids.

The schooner *Vine* has arrived at San Francisco from the South Sea, bringing news of the massacre of a dozen or more of a party of Japanese traders by natives of the Bok Islands, a part of the Caroline group. The surviving Japanese traders have asked their Government to send a war vessel to subjugate the islands, although the latter are Spanish possessions.

A despatch of the 2d instant from Toronto to the N. Y. *Voice* says, "Notwithstanding the government promised to respect the wishes of the people, and grant a prohibition plebiscite, a license bill outrageously favorable to the liquor men has been introduced in Parliament. An emergency Prohibition convention has been called, to meet in this city March 11th to protest against the pending bill. Indignation meetings are being held throughout the province of Ontario."

#### NOTICES.

AID FOR THE PERSECUTED DUCHOBORTZ, whose suffering case is related in a late number of THE FRIEND, will be received and forwarded by

JONATHAN E. RHODES, 908 Franklin St.,  
Wilmington, Del.

WESTOWN BOARDING SCHOOL.—Applications for the admission of pupils to the school, and letters in regard to instruction and discipline should be addressed to WILLIAM F. WICKERSHAM, Principal.

Payments on account of board and tuition, and communications in regard to business should be forwarded to EDWARD G. SMEDLEY, Superintendent.  
Address, Westown P. O., Chester Co., Pa.

WESTOWN BOARDING SCHOOL.—For convenience of persons coming to Westown School, the stage will meet trains leaving Philadelphia 7.17 and 8.46 A. M. and 2.53 and 4.32 P. M. Other trains are met when requested. Stage fare on regular trips, fifteen cents on special trips, twenty-five cents each way. To reach the school by telegraph, wire West Chester Phone 31.

EDWARD G. SMEDLEY, *Sup't.*

WESTOWN BOARDING SCHOOL.—The spring term will begin on Third Month 15th, 1897. Application for admission should be made to

WM. F. WICKERSHAM, *Principal*, Westown, Pa.

WANTED.—A middle-aged friend to serve as a driver for the Barclay Home; to care upon our door Fourth Month 1st, 1897. Application may be made to THE BARCLAY HOME, 326 N. Walnut St., West Chester, Pa.

DIED, Second Month 15th, 1897, at her home near Cardington, Morrow Co., Ohio, JANE MORRIS, wife of Joseph Morris, Sr., aged eighty-seven years and six months.

WILLIAM H. PILE'S SONS, PRINTERS,  
No. 422 Walnut Street.

# THE FRIEND.

A Religious and Literary Journal.

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JOSEPH WALTON,

MOORESTOWN, BURLINGTON CO., N. J.

Entered as second-class matter at Philadelphia P. O.

ary and Letters of Deborah Brooks Webb.

(Continued from page 296.)

1878.—Third Month 28th.—She writes, "Yesterday, as I sat sewing, I found for the last ten minutes or so, I had been in-sensibly saying,

"My soul, 'e'en as an infant keep,  
That knows its parent's voice,"

and it seems so sweet and led me to think more about it. Is it not just what we would expect—just that child-like trust and leading and allowing—so quiet, so restful, knowing the Father is watching over all evil and will avert it from his tender little ones. . . . I dined with

W. K. last First-day, and she read me one of her sermons of Elizabeth Evans, Sr., in which she spoke of Micah and his altar and his hired rest, and how the enemy came and took them all away, and he benoaned himself, comparing it with Habakuk where he says, "Although the fig-tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labor of the olive shall fail, and the field shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls; yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation," he thought there was a striking difference between the two men. One had hired outward ministry; the other had the living spring in himself."

Eleventh Month 28th.—She writes, "Immediately after our Quarterly Meeting on Third-day morning I went to Trenton, where I met S. A., and we attended Monthly Meeting. This was not so lively as I had expected. Dear S.—was much favored, I think. H. Wood said a little. His brother George and wife were here from Western New York and seemed like very solid Friends, elders, and sat with us in Select Meeting in the afternoon. . . . John

S. Comfort came next morning.—Fourth-day—prepared with two horses and comfortable carriage to take us to Mansfield Meeting—twelve miles—and we were off by half-past seven o'clock, finding pretty cold riding. How often I thought of our ancient Friends, having no other means of conveyance than carriages on those long journeys; how much they must have suffered. We, in these times, have everything so comfortable, that I fear we slacken our zeal, and are not the lively people the Lord once sav-

us to be. If Trenton disappointed us with the feeling that the people allowed the ministers to dig and beg for them and earn their daily bread, sitting listless in measure, Mansfield gave us surprise in the other direction. R—was here, greatly favored, I thought, in Monthly Meeting, and in the Select Meeting held in an invalid's house, we seemed brought into one bundle of life. . . . We took tea, both at Trenton and Columbus, with young people. Oh, how I love to gather them in! We went to Burlington; stopped at Robert Thomas'. What a sweet spirited, redeemed man he seemed to be. Here we attended Monthly and Select Meetings, very small.

"Last Second-day morning I started again for Burlington alone, A. Hutchinson being sick. She was my proper companion, but being poorly, I wrote for R. S. A., and would have written again had I realized how lonely I should feel. Select Meeting on Second-day morning—nothing very weighty, only our poverty to boast of. In the Quarter, E. Sharpless and E. S. were good, and D. Thomas in supplication.

"Thy poor friend spoke in second meeting; referred to the language, 'Thine are we, David, and on thy side, thou Son of Jesse,' and too, the belief there were those present who were pressing to his feet with this feeling—encouraging to faithfulness, to sitting alone and keeping silence, putting the mouth in the dust, if so be, there may be hope; closing with the words given to me at the moment, 'So will He get to himself, honor to his own great Name, and others through our faithfulness be brought to serve Him also.'"

1879.—Third Month 1st.—On the twenty-fourth and twenty-fifth (of last year), I visited Burlington Meeting with R. S. A. At our last Select Quarterly Meeting a committee was appointed to visit the Select Preparative and Select Quarterly Meetings. I have been to Bucks, Salem and Burlington, and we have now about completed the work. Faint, yet persevering, seems applicable in some places and a great want of zeal in others.

Letter dated Fourth Month 1st, 1879, after speaking of the health of a friend, she says, "Be careful for nothing, but in everything by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving let your request be made known unto God. "And the peace of God which passeth all understanding shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus"—my precious favorite text! Ah, this quiet, secret, fervent, real prayer is what is wanted amongst us a people, to make us fruit-bearing branches. We are too easy, willing in many places to slip along and let the heritage of God be waste, not only in our own hearts, but in the hearts of others. I hope, after this baptism, to be filled with more zeal. Dear Clarkson Sheppard was so earnest with us at one of our Select Committee Meetings, and it seemed as though I could hear his voice ringing through that piece in THE FRIEND last week, viz: 'Thoughts and Feelings,' 'Days of Famine,' Did he write it? Do you know? Again and

again the sound of his voice seemed fading away on my ear through it. How could we part with such a bright and shining light? But in Burlington the absence of our valued Robert Thomas brought again to mind these two verses:

"What! when a Paul has run his course,  
Or when Apollus dies,  
Is Israel left without resource?  
And have we no supplies?"

Yes, while the dear Redeemer lives,  
We have a bountiful store;  
And shall be fed with what He gives,  
Who lives forever more!

"This was repeated, I believe, by E. Evans, Sr., at the funeral of Esther Collins."

Alluding to the death of a little son of M. and W. McCallin, she writes:

"We are all bending to our affliction, and endeavoring to feel the pure language, 'Thy will be done.' This dear little boy was interred last Seventh-day afternoon—a large funeral. His sweet little spirit will be long remembered and we hope it (the affliction), will be sanctified to us all, and that we shall all learn our lesson from it."

From a letter dated Fifth Month 22nd, 1879: "These bright days are so invigorating. The flowers were very much admired and continued opening (some of them), for two or three days. What beautiful gifts are they to us by a gracious Creator, who might have made all the fruitfulness without any of these bright colors and lovely arrangement of shades, and He has given us an eye, too, and taste to enjoy them, all showing his goodness to man, for none of the brute creation seem to appreciate their beauty—they only seek the field for their food. Surely man was created a little lower than the angels on purpose for his glory. How pleasant it is to think of your meeting now; there seems such a change to have come over it. I trust you have some more precious plants ripening into maturity, and that nursing fathers and mothers in the church in your parish will see of the travail of their soul and be satisfied 'er they go hence.

"Is it not such a mercy that the Lord has called us out of the world and spirit to be separate unto Him and gives unto us foretastes of his goodness even now, in heavenly places, in Christ Jesus."

Sixth Mo. 15th, 1879, she writes to a friend who has long been an invalid:

"Sometimes in looking back over thy life, it seems wonderful to me to think of how much suffering thou hast had. It is not one thing it has been another to call forth the sympathies of those who love thee. Did thou ever think that it might in measure be intended for our help and instruction too, that we might see how puny are all our powers, and how dependent upon his will and blessing. It seems so much thy mind to look upon all the chastenings for thyself alone, that I am afraid it may depress thee at times. 'His ways are not our ways, nor his thoughts our thoughts,' and if we endeavor

to dwell in the sweetness of 'Thy will be done,' committing all unto Him as little children, we shall catch some of the peace promised to those who are 'not weary in well doing.' So, my dear, be not weary, for though the basket has suffered here, yet I trust the pure pearl of life-Divine is bright within and will shine with everlasting lustre. 'He knoweth them that are his.'

Tenth Mo. 12th.—[Letter:]—"How much we could find to 'joy about' if we are only seeking a thankful heart, and living in that state that refers everything to the will of our Divine Master, we know He will do the best for us.

"We do have some such good meetings! Last First-day S. F. Balderston spoke on conscience, referring to Wm. Penn's letter, saying, 'Son William, never do anything to wrong your conscience.' It was just the kind of sermon to make deep impression on the young. He spoke of William Penn's writing: 'No Cross, No Crown,' in prison at the age of twenty-four years, recommending its perusal with other Friends' writings to the young.

"I have such a delightful little school—about seventeen at present and more to come in, and we are getting along so nicely, but I rejoice with trembling, knowing that safety consists in being on the watch, therefore with hearts lifted up, let us pursue our daily course, taking heed while we think we stand."

Again, "Oh, my dear, I feel as if I had been in the Master's hand; had been passing through so much, but want to be kept very humble. He is Light, and in Him is no darkness at all. This is a comfort, and He will give us of his blessed Light in his own good time. I trust the closed heavens to thee have resulted in soul refreshing dew ever this. He is good. The Lord is good, and his tender mercies are over all his works. 'We can glorify Him, even in the fires' (Isaiah xxiv: 13). He would have us steady and confident, watchful and prayerful."

(To be continued.)

#### WHAT CAME OF ONE WOMAN'S PRAYERS.

—Sometime in the last century, a poor woman in England, of whom the world knows but little, had a son, and she poured out her prayers and her tears for his conversion. But he grew up reckless and dissipated and profane. He engaged in the slave trade on the coast of Africa, and was perhaps as hopelessly abandoned as any pirate who ever trod the deck of a slave trader. But at last when all hope had nearly expired, his mother's ceaseless prayers were answered. He was converted and finally became one of the most eminent ministers in London. That man was the celebrated John Newton.

John Newton, in turn, was the instrument in opening the eyes of that moralist and skeptic, Thomas Scott, afterwards the distinguished author of the commentary of the Bible. Thus, Scott had in his parish a young man of the most delicate sensibilities, and whose soul was "touched with the finest issues," but he was dyspeptic, and sorrowful, and despairing. At times he believed there was no hope for him. After long and repeated efforts Dr. Scott persuaded him to change the course of his life. That young man was William Cowper, the household Christian poet.

Among others whom he influenced to turn from the "broad road" was Wm. Willerforce, a distinguished member of the British Parliament, the great philanthropist who gave the

death blow to the slave trade in Great Britain. Willerforce brought Leigh Richmond to see the "better way," who wrote the "Dairyman's Daughter," which has been read with the devoutest gratitude through blinding tears in many languages all over the earth. All this indescribable amount of good, can be traced back to the fidelity of the prayers of John Newton's mother, that humble, unheralded woman, whose history is almost unknown.—Selected.

FOR "THE FRIEND."

#### Boy's Brigades.

"Almost a Tragedy—Boy Soldier's Bad Shot in Mimic War—Just Missed a Lady—Bullet Crashed Through a Window Where She Sat."

Above are the head-lines of a news article in a recent daily paper. The incident to which they refer occurred at Bayonne, N. J., and is reported under date of Second Month 23rd, 1897. The article says:

"The members of the Brigade are the sons of members of the First Reformed Church, and range in age from fourteen to eighteen years.

"They have been organized several years, wear a military uniform, and are drilled in military tactics in the basement of the First Reformed Church or at the club rooms of the Bayonne Boat Club, on Thirty-fourth Street, by Captain Van Buskirk, a war veteran.

"At first the lads drilled with wooden guns, but these were not sufficiently real, and, after some hesitation, the church officials secured old-fashioned, muzzle-loading Springfield rifles.

"Some member or members whose names are not known, chanced one day to find some cartridges that would fit the guns, and, on the night of the shooting, after a drill, the lads started out with their guns to see how much noise they would make.

"Most of them had been fired with a burning desire to be called to their country's defence in a war with Spain, and that night it was decided to pepper away at a certain mark on Thirty-fourth Street, and pretend it was General Weyler and their intrepid patriots of Gomez's army. They first awoke the neighborhood with some random shots that did no damage, and then Private Hamilton squared off and banged away at the wretched and craven Spanish commander, whom they had condemned to death for his atrocities.

"Hamilton took careful aim, pulled the trigger, and the bullet went clear through the walls of a residence being erected by Edward Smith, on Thirty-fourth Street, and lodged in the Is-bell's house. There was a scattering of Brigade boys that looked like a very undisciplined retreat."

Although one narrowly escaped, fortunately no life was lost nor body maimed by these young soldiers, who were being trained for the army of the "Prince of Peace." That the "Boys' Brigades" foster in the boys a military spirit, has been one of the strongest objections urged against them, but the defenders of the movement have often denied the fact. This news-clipping ought to be sufficient to convince any unprejudiced mind of the correctness of the charge. Most of these boys (one of whom came near taking a human life) "had been fired with a burning desire to be called to their country's defence in a war with Spain," and pretended that the object at which they were firing "was General Weyler, and their intrepid patriots of Gomez's army."

That a degree, although an imperfect one, of physical culture and development, may be ob-

tained in the exercise of the military drill, is not denied, but it is contended that a more perfect development may be obtained in other equally entertaining exercises, which have no connection with the deadly arts of war, and will not suggest the taking of human lives.

The principal object sought to be obtained in the Boys' Brigades, after that of arousing an interest in Bible study, is discipline—teaching the boy obedience and submission to authority. It is freely admitted that this should be learned by every child—but long before reaching an age at which muskets or rifles can be handled. It is the infant, before reason asserts itself, and no the youth, who needs to be taught unquestioning obedience. Military obedience can only be right in children. To those who have become conscious of the obligations imposed by the moral sense—the sense of right and wrong—unquestioning obedience to a mortal is wrong. A youth who is old enough to handle a rifle, should long ago have learned the lesson of obedience to having a moral right to command him; and if he has not done so, we may well question the ability of a military school, like the Boys' Brigade, to teach him this lesson.

Would not He who said to one of his disciples, "Put up again thy sword into his place for all they that take the sword shall perish with the sword," say to the Boys' Brigade "Put up your rifles. Seek physical development in the arts of peace, not those of war."

E. P. S.

#### William Penn's Appeal.

In compliance with the suggestion of a Friend in Ohio, we have concluded to republish THE FRIEND a portion of the preface to George Fox's Journal, written by William Penn. Very instructive is his concern, that those who have been furnished with a gift in the ministry should be careful to exercise it in the ability which God giveth, and that they should be earnestly performing whatever duties are Divinely required. How lively is the concern expressed for the children of God's people, "Often are my knees bowed to the God of your fathers for you, that you may come to be partakers of the same Divine life and power that has been thine glory of this day," etc.

May the reading of the concern of our honored Friend be instrumental in awakening or reviving a similar feeling in the minds of many so that Friends of this age may not only rejoice in the worthiness of their forefathers, but in the evidence that the same living zeal animate many of their successors.

"And now, Friends, you that profess to walk in the way this blessed man was sent of God to turn us into, suffer I beseech you the word of exhortation, as well fathers as children, as elders as young men. The glory of this day and foundation of the hope that has not mad us ashamed since we were a people, you know is that blessed principle of light and life of Christ, which we profess, and direct all people to, as the great instrument and agent of man's conversion to God; it was by this we were first touched, and effectually enlightened, as to our inward state; which put us upon the consideration of our latter end, causing us to set before the Lord before our eyes, and to number our days that we might apply our hearts to wisdom. It that day we judged not after the sight of the eye, or after the hearing of the ear, but according to the light and sense this blessed principle gave us; we judged and acted in reference to

ings and persons, ourselves and others, ye, towards God our Maker. For being quickened y in our inward man, we could easily discern the difference of things, and feel what was right, and what was wrong, and what was fit, and what not, both in reference to religion and vil concerns. That being the ground of the blessing of all saints, it was in that our fellowship stood. In this we desired to have a use one of another, acted towards one another ad all men in love, faithfulness, and fear.

"In the feeling of the motions of this principle we drew near to the Lord, and waited to a prepared by it, that we might feel those rawings and movings, before we approached the Lord in prayer, or opened our mouths in ministry. And in our beginning and ending ith this, stood our comfort, service and edification. And as we ran faster, or fell short, we ade burthens for ourselves to bear; our services finding in ourselves a rebuke, instead of a acceptance; and in lieu of 'Well done, 'ho hath required this at your hands?' In at day we were an exercised people, our very unpenances and deportment declared it.

"Care for others was then much upon us, as all as for ourselves, especially the young coniced. Often had we the burthen of the word 'the Lord to our neighbors, relations, acquaintance, and sometimes strangers also; we were ; travail for one another's preservation; not eking, but shunning occasions of any coldness ; misunderstanding, treating one another as ose that believed and felt God present; which ept our conversation innocent, serious and ightly, guarding ourselves against the cares nd friendships of the world. We held the uth in the Spirit of it, and not in our own irits, or after our own will and affections. hey were bowed and brought into subjection, asomuch that it was visible to them that knew s, we did not think ourselves at our own disal to go where we list, or say or do what we st, or when we list. Our liberty stood in the erty of the Spirit of Truth; and no pleasure, o profit, no fear, no favor could draw us from is retired, strict and watchful frame. We ere so far from seeking occasions of company at we avoided them what we could, pursuing ur own business with moderation, instead of eddling with other people's unnecessarily.

"Our words were few and savory, our looks mposed and weighty, and our whole deportment very observable. True it is, that this stired and strict sort of life from the liberty f the conversation of the world, exposed us to ce censures of many, as humorists, conceited, nd self-righteous persons, etc. But it was our reservation from many snares to which others ere continually exposed by the prevalency of he lust of the eye, the lust of the flesh, and the ride of life, that wanted no occasions or temptations to excite them abroad in the converse f the world.

"I cannot forget the humility and chaste eal of that day. O how constant at meetings, ow retired in them, how firm to truth's life, s well as truth's principles, and how entire nd united in our communion, as indeed became ose that profess one head, even Christ Jesus he Lord!

"This being the testimony and example the nan of God before mentioned was sent to de- clare and leave amongst us, and we having mbraced the same as the merciful visitation f God to us, the word of exhortation at this me is, that we continue to be found in the ray of this testimony with all zeal and integ-

riety, and so much the more by how much the day draweth near.

"And first, as to you, my beloved and much honored brethren in Christ that are in the exercise of the ministry, O feel life in the ministry! Let life be your commission, your well-spring and treasury in all such occasions; else you well know there can be no begetting to God, since nothing can quicken or make people alive to God, but the life of God; and it must be a ministry in and from life that enlivens any people to God. We have seen the fruit of all other ministries by the few that are turned from the evil of their ways. It is not our prais or memory, the repetition of former openings in our own will and time, that will do God's work. A dry doctrinal ministry, however sound in words, can reach but the ear, and is but a dream at the best; there is another soundness that is soundest of all, viz: Christ the power of God: This is the key of David, that opens and none shuts, and shuts and none can open; as the oil to the lamp and the soul to the body, so is that to the best of words. Which made Christ to say, 'My words they are spirit, and they are life;' that is, they are from life, and therefore they make you alive that receive them. If the disciples that had lived with Jesus, were to stay at Jerusalem till they received it, so must we wait to receive before we minister, if we will turn people from darkness to light, and from Satan's power to God.

"I fervently bow my knees to the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, that you may always be like minded, that you may ever wait reverently for the coming and opening of the word of life, and attend upon it in your ministry and service, that you may serve God in his Spirit. And be it little, or be it much, it is well; for much is not too much, and the least is enough, if from the motion of God's spirit; and without it, verily, never so little is too much because to no profit.

"For it is the Spirit of the Lord immediately or through the ministry of his servants, that teacheth his people to profit, and to be sure, so far as we take him along with us in our services, so far as we are profitable, and no farther. For if it be the Lord that must work all things in us, and for ourselves, much more is it the Lord that must work in us for the conversion of others. If therefore it was once a cross to us to speak, though the Lord required it at our hands, let it never be so to silent when He does not.

"It is one of the most dreadful sayings in the Revelations, That he that adds to the words of the prophecy of this book, God will add the plagues written in this book. To keep back the counsel of God is as terrible; for he that takes away from the words of the prophecy of this book, God shall take away his part out of the book of life. And truly it has great caution in it to those that use the name of the Lord, to be well assured the Lord speaks, that they may not be found of the number of those that add to the words of the testimony of prophecy which the Lord giveth them to bear; nor yet to mince or diminish the same, both being so very offensive to God.

"Wherefore, brethren, let us be careful neither to out-go our guide nor yet loiter behind him; since he that makes haste may miss his way, and he that stays behind lose his guide; for even those that have received the word of the Lord had need wait for wisdom that they may see how to divide the word aright; which plainly implieth that it is possible for one that

bath received the word of the Lord to miss in the division and application of it, which must come from an imagination of spirit, and a self-working; which makes an un-sound and dangerous mixture, and will hardly beget a right-minded living people to God.

"I am earnest in this, above all other considerations, as to public brethren, w'll knowing how much it concerns the present and future state and preservation of the church of Christ Jesus, that has been gathered and built up by a living and powerful ministry, that the ministry be held, preserved and continued in the manifestations, motions and supplies of the same life and power from time to time.

"And wherever it is observed that any one does minister more from gifts and parts than life and power, though they have an enlightened and doctrinal understanding, let them in time be alive! and admonished for their preservation; because insensibly such will come to depend upon self-sufficiency, to forsake Christ the living Fountain, and to hew out unto themselves cisterns that will hold no living waters, and by degrees draw others from waiting upon the gift of God in themselves, and to feel it in others, in order to their strength and refreshment, to wait upon them, and to turn from God to man again, and so to make shipwreck of the faith once delivered to the Saints, and of a good conscience towards God, which are only kept by that Divine gift of life that begeth the one and weakened and sanctified the other in the beginning.

"Nor is it enough that we have known the Divine gift, and in it have reached to the spirits in prison, and been the instruments of the convincing of others of the way of God, if we keep not as low and poor in ourselves, and as depending upon the Lord as erer; since no memory, no repetitions of former openings, revelations or enjoyments will bring a soul to God, or afford bread to the hungry, or water to the thirsty, unless life go with what we say, and that must be waited for.

"O, that we may have no other fountain, treasury or dependence! that none may presume at any rate to act of themselves for God, because they have long acted from God; that we may not supply want of waiting with our own wisdom, or think that we may take less care and more liberty in speaking than formerly, and that where we do not feel the Lord by his power to open us and enlarge us, whatever be the expectation of the people or has been our customary supply and character, we may not exceed or fill up the time with our own.

"I hope we shall ever remember who it was that said, 'Of yourselves ye can do nothing'; our sufficiency is in Him, and if we are not to speak our own words, or take thought what we should say to men in our defence when exposed for our testimony, surely we ought to speak none of our own words, or take thought what we shall say in our testimony and ministry in the name of the Lord to the souls of the people, for then of all times, and of all other occasions, should it be fulfilled in us, 'for it is not you that speak, but the Spirit of my Father that speaketh in you.'

(To be concluded.)

THE ceremony of the blessing of a portrait of Charles I. of England, the king who was beheaded for persistent treason to his country and its laws, was performed lately in an Episcopal church in Philadelphia, and two bishops were

found foolish enough to take part in this imitation of a practice which has grown up among the silliest of English saint-makers. We do not see how any American lover of national freedom and popular rights can consent to worship in a church where they would be compelled to sit under the picture, set up as that of a saint, dedicated by a prayer which began:

"Bless, we beseech thee, our work in setting up to thy glory in this thy house, a likeness of thy servant and martyr Charles: and grant that all they that visit this temple may be moved by the sight thereof to a faithful copying of his constancy, even unto death."

What he had been "constant" in was his falsehood and his tyranny. "He was a martyr," not to any Christian faith, but to his assertion that kings had the born and sole right to rule, and that the people had no rights. We are glad that no Pennsylvania bishop could be found to take part in the ceremony, and that bishops had to be imported from Delaware and Iowa for the service.—*Christian Advocate.*

#### FOR "THE FRIEND."

##### Letter from Germany.

ROSDORFERWEG, Göttingen, Second Mo. 11th, '67.

To-day in my lesson I asked the French professor a great many questions about Switzerland. He has tramped it pretty well over on foot and knows it very thoroughly, and of course like all Swiss he loves it devotedly. He tells me that the Sixth Month is the most beautiful month of the year there, as far as the flowers go and the water falls. That is just the time I will be there. He invited me most cordially when I came to Geneva to let him know and he would introduce me to his family, and he would also arrange for a tour; that will be delightful. One learns so much more and understands so much better when one has a native to show one around. By that time I shall be able to rattle French as fluently as German I hope. I have also written to Paris and hope soon to receive an answer.

I took a terrible cold this week, it was no ordinary one but a real, real severe affair. I felt it all third day and was so stiff and sore and miserable. So as I have no voice to lose I concluded to take heroic treatment. I drank hot lemonade and ginger tea until I was in a most profuse perspiration, and frailein Feishkom piled a feather bed on top of me; I did not get up until the middle of the next afternoon. Since then I have been careful and it seems almost entirely over, for which I do feel grateful,—really, I thought I should be miserable for a week or two.

This is early Sixth-day morning. If all goes well I will be at this time in three weeks from to-day, getting out of the coupe, that is the cars, at Paris, at the "Gare du Nord," which is the name of the station at which I will arrive. There I will probably take a cab and all my things direct to No. 62 rue Lemoine, and after a cup of coffee and a few directions from the hostess, start out with my guide book. I shall expect to do an immense amount of sight-seeing while in Paris. I know just where the house is on the plan of Paris and shall feel quite as much at home when I get there as I would in Boston.

This is another lovely morning; I am going to visit the school to-day—Frailein Myers' French classes. I will begin in the lowest to-day, and from time to time take in the others. Of course I cannot apply German methods in our schools, but I can and have already, learned

a great deal from them. Such thoroughness is not to be found in any other part of the world.

Oh, this sunshine fairly makes me dance for joy—inwardly at least. I can already fancy myself running around over the hills by the lake of Neuchâtel, with Mt. Blanc and other snow-covered peaks in view; and the flowers, I know they will be lovely.

But I must get to work. I haven't written up the lecture on the Prophets from yesterday and it was the most inspiring one which we have had yet. Oh, I shall miss lots of things when I leave Göttingen.

E.

#### FOR "THE FRIEND."

Found among the papers of Philip Price, of Darby, and contributed by one of his great-grandsons.

The following is a copy of verses sent to Mary Peisley and Ann Ashby, when they were visiting Friends in England, in the year 1750.

Farwell! my friends, whom tender love constrains  
To build up Zion, with unweary pains;  
Who march, accompanied from the great I AM,  
To spread the triumphs of the coming Lamb.  
The great the perils that the cause attend,  
Greater is He who will that cause defend.  
To boldly on—and may th' eternal Power  
Support your minds in ev'ry trying hour.

He onwards now, my different fate conveys  
To spend all days in ev'ry day's employ;  
Yet not uncheer'd, if Heaven vouchsafe to give  
Those pure supplies by which the virtuous live;  
That heav'nly bread, which gives Divine increase,  
Refreshing love, and consoling Grace.

May I be guided by the word of Truth,  
Safely to pass the slippery paths of youth;  
And in that holy way forever to abide,  
Where the chaste minds with God Divinely tread.  
From such communion with the souls upright  
Flow joys sublime, and most refin'd delight.  
'Tis here, tho' distant, we each other greet,  
And here the memory of our friends is sweet.

While this I write sincere desires I find,  
And earnest wishes prompt my fervent mind,  
And whilst with the Burden of the Gospel pressed  
Safe may you pass the mountains of the West,  
From ev'ry danger find a sure defense  
Beneath the shield of shield'g Providence.

I wish success your labors may attend  
Of good diluvius—glorious in their end  
With heav'nly aid may your good works be stored  
To deal with stillful hand the various Word  
Loud may the trumpet out of Zion sound  
And pierce with awful voice the Churches' round.

To wake the dead, disturb the *crystal ease*,  
And rouse Professors settling on their lees.  
But, oh! when terrors and temptations roll  
Their ev'ry power on th' afflicted soul  
May your soft accents, like the gentlest rain,  
Descend—or dew upon the sultry plain.  
May the poor mind, which no composure knows  
But pants beneath the pressure of her woes,  
A lonely wanderer in the gloomy shade

Seeking, alas! the living with the dead,  
And oh! how strong the power of friendship binds!  
And to the standard of your King repair.  
Whose hand will gently close the wounds of sin  
And pour the healing balm of G'lad's in.  
How welcome is the messenger that brings  
The news of Mercy from the King of kings!

What mutual joy here glows in kindred minds!  
And oh! how strong the power of friendship binds!  
While the bright strains of heav'nly life you give  
And sweet returns, in kindling warmth receive.  
Be this your work—and now my friends excuse  
The zealous freedom I have dar'd to use,

And, oh! permit my wishes to attend  
Your safe arrival at your journey's end;  
Your conscious breasts with sheaves of gladness fraught  
And solid Peace the robe of ev'ry thought!

—J. M. P.

(Author unknown.)

The Independent in an editorial note makes the following remark—"What surprises us is that anybody should imagine that any question of the machinery of the Church and the functions of bishops or elders is worth fighting about in an organization which claims to be spiritual."

#### Spirituality of Divine Worship.

In the fall of the year 1806, Charles H. Spurgeon, a distinguished Baptist preacher, delivered to Friends in London an address or lecture on George Fox—His object appears to have been to stir up the Society of Friends to renewed zeal in upholding some of the Christian principles held by that worthy elder—especially the fundamental testimony to the spiritual nature of vital religion. From this lecture, the following paragraphs are taken.

"Looking through George Fox's life, and viewing him as the great champion of purely spiritual worship, one is inclined to say, will William Penn, that his epitaph might well be 'Many sons have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all; for though in his own age and in his own time there were many bright stars, yet there were some points in which George Fox outshone them all. There were some particular truths which it was given to him to feel more intensely and to set forth more vehemently and constantly than any other man of his own time, or than any other man since his time more especially the great truth that religion is of the spirit, that it is an inward thing, and is not to be judged, and weighed and accounted of according to the externals of a man but according to his inmost soul."

"Now it so happened that the Puritans, who had been like the spring buds and had blossomed, were getting into the sere and yellow leaf; and the Independents, and Baptists, another set, who were at one time thoroughly and even remarkably spiritual, were growing worldly, political, and vain-glorious; the evangelical professors had come to feel that the were numerous and powerful; they had an opportunity of grasping the carnal sword; they embraced that opportunity, and from that moment very many of them lost the spirituality for which they had been eminent. The danger was lest the evangelical sects should quiet, settle down in one State Church, make a scramble for the good things of the Ecclesiastical Establishment, and preach each one after its own fashion, in the numbness of death rather than in the power of life. It did not quite come to that, but it did seem as if it would do so. The very men who were once most vehement for liberty when they were down-trodden, were ready to put down others when they had the opportunity, and those who had vindicated the spirituality of Christ's religion were about to fall into formalism as soon as they had the opportunity of escaping from the galling yoke of oppression and persecution. At that very moment God sent into the world George Fox, who must have been the most noblest of men; those good easy souls who counted upon a quiet season of sleep. They had said, 'Soul, take time ease; thou hast much goods laid up for many years.' It was by the mouth of George Fox that God said to each one of them, 'Thou fool!' Very soon declining professors found that another people would spring up to take their place, and that if they left the separate path and began to mingle with the world as to war with carnal weapons, God would find another people who should stand alone and vindicate his truth against all comers. George Fox, it seems to me, was a blessing, not to you alone, but to the whole of Christendom. He was sent of God, not only with a view to the Society in after years, but to the Christian church at large of that time, and to the church of God in all times. I do believe that unde



od, directly and indirectly, perhaps more indirectly than directly, George Fox was the means "driving out from their nests those who were very willing to have feathered those nests well, and to have taken their rest. He stood up in the face of the Christian Church, and said to it, No, thou shalt not do this! Thou shalt not inform thyself to the world; thou shalt not go to an unholy alliance with the State; there shall still be in the midst of thee a spiritual people who shall bear their protest that Christ's kingdom is not of this world, and that religion and truth not in forms and ceremonies, but is a matter connected with the inner man, and is the work of God's Spirit in the heart." You will judge, therefore, what my idea of Fox is when I have said that I look upon him as having been sent from our Heavenly Father upon an important mission of saving the Christian church at a particular juncture, when, through having obtained the possession of State power, and being much exercised with the brawls of rival creeds and contentions upon outward ceremonies, the inward power was declining, and the church was likely to become absorbed into the world, or to set up a dead formalism which neither acceptable to God nor serviceable to man.

"Now I beg your attention while I speak upon some of the legacies which Fox left to succeeding ages. He did not leave so much in gold and silver as I suppose most of my brethren around me are likely to leave to their dependants. I should suppose that his wealth in his world was exceedingly small. When John Wesley was asked how much plate he had, he answered that he had one silver spoon with him and one at Bristol, and that was all; and while there were so many poor people in the world he should not increase the stock. George Fox, I should think, did not even come up to that, but he bequeathed to us in his last will and testament more than as if he had given us the mines of Peru, for he has left to the Christian church in the clearest and most unmistakable utterances a testimony for the spirituality of *via religionis*. It is wonderful how full the testimony is. If you were to read through the lives of all the eminent saints, I believe you would come to the conclusion that of all others George Fox is the most distinct upon the one point, that 'God is a Spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in Spirit and in truth.' I delight to hear him talking about his 'steeples-houses.' Quite right, George Fox! 'that is what they are, and nothing better!' A church! said he; 'did Christ shed his blood for the steeple-house, and purchase and sanctify the steeple-house with his blood? And seeing the church is Christ's bride and wife, and that He is the head of the church, dost thou think that the steeple-house is Christ's bride, and that He is the head of that old house?' Some of our dissenting friends are coming to call their buildings for public worship 'Churches,' because church meets in them. Why do not they call them 'Suns' or 'Moons,' because the light shines in them? The title would be quite as appropriate. I fear that we shall go back to superstition by slow degrees through the misuse of terms; for though such misuse may appear to have but little harm in it at the first, yet here very soon comes to be mischief in it, and therefore it is as wise as it is right to be cautious from the very first. Buildings used for ecclesiastical worship were merely buildings and nothing more to this great Elijah. He often testified that the so-called churches were not one

whit more consecrated than the moors and commons, and were more like Jerusalem's calves' houses than the true temples of God which are the bodies of his own people. He believed in no consecration flowing from prelates' hands. He had discovered long before the hymn was written, that

"Where'er we seek Him He is found,  
And every place is hallow'd ground."

This is a truth which the church needed to be taught then, and which the church needs to be taught still.

"Fox had no sort of respect either for consecrated persons. Priests had no quarter at his hands. By a little imagination I think I hear George Fox addressing one of those 'green and gilded' gentlemen of the Church of England who now-a-days dress themselves up to such a splendor of absurdity. The highly-decorated creature would win small favor from the honest Friend; and if he proceeded to perform in his mass-house, George would be as plain with him as Elijah with the priests of Baal, and mock him with as grim a scorn as did the prophet when he said, 'Cry aloud, for he is God!' It would be worth any price to hear George Fox pour contempt upon the rubbishy paraphernalia of the modern Popery which is spreading around us. He had a very copious and forcible vocabulary when he came to talk of priests, and little cared he to what sect they belonged; if they set up for priests, he was very much at home in pulling them down. Fox believed that any man who preached the truth in the power of the Holy Spirit was God's minister, but he would not have it that a man was a minister merely because he was educated at Oxford or Cambridge, or any other University, and he obtained the family living, and had the hands of a bishop put upon his head. Although the ordained pretender may be recognized by the State, and give himself all the airs in the world, he is not God's minister for all that. Fox believed that the poorest person whom God moved to speak was God's voice to the people, but that the most learned and the best educated man who was a stranger to the new birth, and had never received the incorruptible seed which liveth and abideth for ever, was a mere impostor when he rose up to speak in the name of the Lord. Fox left us his testimony in this matter very clearly and unmistakably. Nay, so valiant is his testimony for spiritual religion that he tramples the outward form under the feet of the inward life in matters where others have not been clear; I allude to the use of verbal utterances in worship. He sat still for two hours while the people were expecting to hear him preach, and he did not give them a word, because he would banish them from words, and teach them to worship God in the spirit. Is it not the fault of many of us who do try as much as possible to preserve and cultivate the simplicity of worship, that we are so everlastingly talking? I find it a very blessed thing at the Tabernacle to say, 'Now let us sit still for a few minutes.' It is often the very best part of the meeting when the soul can masticate and digest the truth; and if this were done oftener when we meet together for worship, if more frequently solemn silence were proclaimed, I believe the very best results would follow from it. It is as much formality for people to think that they cannot worship God without the voice of the preacher as it is for others to fancy that they cannot worship God without an altar and a priest. It is ceremonialism to imagine that we must sing, or pray or read in a certain order;

or must sit still so many minutes; how much better while all things are done decently and in order to conduct worship as the Divine Spirit may direct! The Spirit of God is free, and sometimes the best worship will be with words, but at other times the best worship will be without words. Fox tells us this very unmistakably.

"Would that the spirituality of worship were known throughout England! Would that it were recognized in every place of worship, that we most worship God who is a Spirit in spirit and in truth! Let it never be forgotten, my brethren, in your meetings, for it is to be feared that even your peaceful silence may be regarded as if it were necessarily worship, whereas the silence of your meetings, without the Spirit, is no better than silence in your beds, nay, it is no better than talk and babble unless the Spirit of God hold high communion with your souls. We must keep this in mind constantly. Preachers cannot preach about it too often, for the rising race need to be told of it incessantly. You who become members of Society by birth-right must take especial care lest you imagine yourselves to be members of Christ's church because you happen to be members of Society. Do not conclude that you are necessarily children of God because you wear the garb and use the peculiarities of the Society. Alas! we know that it is one thing to talk about spiritual things, but quite another thing to feel them: one thing to make a profession of them, and even to live in outward error-pollence with that profession to a degree, but quite another thing to have the inward and spiritual grace. The world, of course, turns away with a sneer, and says, 'What do we care for this spiritual fanaticism? and we can reply to the world, 'Thou knowest nothing about it! How canst thou know it, for it is spiritually discerned.' But you and I must see to it that every act of worship which we perform is done in the Spirit. We must pray in the Spirit, and preach in the Spirit. When I have sometimes heard the clerk say, 'Let us sing to the praise and glory of God,' I have wondered whether it was not far more to the praise and glory of the organ or of the singing-pew, and when this is the case what a mockery it is! Only that music is sweet in God's ear which comes from the heart, and only that praise is accepted which is the work of his Spirit in the soul. George Fox, dear friends, has bequeathed these principles to you. I pray you guard them with your lives, and hand them down with undimmed lustre to your sons. Let nothing beguile you from your steadfastness in the spirituality of your worship, and press it upon others everywhere, wherever you have an opportunity, that the Father seeketh such to worship Him as worship Him in spirit and in truth."

(To be continued.)

[The following article, signed E. R., refers to a group of facts which has often awakened the interest of observers. One of the most reliable methods of raising crops of any particular plant is to sow in properly prepared ground the seeds which produce it, or the cuttings which possess the power of growth. So generally can we trace the crop to these antecedents, that the almost universal belief among scientific men is, that they are the essential requisites, and that, in such cases as that mentioned in THE FRIEND of Second Month 13th, the true explanation of the presence of plants before unknown in the vicinity, is the existence of germs or seeds in the soil, to which their spreading on the surface has given the opportunity of growth.

While still holding to this opinion ourselves, we felt willing to give our friend E. R. the opportunity of expressing the reasons (as he does interestingly, which have led him to the conclusion that, in the ordering of Providence, there are other sources of vegetable life than those usually acknowledged by scientists.—Ed.)

Among the news items of THE FRIEND of Second Month 13th, we find the interesting statement that, when P. A. Spicer settled in Kansas, many years ago, a neighbor, in digging a well, found a fine, rich surface soil at the depth of one hundred feet. Digging through this, the workmen found gravel, clay and water.

This earth which was thrown out, was found covered, in the course of a few weeks, with a rich growth of tropical vegetation. There were little date trees and other varieties of palms, beside shrubs, plants, weeds and grasses in great numbers, all totally unlike anything which grew or could grow in the open air, throughout the year, in that climate.

In course of some decades of years, in conversation with persons of scientific attainment, Friends, educators and others, the writer has met with opinions in reference to the many cases kindred to this of the Kansas well, and the outgrowth from the earth that had been thrown out of it—opinions that such outgrowth of vegetation could not be, without the seeds of the plants respectively.

We know that, if we wish to propagate flower or fruit, we must procure the seed or slip. But in what way and manner has the Creator given us the numberless primeval adornments of his vegetable kingdom? There are cases of very great interest, apart from our experiences of planting and producing, which may well claim our thoughtful attention. The cause of true education, the cause of truthful science, and, the cause of Truth itself, may, possibly, be served by the upholding of clear views on the subject here intended to be briefly brought to view.

He who created the colorless light of his universe, caused it to be divisible into the bright colors of the bow which He set in the cloud, and an equally interesting characteristic of his creation is found in his preparation of soil for the production of the infinite and invaluable variety which his prescience had designed as blessings for mankind and for the other living creatures who were to dwell upon the world He was bringing into existence.

Regarding the Kansas well and the outcome of it as an object lesson, what does it teach?

The bed of soil had great depth. The surrounding prairie lands spread far and wide. The earth from the deepest part was, probably, the loamiest part of the pile thrown out of the well, and it was this that was sown overgrown with the variety of vegetation. From what did the trees and plants begin to grow? From whatever germinating cause the outgrowth was due, a very great mass of earth or soil of the world is probably pervaded, and to the mind of the writer there is light and information to be drawn from our knowledge of kindred matters that are worthy of consideration, for the goodness manifested by the Creator in preparing blessings for those who, through the ages, are dwellers in the beautiful world.

A connection of the writer, a teacher in a Western college, situated in a prairie country, with other interesting matters characteristic of that region, spoke of the oft-demonstrated fact that, in places where the strong prairie soil was removed or the roots destroyed, that forest trees, if allowed the opportunity, would grow from the

unclotted soil, and that, in one locality, a prairie fire, in a very dry time, burnt even the roots of the grass, and that, where the grass roots were destroyed, the common variety of timber grew but, in one part, the growth was especially abundant, and all of one variety, hickory; that he observed the growth of the stems of several years. Some had become little saplings, while others continued to come up. That he could, and did, thrust his hand into the mellow soil, and took up a soil containing several of the little shoots, to learn, if possible, what they were growing from, and could discover nothing but the formation of very fine little roots, starting in the fertile ground.

It is a matter very commonly known, that trees grow along the water-courses of prairie countries. Having witnessed this to be so in Iowa, there is reason to believe that, in many cases, if not in all, that growth of trees was occasioned by the action of high water, and probably ice, uncovering virgin soil. Where the soil is removed trees grow.

Another interesting object lesson is found on the farms of our Elkland Friends. Many other farms, the country over, have been observed to bear the same testimony.

The Elklands were found by the pioneer settlers to be densely covered with timber. The writer, on his earliest visit to that country, found portions of the primeval forest still attached to some of the farms. So dense was the woods, so luxuriant the foliage which fell annually from the trees, there was no general undergrowth, as is common in many woodlands. The ground was thickly carpeted with the accumulation of russet leaves, so that no grass was visible under the towering trees of the forest. Such was the character of those beautiful hills. On clearing the land, however, opening the ground to sunshine, without the use of plough or sowing of seed, those fields of the dairy farms were evenly and richly clothed with the verdure of "green grass"—a pasturage more nutritious and valuable than that which is produced by plowing and seeding. As pasture, it is very similar to the "blue grass" of Kentucky, which also is found, the writer believes, to clothe the ground on the removal of the original forest.

A large portion of the Elkland farms, perhaps half, is still in the virgin soil, pastured from season to season, but never ploughed or sowed. For how many ages and generations, the fertile hills of our country were so covered with forest as to hold back the growth of the grasses and smaller fruits of divers varieties of the opened fields which here and there spring up with the grasses on removal of the forest, we know not, but the idea that grass seeds, strawberry, raspberry and blackberry seeds, existed among the leaves or under the leaves of the forest where no grass or berry had been, is fairly inadmissible, and the Creator's claim upon us is good for our admiration and gratitude, in view of the power and benevolence manifested in these particulars of his glorious works.

The elevated region about the town of Kane, Pa., tells the same beautiful story. The forests were lofty and dense, and the clearings, perhaps a hundred acres of suburbs about the town, most richly abounding in pasturage of many cows of laboring people. During a visit of four weeks, a few years ago, the writer carefully pondered and examined the forest and field. Parts of Northern New Hampshire, Eastern Ohio and Eastern Indiana, on carefully consulting them, joined in the praiseful testimony. All fertile lands erst clad with trees appear to tell the same

story when the trees are taken off. The untold ages of forest shade has but enriched the soil for the seedless growth Divinely ordained for man and beast.

Skeptical Science oft disdains  
But ne'er disproves God's laws.  
True Science ever leads us up  
To reverence the great "First Cause,"  
Plants which here we value most  
Were windlings once on foreign coast.  
To grow them here we have the need  
Of branch or root or tiny seed.

But, virgin soil, from any whither,  
Give it sun-shine and the weather,  
In due season it will show us  
Just what that soil inclines to grow us.  
Where microse peat nor coral had a seed,  
The ground will bring us flower or weed.  
"The harp, at Nature's advent strong,  
Has never ceased to play;  
The song the morning angels sing  
Has never died away."

E. R.

### Only South-Sea Islanders.

CHARLES H. SHINN.

A very sad episode has just come to an end, as far as visible events are concerned; but its evil influence will long affect the Gilbert Islanders and work of missionaries among them. The story, though perhaps not unknown to general readers, through telegrams and newspaper items is one that justifies re-statement. Briefly, it is a story of modern contract-slavery which American law-makers have not been sufficiently careful to legislate against.

About six years ago a firm of Guatemalan coffee planters became anxious to obtain even cheaper labor than the very cheap native Indian labor of that country; and it is also fair to presume, from subsequent events, that they desired more complete control of their laborers than the laws of Guatemala gave them over the natives. What the coffee planters wanted was very cheap contract labor, free from even the lightest responsibilities which are attached to complete slavery.

Two American sea captains, Blackburn and Ferguson, hearing of the coffee-planter's scheme agreed to persuade, deceive or kidnap the islanders and take them to Guatemala. All the principals in the transaction seem to have been the kind of men who would have made fortunes in the African slave trade of forty and fifty years ago. The expedition which followed is known as the "Montserrat Blackbirding Expedition," from the name of one of the vessels which took part. In 1890, Captain Blackburn sailed the "Montserrat" to Butaritari in the Gilbert Islands, and was joined by Ferguson with the brig "Tabiti." A third ship was also hired, and nearly a thousand men and women were beguiled from their peaceful island homes under the promise of light work, good treatment, an excellent climate, many presents, and wages of six dollars a month for the men and four dollars for the women. Both Blackburn and Ferguson were typical "beach-combers," cruel as tigers, and looked upon the islanders as mere animals to be bought and sold, worked to death, and replaced by others.

The first hint of these events reached the civilized world by way of San Francisco; for in September, 1891, the brig "Tabiti," having suffered in a storm, anchored in Drake's Bay on the Marin coast, with two hundred and seventy Gilbert Islanders on board. Her captain rowed down to San Francisco and secured a Swede named Ericsson to take the vessel to

Guatemala. The authorities were almost criminally negligent and made no effort to examine her brig and ascertain what papers she carried; what treatment the islanders were receiving; at a sailor, deserting while the "Tahiti" lay in Drake's Bay, told shocking stories of brutality and violence practised toward the poor "black-ids," especially the women. Nothing more known of this voyage, for the "Tahiti" encountered another storm off the Mexican coast, and went down with all on board.

The "Montserrat" and her consort landed her slave cargoes in Central America, and the landers were set at work clearing the mountain sides for coffee plantations. They had cruel overseers, and a system of fines and brutal punishments kept them in subjection. High charges for clothing and provisions practically balanced their wages. They died from malarial fevers, consumption, exposure and overwork. Meahile Blackburn and Ferguson, making contacts with other coffee planters, were planning to secure more cargoes of islanders, when a lucky newspaper reporter, shipping before the fact, made public the whole story. The owners of the vessels were frightened, and gave up the theme. Ferguson disappeared; the "Montserrat" finally went down with Blackburn in 394.

When the four years of service were ended, to coffee planters, finding that the islanders had become valueless, decided to return them, and chartered the bark "Helen Almy" for this purpose. This vessel took, one account says, one hundred and twenty-seven, and another account says "only five score" natives, all who are left alive, and carried them back to their homes. Even these were broken down in health and spirits, with the marks of lash and iron on their bodies. Pathetic accounts are given of their joy in reaching their island homes and of the sorrow of those who assembled and met this forlorn remnant of the deceived and maltreated islanders. Thus closes the sad story of a nineteenth century slave expedition.

England and America could put a stop to blackbirding, and to every form of iniquitous private labor contracts with these ignorant South-Sea Islanders. Secret expeditions could be made illegal by treaty with Mexico, the Central American States and other countries. Officials could be appointed to revise and enforce contracts, protecting the interests of laborers, securing them from abuse, and maintaining their interests in the courts. Steps could certainly be taken to prevent the conspiracy of American citizens in such crimes against civilization.

FOR "THE FRIEND."

I felt good unity with the article in THE FRIEND of Second Month 27th, by William Test, it may say I kept hoping he would speak of "the sweetness which comes from hearing the cross," as a dear friend, who, I doubt not, has entered into everlasting rest, testified to me many years ago.

Let us strive earnestly to bring all tithes into the Lord's store-house, both great and small, and we shall know, again and again, that the Father will pour us out a blessing, so that our hearts will overflow with his love and the peace that passeth understanding. I find this tract in a letter from Abraham Shackleton to his granddaughter Margaret, "Let Him be thy chiefest joy, my dear; then thou wilt steplesly in thy pilgrimage, little minding what people think of thee, if thou hast but the smile

of his countenance." Some writer has truly said, "The closest walk with God is the sweetest heaven that can be enjoyed upon earth." O, to know more and more of these blessed things day by day and hour by hour.

Third Month end, 1897.

FOR "THE FRIEND."

A Soliloquy on a Tree of Peculiar Growth.

The writer's attention was frequently drawn to a tree of peculiar growth near the roadside as he would pass it mostly several times a week. The lower part of it for several feet is remarkably crooked and also so gnarled that it would be almost impossible to work it up even into fire-wood, so that part is conspicuous for its worthlessness, then as if attracted by the light and warmth of the sun a new growth starts out of that, shooting upward, and from this crooked unsightly beginning it towers upward a tall comely tree, almost straight in its upward growth reaching out its branches towards the other trees and like them attracted upward by the one great source of light and life. I passed and re-passed this peculiar tree often, noticing its peculiar growth, but that was all, until one morning on noticing it my mind was secretly impressed with the feeling that was more than curiosity. As the feeling was of that sort that is profitable and comfortable to dwell under, I gave it a place in my thoughts. Then I was led to reflect upon how much the lives of so many that came to be good and useful men and women in our Society as well as others who have passed away and their lives left upon record, as well as many who are yet upon the stage of action, are typified in that tree that made such a crooked and gnarled beginning. A great forest of such trees, which seemed unbounded, passed before the mind's view, and I saw they represented the great army of those who had been victorious, and useful in their day and generation as well as worthy ones now upon the stage of action, who at the outset in life and perhaps for years seemed to turn one way then another and many ways except straight upward, knotty and gnarled in their dispositions so that there seemed no prospect of future usefulness. But after a time of this kind of growth, their faces would be turned towards the light of the Sun of Righteousness and as the warming, enlivening rays thereof were felt upon their souls they are drawn to look upward and lo, a new growth starts up, as from the heart of the crooked gnarled trunk, that is comely and desirable, reaching out loving arms like the branches of this second growth of the tree. Seeming to hold out the invitation to their fellows—Come with us we have found the Light and it invites us upward. Some sturdy oaks there were in this great forest that had braved many a storm, that seemed to have never varied from the perpendicular in their growth yet they were few compared with the others, but they stood as monuments of the persevering power of that Grace which keeps from youth up, until they stood "as pillars in the Lord's house, to go no more out."

But as "there is more joy in Heaven over one sinner that repenteth, than over the ninety and nine just persons that need no repentance," so there seemed to be more pleasure in beholding the great change brought about in the growth of those poplars that had made such a crooked growth at the start, than in viewing those few scattered oaks that stood as noble testimony bearers of a power that can preserve from a divergence from a straight upward course; for

though that Power which keeps is the same as that which changes, yet I saw there was a greater manifestation of it, in bringing forth an upright useful growth from the crooked gnarled beginning, than in the preservation of the mighty oaks in their perpendicular growth. Whilst admiring the new growth on the poplar at the roadside I realize that the first and crooked growth can never be made straight, no power of nature can ever do this, there it stands its crookedness exposed to the view of every beholder; but not so with those whose characters are so strikingly depicted in the growth of this tree. The pleasure in viewing the new and useful growth from such an unlikely beginning seems in a measure marred by the crooked part being brought to view and no wisdom or power of man can ever straighten this; but again I look and wonderful to behold; it is done, and I query with Nicodemus "How can these things be?" I turn to the prophecy of Isaiah and find the answer. "Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight in the desert a highway for our God. Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low; and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain. And the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together; for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it" (chapter lv: 3, 4, 5).

That Almighty power which has brought forth an upright growth, in the thousands "which no man can number," where the beginning was exceeding crooked, remains to be the same it ever was. Dear Friends, let us bear in mind our own beginnings and God's mercies and it may make us the more patient with and hopeful of others. All are equally dependant for salvation upon Him who not only brings forth the new growth to his own praise but yielded up his life upon the cross that the sins which are past the crooked gnarled growth may be made straight, and we be able to stand before Him with acceptance. "Then shall the trees of the wood sing out at the presence of the Lord." T. H. W.

Second Month 17th, 1897.

FOR "THE FRIEND."

The Arbitration Treaty.

Our valued friend, Josiah Morris, of Carlington, Ohio, now in his ninety third year, expresses his thankfulness that his life has been prolonged to see this step taken in the interests of justice and mercy. He anticipates good results from it to civilization and moral influences over the heathen nations, and entertains the hope that it may hasten the coming of the time when "swords shall be beaten into ploughshares and spears into pruning-hooks; when nation shall not lift up sword against nation; neither shall they learn war any more. The two great Christian nations appear to be ready to ratify this important treaty of morality and justice. The very thought is noble and dignifying. The wonderful discoveries in the arts and sciences of recent times will make this a period in history perhaps in advance of any former opening of advancing civilization since the introduction of Christianity, and the features of the times favor the hope that, in coming years, a brotherhood of nations may harmonize in universal righteousness and peace."

When Benjamin Paterson was dying, a friend asked him, "How are you to-day?" He answered, "My head is resting very sweetly on three pillars: Infinite Power, Infinite Love, and Infinite Wisdom."

## THE FRIEND.

THIRD MONTH 20, 1897.

We have received a criticism on the recent Life of George Fox, written by Thomas Hodgkin. As the book has already been noticed in our columns, it does not seem needful to do much more at this time than to notice the reception of this review, written by Edward Pickard and Edwin Tregelles, and to express the pleasure we have felt in reading this vigorous defence of George Fox from the slurs cast upon him by his recent biographer.

We have received from Wilson Edgerton, of Columbiana, Ohio, a copy of Joseph Hugh's vision, taken from his Journal. Finding a local demand for the pamphlet, he was induced to print an edition. Prices, post-paid, 10 cents per dozen, 65 cents per hundred.

## SUMMARY OF EVENTS.

UNITED STATES.—Both Houses of Congress met in Washington on the 15th instant. Speaker Reed was re-elected in the lower House. The House passed a bill for the purpose of providing ample revenues, which, it contends, should be derived from foreign products. The tariff should be the first business transacted. During the last three years the deficit has been \$137,511,000, while the interest on the public debt has increased \$14,093,000.

The Tingley bill will be returned to the committee on Ways and Means. Estimated increase in revenue is placed at \$75,000,000 of the first year. There are provisions for reciprocity, those of 1890 being fully restored and extended.

It is understood that the Cuban question was discussed at the Cabinet meeting on the 12th instant, and that the discussion will continue, and extending that the policy hitherto pursued, of strict neutrality and enforcement of our neutrality laws, would be adhered to so long as the conditions remained as at present.

An increase of \$85,219,017 in the value of exports of domestic products for the eight months of the current fiscal year over the corresponding eight months of the fiscal year 1896, was announced by the Secretary of the Bureau of Statistics of the Treasury Department.

Loans to the amount of about \$4,000,000 were obtained from New York banks last week to pay duties on goods held in bond in anticipation of higher duties under the new tariff. On the 16th instant more than \$2,500,000 were obtained for the same object.

The *Lady's* New York correspondent, under date of the 11th instant, writes, "The meeting in Cooper Union tonight to appeal for the ratification of the Arbitration Treaty, was, in every respect a successful demonstration. The meeting was called by more than two hundred of the leading citizens of New York, without regard to politics, religion or business differences, and the response to the call was an assembly which completely filled the hall and enthusiastically cheered the speakers. Mayor Strong presided, and short but strong addresses were made by Saml. Lowe, Bishop Potter, ex-Secretary Fairchild, Sumner Tompkins and others. There were a few 'Jingoes' present, but they were not lost in the overwhelming sentiment for peace. It has been years since a public meeting has been held in this city on a public question to which the Archbishop of the Roman Catholic Church has sent a strong letter of commendation, as Archbishop Corrigan did to-night; to which the Jewish ministers have sent their formal benediction, and at which a Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church has spoken. It is not often also when a legal representative of corporate wealth and the president of the leading labor organization can meet, as they did to-night, in advocacy of a common interest. From this point of view the meeting was one of the most important of the year, and of a character that have been held in that noted forum of the people, Cooper Union."

The North Carolina House of Representatives has passed a bill requiring all teachers in the public schools to read aloud to their pupils, at least twice each year, the constitution of the United States of the State.

All negroes of the counties in North Carolina, such as the asylums for the insane, the blind, and the deaf mutes, and the normal schools, will hereafter be managed exclusively by negroes.

Papils in the St. Louis schools are prohibited from using tobacco in any form, or cigarettes, or having either in their possession on the school grounds or elsewhere during school hours. The Board of Education will open any pupil who dares do this. "The New York *Tribune* says, "Warren E. Burton has just sold the Burton House, Hurley, Wis., for \$30,000, of which \$7,000 was paid in cash and the balance in postage stamps, the number being eight million. This is probably one of the most remarkable business transactions ever recorded in the West, and will undoubtedly attract attention to the widespread interest in philately."

The *Press* of this city says, "A remarkable session of court was held in Lawson County, Ga., last week. Court convened Monday and adjourned at noon on Tuesday. No State cases were tried, and not a single bill of indictment was returned by the Grand Jury. One man was in jail ready for trial, but the witnesses against him failed to appear, and he was released." Dawson County has no a saloon, and never has had. It is always voted no-license. Why, then, should the *Press* speak of the "deplorable effects of prohibition?"

Isaac Wilbur, of Little Compton, R. I., is said to have raised 100,000 turkeys in the world this year. He says that from 120,000 to 150,000 dozen of eggs a year. He keeps his fowls on the colony plan, housing about forty in a house eight by ten or eight by twelve feet in size, these houses being about one hundred and fifty feet apart, set out in long rows over the gently-sloping fields. He has one hundred of these houses, scattered over three or four acres of land, and the fowls are fed by a system which is driven about to each house in turn, the attendant feeding as he goes. At the afternoon feeding the eggs are collected. The fowls are fed twice a day. The morning food is a mash of cooked vegetables and mixed meals. This mash is made up the afternoon of the day before. The afternoon feed is whole corn the very next day.

On the 15th instant the "worst snow-storm and blizzard of the season" raged at Kalamazoo, Mich.

Deaths in this city last week numbered 521, which is 16 less than the previous week, and 7 less than the corresponding week of 1896. Of the foregoing, 288 were male, and 133 female, in the world; 105 died of pneumonia; 55 of influenza; 35 of heart disease; 10 of typhoid fever; 17 of inflammation of the brain; 16 of apoplexy; 15 of mania; 15 of influenza; 14 of a fever; 14 of convulsions; 14 of bronchitis; 14 of nephritis; 13 of marasmus; 12 of inflammation of the stomach and bowels; and 10 of cancer.

MARKS.—No. 25, 95, 97, 4's, 98, 111 1/4, 111 1/2, 111 3/4, 112 1/4, 114, 116, 4's, 121 1/2, 124, 5's, 114, 114 1/2; currency 6's, 103 a 100.

COTTON.—Middling uplands ruled steady at 71c, but demand from spinners was light.

FEED.—Spot bran ranged from \$13.50 to \$14.00 per ton for winter in bulk, and \$12.75 to \$13.50 for spring in sacks.

WHEAT.—Winter super, \$2.50 a \$2.75; do, extras, \$2.75 a \$3.10; Pennsylvania roller, clear, \$1.80 a \$4.05; do, do, straight, \$4.10 a \$4.25; Western winter, clear, \$3.90 a \$4.05; do, do, straight, \$4.15 a \$4.25; do, do, patent, \$4.40 a \$4.60; spring, clear, \$3.50 a \$3.75; do, straight, \$3.35 a \$4.15; do, patent, \$4.25 a \$4.40; do, do, fancy brands, higher; 103 1/2 mills, extra, \$2.90 a \$3.15; do, clear, \$4.00 a \$4.30; do, straight, \$4.25 a \$4.50; do, patent, \$4.40 a \$4.60. RYE FLOUR.—\$2.25 a \$2.60 per bbl. as to quality. BUCKWHEAT FLOUR.—\$1.10 a \$1.15 per 100 pounds, as to quality.

GRAIN.—No. 2 red wheat, 33 a 33 1/2; No. 2 mixed extra, 29 1/2 a 30; No. 3 white out, 27 1/2 a 29 1/2.

BEEF CATTLE.—Extra, 4 1/2 a 5c; good, 4 1/4 a 4 1/2c; medium, 4 1/4 a 4c; common, 4 a 4 1/2c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS.—Extra, 4 1/4 a 4c; good, 4 a 4 1/2c; medium, 3 1/2 a 3 3/4c; common, 3 a 3 1/2c; 4 a 5 1/2c.

PORKS.—The leading London bankers now express their belief that there will be no war in the East, and a general feeling of confidence is returning.

Greece has informed France and Great Britain that she is willing to place the Greek troops in Crete under the command of the Powers, and also to abandon her proposal for a Cretan plebiscite. The Cretan Chamber of Deputies to pronounce in favor of autonomy or union with Greece as that which may elect.

Spain has decided to send 15,000 additional troops to the Philippine Islands. It is reported that General Polanco de Rivera will succeed General Polanco as Governor.

When the Siberian Railroad is completed, the journey from London to Shanghai will take only twenty-

two days instead of the thirty-nine needed now by way of Beirut and the thirty-four by the American route. The first class fare will be \$247 instead of \$604 1/2 Beirut and \$225 across America.—*New York Ass'n.*

Oreich farming is now successfully carried on in South Russia.

Japan has a practically inexhaustible supply of coal but it is not liked because its combustion produces dense volumes of smoke that make it disagreeable to factories and to steamers.

Chateaufort, France, says that Rana Valor III., Queen of Madagascar, who has been only 10 nominal ruler of the island since it was made a French colony last Sixth Month, has been exiled to the island of Reunion, and started for that place on Third Mo., 7.

Another expedition to gain the summit of Aconcagua, organized by the German Athletic Club, Santiago, Chile, arrived at the top of the summit of Fitzgerald on First Month 26th, which was found at height of 19,000 feet. They kept on until a height of 19,500 feet was reached, at which elevation they remained all night. The cold was so intense that the party did not attempt to go to sleep, but remained awake, moving about all night, but themselves were less than a few feet above the snow. It is said, however, something like \$3,000,000 in trying to kill the locust yet at the present time great clouds of them are to be found walking through the crops.

It is reported that the crops in Uruguay will be poorer this season, nothing having escaped the ravage of the locusts, apparently, but fruit. There will be less than a third of the normal amount in the wheat crop and probably more in the maize crop.

The Government of Sweden has notified the Canadian Government that Andrew will start from Stockholm about the end of Sixth Month for Spitzbergen attempt his balloon voyage to the North Pole, and requests that instructions be given to Canadian officials in the event of his arrival in the northern territories at Hudson Bay region to report the balloon if it is sighted.

## NOTICES.

FRIENDS' INSTITUTE LYCEUM.—The next meeting will be held at 140 N. Sixteenth St., Sixth-day, Third Month 18th, 1897, at 8 P. M.

WESTWOOD BOARDING SCHOOL.—The General Committee meet in Philadelphia, Sixth-day, Third Month 18th, at 11 A. M. The Committee on instruction meet the same day, at 9 A. M.

WM EVANS, Clerk.

TRACT ASSOCIATION OF FRIENDS.—The Ann Meeting of the Association will be held in the Committee Room of Arch Street Meeting-house on Tuesday evening of the 31st instant, at 8 o'clock. All interested Friends are invited to attend. EDWARD MARR, Philadelphia, Third Month, 1897. *Ch.*

DIED, on the twentieth of Twelfth Month, 1897, at Philadelphia, Pa., J. H. EVANS, son of Jonathan B. and Hannah C. Evans, a member of the monthly Meeting of Friends, at the residence of his father, at 404 N. 4th street, at 11 A. M. (L. k. xii: 40.)

On the twenty-fifth of Third Month, 1897, F. WOOD O. HINSHAW, in the forty-third year of his age, a member of the Philadelphia Monthly Meeting of Conservative Friends, Indiana. This dear Friend manifested a strong attachment to the doctrines and testimonies of the Society of Friends as they have been held and maintained by all sound Friends. He leaves a widow with five minor children, and many sympathizing Friends to mourn their loss; but it was his wish that they should be comforted by the assurance that rest remained unto the people of God.

—, at a residence in Coal Creek, Iowa, Second Month 10th, 1897, after a short but severe illness. JONATHAN BRIGGS, in the ninety-second year of age; a valued member of Coal Creek Monthly Meeting of Particular Meeting of Friends. He had long and firmly established in his heart and testimony as a Friend, as set forth by our early predecessors in Truth, and was earnestly concerned for the faithful support of our Christian discipline, and also in watchful guardianship of the Society from the introduction of hurtful modern innovations. He was vored with his mental faculties until near the last of the calm and peaceful state of his mind at this time was a comforting evidence to his relatives and friends that he was prepared for the solemn change.

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ary and Letters of Deborah Brooks Webb.

(Continued from page 374.)

1880.—Second Month 29th.—What a relief he able to move! What a relief even to stir hands and arms! I think it must be dis-easing to be motionless. How God has tem- pered the body together so that the whole is complete. We are fearfully and wonderfully made, and all his works shall praise Him.

On the fourth of Eighth Month, 1879, a com- mittee was appointed to consider the condition of Friends in Reading in regard to a meeting, there being several children there who need the care of Society. In allusion to this, she says in the same letter:

"The next First-day, after being with you, I went to Reading. We arrived at the meeting- place, and were taking off our cloaks as the clock struck eleven. That was the hour for meeting, and they were all assembled in the arlor. My heart feels so tenderly for them, children especially. Some seem lukewarm, unwilling to exert themselves to get spiritual strength, but ability was mercifully given to her, and near access permitted at the throne of mercy. The meeting was closed rather sud- denly. I think after a supplication, there needs little more time than after a testimony, for, O, the spirit seems so absorbed in Omnipotence at it is hard to come back to earth again."

"Alluding to the death of Rebecca Scattergood, she says, 'The dear woman has since passed away, and her last words were, 'Bless the Lord, O, my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name,' and these were uttered during ex- citing pain. How the dear Master enables us to triumph, even though seemingly in the times. His love is so marvellous, poured forth into the soul, as to absorb all other feelings at mes. Is He not 'altogether lovely,' unto us."

"Last First-day afternoon, I took out two little girls in to see our precious E. Pearson. She could not seem to see us, unless close to her face, and en- dued. She commenced her eighty-eighth year on the twenty-third. So one generation issues after another, and what would be, with- out our hope of a glorious immortality? Bless- ings, my dear, blessings be upon you, and riches, heavenly riches in your souls as ye follow the

Lord in the regeneration and daily newness of life."

Fourth Mo. 25th.—Just returned from the funeral of my beloved sister, Elizabeth B. Federlin, in Boston, Mass. She was taken with pneu- monia on the eighth, and after a week's sickness, passed away sweetly on the fifteenth. Shortly before, she queried, "Is this the peace felt by those who are dying?" Her life had been full of sweet Christian sympathies.

In a letter dated Fifth Month 3rd, 1880, to an invalid friend, she alludes to this sister— "Deep calleth unto deep, saith the Psalmist, at the noise of thy water spouts, all thy waves and thy billows have gone over me.' Surely, my precious one, if any on earth can adopt this language, I think thy life, almost full of varied sufferings, might cause thee to do so at times. But I trust it would be said reverently and submissively, and the comforting word also at- tended, 'Yet the Lord will command his loving- kindness in the daytime, and in the night his song shall be with me, and my prayer unto the God of my life.' Be not cast down, then; he not desponded, for thou shalt yet praise Him for the help of his countenance. . . . O, you remember my fiftieth birthday is rather the completion of my semi-centennial year. Just think—half a hundred. Oh, I wish I could do more for his holy Name; but if I do just what He tells me, that will do just as well as much. He has been so good all my life long, creating such a hunger, for years and years, after him- self, and then when wholly given up to all his will, satisfying—yes, fully satisfying with his presence time after time, never leaving nor for- saking. Oh, I do love the great I Am and the Redeemer of men, but rejoice with trembling, needing, I know, to take heed lest a fall come. Has He not been merciful to our transgression; has He not passed by our iniquities many a time? Therefore will my soul bless Him and praise Him forever more. My precious sister, who has just passed away from earth, was a deep Christian, loving her Redeemer, seeking to serve Him daily, so generous and gentle to all around her that they could but see where her source of joy was."

In a letter dated Tenth Month 7th, 1881, she says: "We had solemn meetings yesterday. S. F. Balderston spoke on the parable of the ten virgins so interestingly. He dwelt on their lamps being gone out, which showed that they had been lighted. He said the simple teachings of our Saviour by parable were superior to all the combined learning of the wise men of the earth; that the Holy Spirit was the holy oil for us to have in our vessels, urging the point that in my spirit the First-day morning before, 'Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of.' How often we find our spirits swerving a little from that of our Saviour's. We become too much engrossed in the world's affairs, and our spirits wander and we find them soiled. The application was very different from the place and manner in which our Saviour used the expression. Ministry is peculiar, and blessed

indeed it is to be pre-erved dwelling at the Fountain head only. I often fear for myself, but know we must trust Him, our Lord."

The year 1881 was spent much as of other years of late, and the Lord has been good in all his word unto me. During vacation, I spent one month in Reading at Rose Valley Park, a nice shady place. My object was to become more acquainted with the members of that little meeting, and to draw the children to the knowl- edge of the Truth.

1882.—Sixth Month.—I have now recovered from a serious attack of pneumonia. On First- day morning, the fifth of Third Month, I was taken alarmingly ill. I longed to go to my heavenly home, but my dear Master did not come for me, and now I want to live pure, pure, so as to be ready at any time. Friends were ex- ceedingly kind, and two of my nieces came in to nurse me, so outwardly the Lord provided, and inwardly my cup of consolation was full, so that I wanted to depart and be with Christ, but did not dare to ask for it, fearing He might not see me quite ready. But oh, the longings as the dark river flowed by. Now may I do all my hands find to do, but no more.

[Letter] Eighth Month 23rd, 1882: "How interesting it was to hear about E. K. P. It is so good to realize the truth, 'that this is life eter- nal, that they might know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent.' If the dear old man has learned this, and has experienced it in the silence of our meetings, he is indeed in possession of the pearl of great price, and will not be disappointed when the Beloved maketh up his jewels. 'Not disap- pointed,' no dear, and neither will you, I fully believe; for many a baptism of suffering has been your portion. Yet, 'I have refined thee, but not with silver; I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction,' remains true of G-d's dealings with us; so at last the dear Saviour will present us faultless in his own righteous- ness. Nothing of our own—all, all his."

Ninth Month 17th.—Been visiting nearly all my vacation. This day have been to the West Philadelphia Meeting, which is increasing in size—lined at the Shelter.

My chest seems tender, and I know not whether it will be my last school year or not. I love to be with the dear children, and hope for the Divine blessing.

1883.—Eighth Month.—An eventful year. In the Sixth Month my resignation from school duties was given in to the committee, and my prospect now is of marriage with my friend Stephen A. Webb, of Parkerville. Oh, my Lord and God, thou who hast never failed me, be pleased that thy hand may continue with me and make me a blessing. Give me meekness and wisdom to enable me to perform all my duties aright in holy fear.

During 8 seventh Month had a visit with my choice friends in Salem and West Chester. We had good meetings, and I trust the work was the Lord's work. Thankfulness covers my spirit.

Under date of Twelfth Month 1st, 1883, she

writes to her friend, R. S. A., "There is nothing so sweet as peace flowing as a river. Is not that a sweet passage, 'For there is now no condemnation,' etc., and how quick the witness is to warn of the approach of any degree of evil, and if we are directly obedient to it, how the peace flows, and the union and the oneness of the Father and Son seems sealed. Yes, dear, He, our Lord is so good to send the visitations of his Spirit into the souls of men. I was impressed in the morning reading with, 'For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.' Now, we see through a glass darkly, but the full fruition lies before his faithful children because He said so. Yes, dear, let us travel on with a trusting heart."

1884.—Third Month 30th.—Parkerville. It is now a little over six months since my union in marriage with S. A. Webb—and a happy wedded life it is, and my Heavenly Father is so good to me. On the fourth of Ninth Month we were married at the Sixth and Noble Streets Meeting-house, where it had been my lot to teach over twenty years. We had a good, deep-feeling meeting, for which I was so thankful. S. Mason and W. McCollin let me have a repast at their house for my friends; in the afternoon we went to Bethlehem, remained all night and proceeded to Mauch Chunk in the morning. The scenery there is worth a visit to enjoy. Seventh-day evening we reached our home here. It seems so strange still to remain from the city, more like a visit than a home. At the last Quarterly Meeting at London Grove my name was mentioned on a committee to visit the Monthly Meetings. Some of the committee were here, but the weather is so inclement and the roads so deep with mud since the thaw that it did not seem quite prudent for me to go out until the next Monthly Meeting. Oh, Father, thou hast never failed me, fail me not now, in home trials, or in outward work for thy cause. For thy Son's sake, my Redeemer, oh, be with me and make me quick of understanding in thy fear. I long to be endued with the Holy Ghost.

(To be continued.)

A FRENCH TESTIMONY RESPECTING THE CONSCRIPTION.—Lord Wolsley has recently given an interesting and clever lecture on the advantages of military service to the despotism of a nation. Monsieur le D<sup>eu</sup>puté Jules Delatoise gives another view of the question; he says:—

"I consider obligatory military service, such as we have conceived and practised (in France), the most pernicious agent of social demoralization and national dissolution that exists in the world. I have the well-considered conviction that if we permit it to continue for twenty years longer the ravages it has already commenced, there will be no longer either society or army, there will only be a disintegrated mass of people without bond of union, without discipline, and without cohesion.

"Military service as at present constituted, separates thousands of young men from the centre where they have grown up, the careers they have commenced, and the simple and upright lives which they ought to follow, and when, after three years of this alienation, it gives them back to civil life, they turn to it no longer. Many of them have become accustomed to the life of towns, and many wish to remain in the cities, and do remain, becoming workmen without work, needy without employment, discontented and unclassified. The destruction of equilibrium appears to me a great

danger of the present day, and I do not hesitate to say that I consider obligatory military service as one of the most powerful agents for recruiting the ranks of revolutionary Socialism."—*Herald of Peace.*

### General Garfield on "Margins."

[Some time ago the president of a leading Ohio college asked me if I could help him to a copy of General Garfield's speech on "Margins." I could not even recall the speech, although I remembered that the idea was a favorite one with Garfield. The president said that the speech was one that should be sent the rounds of the newspapers every two or three years for the special benefit of students. Some time after a well-known educator of Massachusetts mentioned the same speech, and, in replying to my question, said that he could furnish me a copy and promised to do so. The following is printed from the copy thus furnished. When this speech was made and by whom it was reported I am unable to tell. I print it as it comes to me.

—B. A. HINSDALE.

The following is a little speech made many years ago by President Garfield to the students at Hiram College. It was given as a familiar talk, but no one can read it without seeing the elements of true greatness and power on the part of its author:

"I was thinking, young ladies and gentlemen, as I sat here this morning, that life is almost wholly made up of margins. The bulk itself of almost anything is not what tells; that exists anyway. That is expected. That is not what gives the profit or makes the distinguishing difference. The grocer cares little for the great bulk of the price of his tea. It is the few cents between the cost and the selling price, which he calls the 'margin,' that particularly interests him. 'Is this to be great or small?' is the thing of importance. Millions of dollars change hands in our great marts of trade just on the question of margins. This same thing is all-important in the subject of thought. One mind is not greater than another, perhaps, in the great bulk of its contents; but its margin is greater, that's all. I may know just as much as you do about the general details of a subject, but you can go just a little farther than I can. You have a greater margin than I. You can tell me of some single thought just beyond where I have gone. Your margin has got me. I must succumb to your superiority.

"A good way to carry out the same idea, and better illustrate it, is by globes. Did you ever see globes whose only difference was that one had half an inch larger diameter than the other? This larger one, although there is so little difference, will entirely inclose the other, and have a quarter of an inch in every direction to spare besides. Let these globes be minds, with a living principle of some kind at their centers, which throws out its little tentacle-like arms in every direction as radii to explore for knowledge. The one goes a certain distance and stops. It can reach no farther. It has come to a standstill. It has reached its maximum of knowledge in that direction. The other sends its arms out, and can reach just a quarter of an inch farther. So far as the first mind is able to tell, the other has gone infinitely farther than it can reach. It goes out to its farthest limit and must stop; the other tells him things he did not know before. Many minds you may consider wonderful in their capacity. They may be able to go only a quarter of an inch beyond you. What an incentive this should be for any young

man to work to make this margin as great a if not greater, than the margin of his fellows.

"I recall a good illustration of this when I was in college. A certain young man was leaving the class in Latin. I thought I was studying hard. I couldn't see how he got the start of us all so. To us he seemed to have an infinite knowledge. He knew more than we did. Finally, one day, I asked him when he learned his lesson. 'At night,' he replied. I learned mine at the same time. His window was not fit from mine, and I could see him from my own.

"I had finished my lesson the next night as well as usual, and, feeling sleepy, was about to go to bed. I happened to saunter to my window, and there I saw my class mate still bending diligently over his book. 'There's where he gets the margin on me,' I thought. 'But I shall not have it for once,' I resolved. 'I will study just a little longer than he does to-night. So I took my books again, and opening to it I lessened went to work with renewed vigor, watched for the light to go out in my class mate's room. In fifteen minutes it was all dark. 'There is his margin,' I thought. It was fifteen minutes more time. It was hunting out fifteen minutes more of rules and root derivative. How often, when a lesson is well prepared, just five minutes spent in perfecting it will make one best in the class. The margin in such a case as that is very small, but it is all-important. The world is made up of little things.'—*The Christian Standard.*

### William Penn's Appeal.

(Concluded from page 275.)

"And, brethren, as to you is committed the dispensation of the oracles of God, which give you frequent opportunities and great place with the people among whom you travel, I beseech you that you would not think it sufficient to declare the word of life in their assembly however edifying and comfortable such opportunities may be to you and them; but as we the practice of the man of God before mentioned in great measure, when among us, inquire the state of the several churches you visit, who among them are afflicted or sick, who are tempted; any are unfaithful or obstinate, and endeavor to issue those things in the wisdom and power of God, which will be a glorious crown upon your ministry. As that prepares your way to the hearts of the people to receive you as men of God, so it gives you credit with them to do them good by your advice in other respects. The afflicted will be comforted by you, the tempted strengthened, the sick refreshed, the unfaithful convicted and restored, and such are obstinate softened and fitted for reconciliation, which is clenching the nail, and applying and fastening the general testimony by the particular care of the several branches of it, I refer to them more immediately concerned in it.

"For though good and wise men and elders too may reside in such places, who are of worth and importance in the general and in other places, yet it does not always follow that they may have the room they deserve in the heart of the people they live among, or some particular occasion may make it unfit for him or her to use that authority; but you that travel a God's messengers, if they receive you in that greater, shall they refuse you in the less? And if they own the general testimony, can they withstand the particular application of it if their own cases? Thus ye will show yourselves workmen indeed, and carry your business before

on to the praise of his name that hath called us from darkness to light, that you might join others from Satan's power unto God and a kingdom which is within. And oh! that at there were more of such faithful laborers in the vineyard of the Lord! never more need we the day of God!

"Wherefore I cannot but cry and call aloud to you, that have been long professors of the truth, and know the truth in the convincing power of it, and have had a sober conversation among men, yet content yourselves only to now truth for yourselves; to go to meetings, and exercise an ordinary charity in the church, and an honest behavior in the world, and limit yourselves within those bounds, feeling little or to concern upon your spirits for the glory of the Lord in the prosperity of his truth in the earth, more than to be glad that others succeed in such service; arise ye in the name and power of the Lord Jesus! behold how white the fields are unto harvest in this and other nations, and how few able and faithful laborers here are to work therein! your country folks, neighbors and kindred want to know the Lord and his truth, and to walk in it. Does nothing lie at your door upon their account? Search and see, and lose no time, I beseech you, for the Lord is at hand. I do not judge you, there is one that judgeth all men, and his judgment is true; you have nightly increased in your outward substance, may you equally increase in your inward riches, and do good with both while you have a day to do good. Your enemies would once have taken what you had from us for his Name's sake in whom you have believed, wherefore He has given you much of the world in the face of your enemies. But oh! it is to be your servant and not your master, your diversion rather than your business! let the Lord be chiefly in your eye, and ponder your ways, and see if God has nothing more for you to do; and if you find yourselves short in your account with Him, then wait for his preparation, and be ready to receive the word of command, and be not weary of well-doing when you have put your hand to the plough; and assuredly you shall reap, if you faint not, the fruit of your heavenly labor in God's everlasting kingdom.

"And you, young convinced ones, be you attracted and exhorted to a diligent and chaste waiting upon God in the way of his blessed manifestation and appearance of himself to you. Look not out but within; let not another's liberty be your snare; neither act by imitation, out sense and feeling of God's power in yourselves; crush not the tender budlings of it in your souls, nor overrun in your desires and your warmth of affections the holy and gentle notions of it. Remember it is a still voice that speaks to us in this day, and that it is not to be heard in the noises and hurries of the mind, but is distinctly understood in a retired frame. Jesus loved and chose out solitudes, often going to mountains, to gardens and sea-sides, to avoid crowds and hurries, to show his disciples it was good to be solitary and sit loose to the world. Two enemies lie near your state. Imagination and Liberty; but the plain, practical, living, holy truth, that has convinced you will preserve you, if you mind it in yourselves, and bring all thoughts, imaginations and affections to the test of it, to see if they are wrought in God, or of the enemy, or your own selves; so will a true taste, discerning and judgment be preserved to you, of what you should do and leave undone; and in your diligence and faithfulness in this

way you will come to inherit substance, and Christ, the eternal wisdom, will fill your treasury. And when you are converted, as well as convinced, then confirm your brethren, and be ready to every good word and work that the Lord shall call you to, that you may be to his praise who has chosen you to be partakers with the Saints in light of a kingdom that cannot be shaken, an inheritance incorruptible, in eternal habitations.

"And now, as for you that are the children of God's people, a great concern is upon my spirit for your good, and often are my knees bowed to the God of your fathers for you, that you may come to be partakers of the same Divine life and power, that has been the glory of this day, that a generation you may be to God, a holy nation and a peculiar people, zealous of good works, when all our hearts are laid in the dust. Oh! you young men and women, let it not suffice you that you are the children of the people of the Lord! you must also be born again if you will inherit the kingdom of God! Your fathers are but such after the flesh, and could but beget you into the likeness of the first Adam; but you must be begotten into the likeness of the second Adam by a spiritual generation. And therefore look carefully about you, O ye children of the children of God, consider your standing, and see what you are in relation to this Divine kindred, family and birth! Have you obeyed the light, and received and walked in the Spirit, that is the incorruptible seed of the word and kingdom of God, of which you must be born again? God is no respecter of persons, the father cannot save or answer for the child, the child for the father, but in the sin thou sinnest thou shalt die, and in the righteousness thou doest through Christ Jesus thou shalt live; for it is the willing and obedient that shall eat the good of the land.

"Be not deceived, God is not mocked, such as all nations and people sow, such shall they reap at the hand of the just God. And then your many and great privileges above the children of other people will add weight in the scale against you, if you choose not the way of the Lord; for you have had line upon line, and precept upon precept, and not only good doctrine but good example; and which is more, you have been turned to and acquainted with a principle in yourselves which others have been ignorant of, and you know you may be as good as you please, without the fear of frowns and blows, or being turned out of doors, and forsaken of father and mother for God's sake and his holy religion, as has been the case of some of your fathers in the day they first entered into this holy path; and if you, after hearing and seeing the wonders that God has wrought in the deliverance and preservation of them through a sea of troubles, and the manifold temporal as well as spiritual blessings that He has filled them with in the sight of their enemies, should neglect or turn your backs upon so great and so near a salvation, you would not only be most ungrateful children to God and them, but must expect that God will call the children of those that knew Him not to take the crown out of your hands, and that your lot will be a dreadful judgment at the hand of the Lord. But oh! that it may never be so with any of you! The Lord forbid, saith my soul.

"Wherefore, O ye young men and women, look to the rock of your fathers; choose the God of your fathers; there is no other God but Him, no other light but his, no other

grace but his, nor Spirit but his; convince you, quicken and comfort you, to lead, guide and preserve you to God's everlasting kingdom; so will you be possessors as well as professors of the truth, embracing it not only by conviction but judgment and conviction, from a sense begotten in your souls through the operation of the eternal Spirit and power of God in your hearts by which you may come to be the seed of Abraham through faith, and the circumcision not made with hands, and so heirs of the promise made to the fathers of an incorruptible crown; that, as I said before, a generation you may be to God, holding up the profession of the blessed truth in the life and power of it. For formality in religion is nauseous to God and good men; and the more so, where any form or appearance has been new and peculiar, and began and practised upon a principle with an uncommon zeal and strictness. Therefore, I say, for you to fulfil and formal, and continue the profession without that salt and savor by which it is come to obtain a good report among men, is not to answer God's love, nor your parents' care, nor the mind of truth in yourselves, nor in those that are without; who though they will not obey the truth, have sight and sense enough to see if they do that make a profession of it. For where the Divine virtue of it is not felt in the soul, and waited for, and lived in, imperfections will quickly break out and show themselves, and detect the unfaithfulness of such persons, and that their insides are not seasoned with the nature of that holy principle which they profess.

"Wherefore, dear children, let me entreat you to shut your eyes at the temptations and allurements of this low and perishing world, and not suffer your affections to be captivated by those lusts and vanities that your fathers, for truth's sake, long since turned their backs upon; but as you believe it to be the truth, receive it into your hearts, that you may become the children of God; so that it may never be said of you as the evangelist writes of the Jews of his time, that Christ the true light came to his own, but his own received Him not; but to as many as received Him, to them He gave power to become the children of God, which were born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God.

A most close and comprehensive passage to this occasion; you exactly and peculiarly answer to those professing Jews, in that you bear the name of God's people, by being the children and wearing the form of God's people; so that He by his light in you may be said to come to his own, and if you obey it not, but turn your back upon it, and walk after the vanities of your minds, you will be of those that receive Him not, which I pray God may never be your case and judgment; but that you may be thoroughly sensible of the many and great obligations you lie under to the Lord for his love, and your parents for their care; and with all your heart, and all your soul, and all your strength, turn to the Lord, to his gift and Spirit in you, and hear his voice and obey it, that you may seal to the testimony of your fathers by the truth and evidence of your own experience; that your children's children may bless you, and the Lord for you, as those that delivered a faithful example, as well as record of the truth of God unto them. So will the grey hairs of your dear parents yet alive go down to the grave with joy, to see you the posterity of truth, as well as theirs, and that not only their natures but Spirit shall live in you when they are gone.

FOR "THE FRIEND."

## To Be Spiritually-Minded Is Life and Peace.

[We sympathize with the concern of our friend, C. H., for the increase of spiritual-mindedness amongst our members, and that they should be on their guard against becoming too much absorbed in worldly matters. Yet a proper attention to business is right in itself, and, we believe, consistent with a growth in grace; nor do we see that there is anything necessarily wrong in making suitable provision for the needs which a family may require after the decease of its head and outward care-taker. Indeed, we believe many have felt this to be a duty, and have had abundant cause to bless the Lord for his help in its performance. In most communities there appears to be more danger of devoting too much of our time and thoughts to the pursuit of business; but those who live sufficiently in communion with the Lord, will be so guided as to avoid errors on the right hand and on the left.—Ed.]

"Who goeth a warfare entangleth not himself with the affairs of this life," has by many of the Lord's servants, since it was first penned by the "great Apostle," been acknowledged, both in their lives and precepts; and I believe, when once the heart is wholly given up to follow, in the ways of holiness, Him who said, "Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me, for my yoke is easy, and my burden is light," that we will feel concerned that in "whatsoever we do" that "we may be enabled to 'do all to the glory of God,'" not looking for or expecting great things in this world, either for ourselves or our children, but, having "food and raiment, learn therewith to be content," not to the neglect of "providing things lawful in the sight of all men," but as becometh a people professing godliness," that we show by our walk that we press with more earnestness for the things of eternal concern than those of temporal interest.

It has seemed to me that pursuit of the world and things of the world, is to-day working more hindrance to growth in the spiritual life than those more gross immoralities, although both are but branches of the same corrupt tree.

The ever pressing passion with those more morally inclined seems to be after property, even to the full measure of time and strength, and often even further beyond the safe limit in the use of the capital of others.

Thus laying a claim against their future time and strength, it seems to me grossly inconsistent with that admonition to "Take no thought for the morrow," etc., and many not satisfied yet with the making of a home for their families during their lifetime, even lay a further tribute on the present by settling portions, by "life insurance," etc., on their families after it has pleased the "Judge of all the earth" to remove them from the care of wives and children to "the world beyond," instead of commending them to the care of "Israel's unslumbering Shepherd," whose are "the cattle on a thousand hills," who feedeth the ravens and clothes the lilies with more gorgeous robes than those of Solomon, and who has assured us that we are of more value than many sparrows, and that not a sparrow falls to the ground without his notice.

I have also noticed with sorrow how many have let the pursuit of some moral or civil reform so engross their time and thought as to exclude almost other equally important and vital questions, standing in judgment on those who could not go the same lengths in pushing

their worthy questions, often to the hurt of those thus censured in many ways. I believe most of us will find, if enlisted under the banner of Truth, that, as formerly it leads not into the strifes and kingdoms of this world, but, like Matthew formerly, will feel called "from the receipt of custom." C. H.

## STRENGTH IN WEAKNESS.

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

"He giveth power to the faint, and to them that have no might He increaseth strength."

It is no dream, Great Comforter,  
But very truth to me,  
That all earth's strengthless, fainting ones,  
May be made strong in Thee.

The years have taught me many things,  
But none so sure as this:  
That shelter, solace, joy and strength  
Are always where God is.

God is my refuge and my strength—  
I will not be afraid;  
And though the night be wild and dark,  
I meet it undismayed.

The strength to bear, or work, or wait,  
Is thine, O God, to give;  
And who shall weak and strengthless be  
That learns in Thee to live?

## TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

For our dear ones safe on the other side,  
We give thee praise, O Lord!  
Though our hearts are sore for prayers denied,  
And our songs have a broken chord,  
Never the stain of shame or sin,  
Never the blight of pain,  
Shall come to the best who have entered in  
Where only love doth reign.

Entered in to the hall of the feast,  
Through the gates of Jasper clear,  
Where the dear Lord's hand shall lead the least,  
And himself shall to all be near,  
Entered in where the deathless life  
Into every soul is poured;  
Entered, when never told or strife  
Is seen in the light of the Lord.

Some whom we lost in the long ago  
Are waiting to greet us there;  
Forgotten the burden of mortal woe,  
Urtasted the earth's despair.  
Oh, well, when we kneel at the Master's feet,  
May we thank his tender love,  
That saved the bitter and gave the sweet  
In the cup they quaff above.

But thanks and praise for the dear ones gone  
To dwell in the peace of God;  
No longer weary, or spent, or lone,  
No longer under the rod;  
Learning and growing day by day,  
Where they count not life by days,  
Treading forever the upward way—  
For these let us offer praise.

Swiftly and surely the hour will come  
When, dropping the load of care,  
We, too, shall win to the better home,  
And be found of the loved ones there,  
For the family life, and the family love,  
Are safe in the Father's thought;  
And one and all to the house above,  
Shall his ransomed at last be brought.

In one town of Michigan, *The Woman's Journal* says, "The women seem to have everything their own way. In Decatur, with a population of one thousand five hundred, all the town officers are women, with the exception of the dog-catcher—no woman wanted that office.

The leading physician is a woman; two women conduct the principal restaurant; the proprietor of the largest dry-goods store is a woman; there are women shoemakers, painters, harness-

makers and florists, and a woman postmistress. Of course the saloons have all been shut up."

## Truthfulness and Sincerity.

(Concluded from page 27.)

In C. H. Spurgeon's lecture on George Fox he calls attention to his care to be truthful in his language—He says:—

"He had learned the noble habit of veiling plain speaking. I do not suppose that man beyond your Society will acquire the habit using the 'thee' and 'thou' in conversation, but that practice was a significant part of a precious whole. It was a portion of a general principle, namely, the use of words in their proper signification, and not wresting the from their right etymological position. O. admires that incident in Fox's journal where one of his persecutors says to him, 'Mr. Fox your obedient servant.' 'Beware of hypocrisy and of a rotten heart,' replies Fox: 'when I ever thy master? and when wast thou ever my servant? Do servants put their masters prison?' What a blow for poor compliment! Possibly you never had a writ, or a notice in county court action, addressed to you and signed 'your obedient, humble servant,' but that the style of things with the world. 'Oh you know,' says somebody, 'everybody knows what it means.' If a man writes a letter full of abuse he begins, 'My dear sir.' No matter how much animosity may be in a man's heart, he will be sure to address you as 'my dear sir,' and use the usual false compliments of the fashion. This might not be so bad, if it were not a part of the most terrible and crying mischief which is a parent everywhere, of persons using words in non-natural sense, or in a sense not general allowed.

"Many of the terms of business are so corrupted from their meaning that they convey false idea to the common observer, even in such plain matters as numbers and quality; but it replies, 'Well, everybody knows what it means.' It is the custom you know, and therefore you may do it.' I ask why is it the custom to speak in words which are not true? Every religion is thus tainted now. I do not know whether you will approve of what I am about to say; but I cannot refuse to say it. I feel that when a clergyman takes a child in his hands, sprinkles it, thanks God that it is regenerate, an teachers that child afterwards to say, 'In my baptism, wherein I was made a member of Christ, a child of God, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven'—if that clergyman do not believe that such baptism made the child a member of Christ, a child of God, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven, he is guilty of a dishonest utterance. It is a hard thing to say, but I cannot help saying it; the words are very distinct and plain. If he really is such a fool as to believe that those few drops of water have made the infant a member of Christ, child of God, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven, why then we cannot find fault with his so saying; but we must leave him there and pray that he may be enlightened; but I saying that, he really does not believe it, and in his preaching tells his people that they must be born again in quite another way than that of baptism, then, brethren, I cannot say otherwise than that such a course of action is dishonest. 'But nobody understands those words as they stand,' says some one. This, however is not true, for we find a numerous body who boldly advocate Baptismal Regeneration, and quote these words as the foundation of their



faith. The highest Tractarianism defends itself by the plain and evident meaning of declarations which good evangelical Christian men have solemnly assented to. Now is this justifiable? Ought we not above all other things to be plain, simple and straight-forward in matters which concern the eternal interests of men's souls? What wonder is it if tricks played with language by the professed ministers of Christ should lead on to trickery in the commercial world?

"The practice of cooking accounts, issuing fictitious reports, and creating imaginary capital, is but another phase of shiftness in the use of terms, and there are some found to defend it upon the principle that everybody knows it's always done; and one is not to judge high financing by the same rule as small transactions.

"The commercial morality of this nation to a fearful extent is corrupted. If I make any allusion to this melancholy fact, people say, 'Ah! you do not understand business.' Now, if business were a correct thing I think I could understand it, if it were conducted upon perfectly honest and straight-forward principles. I am not such a simpleton as not to be able to see when a thing is honest or dishonest; and if there be a mode of conducting business which is so intricate, shuffling, and complex that I cannot understand it, and that no other minister can understand whether it is honest or not, then I say it is something which needs looking into, and requires alteration. When a common-sense Christian man cannot understand business, it is time that business should know that it has no business to be such business as it is. Should not a Christian man—I am sure the disciples of George Fox should—be transparent in his business transactions? He should be such a man that if any one should pop in and look at his accounts, he should have no need to lock up his books because of improper entries. He ought never to manipulate accounts so as to confess, 'Well, that is a very awkward piece of business; but if so and so turns up it will never be heard of, and we shall net a handsome sum, although, if another event occurs, we shall be shown up, and most men will call it a piece of roguery.' Is it so, after all, that success makes a doubtful transaction right, and that failure makes it wrong? Really, friends, this will not do. This common fabrication of wealth out of mere paper, the making of affairs to appear as they are not, the conjuring and legerdemain by which capital is created, and shares thrust upon the public; this lying and stealing on a large scale—for that is the English of it—will undermine the position of England amongst the nations, unless something be done to stay it. We had better go back to 'thee' and 'thou' with George Fox, and tell them that they are hypocrites and have rotten hearts, if we believe they have, rather than keep on complimenting each other, and uniting to maintain a fictitious state of society. The old Scotch proverb is, 'Ca me and I'll ca thee.' 'Thou treat me a man of wealth, and I will treat thee the same and as we both are men of straw, we shall keep each other up.' Thus holding hands together in a confederacy of untruthfulness they hope to be believed, and come to believe in themselves; but when the great Heart searcher comes to deal with us, he will do so upon very plain and simple moral principles, and not at all in the fashion in which some men have dealt with their fellows. I thought it necessary to say this, and if it should be a cap to fit the head of anybody here, I hope he will wear it.

"There is another respect in which we greatly need to return to the example of George Fox, to whom with all due deference to your manners and customs, I would most surely take off my hat if I met him, and excuse myself by declaring, 'George Fox, I must and will pay you more respect than I do most men, and I will for once even venture on a compliment that is distasteful to you, for I so honor your character; George Fox is to be admired for the sway which conscience had over him in little things. Take that hat matter as an instance. It is not a matter of wonderful consequence after all whether a man takes his hat off or keeps it on, excepting as it may be with him, as it was with Fox, a matter of conscience. If I believe it to be a matter of conscience and principle with me, I am not to ask questions as to how far I shall be obedient to the inward monitor, but must follow it at once in the smallest things, for if I get in the habit of violating conscience in small things I shall go on to something greater, and so on again till I have no conscience left, or only a conscience that is scared. A child may have an unfortunate propensity to steal some little thing, it may be only an apple; but still, if the parent shall wink at that fault, the child will grow up to be a thief. Your child may tell a story a little differently from the way in which it occurred, and if you do not correct it at once he may turn aside from the truth, till the habit of truth-speaking may be lost. So then, it is not the wearing of the hat or the cutting of the coat in itself that matters; it is not the importance of the thing itself intrinsically; but it involves the whole of obedience to the higher law, or willful rebellion. If an action is right let it be done; if it be not right let it be avoided, however little and contemptible others may think the case to be. The sway of Fox's conscience is to be seen in the fact of his never inquiring what other people would think of him, but resting in the liberty of the Divine presence. . . . It is my firm belief that the question never once entered George Fox's mind, as to what anybody would say about him. 'What does God think of me?' was his ruling thought. Am I acting according to the voice of God within my heart? If I am, the unicorn may hiss at me, or thrust me into prison, or call me what they will, but it matters not, I shall rest in peace, because my conscience is void of offence; but if all men speak well of me, then shall it be unto me as if the still small voice within shall tell me that I have not acted rightly in the sight of God."

#### Reminiscences of Mahlon Hackett.

This worthy Friend and able minister of the Gospel lived in the State of North Carolina. The meeting within whose limits he resided had greatly gone down, so that, for a time, no one attended it but himself, which he was concerned to do regularly. On a certain occasion he felt an engagement to arise and speak by way of ministry. This, doubtless, was a trial of his faith, there appearing to be nothing but the empty benches for him to address. However, yielding to this apprehension of duty, a man finally came crawling out from under a one of them, who sat down by Mahlon, and the influence of Divine god was so sensibly felt by him that he continued to come and attend on meeting days. Doubtless they verified the truth of the Saviour's promise to the "two or three gathered in his name," others being drawn to attend, it became, in time, a considerable meeting. One of the members became neglectful of

the duty of assembling in the middle of the week, and Mahlon resolved to arouse him to a sense of his duty. Not being expected, he felt constrained to send him a message to the following effect. The man had sent one of his children to borrow of him something he wanted! Said Mahlon to the lad, "Is thy father going to meeting to-day?" "No; he cannot go, for he is going to move to his new house." "Tell thy father that Mahlon Hackett says that if he does not go to meeting he will have no house to move to." I can scarcely conceive how, knowing, as he must have done, the character of his admonisher, he could have disregarded it. But being determined to follow out his original plan, he took his children, with a load of goods, to the new house, and, returning for another, came in sight of the new house only to find it in flames.

Some time prior to the Separation of 1828, Mahlon paid a religious visit to the Northern States, during which the following incidents occurred. It was a peculiarity with Mahlon to be ready for service early in a meeting, and sometimes before it was fully gathered. Accordingly, once having arisen before all had gathered in, his companion could not forbear reminding him of that fact. "They are all in that I am going to preach to," and he went on with his discourse. My informant said that it was probably so, that he felt all he had a message for were then assembled.

While visiting families, he found them at a certain house, all seated, awaiting his arrival. He went around, taking each one by the hand, stood a moment, and then, saying, "Live in love and die in peace," walked out without sitting down. It was a large family, all in apparent health, yet in a few months nearly all were taken away by death.

Attending the meeting at New Garden, Columbiana County, Ohio, then a large and flourishing one, he told them that it would not be long before that house would be a habitation for owls and bats. This was literally fulfilled at the time of the Separation. Those called Orthodox built a new house, the others disagreeing, the meeting was soon lost. And I have heard my father say that often, when riding by of evenings, he had seen the bats flying in and out of the broken windows.

The next meeting was Sandy Spring. An old man of my acquaintance gave me the following relation concerning that meeting, he being then a boy and in attendance. He said Mahlon jumped up rather suddenly, saying, "I guess I've come in on you at the back door! You are a nice-looking company of Friends. Why, you look as if butter wouldn't melt in your mouths; but when you are behind the door out of sight, a great chunk of cheese as big as my fist would 't choke you."

My informant said that when this came he saw a smile pass over the faces of nearly all assembled, and that Mahlon then went to portray them as to use my informant's words "a set of hypocrites," nor did he judge him much out of the way therein. Something of an amusing tendency is at times useful.

Jos. Hoag, attending a meeting somewhere in the Southern States, apprehending, I suppose, that his remarks were not making much impression, made a full stop, and pointing upwards, said, "I wish you would stop that hole in the roof, for everything I have said for the last half hour has gone out at it."

An elderly woman with whom I was well acquainted in Ohio, told me she remembered

well that eccentric minister, G. Withy, being at their meeting; that he began by giving them a lecture on the careless and unruly manner in which they were sitting—then, pausing, said, "I think I could get along better if you didn't stare at me so!" Proceeding, he remarked what an unseemly thing it was to see people gazing in a religious meeting. Pointing with his finger, "There is one gaping now!" he said. But when he had got through this, got them settled down into a state to hear, oh, how he did preach to us.

The late Thomas B. Gould related that when M. Hackett was at Newport, and desired a public meeting, he, in giving notice, fell into conversation with one who was a Baptist in profession. The man did not give any promise of attending. But Mahlon, as he so often did, was speaking, early in the meeting, when Thomas saw this man come to the door, but finding how things were, drew back as not wishing to make any disturbance. Mahlon, however, noticed him, and said, "Come in!" The stranger offering to sit down near the door, Mahlon said, "Come forward!" and, pointing to a seat, said, "Sit down there," and, immediately leaving the subject he was engaged upon, he took up baptism, and Thomas said he had never heard the subject opened as Mahlon was favored to do it that day.

From the sublime to the ridiculous is said to be but one step. Accordingly, it being at the time those called New Lights were making much disturbance and speaking often to the exercise of the right-minded, not only in meetings but private houses, one evening, as there seemed to be a drawing into silence where he was staying, not wishing to take part, he was going out, when an old woman, sitting near the door, supposing him ignorant of what was in progress, undertook kindly to enlighten him by saying, "They are going to have a settin'!" "Let them set till they hatch; I ain't going to have anything to do with it," and strode on. This, it is to be feared, broke up their intended service.

When that valiant minister, Hineman Haines, was in New England, about that time, one of this class fastened himself upon him as a companion, nor could he rid himself of the incubus. It was one of the prime articles of their creed, that there was no evil spirit separate from man's natural propensities. Where they were staying one evening, the host was relating some evil doings in the neighborhood. "This is the work of the devil," said the companion.

"What is he risen again?" said Hineman. "I thought you had killed the devil and buried him."

"This was too much for the weak-limbed companion, who thereupon took himself off, leaving Hineman to go on his way rejoicing.

A minister of another denomination, familiarly known as Father Mills, was taking a solitary walk, when he met several graceless youths, who, desiring some amusement, one of them, speaking for the rest, said, "We have just heard some news, Father Mills, that will be bad for you." "Ah! what is it?" "Why, the devil is dead." "Bad for him, as his occupation would seem to be gone." He raised both his hands, "Poor, fatherless children? What will become of you?"

I conclude these reminiscences of M. Hackett with the following incident:

A certain young woman, upon whom two suitors were waiting and who was desirous of knowing which of them would be the most suitable companion, went to a meeting at which Mahlon was, hoping, I believe, that some guid-

ance might be vouchsafed. Mahlon was speaking as she entered, whereupon, pointing with his hand, he said, "Thou that art hesitating which of two to choose, choose neither," and immediately resumed his discourse.

I find that, in writing of John Salkeld, I omitted one incident so characteristic, I submit it.

Being in company with some military officers who were pretending they were running him upon being a Quaker and for his peace principles, they having glasses before them, he asked them what they were drinking. "It is stewed Quaker. Would not you take some?" "I don't care if I do." Taking a little sip from the glass they handed him, he said, "This is very good." Another sip. "Stewed Quaker is very good. I think you would have to stew a Presbyterian a great while to get it as good as this." J. K.

FOR "THE FRIEND."

### Letter from Germany.

I remember having promised to write you an account of my last and most delightful trip in the Harz, which was made two days before leaving. I had not the time then to do it, and once put off, the right opportunity never seemed to offer itself. I can scarcely realize, as I count back and find that it was five months ago, how rapidly time has flown. Five months, as one looks on ahead, seem such a length of time—but to look back upon it, it is only a breath!

It is all very clear in my mind, however, the events of those three delightful days through which the trip lasted. I can feel the fresh, clear air that came up the valley that morning, and see the rosy glow in the sky behind the mountain to the east, that showed the day was breaking, although it would be a long time yet before his rays penetrated to where we were. It was thus in the coolness and freshness of the early morning that we started out, my small companion and I, from the Forsterei, at the foot of the mountain, along whose sides rambles the quaint old town, St. Andreasberg. We had had an invitation to spend a day and a night with relatives of a friend, the former living in Clausthal, another town of the Harz, situated, as the Germans count distances, something over five hours from Andreasberg. One can reach this town by train in about as many hours by changing cars several times and travelling half-way around the outer border of the Harz. Then, too, there is a stage line going direct over the mountains. But who, when one could walk, would think of taking a stage, even with the privilege of sitting up by the driver. Oh, no; that would not be half so delightful. And a train! But that was not even to be dreamed of! So we started fresh and early, climbed the steep road to the town, and there took the regular chaussee leading to Clausthal. I have told you before that the roads in the Harz are everywhere perfect—really you can hardly believe how perfect—the foot-paths, in their way, quite as well as the chaussees. Of course, the latter are always more interesting for pedestrians. But in this particular case, we had no choice, as we wished to take the nearest road. Wherever there was a view to be had, there one would find a rustic seat, and often, also, where there was no view, as the way led mostly through tall timber.

There was comparatively little climbing to be done, as both towns lay at about the same level, namely, a little over two thousand feet, and the road we took went along a ridge that, later, broadens out into a plateau. One must com-

forting fact, as one tramps about in the Harz is the certainty of finding the roads marked in the most accurate manner at every possible point where one might be in doubt. If it is a narrow path one is on, then the trees are marked every few hundred feet with certain colors, sometimes quite a string of them, and as one comes to where the ways divide, each color goes off in its own proper direction, and one can easily find what each color means, for, in the maps of the region given out by the "Harz Club" all this is clearly explained.

On the chaussees there is a stone post about foot high, placed every hundred meters, with the number in kilometers large, and the hundred meters small, as a decimal, so, "9.—9.1—9.2—9.3," &c. But, as the markings began from Clausthal in this particular case, we came to them all backwards. At first we were very light-hearted, as we met no one, we entertained ourselves by repeating all the poems which the small companion had learned in school, and which I had been forced to learn from her in our various walks, so as to keep the peace. When these were exhausted, we repeated those she had learned from me, by way of retaliation, and which were rather more to my taste. But even this, after a while lost its charm, and we had to resort to new expedients to make the way seem short. We came finally upon a scheme which lasted all the rest of the trip. First, after not having paid attention for some time, we would guess what number would be on the next stone (I confess that, as a rule, I would be wrong on the small companion's right), and then we would try to walk the hundred meters in a minute and the kilo-meter in ten, or else we would run races from stone to stone. By variations of this simple method we managed to have a great deal of fun (at least, one would have judged so from the laughing one might have heard), and when we came into Clausthal, about half-past twelve we were neither tired nor able to tell how the time had gone so quickly. As we reached the centre of the town, we found the "Market Platz" filled with peasants sitting behind their wares mostly eatables, exposed for sale, for we had happened on a market-day. It presented a very pleasing, lively spectacle.

The family whom we were to visit lived in a large house facing the market. Having sought it out, we were made at once very comfortable by a cordial welcome, and remained there until the next noon, when the small companion returned by stage to Andreasberg, and I continue my way, on foot to G. star, the place of all other that I had most wanted to see in the Harz.

It was a hot, dusty walk fully half of the way and I met so many people that I did not enjoy it especially—the walk over, I mean—and at tired, quite overcome with the heat, in Goslar about half-past four. But the sight of the old town revived me. I wasted no time, however in finding the Hanover Hotel—which, by the way, is the best, and, in fact, only hotel in the place to which a woman could well go alone.

Having secured a room, I rested for half an hour. I ordered a cup of coffee in the pleasant garden back of the hotel, and at the same time a small guide of the town, both of which were soon brought to me. Here in the coolness and freshness of the garden, I could study the plan of the town, take my bearings, and decide upon my course.

Judging from my own state of ignorance before coming to Germany, I take it for granted that you do not know exactly why Goslar is a well worth a visit. Well, I will tell you. Bu-

irst, let me ask you a question. Did you ever undertake to straighten out the history of Germany way back in those centuries following the breaking up of the Empire, under the sons of Charlemagne? If you have never straightened his out, I will not undertake to do it for you—only this I will say, that the last ruler of the line of Charlemagne died A. D. 911, and was followed by a certain Konrad, after whose death, eight years later, Germany became an Electorate—I mean, elected her emperors. As a general thing, however, when the emperor gave satisfaction, the crown passed from father to son. Following Konrad, came a list of Henrys and Ottos, who belonged to the Saxton dynasty, and, after some interval, followed the Hohenstauffen line, foremost among whom was the famous Barbarossa. It is supposed to have been Heinrich . . . , who, sometime in the early part of the tenth century, founded Goslar. About this time silver mines were discovered in the mountains just back of the site of the town. They were found so rich that the attention of the Emperors was soon and more delectable this way, and finally, Heinrich II., or "de Heilige" (the Holy), made Goslar the imperial residence. This was about A. D. 1000, and, for well on to two hundred and fifty years the town remained warmly favored by its successors, who made it, from time to time, their residence also. Heinrich VI. was born in the old "Kaiser-haus," and his heart is buried there. Following A. D. 1250 came a time when Goslar no longer rejoiced in the imperial smile and her importance declined when, during the fifteenth century, as a member of the powerful Hausa, she reached a state of prosperity never equalled either before or afterwards in the course of her history.

But enough of this. Feeling, at last, thoroughly refreshed, I started on my tour of exploration. The hotel was just outside the wall, and in entering the town I must pass through a old gateway with high towers, in places quite overgrown with vines, which softened a little their massive, formidable appearance. But how can I give you any idea of Goslar? I stand simply appalled at the thought! Those winding, narrow streets, where one could shake hands cross from window to window; those houses covered with quaint, and often grotesque, carvings and mottoes; the old churches and towers and cloisters; the brook that came down through the quaintest part, with its old mills and funny bridges, and the still funnier old women, washing clothes along its banks and chattering to each other. Oh, this all means so little! If you could only see it! It was so delightful to turn upon some narrow lane between high walls and come out on some tower or house or square more surprisingly quaint than anything yet, and to ask questions of some dirty-faced urchin, or to laugh at, and then to laugh back in return, for it was not information that one wanted, but simply some means of giving vent to one's overwrought sensations. But, after all, the most deliciously fascinating thing about Goslar is the roofs. Oh, those roofs! You have noticed that roofs have a peculiar effect upon one, have you not? I cannot analyze the sensation, and do not profess to understand it, but it is at all events real. But the roofs of Goslar! they are nearly all covered with slate taken from the mountains near by, and often the whole one is covered with them. But the charm does not lay in the slate, for there are houses there, of wood, or else old ones remodelled, covered in the same way—but oh, so ugly—and simply because the owner had taken the pains to have

the tiles all cut in definite shape, and arranged in straight lines or figures. And then to have a house that stands solid and erect on all fours! It is so much more fascinating to be a little tipsy, and rub one's head against one's neighbor. Not it is only the tipsy, rambling, jolly old houses that are so delicious. There goes a roof higher than the rest of the house itself, cutting the sky like the blade of a knife. Then comes one unpretentious, simply low and flat, then another half as high, and so on and so on—and always one roof, rambling down the street with its wild, impossible lines and tiles of different shapes and sizes. Younder is a little broad-based, smiling house snugged up against a big one, like a little child inside its mother's sun-bonnet, and by the side of that a half-grown youngster taking refuge under the eape.

After one has looked a while one begins to wonder whether the houses, after all, may not be straight, and one's self tipsy, and one seeks about for a post or something to hold on to. But it is no matter, the effect is delicious, all the same. The two things that every one must see in Goslar are the "Kaiser-haus" and the "Rath-haus." It was too late to visit the latter that evening, though I walked around it a good deal, but I succeeded in joining the last group that was admitted into the former, for which I was very grateful. On the way to this latter building, I stopped at an old convent dating back to the thirteenth century. It is now used as a home for old widows of the poorer classes. On entering, one comes into a long, narrow hall, very dark, which, in the old days, was the dining-room of the monks. On both sides were ranged the cells, each of which was now inhabited by an old woman. One of the inmates advanced as I entered, and offered to show me around. There were also many other visitors looking about. The most interesting thing there was an old chapel, with an altar-piece decorated with a very rude carving in wood of the crucifixion, which, though in itself unpretentious in the extreme, is of great interest owing to its antiquity. There is not much more to be seen, except the kitchen, where each and every one did her own cooking, and the court-yard, where a number of crippled and wrinkled old grandmothers sat chattering together, and who answered my greeting with a friendly nod and smile.

On request, my conductress showed me her room, still exactly in the same condition, so far as the walls are concerned, as it was when built, so many centuries ago. What touched my imagination was the window-seat, built in the thick walls, so that when one sat there, one's head came just up to the little window that looked out on the street. At the sight of this the old woman, with her furniture, vanished like a dream. The cell stood empty, except for the one solemn figure of a cowed monk straining his neck to get a glimpse into that world from which his vows separated him forever, but to which his heart ever and anon turned, a sin for which he would make amends by and by with the scourge that hung on the wall yonder. If I had left the cold shade of the damp old building, the vision still clung to me, and yet, whenever my thoughts wander thitherward, I see the same monk sitting there, stretching his neck, and he is very much more real than anything which I did in reality see.

Most impressive is the sight of the old "Kaiser-haus," as one comes to the imposing stone terrace, with its hand-some grounds. It has been recently restored to as nearly its early condition as is possible. The only trouble with it is that

it is too new, for nearly all its restoration, as very little of the old walls had been left standing. It is a great attraction is the immense "Reichs-saal," forty-six metres long and fifteen broad, with the throne in the centre, at one side. It is at present being decorated—is, in fact, nearly finished—with magnificent paintings by ——. At this point I stopped to refresh my memory by a look into the guide-book, but I failed in finding the name. I do not believe, however, that you have lost much. These pictures illustrate scenes of importance in the history of Germany. E. S. KILL.

Is a discussion at the Nineteenth Century Club, in this city, lately, on "The Future of Man in the Light of Evolution," Prof. John Fiske, said:

"It is an era of skepticism, when all things in Heaven and earth are called upon for their credentials; but it is a mistake to think that the end of religious belief is at hand. So far from religion and the churches coming to an end, we shall see a revival surpassing that of the thirteenth century, which built the great cathedrals of Europe. We cannot prophesy anything; but it is logical to believe from deduction in a future world, because the progress of development as shown is opposed to a doctrine of extinction. The doctrine of evolution is distinctly in favor of the doctrine of a future life."—*The Independent*.

Thou must hold communion with God, or thy soul will die. Thou must walk with God or Satan will walk with thee. Thou must grow in grace or thou wilt lose it.

THE FRIEND.

THIRD MONTH 27, 1897.

HADDONFIELD QUARTERLY MEETING.

This body convened at Haddonfield, N. J., on the eleventh of Third Month. The weather was fine, the road in good condition and the attendance large.

After a time of silent waiting, several of those present seemed to feel their minds impressed with concerns for the good of the people, and sought to find relief by expressing them. Christ was held up to view as the foundation of religion, and the importance of the doctrine of Divine revelation was enforced. Warning and entreaty were offered to those who had not fully yielded to Divine visitations, no longer to keep out of their hearts the Saviour of men who was seeking to enter and bless them.

We were reminded that the right movement to all religious work must come from the Spirit of Christ in each individual heart, and that the advice or the example of others, was not a sufficient authority.

Yet it must be borne in mind that such advice may, and often does, come from the operation of that holy Spirit on the hearts of others, and therefore, if rejected, we are in danger of going counter to the Divine will. We have our treasure in earthen vessels, and ought to be willing thankfully to accept whatever help the Lord is pleased to afford us, either immediately or through the aid of instruments.

How edifying is the advice of that wise elder, Isaac Pennington, to Friends of Christ! "Friends, you that are weak, bless God for the strength. You that have need of a pillar to lean upon, bless God that He hath provided pillars in his house, and in tear and the guid-

ance of his Spirit, make use of these pillars, who are faithful and have ability from God, in his power and glorious presence with them, to help to sustain his building, even as they had ability from the Lord to gather unto Him. He that despiseth Him that is sent despiseth Him that sent Him; and he that undervalues any gift, office or work that God hath bestowed upon any person, despiseth the wisdom and disposal of the Giver. Are all fathers? Have all overcome the enemy? Are all given up in the life? Are all stars in the firmament of God's power? Hath God made all equal? Are there not different states, different degrees, different growths, different places, etc.?

"Then, if God hath made a difference, and given degrees of life and gifts different, according to his pleasure, what wisdom and spirit is that which doth not acknowledge this, but would make all equal? O my friends, fear before the Lord! Honor the Lord in his appearances, and in the differences which He hath made among the children of men and among his people. He gave prophets of old, and the rest of the people were not equal with them. He gave evangelists, apostles, pastors, teachers, etc., and the other members of the churches were not equal with them. He hath given fathers and elders now, and the babes and young men are not equal with them."

SUMMARY OF EVENTS.

UNITED STATES.—The President has sent to the Senate the nominations of John Hay, of the District of Columbia, to be Ambassador to Great Britain; Horace Porter, of New York, to be Ambassador to France; Henry White, of Rhode Island, to be Secretary of the Embassy to Great Britain; and Powell Clayton, of Arkansas, to be Minister to Mexico. All the above nominations have been confirmed by the Senate.

Representatives of the Powers have notified Secretary Sherman of the beginning of the blockade of Cuba, and of the vessels of neutral Powers, including those of the United States, while subject to overhaul, in their ordinary commercial operations, if they carry a merchandise for the Greeks or insurgents. It is a question whether our Government will give its assent to this form of blockade, which involves a grave departure in international law, and would establish a precedent.

The Topeka Capital publishes a statement claiming that the mortgage indebtedness of Kansas has been reduced fifty-five per cent. in seven years. About \$10,000,000 of Kansas mortgage debt is held by people out of State.

The State of Nevada, having legalized prize-fighting, two notorious pugilists engaged in this brutal sport last week. One New York paper announced that it had engaged the services of John J. Ingalls, ex-United States Senator, of Kansas, and at one time presiding officer in the United States Senate; also the Governor of Nevada, as reporters for its columns. On the other hand, the Christian Arbitration and Peace Society adopted a resolution recording "its sorrow at the very general interest taken throughout in the personal contest between two noted prize-fighters," and protesting against "this exhibition of brutality." The *Lehigh*, of Philadelphia, editorially condemned and deplored the disgraceful and demoralizing occurrence. This action of the *Lehigh* has been commended by the Methodist, Baptist and Presbyterian Ministerial Associations of this city, and the latter has received numerous letters of approval from many private citizens, including Friends, both of our own and the Race Street organizations.

According to the *Galeston News*, "In spite of a continuous multiplication of courts and authorities, we have gone up from 1,100 murders in 1886 to 14,000 murders in 1896. In many instances the courts have continued to dilate, and the juries have yielded justice, and by mechanically neglecting to convict every citizen who depended upon the law. And this is not all. Many a criminal has been given his liberty as the price of campaign help rendered by his influential

relatives and friends. Many a candidate has been elected to office under the expectation of his considerate forbearance toward certain classes in their regular business of violating the law.

In consequence of the work in the Mississippi River and its tributaries, thousands of families in Arkansas and other States have been driven from their homes. A number of lives have been lost, and breaks in the levees are reported at several points. Many square miles were under water.

According to the *Electrical World*, Philadelphia has a greater mileage of electric railways than the whole of Germany.

Waltham, Mass., had 336 less arrests for drunkenness last year than in 1895. During the past year it has been under no-license.

Deaths in this city last week numbered 543, which is 22 more than the previous week, and 24 more than the corresponding week of 1896. Of the foregoing, 293 were males and 250 females; 102 died of pneumonia; 50 of consumption; 34 of heart disease; 27 of old age; 21 of influenza; 20 of apoplexy; 17 of inflammation of the brain; 16 of inflammation of the stomach and bowels; 15 of typhoid fever; 14 of convulsions; 14 of nephritis; 13 of brain disease; 12 of Broca's disease; 11 of scarlet fever; 11 of whooping cough; 10 of influenza; 10 of marasmus; 10 of typhoid fever; 10 of croup, and 9 from casualties.

Markets, Dec. 11—U. S. 2s, 95 4/8; 4s, 123; 6s, 111 1/2; coupon, 118 1/2; new 97; 12s, 123 1/2; 123 1/2; 5s, 112 1/2; currency, 103 1/2; 100.

LOTION was quiet and unchanged, at 7 1/2c per pound for Middleling oils.

FEED.—Spot bran ranged from \$13.50 to \$14.00 per ton for winter in bulk, and \$12.75 a \$13.25 for spring in sacks.

FLOUR.—Winter super, \$2.50 a \$2.75; do., extras, \$2.75 a \$3.10; Pennsylvania, extra, \$3.00 a \$4.10; do., do., straight, \$2.90 a \$3.90; Western winter, extra, \$3.90 a \$4.10; do., do., straight, \$4.20 a \$4.35; do., do., patent, \$4.90 a \$4.60; spring, clear, \$3.50 a \$3.75; do., straight, \$3.90 a \$4.15; do., patent, \$4.25 a \$4.40; do., favorite brands, higher. City mills, extra, \$2.90 a \$3.15; do., clear, \$4.00 a \$4.20; do., straight, \$4.25 a \$4.40; do., patent, \$4.80 a \$5.00. RYE FLOUR.—\$2.25 a \$2.50; do., well, as to quality.

GRAIN.—No. 2 red wheat, 84 1/2 a 85; No. 2 mixed corn, 27 1/2 a 28; No. 3 white oats, 22 1/2 a 23c.

BEEF CATTLE.—Extra, 5 a 5 1/2; good, 3 1/2 a 4 1/2; medium, 4 1/2 a 4 3/4; common, 4 a 4 1/2; 2000, 4 1/2 a 4 3/4; medium, 4 a 4 1/2; common, 3 1/2; lamb's, 3 a 3 1/2.

HOGS.—Best Western, 5 1/2 a 6; other, Western, 5 a 5 1/2; State, 5 a 5 1/2.

FOREIGN.—During last year no less a quantity than 67,551,959 pounds of tobacco was smoked in the United Kingdom, an increase of over 2,000,000 pounds, as compared with the preceding twelve months. While the population has increased by one per cent., the increase in the consumption of tobacco is three per cent.

A proclamation issued by the foreign Admirals, announcing the conditions under which autonomy will be granted to Crete, promises the adoption of measures to insure the workings of complete autonomy for the island, and guarantees to every one, of whatever race or religion, perfect liberty and security of property. The proclamation concludes by saying: "A new era is opening for Crete. Let all persons lay down their arms. The Powers count upon the co-operation of Christians and Moslems alike to aid in the task with which we are entrusted, and to persevere."

Great Britain insists upon the Powers giving Greece two weeks' notice before the foreign warships blockade the Pirææ, the port of Athens, and the port of Volo in Thessaly, and is not in favor of Russia's project that the foreign troops in Crete attack the Greek army's occupation and compel their withdrawal.

It is reported that the Trans-Atlantic Cable has been severed by the Orange Free State has been divided upon. Among the recent discoveries made by means of the Roentgen rays, reported from Berlin, are several relating to diseases of the heart. It has been observed in cases of asthma that the right half of the diaphragm contracts in a spasmodic way, and the left half is compelled to bear all the exertion.

A company has been formed which made an offer to the municipality of St. Petersburg to light all the streets of the city with electric lights for the same price that it now pays for the very unsatisfactory gas-lighting of the city.

The *Waltham* reports says: "The annual report of the Society for the Protection of Birds contains many two or three interesting statements to which attention may

be directed. With regard to the use of birds and feathers in personal adornment, it is stated that the 'rigger and more repulsive forms of this mode' are undoubtedly less often seen now than in ancient years. It must now be generally known that the wearing of stuffed birds on hats is regarded with feelings of extreme disgust by a large and constantly increasing portion of the public, and that knowledge has no effect without effect. The trade in stuffed birds has declined enormously. Those who continue to offer for exhibition market at the enormous price of \$10 per ounce per pair of propolis, and various other stuffed birds in their hats, can but excite surprise rather than admiration. In the 'lamentable passion' for wearing 'opseys' or 'sigarettes' of white herons' feathers, there is, however, little change. The fact that a few of the finest sample of the plumage have been secured in the Louisiana market at the enormous price of \$10 per ounce per pair of such evidence that the white egret is still being pursued to extermination."

The Consul General of the United States at Honolulu has given out the results of the census lately taken in Hawaii. This shows the total population of the islands to be 108,210, the native Hawaiian number being 31,019, the Japanese 4,407, the Chinese 21,616, the Portuguese 15,191, half-breed Hawaiians 8185 with a few thousand Americans, British, Germans, etc.

A preparatory Antarctic expedition will start from Melbourne during the summer, and will pass the winter on Victoria Land. The main expedition, with two ships, will set out in the latter part of the first expedition, and will proceed southward along the meridian of Kerguelen Islands. One of the ships is to remain there while the other will attempt to reach the magnetic pole and the South Pole.

The French Line Steamship *Ville de St. Nazaire*, which sailed from New York on Third Month 6th bound for the West Indies, was foundered at sea. Of eighty-two passengers and crew only four are known to be saved. These arrived on the 17th instant on the schooner *Hilda*, after a week's drifting about the Atlantic in an open boat, during which twenty-four of the twenty-eight occupants went mad or died of starvation.

NOTICES.

FRIENDS FREEDMEN'S ASSOCIATION, of Philadelphia.—A public meeting in the interests of our school at Christiansburg, Va., will be held at Twelfth Street Meeting-house, on the evening of Second-Lay, Third Month 26th, at 8 o'clock. BOOKER T. WASHINGTON, of Tuskegee, Ark., will be present, and an address by the same friend, a memorial by one interested, are cordially invited to attend. By order of the Association, ELLISTON P. MORRIS, President.

WESTTOWN BOARDING SCHOOL.—The General committee meet in Philadelphia, Sixth Day, Third Mo. 26th, at 11 A. M. The Committee on Instruction meet the same day, at 9 A. M. WM. EVANS, Clerk.

TRACT ASSOCIATION OF FRIENDS.—The Annual Meeting of the Association will be held in the Committee Room of Arch Street Meeting-house on the evening of the 21st instant, at 8 o'clock. All interested Friends are invited to attend. EDWARD MARSH, Philadelphia, Third Month, 1897. Cler.

WESTTOWN BOARDING SCHOOL.—Applications for the admission of pupils to the school, and letters in regard to instruction and discipline should be addressed to WILLIAM F. WICKERSHAM, Principal. Payments on account of board and tuition, and communications in regard to business should be forwarded to EDWARD G. SMEDLEY, Superintendent. Address, Westtown P. O., Chester Co., Pa.

WESTTOWN BOARDING SCHOOL.—For convenience of persons coming to Westtown School, the stage will meet trains leaving Philadelphia 7.17 and 8.45 A. M. and 2.53 and 4.32 P. M. Other trains are met as requested. Stage fare on regular trips, fifteen cent on special trips, twenty-five cents each way. To reach the school by telegraph, wire West Chester, Third Mo. 28th. EDWARD G. SMEDLEY, Sup't.

DIED, Third Mo. 7th, 1897, in St. Louis Co., Mo., south of Arkadelphia, in the sixteenth year of his life, James W. Mendenhall, a member of the Monthly Meeting of Friends of Philadelphia for the Northern District. WILLIAM H. PILE'S SONS, PRINTERS, No. 422 Walnut Street.

# THE FRIEND.

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Diary and Letters of Deborah Brooks Webb.

(Continued from page 282.)

1884.—On the twenty-sixth of Third Month, my dear husband was taken ill with acute bronchitis, and it soon developed into pneumonia. He was very patient and the doctor gave us encouragement, but on the morning of the sixth of Fourth Month, he passed away from us about our o'clock, and I am a widow. The interment took place on the ninth of Fourth Month. I have a humble hope that he is accepted of the Father, for our cry has been great to Him for many days and weeks. We had lived together a much sweetness for seven months and four days. I can thank thee, oh, Father that thou avest him to me. My own health seems poor, at any time I serve thee all thou wouldst. Thou hast promised to be a God of the widow. Oh, be pleased in mercy to give me wisdom and meekness for every emergency.

In allusion to this event, she writes to a friend under date of Fourth Month 12th, 1884:

"Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth." How often I used to read that promise, and wonder if it would ever be mine; or in my short life there have been so many tribulations to be endured, and I would query, did He not see me? Well, He has seen, has heard and worked marvelously indeed to bring about all, all this. How I can adore his mercy now, but miss my dear one so much. Nightly we had our good little time together in secret, and if not expressed before, my yearning cry as if I left his side that he might be fitted for entrance into the pearl gates, little thinking it would be so soon. . . . So that it is all oddness and mercy, and I have my quiet assurance, too, that he, my dear S——, is safe."

In another letter dated Sixth Month 8th, alluding to some thought of leaving Parkerville, he writes, "As it seems that our Heavenly Father performed almost a miracle in bringing me here, I can scarcely see how it should be as well to take me from the place so soon. I could not see my way to West Chester Meeting."

. . . May He give us heavenly wisdom, so good to guide poor, frail man. I feel much better than before our little round to our Monthly meetings. Sister H. Savery was so kind, and dear Master helped, so that I hope his own

work will be revived and renewed in the hearts of some. Our mid-week meetings so small, but First-days larger."

Ninth Mo. 30th.—The Quarterly Meeting's Committee have been attending the Monthly Meetings as they came in course. On the fourth of this month I felt as if I must offer to visit in Gospel love the families of New Garden Monthly Meeting, D. E. C.— offered to accompany me, and we proceeded in much unity of spirit. Our exercises were often very great, and the work weighty. We wanted the pure hidden life, reached and raised up. We need elders that will keep their spirits down, often with their mouths in the dust before the Lord, for the arming of his power to help the poor ministers at such times as well as at others.\* There are those here to whom we are nearly united. We finished this service on the twenty-eighth, with the feeling that the Lord himself had been good to us. Praises and thanksgiving be unto his Holy Name."

In allusion to this visit, she writes Tenth Month 5th, to her friend, R. S. A. —:

"We have nearly finished (the families of New Garden), only two more visits remaining. Dear D—— was such a help to me, and now we return, feeling that the dear Master has been so good to us. Thy dear letter reached me—I just wanted a word of cheer from thee and thou gave it. We wanted to reach the sweet, pure life in the hearts of the people, and truly our Shepherd went before, often helping with his 'resurrection power' to bring the feeling. Day after day it seemed just so, and we had to be encouraged. . . . Now my spirit gives thanks and power in the anthem, 'Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty! Just and true are all thy ways, thou King of saints.'"

Twelfth Month.—At our last Monthly Meeting at Parkerville, Z. H. — and D. E. C. — opened a concern to visit families in this meeting. I felt that I must accompany them. We passed through it, to the peace and satisfaction of our minds, the blessed Presence going with us, we humbly believe. Oh, our Father, give the fruits, and the increase we beg of thee. Raise up thy life in these parts, and give us more faithful, concerned members.

The following is from a letter to her friend R. S. A. —, of Eighth Month 30th, 1885:

"To go through our daily duties, with a spirit a little to be from them, lifting up our hearts on high; communing at times and breathing for preservation. Ah, this makes us feel that heaven is beautiful, and we long to be there."

1885.—First Month 7th.—To another friend: "There were many at meeting to-day, on the men's side, but my dear Heavenly Father let

\* That truly anointed elders, when sent on religious service as companions to ministers, will be brought into a feeling of sympathy with them there is no doubt. It is understood that our late beloved friend, Clarkson Sheppard, remarked that upon more than one occasion, when under exercise in a religious meeting as a minister, he was conscious of his friend and companion, James Emelen's mind being similarly engaged for his support and right direction.

me remain silent. This silent worship, when a whole congregation is baptized into it, is very solemn. I long for a deeper baptism of his Spirit for our assemblies. I long for his hand to be laid upon sons and daughters, to raise them up in the ministry, throughout our Quarterly Meeting. 'If two of you shall agree concerning a thing, and shall ask,' etc., cannot we be the two or three to plead for these good things according to his command to pray for laborers? Yes, dear heart, the Lord's cause is worth being spent for?"

Parkerville, Third Month 19th, 1885.

"The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year"—yes, on the twenty-sixth of this month, last year, my S——, my dear S——, was taken ill, and now I am looking back over it all, and can truly say that the Lord gave and the Lord has taken away; blessed be his Holy Name—yes, blessed for all his mercies.

. . . The ministry is often a mystery to me, for in a moment of time and unexpectedly to the poor, empty vessel, a whole vision of service may be mapped out. This remark brought to mind at the time, when the word was brought, of my recommendation to the ministry, how tears would come and in the secrecy of my room the living comfort came. 'Fear not, the lion of the tribe of Judah hath prevailed to open the book and to unloose the seven seals thereof.' If it was only He, and not myself, then I was content to be the clay. But the humiliation of the creature is so great, we have to feel deeply for any one called in that line; and poor L——, if she is to be an instrument, has much to go through; but child-like simplicity sweetens it all.

"But, dear, that morning\* is so marked in my memory by the crown that seemed to be almost as a halo just above us, and you, my endeared Friend, were to be partakers of it. Marvellous are his doings in our midst. He does not fail me, and let us trust all in his dear hands."

In her diary she writes, "In the Sixth Month it seemed laid upon me to offer a visit to the families of London Grove Monthly Meeting. My dear friend D. E. C. — obtained permission to go with me—both of us members of the quarterly Meeting's Committee— which precluded the necessity of asking for a minute from home. This service was very humbling. We were baptized into the state of things at Kennet Square for the members who are so far from meeting they cannot all attend. Some of us thought it would be well to have an indulged meeting there."

Under date of Eighth Month 27th, 1885, she wrote to her friend R. S. A. — "At the quarterly Meeting (Western) on the presentation of a requirement sometime previously, the poor friend had felt like Jonah, but the dear Master strengthened, and I had to ask for the shutters to

\* Alluding to supplication in a family in which she quoted the passage, 'I am now ready to be offered,' etc. "Henceforth there is to be laid up for me a crown of glory, and not for me only, but for all who love his appearance."

be opened, for a joint select session. Friends feelingly agreed, and my helpmeet D— joined me afterwards in labor for the sleepers. The case of Elisha, where the young prophet brought of the wild vine and knew it not, and threw it into the pot. The sleeping and worldly spirit brought death into the meeting particularly our smaller meetings. Elisha said, Bringing in a handful of meal; it was put in and healing experienced. Our Saviour was the bread of life, so it He comes with us into our meetings, we are healed."

**Eighth Month.**—Our Committee still continued in the Quarterly Meeting. The Friends of Coloma, Md., asked for an indulged meeting. **Eleventh Month.**—The dear Master is working wonderfully for the Colara Friends, and I have a humble hope that one at least will be raised up as a Samson of old to carry on the Lord's work in that place. The preparation for the ministry is indeed a humbling work, we must lay down our wills, that we may follow his will, and speak the word of the Lord only."

In allusion to the visit to families of London Grove Monthly Meeting, she writes to her friend, R. S. A.—, "I must tell thee how it has been faring with me. Thou knew of the Quarterly Meeting's D. E. C. and myself had visited all the families but London Grove and that loomed up before me in uncertainty and shrinkfulness at times, but the seal was set in the Select Yearly Meeting, sitting by thy side, J. E. R.'s deep, sweet supplication reached to the witness, probably in many hearts, and I guess the Master answered.

"We asked permission of the London Grove Monthly Meeting and obtained consent. G. and Amy Sharpless accompanied us, and we were helped, helped. Oh, my dear, I could almost sing aloud of his mercy and goodness in answering the humble petition of my soul for mercy. Have mercy upon me! Have mercy upon me, for thy dear Son's sake, and touch my lips with a live coal from off thy holy altar, that the words I speak may be living words. This, at every sitting was the almost agonizing cry, and blessed be his holy Name forever. He heard and my soul adores in humble prostration. My precious companion was helped, too, and we feel peaceful.

(To be continued.)

**ARABIAN NIGHTS' FANCIES AND LATTER-DAY FACTS.**—The Germans imagine that they have fairy kobolds, sprites, and gnomes which play under ground and haunt mines. I know a real one. I will give you his name. It is called "gravitation." The name does not sound any more fairy-like than a sledge-hammer. But its nature and work are as fairy like as a spider's web. I will give an-other sample of his helpful work for man.

In the mountains about Salzburg, south of Munich, are great thick beds of solid salt. How can they get it down to the cities where it is needed? Instead of digging it out and packing it on the backs of mules for forty miles, they turn in a stream of water, make a little lake, which absorbs very much salt—all it can carry. Then they lay a pipe, like a fairy railroad, and gravitation carries the salt water gently and swiftly forty miles to where the railroads can take it everywhere. O, it goes so easily. There is no railroad to build, no cars to haul back, only to stand still and see gravitation do the work.

How do they get the salt and water apart? O, just as easily. They ask the wind to help

them. They cut brush about four feet long, and pile it up twenty feet high and as long as they please. Then a pipe with holes in it is laid along the top, the water trickles down all over the loose brush, and the thirsty wind blows through and drinks out most of the water. They might let on the water so slowly that all of it would be drunk out by the wind, leaving the solid salt on the bushes. But they do not want it there. So they turn on so much water that the thirsty wind can drink only the most of it, and the rest drops down into great pans, needing only a little evaporation by boiling to become beautiful salt again, white as the snows of winter.

There are other minerals besides salt in the beds in the mountains, and, being soluble in water, they also come down the tiny railroad with musical laughter. How can we separate them so that the salt shall be pure for our tables?

The other minerals are less avaricious of water than salt, so they are precipitated, or become solid sooner than salt does. Hence with nice care the other minerals can be left solid on the bushes, while the salt brine falls off. Afterward pure water can be turned on and these other minerals can be washed off in a solution of their own. No fairies could work better than those of solution and crystallization.

FROM "THE EPISCOPAL RECORDER."

### Life Term Confession of "Bruises and Putrefying Sores."

JOSIAH W. LEEDS.

When George Fox, in the year 1650, being but twenty-four years of age, was thrust into Derby jail for the testimony of Jesus, although miserably charged with being a "blasphemer," he says of the occasion:

"While I was here in prison, divers professors came to discourse with me. I had a sense before they spoke that they came to plead for sin and imperfection. I asked them whether they were believers and had faith? They said, yes. I asked them in whom? They said, in Christ. I replied, If ye are believers in Christ, you are passed from death to life; and if passed from death, then from sin that bringeth death: and if your faith be true, it will give you victory over sin and the devil, purify your hearts and consciences (for the true faith is held in a pure conscience), and bring you to please God, and give you access to Him again. But they could not endure to hear of purity, and of victory over sin and the devil.

When George C. Grubb, the "low church" Episcopalian evangelist, with Edward C. Millard and several others, were at Dunedin, New Zealand, in the course of their mission tour, in 1802, they stood in behalf of and against the foregoing Scripture truths which Fox had maintained before the professors of the Established Church, in the common jail at Derby, two centuries and a half ago. When Millard, being accosted on the street by a citizen, expressed his belief in "holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord," the other called out with uncontrollable indignation, "Damnable doctrine!" Laying his hand gently on the arm of the stranger, Millard reminded him that "the Lord distinctly teaches in the Scripture that He came to redeem us from all iniquity, and that He does not want us to go on sinning after we are born again. If I sin," he continued, "it is not God's fault; He has provided a way so that we may be kept from sin. 'These things write

I unto you, that ye sin not, and if any man sin we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous.' 'Tell the Lord, indeed Nonsense!' and he shook me off like a viper and made away as fast as he could go without another word. 'Able to keep you from falling and to present you faultless before the presence of his glory.'" (Jude xxiv).

At Wanganui, also in New Zealand, a missionary to the Maoris, of the Church Missionary Society, was so impressed by the simplicity of service of the visiting brethren, and the evidence of God's blessing upon their labors, that having had a season of silent waiting before the Lord his heart was so cleansed and filled that he became a changed man. Laying aside his old manuscripts, he trusted the Lord to give him a message that would come straight from the heart. In an extended letter written eight months later to George C. Grubb, in which were no evidences of a pleading for imperfection and sin, but, rather, the language of great joy for the soul's purification that had been vouchsafed him, he says: "Oh what glories times the dear Lord has given me since we parted at Napier, the night you left for Gisborne! 'Joy unspeakable and full of glory,' just expresses it. Over and over again I have prayed to the Lord not to give me any more joy, because flesh and blood could not endure it; but He taught me to pray for a bigger heart and now there is room for all. I used to sing 'I've reached the land of corn and wine,' etc. but I did not know anything about it then and now the Lord has stationed me on the highest mount of Beulah Land, and it is all glory. 'Praise the Lord, O my soul.' 'My soul doth magnify the Lord.'"

I will now go back in the narrative to refer to an incident happening at a town not far from Melbourne. A woman from a distance, coming up to the wife of E. C. Millard, at the close of an afternoon meeting appointed for her, said in great distress, "that the real hindrance to be definitely receiving the blessings brought forth was so prominently in the mission was, that the clergyman in the parish where she lived had told her that every blessing was received in baptism and confirmation, viz: regeneration a baptism, and the power of the Spirit at confirmation. The lady told him that Mr. Grubb preached quite differently, and she had heard him say that many needed forgiveness of sin and the power of the Spirit, although they had been both baptized and confirmed." "Oh, said the clergyman, "that is easily accounted for by the fact that Mr. Grubb belongs to the Church of Ireland, and their prayer book is totally different to the Church of England." The narrator, however, adds, "There is no material difference."

The writer of this article, a member of the Society of Friends, is not conversant with the differences, large or small, of the two forms, again, just how these differ, from the book in use in the Reformed Episcopal Church.

About a century and a half ago, Thomas Chalkley, of Philadelphia, wrote an epistle entitled, "Some truly tender scruples of conscience about that form of prayer called the Common Prayer, as used by members of the Church of England," in which he considers chiefly the four following self-confessions, which he believes lead to much sorrowful perversion in their practical applications, namely: "We are miserable sinners," "We are full of bruises and putrefying sores," "From the crown of the head to the sole of the foot, there is no soundness in us," "We

have left undone the things which we ought to do, and do those things which we ought not to do"—all these to be repented for life. I quote a single paragraph of Chalkley's comment:

"If a congregation of such people as these say truly—and if they do not say truly, what will be the consequences be, let the wise in heart judge—can such a people be the church of Christ, or his spouse, or beautiful bride? Christ saith: 'If he inside be clean, the outside will be clean also;' and He came to cleanse the souls of poor mortals, and to heal them, and wash them from in, and He doth it by his spiritual baptism and the fire of his word. The above-said people doth Promise and vow that they will forsake the devil and all his works, the pomp and vanity of this wicked world, and all the sinful lusts of the flesh, and walk in God's holy will and commandments all the days of their lives," which is the very highest pitch of perfection any man or Christian can attain in this life; and yet, contrary to those vows and solemn exhortations, they tell the Almighty, from time to time, that they are ungodly, nay, that there is no soundness in them; but that they are putted from head to foot, and by their common practice intend to till Him so as long as they live in this life; this is ungodly work indeed! And truly those who are tenderly conscientious may well scruple to join with it, or with those who are in such ways, words and works."

In the ranks of fashionable society, among those who figure as its leaders and devotees, delighting in its card playing, its theatres, its balls and dances, we find a large proportion who rebound to the forms and ceremonies of religion, taking it for granted that the soul's normal condition in this life must be one of bruises and putrefying sores," and that in some way, through the self-confession of the lips in the use of a form of words, this sadly diseased spiritual state must be more or less healed. The testimony of Grubb and Millard agrees with that of Fox and Chalkley, that the coming of the Lord Jesus Christ from heaven was not to save the people in their sins, but from their sins, and that or those really concerned to follow Him in the way of holiness, it was folly to ask God "to fill with the Holy Ghost till He had been allowed to make empty by cleansing from all sin."

### Reminiscences.

It is, I believe, generally known, that there was quite an awakening—mainly through the labors of S. Grubb and I. Pemberton—both at Vermont, in Germany, and Minden, in Prussia, century ago, and that meetings were settled in both places. A neighbor of mine in Ohio, who used to reside in the latter place, often poked of the almost primitive simplicity, zeal and integrity which characterized the members twenty years ago.

Prominent among their ministers was Henry Ieyer, a man, as my friend said, "of a discerning spirit." One instance he gave of such discerning was the following:

"Having appointed a meeting in a place where he was a stranger, after it was over, several who had been at it were in the room where Henry was staying, and as one of them went out, Henry said to the master of the house, 'There will be a great judgment befall that man afore long.' 'Oh, said the other, 'you must be mistaken, for he is a very religious man.' I care nothing for his religion," said Henry. There will a great judgment befall him before long." A few days after, this man, go-

ing into a smith shop, a piece being struck off from a bar of red-hot iron, it lodged in his shoe, making a deep burn, which inflamed, and, in spite of all effort, extended up the limb until it took the man's life. Before he died, however, he told those about him, that when a young man, being employed on the farm he then occupied, an attachment having sprung up between himself and his master's young wife, he had promised to marry him if he would put the old man out of the way. That he had followed his master up into the mow, struck him with an axe, and thrown him down the mow-hole, being fondly lying on the barn-floor, it seemed so natural to suppose that he had accidentally fallen, and been killed thereby; that no suspicion had arisen of foul play; that he had continued to work for the widow, and at length, when it would cause no remark, they were married. He, it appears, had lived all his life with the reputation of being not only a moral, but a religious, man, and yet he could not die without making this confession."

A worthy Friend in Ohio gave me this very remarkable account of Ann, wife of Jonathan Taylor, who died in Ireland, while on a religious visit: "That she, in company with a man friend, was travelling, on horseback, on religious service; that a violent storm coming on towards evening, and it seeming almost impossible to get to the quarters they aimed at, they stopped to ask shelter for the night, at a house near by, the master of which, after some demur, and in consideration of the inclement weather, allowed them to stay. Ann took her seat in a rocking-chair, near the open fire place, but seemed greatly distressed, and, upon the woman of the house asking her to take off her bonnet, etc., replied, 'Oh, no! I cannot stay here.' Rocking backward and forward, she wrung her hands, saying, 'Oh! I cannot stay here. I cannot stay here!' The woman, in amazement, knew not what to make of her doing so. At length, the two men, having got the horses attended to, came in and drew up to the fire to warm, the man of the house taking his seat next to Ann, who was still wringing her hands and saying, 'I can't stay here! I can't stay here!' She immediately stopped, and looking him full in the face, said, 'Ahah, Ahah killed Naboth, and so there is going to kill thy wife to-night!'"

"The man replied, 'No such thing. It is altogether a mistake. 'No mistake at all,' said Ann. 'There is going to kill thy wife to night,' and she went on preaching to him until he broke down and confessed that such was his purpose, and that he had made preparations to commit the crime. Whereupon Ann took off her bonnet, and staid quietly. But how must the intended victim have felt? It would seem probable from the allusion to Naboth, that a desire to obtain money was at the bottom of the design. How clear must have been the sense of duty to have enabled Ann to address a stranger, in his own house, in such language!"

Returning now to Henry Meyer, my friend said he had what he called "a gift of healing." As he was remarkably successful in his practice, and would take no pay for it—as viewing it to be a gift—he was naturally popular as a practitioner. But it being contrary to law in Prussia for any one destitute of a diploma to do, and a physician, living near, being watchful lest any should trespass on his reserved rights, Henry was so often fined for his well-meant efforts, as to be forced to decline going when called on, until his enlargement was effected in the following manner:

A neighbor, having two children very ill, came beseeching him to try to save them, saying they were sinking in spite of the doctor's efforts for their relief. But Henry told him that he could not come, as he would be sure to be fined, which he was unable to pay. At length, in his distress, the father said, "Come and do what you can, and I will pay the fine." "Well," said Henry, "tell the doctor to be there, and I will meet him."

They found the children very low, indeed, and Henry made this proposition, "I take either one thee chooses, and do thy best for it, and I will try the other." The one left under Henry's care seemed so hopeless a case that the doctor said, "If you can raise that child I shall never interfere with your practicing again." In the event, the doctor's patient died, while Henry's recovered. The doctor keeping his word, way was thus opened for Henry to exercise his gift.

My friend said that it was usual to have the building enclosed by a wall or fence, and that large, fierce dogs, chained in the day-time, were turned loose for protection at night, and that Henry, being in a neighbor's enclosure after the dog was unchained, it came at him, as if it would devour him; but, upon Henry's saying, "What, will thou bite the Lord's servant?" dropping his head, went quietly away. It was only evil-disposed persons he was commissioned to bite, not the Lord's servants.

One, convinced of Friends' principles, and who had joined the Society at Minden, had suffered greatly for his testimony against war, refusing to drill when drafted. The sergeant having him in charge, at length, through weariness of inflicting punishment, seized the musket he was in vain endeavoring to make him carry, and struck him a severe blow over the shins, saying, "B-gone!" He said it did hurt him exceedingly, yet he dared make no complaint, but managed to hobble off.

Coming, later, to America, he took up or purchased new, uncleared land. There was much hard work to be done, but he was well satisfied with his entertainment, saying, "I expected to have not time to crack, before I got the kernel." Being industrious and economical, he prospered, and, when I knew him, was what is called "well-to-do," his children settled around him.

He now went on a visit to his fatherland, and finding the old sergeant at whose hands he had suffered so much still living, he went to see him, and asking him if he remembered how he had used him, told of his coming to America, etc., adding, "And now I am able to buy a dozen just such men as thee!"

Had he been as humble as when under suffering in his youth, he would have been little likely to have made this boast; rather to have felt reverently thankful to Him who had blessed him. "When Jeshurun waxed fat, then he kicked." J. K.

HIS IDEA OF REST.—A business man accustomed to hard work for many years usually finds idleness irksome. Men who have been actively in the harness, as a rule, do not like to retire, although retirement in old age is the goal of the average worker. A successful Chicagoan, who has reached sixty years, said to me the other day: "I am going to quit. I have worked for thirty years without a week's vacation; now I am going to rest for thirty years. I have earned every dollar I possess; now I intend to spend money and stop worrying about accumulating it."

I applauded this determination and inquired how he intended to spend his leisure.

"I have bought a home-stead in Blank," he said, naming a small Michigan town, "and I shall remove there with my family and simply wallow in idleness and contentment."

"But how will you pass your spare time?" I inquired.

"Well, I'll hunt and fish," he said.

"Good—but that will not keep you busy the year round," I ventured.

"No; but I shall read. I'll take all the papers. I will get together a little library, too."

"Will that occupy all your extra time?"

"Oh, I shall walk about a good deal, I dare say. Exercise—you know—great thing for an old man."

"Is that your entire programme?"

"N-no; not exactly," he said, hesitatingly "I'm going to organize a private bank down there and manage it."—*Chicago Times-Herald.*

FOR "THE FRIEND."

### The Atonement.

FRIENDS' VIEWS RESPECTING IT.

THE IMPORTANCE OF BELIEVING IN ITS EFFICACY.

A denial that there was any benefit derived by mankind from the Saviour's offering in his miraculously prepared body, has been generally accompanied with a disparagement of the Scriptures, and also with a denial of the Divinity of our Saviour; even a denial of the Divinity of Him who declared, before "Abraham was I am"—of Him who declared, "I beheld Satan as lightning falling from Heaven"—of Him of whom the Scriptures declare that without Him nothing has been made that was made—of Him who could forgive sins—raise the dead—heal diseases. Some also have doubted there being any hereafter, any evil spirit, any Heaven, any hell.

In contrast to these doctrines, and in measure because of them, the religious world drifted in the opposite direction, to a less objectionable doctrine, but yet beyond the limitations of the Gospel.

Reversing the disparagement of the Scriptures, the Scriptures were declared to be the only rule for conduct, etc., thus setting them above and in measure dispensing with the Spirit which wrote them.

Instead of denying the value of the atoning sacrifice, the reverence for it culminated too nearly in the doctrine that salvation ensued from a literal belief in the history of it. This evangelical belief, as it has been termed, for awhile somewhat displaced the unitarian doctrine; but the latter in turn are again coming to the front, perhaps as a reflex from the too superficial "only believe" faith.

Friends believe that all who are saved, are saved by virtue of the atoning sacrifice, but that the benefit of it only comes by co-operation with the Spirit of Grace in the heart, and that this may be realized by those who never heard of the history.

Avoiding the harsher views of unbelief, the tendency of the present age seeks refuge in a modified, or as it is called, a reasonable faith. It speaks of Christ's death upon the cross in the terms "at-onement" and "reconciliation," and as to himself adopts a quotation—"The highest possible manifestation of God in man," terms which may be sincerely used respecting the sacrifice and Divinity of Jesus, without intending to convey equivocal meanings; but they may also be subtly used, so as apparently not to contradict the direct terms of Scripture

as to his propitiatory offering and Divinity, and yet be intended to deny both in effect.

Refuge is also sought in the doctrine that all that is needed is a correct life, in obedience to the Grace in the heart, even though with a denial of what the Saviour has done for us without us—a doctrine expressed in another way, but closely resembling that which Thomas Evans designated as "false and anti-Christian doctrine."

The great plan of Redemption is a mystery, the reason for which no mortal is called upon to give.

"For God hath not designed,

To shed his great omniscience on the lowly finite mind."

No preliminary explanations are given as to why Abel and Cain were required to bring their offerings to the Lord, but it was afterwards written that Cain's were evil, and his brother's were righteous and more excellent, but natural sacrifices were required from man to his Creator till all were done away in the great offering on Calvary.

The idea that "we are not to believe that which we do not understand" does not apply to matters spiritual and Divine; for "through faith we understand that the worlds were formed by the word of God," and many other things we cannot explain; and we have the words of the Saviour himself which we must accept unless we deny the Scriptures, that He came to "give his life a ransom for many."

The doctrine that "belief is no virtue and unbelief no crime" is also a flimsy covering as to Scripture declarations, and avails nothing as to Divine things which ought to be believed.

There are those who profess to believe there is no God, but the Psalmist designated such a one, who has said it in his heart, as "The fool."

It is not for mortal man to decide the question whether those of exemplary lives who do not believe in the efficacy of the death of Christ upon the cross, are accepted into the company of the "Lamb slain from the foundation of the world."

"We must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ," and it is of His mercy and not by works of righteousness which we have done He saved us—and with Him alone rests the question of the necessity of a belief in the value of his offering.

It is true that a saving belief, a realization of the truth and virtue of what is to be believed, is something far deeper than an intellectual assent to its verity, and it cannot be had with a spirit of indifference.

The promise of coming into the heart and supping, was coupled with the condition "if any man will open the door," and so of the capacity for belief, there must be an openness for it before there can be the enjoyment of it.

Those who have never heard of the sacred History cannot be held responsible for a want of belief in it, but for all who have heard, and yet doubt, and waver, and are not fully persuaded, can there be a more appealing attitude than that of the father, who, agonized on his child's account, cried out with tears, "Lord, I believe, help Thou my unbelief." Whether a want of belief brings any to the awful position of a denial before the Father and the holy angels our Saviour alone will decide, but the doctrine of the Society of Friends is this, "The remission of sins which any partake of is only by virtue of that most satisfactory sacrifice and no otherwise." Should any believe differently, they have no right to the name of Friends.

(To be concluded.)

### ODE TO SPRING.

Spring comes dancing o'er the mountains  
Rustling with joy and bloom,  
Kissing into life the fountains,  
Freeing Nature's heart from gloom;  
Gaily down the misty meadow  
In its vernal robes arrayed,  
Followed by a train of beauty  
Trips the merry-hearted maid.

See her as she stoops to mingle  
With the grasses here and there  
Violets of blue and purple  
Taken from her golden hair!  
See her as she lightly dances  
By the brooklet wild and free,  
Planting on its dimpled borders  
Lily-bells for you and me.

To the distant, dreaming woodland,  
Now she quickly flies away,  
Clothing it with leaf and blossom,  
Changing Winter's night to day;  
Flowers in her pathway gather,  
While the hills, in glad surprise,  
Warble notes of love and welcome  
To the queen of sunny skies.

Now beside a fount she lingers,  
And the while she gently sips—  
In return the conscious waters  
Drink the nectar from her lips.  
Gratefully they praise the giver,  
Gladdening her heart with song,  
As, to kiss the winding river,  
Fair-like they glide along.

Streams and birds and blooming flowers  
All their grateful homage pay;  
And shall Men—for chance or wheedling—  
Fail to land her white life many?  
Can there be a heart so selfish  
That it may not gladly sing  
Once again the songs of childhood  
At the coming in of Spring?

Blessed Spring! How pure and holy  
Are the joys thou bringest here,  
How delightful are thy footsteps,  
To my soul, thy form how dear!  
'Tis unknown how much I love thee;  
Feel thy wealth of golden hair,  
And thy face of angel beauty,  
With the gems that sparkle there.

O, if thou could'st linger with me  
With thy witching smiles and flowers,  
Many an earthly ill would vanish  
And a brighter life to ours!  
Glowing Summer, Autumn, Winter,  
Each their priceless treasures bring;  
But to me there's none can equal  
Those that gild thy path, O Spring!

JOHN FORD.

### THE SHEPHERD'S CHARGE.

MARY B. SLEIGHT.

"Feed thy my lambs." The loving charge  
The Lord to Peter gave,  
He feeds to thee, and bids thee haste,  
His scattered flocks to save.

Lead them where Truth's pure fountains flow,  
And life's green pastures spread;  
And let no longing, hungering one  
Go from the fold unfed.

Feed them with manna from the Word,  
Fresh gathered for the day;  
And bring them where love's banner broad  
Shuts out the noontide ray.

To those that err, the sweet reproof,  
With tender pity speak;  
And guide with patient, loving hand,  
The wayward and the weak.

Remember, too, the souls that stray  
Afar on sin's dark world;  
Nor rest where'er the toil, until  
Then win'st them to the fold.

Be zealous for thy sacred trust,  
Nor falter, faithful one;  
And thou at eventide shalt hear  
The Master say, "Well done."



FOR "THE FRIEND."

**A Day at Matherton, Beaufort, S. C.**

Our northern Friends, from time to time in so packages of second hand clothes and adding, often express a wish to know how we dispose of them. Will kind editor please insert record of a cold day given below, as it will show them how we appropriate their gifts. It will also convince them that most of their beneficiaries are needy little children, or the prosed followers of Him who has said to them at feel, cloth or befriended such, "has-much as ye have done it to one of the least of these, y brethren, ye have done it unto me."

Early on a cold, bright morning, crisp and ear, when the ground was white with frost, id every pool glistened with ice, a colored an appeared at my door. In a beseeching ne, he said, "Please, misses, let me cut wood r you; we's nuffin at home for eat." We gave m hot coffee and corn bread; then he cut vay at the wood-pile, and was paid in grid meat. Presently a little girl on the piazza gged for shoes for her brother. "Ma says - can't go to school barefoot, it's so cold, and I wants to come bad." Shoes were put into r hand, and the happy child hastened home. When school had convened, I invited each acher to send me her barefoot puppis; in they me, and the scantily clad, shoeless group od around my warm hearth fire.

With the help of two older puppis, we put oes and stockings on these shivering boys, od warm jackets, too, over their pitiable rags, od I had exclaimed, "I see too glad for this nice at!" Said another with a broad grin on his uthetic face, "Won't ma laugh when she sees a running home with this warm jacket on l?" on the ebony faces of these sad-eyed little on glowed with delight as they turned and isted each other around before the fire in otal admiration. I wish the donors of these othes could have witnessed the scene.

No sooner had the happy children returned their school-rooms, and a class was sent in to e, than a knock at the door was answered, Come in auntie; it's too cold to stop on the izza; but you must wait till I've heard this as read before I can attend to you." Then I quired, "What brings you here, Aunt Jane, is cold morning?" "Distress, Misses, I hasn't a ig in de house for eat; de draught ruined my ters; de storm blowed away my cotton; my rn is all done gone. I hab nuffin at all 'help myself with." O. Mrs. Mather, I needs 'erything, and has no way to get any ting. I tes to worry you, my nouse is all wrackified 't broken up by de las' cyclone. I almost oes perish wid 'de cold. Please give me a anket." Knowing her to be an honest widow, igital and industrious, I helped her freely as I is able. We gave her hot tea and biscuit, put warm cloak over her thin garments, a thick anket into her basket, also a few quarts of 'rs and peas. A glad, grateful smile lit up 'r sad, wan face, as she withdrew with many lessings on me and mine and our northern lppers.

A lad waiting beside me then handed me a te from a sufferer who had not stepped for thirteen years, but with the aid of crutches; 'ous it read, "I am sick; the thick bed-quilt 'u gave me last year is stolen, my underclothes is worn out, my pants are patched till they ut hold together. Please send me what you o to make me comfortable." This cripple I ew to be a good intelligent man, in deep dists, and so proceeded at once to fill a large

basket with food, clothing and bedding, which I sent him after school. His response was an overwhelming benediction on us all.

In the meantime another note had come from an aged and destitute widow, imploring me for food. Having nothing to eat, she had fasted since noon on the previous day. I sent her tea and biscuit, as she is too feeble to cook, and almost helpless.

The door being open in came another old auntie, gaunt and weary, and thus accosted me, "You knowed me once, Mrs. Mather, when you done give me dese clothes three years ago, jes' after de great storm. I patch um well," she said, shaking her skirts, which was quite evident, as the original fabric could scarcely be discovered. "I trahed a long way, misses, about, till a kine man trick me up an' bring me in his cart. I mos' done perish last night wid de cold. Please give me sumpin to kiver me, so de folks won't fine me dead on my bed, as we sic' neighbor Susan dis morning." "Was she sick, auntie?" "Only old and feeble, misses— she had no one to make her fire or bring her hot tea. She's better off, now, we think, wher dey linger no more." "But the neighbors should look after these old aunties, and not let them die of neglect," I said. "Dat true, misses, but dey has a heap of chillun, dey had to turn 'round sharp not to freeze dem-selves. My son-in-law done trow a stick down at her door and cut it up, but he neber go in to see her; 'dis yer mornin' dere she lay, peaceful as if she done fall asleep on Jesus' bosom." Poor old auntie! how she blessed me in return for the good things put into her basket.

While at dinner the piazza gradually filled up with needy importunes. I inquired of two sorry looking little sisters, "What made you come here to-day?" "We's nuffin to eat, misses." "Where are your parents, my poor children?" "Pa is dead, and Ma is in jail." After giving me their names, I knew it was so, and gave the poor things clothes and grits. Two more little girls then made bold to ask me for shoes; their mother was dead and their father had gone away and left them to the tender mercy of an aunt, herself in need. How glad I was that two barrels of clothes from northern friends, coming the day before, contained just the garments most needed for the present emergency, having been sent as it were, for these sad-eyed little ones, by Him who says, "When thy father and thy mother forsake thee, then the Lord will take thee up."

Evening drew on, and still they came, one by one. A young man shot through the band in a quarrel asked me to aid him, as he could not work. I referred him to the supervisor of the poor, as I had nothing for him or his ilk. A feeble grandmother then came to see her two worthy granddaughters in our home; also with the hope of something to replenish her scanty wardrobe. A woollen shawl we threw over her shoulders, warmed her body, and gladdened her heart as she departed.

Most of the days, when the cold waves are upon us, bear a similar record, with some variations.

R. C. MATHER,

Principal of Mather Industrial School.

BEAUFORT, S. C., Feb., 1897.

Gladly would I give the readers of the above glimpses of our four school rooms and the work done there; would show them our large, airy sewing room, with its univalued outlook, and introduce them to the accomplished teacher, so skillful in all manner of needlework; would also

open our kitchen and dining-rooms to their inspection, and best of all, invite them into our mid-stair evening devotions to listen to the Bible readings and sweet singing of the home pupils; to be present at the interesting lesson afterwards—all of which would weary them to peruse, so I refrain, and invite their attention simply to the electro-mary feature of the day's labor.

FOR "THE FRIEND."

**Winter Investigations.**

The lover of nature can find much to interest him in the productions and operations of nature, even during the winter. This truth was impressed on the mind of the writer, during the season which has just ended, by a few walks in the lanes and fields. In the early part of the First Month, on a comparatively mild day, I sauntered down a lane that lead-out of our village. In some of the yards, that barby plant, the common Chickweed (*Stellaria media*), was already in bloom. Its white star like flowers contrast very prettily with the bright green foliage, so that it is quite an ornamental plant, especially in the winter, when it adheres pretty closely to the ground.

On the side of the lane stood a good sized Osage Orange (*Morhena aurantiaca*), which in its infancy had received a twist in its stem. The bark was shredly, and looked as if the outer layers had been torn asunder by the pressure caused by the growth within, and yet remained fastened together by fibres. The wood and the inside layers of the bark are orange-colored. The tree is a native of the south-western part of the United States, and has been quite extensively used as a hedge plant, but seems now to be less in favor than formerly.

In our ordinary trees, which live for several years, a deposit of woody tissue is made on the inside of the bark every season. This assumes an unusual development in the cork of the Cork Oak, and in those other expansions so conspicuous in the branches of some of the gums.

The outer layers of the bark become inactive and finally die; and no longer accommodating themselves to the enlarging stem, are at length torn into strips, and fall away by gradual decay, as we see in the trunks of large trees.

A short distance from this osage orange stood a Hackberry (*Celtis*), in which the outer bark showed nothing of the fibrous texture displayed by the *Morhena*, but seemed to form small, irregular detached cubes.

A former owner of the premises had planted some Spanish Chestnut near by. The trees did not attain a very great height, but produced numerous branches, partially horizontal. The fallen leaves of this interesting plant were numerous on the ground, and sufficiently perfect to show their shape and structure.

Leaves are the portion of the plant, in which under the agency of the sun light, the sap is digested and converted into the proper nourishment of the plant. They are contrivances for increasing the green surface of the plant, exposed to light and air. They may be regarded as expansions of the bark of the stem, pushed outwards, expanded laterally into a thin lamina, and stiffened by tough, woody fibres, which form their framework, ribs or veins. These woody fibres not only give support to the green, cellular tissue, but also serve for the conveyance and distribution of the sap.

The distribution of the nerves of the leaves, like those of the Chestnut, Oak, etc., is an interesting subject of study. In the Chestnut, the leaf stalk extends as a strong midrib, through

the whole length of the leaf, and on each side of this smaller veins go to the outer margins. On the length and position of these veins depend the size and shape of the leaves.

Not far removed from the chestnut trees stood a large Honey Locust (which furnished an interesting example of the production of thorns or spines. These are undeveloped branchlets, terminating in a sharp point. On Honey Locusts they are often so much branched as to form very curious and interesting specimens, and until they are removed must present an almost insuperable obstacle to climbing such a tree. The fruit of the Honey Locust is a large flat pod like a bean, each containing several seeds. The ground was nearly covered with these, so that there was ample opportunity for studying both thorns and fruits.

As early in the season as it was, it was interesting to notice the progress made by several plants of the Cress family, especially those furnished with clusters of radical leaves. Apparently these plants are uninjured by cold, and when the ground is hard frozen, merely suspend their growth, to be resumed with the first ad- vance of a mild day. Such were the little Shad Blossom (*Inula verna*), which shows its flowers about the First of the Third Month; and the beautiful rosettes of the Sheppard's Pursue. The larger green leaves of the Winter Cress (*Barbarea vulgaris*), were also observable.

A little later in the season two of us visited a large oak tree located in a low-lying field. While gathering leaves and acorns from beneath it, one of us picked up a small branchlet or twig which had fallen from above, and was much interested to find that a colony of Lady Bugs had taken refuge there for the winter. They were somewhat torpid, yet able to move slowly.

In the same neighborhood we found several of those curious vegetable productions, the Puff Balls. They were rounded or pear-shaped brown bags, with an opening on the top, from which when they were slightly pressed, a puff of fine powder issued, consisting of the spores, which in this low order of plants takes the place of seeds. The spores are quite inflammable, and are sometimes used to stupefy bees, when it is desired to remove their honey.

About the middle of the Second Month, two of our "Moorestown Natural History Society" accepted a kind invitation to visit our botanical friend Benjamin Heritage, at Mickleton, below Woodbury, N. J. On the way from the railroad station to his house he drove us to a little clump of woodland, where two chestnut trees, growing side by side, had, by a process of natural grafting, grown together, some ten feet above the ground, and from that point upward had formed but one tree. We also visited a noble beech tree, standing alone in a field, remarkable for the multitude of its branches and its symmetrical shape. Dr. Rothrock, Forest Commissioner of Pennsylvania, says it is the finest beech tree of which he has any knowledge. It owes its continued existence to our friend B. Heritage, who interceded with the owner for its life.

J. W.

LOUISA BUTTERS.—The railroad bridge over the Danube at Czernavoda, opened on Sept. 25, 1865, with great festivities, is among the most noteworthy engineering works of the kind in the whole world, and must be classed as the largest railroad bridge in Europe on account of its length. The longest railroad bridge hitherto erected: the Tay bridge (10,800 feet), the Mis-

issippi bridge at Memphis (10,700 feet), the North Bridge (7,800 feet), the Morody bridge (4,800 feet), the bridge over the Volga at Syzrau 4,700 feet. The stretch of road in which the Czernavoda bridge lies passes for 15 kilometers (9½ miles) over the flood-plain of the Danube, and the bridge has over the Boreca branch three spans of 40 feet and 11 flood-openings of 164 feet; over Balta Island there are 34 arches 141 feet wide, and finally over the Danube itself 15 spans of 200 feet, 4 of 400 feet, and the greatest of 623 feet. This makes the whole 13,441 feet, reckoning only the width of the spans, and not the separating piers. The height of the roadway above the water surface is 105 feet, so that three-masted ships can pass beneath. The caissons for the foundations of the bridge were sunk 115 feet below the level of the stream.—*Literary Digest.*

### Famine Children.

BY J. C. LAWSON.

"Do you want one hundred children for your mission?" was the question asked us from Jabal-pore, the center of the greatest famine distress. The question set us all thinking. We had children already on hand for whom we had no money. How could we take more, and yet how could we let them starve to death? At once letters were sent out to various places, and petitions to the throne of Him who possesses all things. In this way about four hundred rupees, or one hundred and thirty dollars, have been sent in or promised. It was decided that we would bring from Jabal-pore poor-house twenty girls and twenty boys. No one but a woman could undertake such a task, so it fell to me to bring them. The whole trip took nearly a week.

Stopping off at Allahabad, I was able to secure a reduction in the fare by half, also a through carriage for the return journey. At Jabal-pore one of our missionaries had selected a number of boys and girls for me. My first business on my arrival was to proceed to the poor-house, which had been opened specially for famine times. The doctor, a Bengalee gentleman (a gentleman in every way), told me he had full power to give away orphans under twelve years of age: all over that were in the hands of the deputy commissioner, but he had died that morning. As I did not want any over twelve years old, we were able to proceed with the business; and a business it was, indeed. It took us fully three hours to select the children, have them fed, and sent to the mission premises, where they could go through a process of cleaning.

Some very touching and amusing things occurred. All were eager to go. Some boys whose names were on the list to go had to be rejected because they were rather big. They felt very bad, and so did I. I did not want to take very small boys either, but one weak little fellow begged to go with his brother, who was on our list. I did not want to separate them. They had only each other, and so he was counted in. Another little fellow a mere skeleton, begged and cried to go with me, but I felt I must leave him. My numbers were getting too high, but the little one gave us no peace. He crowded in before all the others. He chattered so constantly and interrupted us so often that he had to be sent away to one side. Boys were more numerous than girls. I wanted twenty-four girls, but could find only twenty-two at first. I was asked to bring two or three little girls

about three years of age, but they were not to be had. We sent around to the mothers: knowing if they were willing to give away the starving little ones, but their mother-love was strong, and they said, "No, we will die together. Finally a little one stepped forward and said "I am a little girl; take me." The manager began to write the name down, when a servant exclaimed, "That is a boy; don't take him. We then discovered that he was the little boy that has troubled us so. He saw girls were in demand, and hoped to gain his point this way. I did admire his persistence. He won the day and was counted in. A happy boy was he but he seemed to have used up all his strength in the effort, and I was very anxious about him all the way home, but now he seems to be gaining slowly.

Another boy anxious to go had placed him self among the group of girls that had been chosen. No one was able to tell by the look who were boys or who girls. The boys, to had long hair and were a wild-looking set. A one, either boy or girl, had more than a yard of clothing. Other little ones had to be left behind because of their awful condition. Some could not expect to live more than a few days. I thought I would reject some of the older boys, but they refused to be left, so I was overcome by their entreaties, and all came.

I took all the orphan girls. I wanted twenty-four, and just that many were available that day. A tiny girl of about four years begged to come, but a woman ran forward and claimed her. A servant declared that she was not the mother, but kept the child as an excuse to get more food. This seemed the truth, since the woman was by no means thin, and the child nothing but a skeleton. It turned out that the child had a father in jail, so we could not take her, but the manager promised that he would separate the child from the woman.

A man brought me his baby boy of nine months, a frightful looking object, and begged me to take it, but I was helpless. Another man gave me his three girls, but we felt it was best to care for the orphans first. I saw some dreadful sights in that poor-house.

How I did wish that I could help every man and woman fell at my feet and begged help. As long as they stay in the poor-house they are comparatively well off. I thought this arrangement there was as good as could be under the circumstances, but at best they are only temporary. That day there were two hundred and five inmates. I brought about fifty-four. No doubt as many more came in next day. There is a demand for girls by various school but many girls do not come to the poor-house. I have heard that many are sold before they can reach the poor-house, and sent away to live a life far worse than death. I asked who took the boys, as a rule, and the reply was, "The Roman Catholics." Pundita Ramabai, whose noble work every true Christian indorses, is asking that everywhere high-caste women and girls be rescued and sent to her.

But to return to my wife. They were sent to the mission premises, where a barber and sweepress (a low-caste woman) were in waiting. At noon the work began, and by five o'clock wonderful change had taken place in these children. Dr. Felt took a picture of them as they came from the poor-house. I should have had one afterward. Dr. Felt's wife and I spent the entire day in service for these little ones. My train was to leave at midnight, but it was thought best to settle the children early, and this we

ble to do, as our through carriage was in waiting. Dr. Johnson took us to the station. I topped the children would sleep well, but there was no sleep in them. They had never been in a train before. I hoped that when we started they would settle down. They did, and I covered them up and lay down myself, but at the first stop they were all up again; and so they were at every stop. The boys chattered more than the girls, which may go to prove that girls at least have no part in Darwin's plan; and it also proves that—but that is another story, as Sipling would say.

I now know what it means to live two nights and a day in a railway carriage with fifty-four wild heathen children. I was somewhat "seawick" a great part of the time. I consider that I have made a trip on the ocean, and shall not apply to go home soon. Some one will say that it was foolish to be shut in with them, but what could I do? I could not afford a servant, for I was with our own salary, for the most part, but I was bringing them. I had to do the work of a servant myself, open and shut windows, give them water to drink, warm up milk for the delicate ones, give out all their food each time, over them up from the cold, etc. It isn't to be supposed that all these children from twenty different castes and as many villages could live conceivably thirty-six hours in a railway carriage, packed in as closely as they had to be, so I had many little fights to settle; but at last we arrived in Aligarh.

### Natural History, Science, etc.

**Water Plants as Landmarkers.**—One of the earliest surprises of the writer, on a botanical collecting trip, was to enter a wildwood on a beaten path, and on returning find a stream of one twenty feet wide and of unknown depth light across that path. It was his first experience with a floating island. The wind had hanged, and blew the island to the opposite shore! When sand enough would be collected from the winds, possibly the island would sink, and then logs would be found beneath the surface, as White Cedar logs are now found below the surface in the bogs of New Jersey. How lants prepare the way for such growths, we are often had illustrated. "Captain W. A. Haw," says a Jacksonville (Florida) paper of recent date, "of the St. Johns river steamer *Berglade*, says that he has never seen anything like the quantity of hyacinths that now float in the river between Palatka and Aster, and he has been in command of a steamer on the river more than a quarter of a century.

"Palatka is the worst choked up point on the river, as acres of the water vegetable cover the surface of the river, and to get through it with the steamer is a hard job. The wheels become clogged, the bow banks against, and is going ahead and backing for hours at a time to make a passage.

"Not only is the river obstructed, but also the creeks between Jacksonville and Palatka."

But for the river traffic, these water plants could be undisturbed, and in the end, dust and mud would grow moss and similar low orders of vegetation. On these, seeds of grasses and other plants would be borne by birds and by wind, and, rotting, form a thick, peaty surface. Then come tree seeds, and the young rest, in time, sinking by its own weight. But the process again renewed from time to time, and would be filled up, and a deep peat

bed formed, and real land appear in due time. Yes, water plants as well as all things have an appointed mission to fulfill.—*Mechanics' Monthly*.

## THE FRIEND.

FOURTH MONTH 3, 1897.

WE have good authority for believing that whatever has been written by Divine inspiration is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness; and that the Holy Scriptures are able to make us unto salvation, through faith which is in Christ Jesus. Hence the Society of Friends has been concerned to encourage its members in the frequent perusal of these sacred writings, and in the effort to make their children acquainted with them.

But it is very important that we should not lose sight of the condition attached, "*through faith in Christ Jesus*."

The Bible student who trusts mainly in his own intellect may spend years in study, and may become learned in the history of the nations mentioned in the Bible, and in their customs and peculiarities, and yet remain in ignorance of the spiritual truths of Christianity. For "the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God; for they are foolishness unto him; neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned."

The truth of this is manifested by experience. For we see many of the most highly educated and learned men, who reject or explain away the plain declarations of Scripture, deny the miracles recorded therein, and build up an edifice of doctrinal belief founded on their own reasoning powers, and not on that Divine revelation which is the only immovable foundation on which we can rest securely.

We believe the most profit is derived from the Bible by those who read it reverently, with a mind turned inward to the revealings of the Light of Christ, and freed from dependence on their own intellectual powers.

The advice on reading the Scriptures given by some of our early Friends, men of deep religious experience, who spoke of what their own hands had handled of the word of life, is so instructive, that we commend it to the notice of our readers.

Isaac Pennington, writing to a friend, says: "I know thy sure; there is a building in the earthly wisdom, a knowledge which thou holdest in the comprehension, out of the living feeling of that light, from which the true knowledge springs, and in which alone it is held. Thou must know the razing of this building, the confounding and scattering of this knowledge, that the true heir of the true knowledge may spring, and thou mayst feel the babe raised, to whom God reveals the mysteries of his kingdom, which He hides from the wise professors and teachers in this age, as He hath done in all ages. Thou art very wise, but thou must sell all that and become a very fool, if thou wilt have the riches and everlasting treasure of the kingdom."

Again in another letter we find the following, "Friend, God, who caused light to shine in this outward world, hath judged it necessary to cause the light of his spirit to shine inwardly in the heart; and *this gives the knowledge of the Scriptures, and the true sense and discerning of inward and spiritual things*. O, take heed *how thou readest, and how thou under-*

standst the Scriptures,—in what light, in what spirit! for it is easy erring; and without the presence and guidance of God's spirit herein, thou canst not walk safely."

MANY of our newspapers have disgraced themselves by publishing the particulars of a recent prize fight, which took place in one of our western States. We are glad to state that the *Public Ledger* of this city had too much self-respect to follow their example, but has consistently refrained from spreading the demoralizing details before its readers. For this it deserves the thanks of all respectable people. We are pleased to notice in the number of that paper for Third Month 20th, that it has received a large number of letters commending its course and among them several from members of the religious Society of Friends.

We sincerely wish its encouragement in the exercise of such a censorship over the matter offered for publication in its columns, as will render it more and more a practical advocate for sound morals and civilization.

### SUMMARY OF EVENTS.

UNITED STATES.—On the 29th ult., the following nominations were sent to the United States Senate by the President: *Charltonne Tower*, of Philadelphia, for the Austrian Mission; *William S. Shalvenger*, of Pennsylvania, to be Secy of Assistant Postmaster General; *Henry Clay Evans* of Tennessee, to be Commissioner of Pensions; *Thomas Ryan*, of Kansas, to be First Assistant Secretary of the Interior.

The Governor of Colorado has approved a bill abolishing capital punishment in that State.

A Toledo dispatch says that labor leaders in Kansas are greatly excited over a ruling by Attorney General Boshe that the Anti-Trust law just passed by the Legislature is applicable to labor organizations.

General Rosecrans, now living in retirement in California, at the age of seventy-eight, writes this concerning the Arbitration Treaty: "I had as the rainbow of promise the noble inspiration of arbitration in place of war. Hampered by illness and age, I can do little, but were I able I would devote pen and voice to inculcate in the minds of our youth in the schools and universities a realization of the horrors of war, and impress the great uplifting of humanity above mere brute force to the higher plane of a nobler civilization, which shall calmly settle all vexing international differences by a court of reason, and not by the crash of artillery."

It is said that more than seventy-six per cent. of those who people New York today were born of foreign mothers, while more than forty per cent. were themselves born on foreign soil. Peter Stuyvesant ruled in his day over fourteen hundred New Yorkers who consisted in eighteen different tongues.

Thousands of head of antelope are to be seen along the Short Line track near Lackwith, Idaho. They have been in that section all winter and are little hunted. One band is believed to contain fifty five thousand head.

While endeavoring through the swamp-infested lowlands of Spanish Columbia, about 500 miles from the sea-coast, found a heavy white nugget, which a few days later, he gave to the nearest trader for a little of rum. The nugget, which passes as native correnze, was sent, as a draft, to an exporting merchant of New York City. It is said to be the largest and best platinum ever found in a corner seal. The nugget is the little cube measures approximately only 3/8 by 2/8 inches; it weighs nearly two pounds. It is of bluish-white lustre, and contains fully 50 per cent. of pure platinum. The additional ingredients of the nugget are rhodium, gold and palladium. What enhances the importance of the find is that the ordinary platinum nugget is about the size of a corner seal. The intrinsic value of the big nugget is \$250, but as a specimen it is worth much more. C. O. Baker, the platinum refiner, has sent it for inspection to H. T. Day, chief of the Geological Survey in Washington. "We are trying to learn the exact locality where the nugget was found," said He. "Reports from that part of Spanish Columbia are very contradictory and unreliable. It was found near a river, the name of which we do not know. The objective point of that part of the country is Buena Ventura. Although gold, platinum

and other valuable metals seem to abound there, the mica-stamps are so readily as to render simple the process of obtaining platinum in South America and the United States. We hope this find will be brought to the attention of miners on the Pacific Coast. We know that a good deal of platinum goes to waste in California. The great platinum country is in the tall mountains of Russia.

A crossing of 12 miles in length by the masters of the various vessels that arrived in New York on the 25th ult., the route of westward bound trans-Atlantic steamships is plentifully strewn with bergs. The largest of these were sighted by the steamship *H. H. M. R.*, which arrived in New York on the 25th ult. One of the masses, towed by the tug, estimates the length of the Arctic wanderer as being at least one thousand feet. Quite a swell was running when the vessel drew near the giant berg, and the boom of the seas, as they rolled against the masses, echoing in its cavernous, rounded, the officers say, like the roar of heavy artillery.

The ice-formation in the Gulf of Mexico reported the day of the 14th ult. week. The total deaths exceeded number nineteen, and at least two hundred persons were more or less hurt. The property loss will be very large. That part of Florida west of Tallahassee, Northwest Georgia and Southwestern Alabama, through which the storm raged, has sustained the most serious damage, but the extent of the damage has not yet been learned.

Three serious breaks in the Mississippi levees are causing the inundation of the great Delta, the most valuable of the farming lands of Mississippi. Greenville is in an extremely critical position, and business there is entirely suspended, the people working at the levees in a desperate fight for their lives.

Deaths in this city last week numbered 470, which is less than the previous week, and 55 less than the corresponding week of 1896. Of the foregoing, 241 were males and 229 females; 78 died of pneumonia; 43 of consumption; 34 of heart disease; 27 of diphtheria; 17 of cancer; 16 of old age; 13 of apoplexy; 13 of influenza; 12 of the stomach and bowels; 12 of scarlet fever; 12 of apoplexy; 12 of Bright's disease; 12 of convulsions; 12 of inflammation of the brain; 11 of crop; 11 of marasmus; 11 of leprosy; 11 of meningitis; 9 of inflammation, and 9 from casualties.

*Marks.*—No. 1, 8, 28, 96, 97, 498, reg. 1, 101, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132.

Onions were quiet and unchanged at  $7\frac{1}{2}$  cts. per pound for Midling uplands, but demand from spinners was light.

*FEEDS.*—Spot bran ranged from \$14.00 to \$14.50 per ton for winter in bulk, and \$13.25 to \$13.75 for spring in bulk.

*Flour.*—Winter super, \$2.50 to \$2.75; do., extra, \$2.75 to \$3.00. Pennsylvania roller, clear, \$3.75 to \$4.10; do., do., straight, \$4.15 to \$4.29; Western winter, \$4.10; do., \$3.90 to \$4.10; do., do., straight, \$4.20 to \$4.35; do., do., patent, \$4.40 to \$4.60; spring, clear, \$5.00 to \$5.75; do., do., straight, \$5.75 to \$6.00; do., patent, \$6.00 to \$6.75; do., do., straight, \$6.75 to \$7.00; do., do., extra, \$7.00 to \$7.50; do., do., clear, \$4.00 to \$4.20; do., straight, \$4.25 to \$4.40; do., patent, \$4.60 to \$4.90. *Flour.*—\$2.25 to \$2.50 per bushel as quality.

*GRAIN.*—No. 2 red wheat, \$1.45 to \$1.60; No. 2 mixed, com., \$1.25 to \$1.50; No. 3, 75 to 80 cents.

*BEEF CATTLE.*—Extra, \$5.75 to \$6.00; good, 4.5 to 5.00; medium, 4.25 to 4.50; common, 4.10 to 4.25.

*SHEEP AND LAMBS.*—Extra, \$5.00 to \$5.40; 4, 4.00; 3, 3.50 to 4.00; common, 3.50 to 3.90; good lambs, 4.50; wool lambs, 3.50 to 4.00.

*HOGS.*—Best Western, \$6.00 to \$6.50; other Western, \$5.75 to \$6.00.

*Foreign.*—In the thirty-three years since its establishment the Bible and Foreign Bible Society has distributed 4,177,000 Bibles, testaments and books of extracts from the Scriptures. In a leading editorial article in the *London Standard* the British Senate in adopting the amendments to the Arbitration Treaty reported by the Foreign Relations Committee, says: "The unanimous vote of the Senate has worked the Arbitration Treaty, and this should be a warning to the promulgators of similar projects in this case. The Senate are aware that the proposed amendments to the proposed Convention would be a serious step in the progress of arbitration while they are the treaties with amendments which make it ridiculous."

The British steamer *Yankee*, which arrived at Greenock Third Month 27th, 1897, on board station of the survivors of the lost French steamer, *St. Nazaire*,

When rescued they had been without food and water for three days. When they left the *St. Nazaire* there were twenty-nine persons in the boat, but thirteen died of exposure, hunger and thirst. Of the sixteen rescued, two had lost their reason.

Some quiet and curious tows, 1,500 years old, were recently found in a child's grave in course of some excavations in an old Roman cemetery near the city of Ravenna, Italy. Most of them were made of glass.

A Polish chemist named Eisenberg is said to have invented an anesthetic which volatilizes rapidly on exposure to the air, rendering the persons near unconscious for a long time. A pellet broken under a man's nose put him to sleep for four hours in an asphyxiated manner. The material charged with this material will make large bodies of an enemy incapable of resistance.

The proclamation announcing the blockade of the ports of Crete declares that any Greek vessel coming within the limits of the blockade will be fired upon. The Greek Government has sent to the Powers a note protesting against the blockade of Crete. On the 25th ult., the Cretan insurgents captured Malaxa, driving out and killing all but nineteen of the Turkish troops that composed the garrison. Part of the town was blown up with dynamite. The international forces in Crete now occupy the town of Malaxa.

It is stated that thirty Armenians were massacred recently at Tokat, Anatolia. They were killed while in a place of worship. During and after the massacre the Armenian quarter of the city was given over to pillage.

The treaties between the South African Republic and the Orange Free State give the Burgheers of each State the franchise in either Republic, and bind each Republic to support the other in event of an attack.

Spain, according to the War Office statistics, has sent, up to the end of 1896, 198,074 men and forty generals to Cuba. The deaths in the field and from yellow fever and other diseases were four generals and 22,771 men and officers. No account is given of the number of men sent to the Philippines, but 22,000 have returned, many of whom have since died.

Major-General Rios Rivera and his chief of staff, Colonel Ballao, were captured by the Spaniards under General Velasco, in a night at Catalezas, in Pinar del Rio, on the 28th of last month.

Reports received by Superintending Inspector General W. G. French in his regular service show that small-pox is raging in Havana, and is increasing in extent of diminishing. During the last week for which returns have been received, 850 new cases were reported with 91 deaths. Yellow fever is also prevalent in Cuba.

The Canadian Department of Agriculture estimates the population of the Dominion to be 8,125,438, a gain of over 500,000 since the census of 1891. In 1890 there were two States of the Union that exceeded Canada in population—New York, with 5,997,853 inhabitants, and Pennsylvania with 5,258,914.

A Winnipeg dispatch says that gold prospectors who have just returned from the north report the discovery of carbon Lake from Winnipeg.

## NOTICES.

**FRIENDS' INSTITUTE LYONEN.**—The next meeting will be held at 140 N. Sixteenth St., Sixth-day, Fourth Month 26th, 1897, at 8 P. M.

**CORRECTION.**—In the last number of THE FRIEND, pages 285 and 286, where the name occurs, instead of "Mallon Hackett," read "Mallon Hackett."

**REDUCED RATES TO PHILADELPHIA YEARLY MEETINGS.**—The usual arrangements have been made with the Pennsylvania R. R. Company, by which Friends attending our approaching Yearly Meeting can obtain excursion tickets to Philadelphia and return, from any station on the following railroads, at the rate of two cents per mile travelled, going and returning; except that no such tickets will be issued at a less rate than 2 cents; viz., Pennsylvania Railroad main line, as far west as Pittsburgh, Philadelphia and Erie Railroad Division, Northern Central Railway, United Railroads of New Jersey Division, West Jersey Railroad, and Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad Company, on any day from Fourth Month 16th to 27th, inclusive, and on the Pennsylvania R. R. main line from Philadelphia, inclusive, to Fourth Month 27th, inclusive, 1897.

The Baltimore and Ohio Company, and the Philadelphia and Reading Railroads have kindly offered Friends the same rates and for the same dates as above specified.

Application should be made either personally or by mail, to Joseph Hall, 304 Arch Street, Philadelphia; or to Thomas G. Hoque, West Chester, Pa., for order on the Ticket Agents—one of which must be delivered to the Agent whenever a ticket is obtained. These orders inform the Ticket Agent at whatever station they are when they are to be forwarded by mail; the holder is entitled to a ticket to Philadelphia, and to return, at the above rate of two cents per mile travelled. If a Friend in each neighborhood would ascertain the number of card orders likely to be needed and obtain them, and distribute among Friends, would make less work for those having the care of them when they are to be forwarded by mail; two-cent stamp should be sent to pay the postage.

**NOTE.**—Tickets issued on this order will not go to order but at way stations, going or returning.

**WESTWOOD BOARDING SCHOOL.**—Applications for the admission of pupils to the school, and letters of regard to instruction and discipline should be addressed to WILLIAM F. WICKESITHAM, *Principal*, at the residence of one of his sons, at the following communications in regard to business should be forwarded to EDWARD G. SMEDLEY, *Superintendent*, Address, Westwood P. O., Chester Co., Pa.

**DIED.**—On the twenty-second of Second Month, 1897, in the seventy-sixth year of his age, JAMES R. COOPER, a member of New Garden Meeting, Pa.; and on the second of Third Month his widow, ELIZABETH I. COOPER, in her seventy-sixth year. Closely united by the ties both of conjugal affection and of spiritual communion with their Lord, they were separated for short time separated by death. They had from early life looked towards a city of eternal habitation; as James R. Cooper could say on his death bed he had long endeavored to be prepared for such a time that he then felt no condemnation and was ready to go. When asked if he wanted anything, he replied, "I want to be in the hands of my Father, and in the superintending care of Divine Providence, and realize the fulfillment of the Saviour's promise to the one who seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, that all things needful we be added. Such being the ground of his confidence, he was a supply to his friends, and was made a pillar in the church by his abiding the doctrine of Christ. As a married life of these beloved parents and Friends extended over a period of fifty-three years. Free from the pang of a guilty conscience, so were their labors, relieved from much physical suffering, expiring away with a brief sickness, soothed by the diligent attention of their children, whose testimony now given to their Lord, was a joyful assurance of early and life-long dedication to the service of religion, their example is commended to the imitators of their acquaintances and successors, and as a proof of that faithful saying, "Godliness is profitable in all things, having the promise of the life that now and in that which is to come."

Green Hill Farm, near Overbrook, Pa., JASE MORRIS, daughter of the late Israel W. Morris, in the eighth year of her age. She departed this life quietly resting in Jesus.

Third Month 13th, 1897, RICHARD CADBUT in the seventy-second year of his age. He was a member of the Monthly Meeting of Friends of Philadelphia for the Western District.

Eleventh Month 27th, 1896, ELIZABETH B. SELL, in the sixty-eighth year of her age. A minister and member of the Monthly Meeting of Friends Philadelphia for the Northern District. She was a discerning Spirit, and was a moral force. As an instance of character and devotion to the cause of her Beloved, firmly attached to the principles and testimonies of Truth, as upheld by the consistent members of our Society. Her ministry was clear and very instructive, and she pursued her religious concerns with great perseverance, but increasing infirmity prevented her attending her last engagement in the limits of the Western Quarterly Meetings. Her bright example, the weight of her spirit, and the consistency of her daily life and conversation tended to gather Christ's standard of Truth and righteousness. She bore the suffering attending her last illness with great fortitude, and before she closed she expressed her desire to be buried in the grave of her dear friends, and change for her was a blessed one.

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## Diary and Letters of Deborah Brooks Webb.

(Continued from page 296.)

1885.—In the autumn of this year, in company with her friends G. and R. S. A.—, she attended, with a minute, Ohio Yearly Meeting, a relation to which she writes to a friend: "Yes, dear, it is done, and the kind unity and sympathy expressed in this small meeting is encouraging to the anxious traveller. R. and G. were released, and now for the deep exercises. I find myself comparing them to 'sitting in yard, whole nights.' It will not be easy work to attend the Yearly Meeting through its sittings, but our trust must be in the Omnipotent One, who has never yet failed me. Blessed forever be his Holy Name."

From Friends' Boarding School, Barnesville, Ohio, she writes Ninth Month 23rd: "It seems so solemn to be here, with the Yearly Meeting before us, and I hope we shall be favored with dy help, and do nothing to hurt the cause in my. Mercy encompasses our path, but I feel a little. The Lord's power can break forth."

Again, Tenth Month 2nd.—"Meeting closed and Friends scattered. We have had a wonderful meeting. You would have enjoyed it so much, and they would have enjoyed you, but I to Master ordered otherwise."

"On Seventh-day was Select Meeting; our minutes were read and thought suitable to be forwarded to the Yearly Meeting. This is a good way, then any improper ones can be suppressed. They read the queries and summaries the adjourned meeting on Third-day morning eight o'clock. There are dear weighty Friends here. On First-day a wonderful concourse of souls met on the ground—quite as many as would get into the house. How I longed for some messengers to reach them, and my prayer was to the Master. In the afternoon, Ellwood Brad held those in the house almost spell-bound in the account of our belief. I was thankful, indeed. Nothing for those outside. I tell them it is so important to distribute tracts—probably they will in future. They have a committee on 'Scattered Remnants'—so interesting to me—and they have opened correspondence with Iowa, Kansas and Western Yearly Meetings, and sent a minute of concurrence this year to Canada and New England. I com-

pared it to Ohio Yearly Meeting, gathering the little crafts all around it, and then in turn the Philadelphia Yearly Meeting (the great ship of the line), would come sailing up alongside of it, and there would be a fleet again. They would have need of great care in some cases.

"We feel as if we had been so helped all through, and I think your prayers and exercises of spirit have been with us and helped us, too. The Lord bless you and strengthen you under all circumstances."

On Fifth Month 9th she wrote to a friend, "Do we not long for his kingdom to come upon this earth, and now especially when we are hearing of wars and rumors of wars, do we wonder if the peaceable kingdom will ever be entirely set up? Yes, sometime, most surely, because the Most High says so. Oh, that we may be gathered among the redeemed—that word redeemed means so much."

1886.—Sixth Month 14th.—She wrote to her friend, R. S. A., "We are getting older, and though nature shrinks a little, yet we long for the gateway, 'golden, pearly, ample.' The heart to comprehend and feel another's woes, is a gift from Him, who has made us social beings. . . . Our young people must be willing to be still; be as fools to the world, that the great Master Builder may know what to do with them. Some of us were led so, were we not? Oh, how I long that He would take unto him his great power and prevail, that we may see sons and daughters here and there coming forth in the ministry."

During the remainder of 1886 her health was so poor that she does not appear to have written much.

1887.—Third Month 9th.—She writes to a friend who had also been sick: "It was so nice to receive thy dear letter, it was so fraught with heavenly good. Pencil sketch though it was, even that told of how much exertion it was for thee to write. And now, I can think of thee as down-stairs and gaining a little in strength every day. I have been out several times, and to-day was spent with S. F. S., who kindly invited me for an outing after sickness. How it elevates our spirits to contemplate the power of our Heavenly Father! He can draw his children into tender sympathy with each other when no outward word is spoken."

"I do not think the age of miracles has passed all that, but that our God is performing great things for his children all the time. We must be a more wrestling, praying people, and then He will 'open the windows of heaven and pour us out a blessing.' I am asking in my little measure, and was greatly encouraged by reading the last chapter of Isaiah, where it said, 'As soon as Zion travailed, she brought forth her children.' Our meetings want reviving, and only God can give the increase. The beautiful flood of moonlight last eve pouring into the windows made me think of his power, and that He can pour such an irresistible flood of his Holy Spirit upon souls as to constrain them to dedicate their lives to Him. Let us ask when hearts are full; when two agree touching a

thing to ask He has promised to hear. . . . I am so much better, and am able to do little things for myself. As thou art better, W— will improve too. Be sure and try to commit all your way unto the Lord. He is the wonderful counsellor, the mighty God? Strong is his arm and blessed are they that put their trust in Him."

Alluding to the Yearly Meeting of 1887, she writes in her diary: "We had an exercising week, but the dear Lord helped me through. My health gave out and I came home with bronchitis, and was sick a long time. Next rheumatism came on in my hands, arms and limbs. I was sick most of the summer."

In a letter to a friend confined at home by illness, dated Fourth Month 30th, 1887, she writes, "For a couple of weeks before Yearly Meeting, I felt weaker, and wondered if my Heavenly Father intended me to go, yea or nay? It all seemed right at the last, but it was cooler than common, and I commenced a cold which seemed to increase on every touch of the outside air."

"By Seventh-day morning I was too poorly to sit up, but able to go home in the afternoon. The next morning a severe bronchial cold developed, and by Second-day had to send for a doctor."

"My spirit has been much with thee, confined at home, while we could go up to the annual feast and sacrifice, but no doubt the dear Master was near thee."

"The minutes of the Meeting for Sufferings were so interesting to me, especially that part where the Committee visited the President, with an address against the retaliation act. I did want some one at the time to warn them, to labor with them not to be so unchristian, and to show them the evil thereof."

"On Fourth-day dear ——— spoke of the (importance of Friends, young Friends, being more careful to read our own writings, just as she can do it, so nicely, and I was constrained to unite with her, for my own exercise thereon is great, and also to advise the lifting up the heart for light to Him, who knows the hunger and thirst of his children. Soon (two Friends), said we ought to recommend the Bible to them, that so little was said about the Bible. No one seemed to answer the attack, and I so dreaded anything like answering back, so there this seemed to demand something, so the dear Heavenly Comforter, near at hand, gave me words, and I said them—so frightened all the time. I have been trying to remember them, and thou would like to know, viz: 'I am inclined to believe that there is not a Friend now present, to whom the Scriptures are not dear, and that they are in the habit of reading them daily in secret and many in their family circle, and if there had been any seeming neglect, it was unintentional. When I am sojourning where they are read in the family circle, it is the joy of my heart, and if they are not read, the desire before my Heavenly Father is, What shall I say, or how shall I conduct in re-

gard to it. 'So, if there has seemed to be an omission, it is only because the message seemed sent to some other point.' It comforted me to find that it had not grieved Friends. So many messages of gladness and thanks that I just sink into our Great Center of thanksgiving."

On Ninth Month 25th she writes to the same Friend in regard to a meeting appointed by Joseph Scattergood, at Parkerville, which she was prevented from attending by illness:

"Just to think of your being so close to me and dear C. Sheppard and Joseph S., with my being able to see you. Well, you had a good meeting, and that made up for all. It was my heart's desire, while you were in meeting. I remembered how it was with Israel when in the Sinaitic Peninsula and Amelek attacked them, how Moses went up on a hill and sat on a stone and held up his hands. While they were up, Israel prevailed, but when through weariness they fell, Amelek prevailed; so Aaron and Hur stayed up by his hands, and the Lord conquered. Just so it came in my heart to hold up my hands to the God of heaven and earth for a blessing on the meeting and for dear Joseph. The Lord does seem to bless him, and that a comfort to him to have the company of Clarkson Sheppard and J. W., and your company, too—Iron sharpeneth iron,' etc. The meeting seemed to be satisfactory."

(To be continued.)

### The Down Grade.

SELECTED.

A few years ago, an agent of a fire company in Newark had a downfall. Possibly the place was not Newark, and we recall the name neither of agent nor company. This man had been pursuing that phantom pursued by so many since civilization began, and never yet caught, nor to be caught, when pursued, to wit: "Pleasure," and he had been pursuing it in unlawful ways. He had procured funds by writing special hazards, at probably a little under the usual rate for such lines, and then he had reported them to the company as risks of the every-day desirable sort. His case is recalled to mind by a paragraph in the *Standard*, of Boston, about George H. Binney, who, in 1889, was an insurance agent, and had an office in Kilby Street of that city, and was going at a rapid pace. He had a city house, and a fine summer one at a suburb. His private coach, imported to order, was lighted by electricity. In a single year he had a bill of \$1,570 with a fashionable jewelry firm, one of the items being a repenting watch valued at \$125, with a \$222 diamond monogram additional. He married a woman of high social standing, whom he heavily embarrassed by getting her name on notes. He paid \$125 to \$250 per thousand for cigars, and his dinner-table was garnished with flowers repeatedly, at a charge of nearly sixty dollars, just before the close of his career in Boston. He escaped from the city just in time, a warrant for him having been issued.

A few weeks ago, his history during the interval being unknown, he was sentenced, in a town in England, to six months' imprisonment for obtaining seventy-seven pounds on credit without disclosing the fact that he was bankrupt.

One of the tricks of memory is that, while failing to take hold of many things desired for keeping, it persistently preserves others not of special value. For instance, residence in New York during the term of active life has noted the career of many defaulters who are readily

recalled, one after another, like ghosts of the past, rising to mutely and pathetically point a warning moral. There was Jenkins, a teller in the Phoenix Bank many years ago, who cut his throat with a knife, in a cell in Jefferson Market Police Station. There was John Bonner, once editor of *Harper's Weekly*, who, as a stock broker, embezzled, rehypothecating securities in his hands as collateral. He fled to Canada and disappeared from view. There was the president of the Atlantic Bank of Brooklyn, an old and esteemed man, suddenly killed on the railroad. His death disclosed an embezzlement, which, perhaps, he could have covered had he lived. There was Sanford, cashier of the Central National, a man who never went near "the Street," and dressed so plainly as even to elicit remonstrance from his superior. He was found to have converted securities belonging to correspondent banks, but no visible blow fell on him. One of the most tragic cases was that of the teller of one of the largest banks in New York. Suddenly the president died; plainly, the cashier would be promoted; plainly, the teller would become cashier; but he was a defaulter, and the change meant discovery. He fled to Canada instead, and has probably died there in miserable exile.

A recent case of sin in another line is also startlingly tragic. A year ago, a young man of some twenty-six years was vice-president of a manufacturing corporation in this city, and practically manager. One morning a man strode into the building, pushed his way past the attendants into the private office, thrust a letter before the young man, and demanded whether he had written it. He admitted that he had, whereupon the intruder struck him, pounded and throttled him, drew a pistol, and was in the act of using it when others interfered.

Like a bolt from a clear sky, vengeance fell upon him. Within an hour he was disgraced, his official position was gone, his prospects were blighted, and he passed out of sight—only, in some manner, the story was kept out of reach of the scent of the purveyors of the daily press. There is a long list of such stories, all true and all sad. The unfortunates whose names are given are dead, and the incidents are so odd that probably there is no one living whose feelings can be wounded by publication. The moral is as stern and as terrible as it is odd. Happiness can never be found by seeking it—it comes, unobtrusively, of itself, to those who, not thinking of it, are engaged in lives of activity, which it rewards. What is called pleasure is not even a form of happiness, but a mocking image of it. And to all who violate law—whether the laws of numbers and of sociology by bad insurance schemes, or of morals and the body by vicious living—the reckoning comes and exacts the penalty.

At an infidel meeting in Boston a richly dressed woman in the audience, who had listened to half a dozen speeches, rose and said: "Mr. President, when I give up my religion and my children, it will be for something very much better than you have offered to-day." We judge from published reports that her words threw a sudden coldness over the meeting. And well it might, and should. Infidelity has no sweetness, no hope, no comfort, no life to offer. It is mere negation, declamation, criticism, repudiation. It would rob humanity of cheer, solace and inspiration through a Redeemer. It is a poor exchange for the Christian's hope and life. —*Exchange.*

### The Atonement.

FRIENDS' VIEWS RESPECTING IT.  
THE IMPORTANCE OF BELIEVING IN ITS EFFICACY.

(Concluded from page 292.)

GEORGE FOX.

"Christ gave himself, his body, for the life of the whole world; He was the offering for the sins of the whole world; and paid the debt, and made satisfaction; and doth enlighten every man that comes into the world, that all through Him might believe, and he that doth not believe in the offering is condemned already." *Great Mystery*, 1659.

ROBERT BARCLAY.

"We do not hereby intend any ways to lessen or derogate from the atonement and sacrifice of Jesus Christ; but on the contrary do magnify and exalt it. For as we believe all those things to have been certainly transacted which are recorded in the holy Scriptures concerning the birth, life, miracles, sufferings, resurrection and ascension of Christ; so we do also believe that it is the duty of every one to believe it to whom it pleases God to reveal the same, and to bring to them the knowledge of it; yea we believe it were damnable unbelief not to believe it, who so declared; but to resist that holy seed, which as minded would lead and incline every one to believe it as it is offered unto them, though it revealeth not in every one the outward and explicit knowledge of it, nevertheless it always assenteth to it, *ubi declaratur*, where it is declared. Nevertheless as we firmly believe it was necessary that Christ should come, that by his death and sufferings He might offer up him self a sacrifice to God for our sins, who his own self "bare our sins in his own body on the tree;" so we believe that the remission of sins which any partake of, is only in and by virtue of the most satisfactory sacrifice, and no otherwise." —*Apology*, Prop. V., ¶1, Sec. 15.

WILLIAM PENN.

"We cannot say God could not have taken another way to have saved sinners, than by the death and sufferings of his Son, to satisfy his justice; or that Christ's death and suffering were a strict and rigid satisfaction for the eternal death and misery due to man for sin and transgression; for such a notion were to make God's mercy little concerned in man's salvation; and indeed, we are at too great a distance from his infinite wisdom and power to judge of the liberty or necessity of his actings."

"We cannot believe that Christ's death and sufferings so satisfies God, or justifies men, as that they are thereby accepted of God. They are indeed, thereby put into a state capable of being accepted of God; and through the obedience of faith and sanctification of the Spirit, are in a state of acceptance. For we can never think a man justified before God while self-condemned; or that any man can be in Christ who is not a new creature; or that God looks upon men otherwise than as they are. We think it a state of presumption and not of salvation, to call Jesus Lord, and not by the work of the Holy Ghost; Master, and He not yet maste of their affections; Saviour, and they not saved by Him from their sins; Redeemer, and yet they not redeemed by Him from their passion pride, covetousness, wantonness, vanity, vain honors, friendships and glory of this world. Which were to deceive themselves, for God will not be mocked; such as men sow, see, they must reap. And though Christ did die

for us, yet we must, by the assistance of his grace, work out our salvation with fear and trembling. As He died for sin, so we must die to sin, or we cannot be said to be saved by the death and sufferings of Christ, or thoroughly justified and accepted with God."

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"The first part of justification (from the guilt of sin), we do reverently and humbly acknowledge, is only for the sake of the death and sufferings of Christ; nothing we can do, though by the operation of the Holy Spirit, being able to cancel old debts, or wipe out old scores. It is the power and efficacy of that propitiatory offering, upon faith and repentance, that justifies us from the sins that are past; and it is the power of Christ's Spirit in our hearts that purifies and makes us acceptable before God. For till the heart of man is purged from sin, God will never accept of it. He reproves, rebukes and condemns those that entertain sin there, and therefore such cannot be said to be in a justified state—condemnation and justification being contraries; so that they that hold themselves in a justified state by the active and passive obedience of Christ, while they are not actively and passively obedient to the Spirit of Jesus Christ, are under a strong and dangerous delusion."—*From Primitive Christianity Revived.*

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"Because in some cases we have said the Lord Jesus was our great example, and that his obedience to his father doth not excuse ours; but by keeping his commandments, He abode in his Father's love, so must we follow his example of obedience to abide in his love. Some have been so ignorant (or that which is worse) as to venture to say for us, or in our name, that we believe our Lord Jesus Christ was in all things but an example; whereas we confess Him to be so much more an example, that we believe Him to be our most acceptable sacrifice to God his father, who for his sake will look upon fallen man that hath justly merited the wrath of God, upon his return by repentance, faith and obedience, as if he had never sinned at all."—*From a Testimony to the Truth.*

GEORGE WHITEHEAD.

"I believe Christ's mediation, suffering and death for mankind took effect from the beginning, ever since man fell, and the blessed effects and fruit thereof for man's redemption shall continue to the end of the world. And the eminent love and respect God had from the beginning and ever will have, to his own promised seed, Christ Jesus, and to all that He did and suffered for the redemption and salvation of the whole Adam, or all mankind, the excellent virtue, merits, or deservings of Christ, in all his obedience, works and sufferings for mankind, did reach to the beginning of the world, and shall to the end thereof.

For He who was as a lamb slain from the foundation of the world and by the grace of God tasted death for every man, ever liveth to make intercession for man, according to the will of God."—*From Truth Prevailing.*

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In reply to one who accused him of esteeming the blood of Christ no more than a common thing, George Whitehead says, "I positively affirm thus: That Christ did offer up the flesh and blood of that body, though not only so, for He poured out his soul, He poured out his life, a sacrifice unto the Father; and in it tasted death for every man; and that it is upon consideration, and through God's acceptance of

this sacrifice for sin, that the sins of believers are pardoned, that God might be just, and the justifier of him who believeth in Jesus or who is of the faith of Jesus. Is this common flesh and blood? Can this be affirmed of common flesh and blood?"

GEORGE BISHOP.

To one who accused the Society of Friends of being socinians, viz: "Tis a doctrine of the socinians that our Lord Jesus Christ did not by his death and bloodshed, satisfy for our sins, and so purchase redemption for us, but that He was a perfect pattern of righteousness, holiness, obedience and sufferings."

George Bishop replies, "That He is the latter, viz: a perfect pattern, etc., hath been proved out of Christ's own mouth, and the Apostle Peter's, and the Quakers own it. But that He did not by his death and bloodshed satisfy for our sins, and so purchase redemption for us, is a wicked lie."—*From the Throne of Truth Exalted over the Powers of Darkness.*

MARY DUDLEY.

The following extract from a sermon of Mary Dudley, as reported and published by one not a Friend, beautifully portrays her conception of the value of the atonement for those "who were servants of God before his sufferings, as well as those who have lived since his coming," and is an exemplification of the depth and scope of meaning in the terms, "slain from the foundation of the world."

"But if He manifested his mercy in our creation, oh, how stupendous was his love, when man fell from that happy state in which He had formed him, to find a remedy, to provide the means of salvation, not for fallen Adam only, but for all who should spring from him, even unto the end of time, by the propitiatory sacrifice of Christ on the cross, by the blood of the just for the unjust, reconciling God to the world and saving all the children of his Father, both in ages to come and in all former generations."

"By his means, we obtain knowledge of the truth; by Him we come to the Father; and him that draweth near to Him, He will in no wise cast out."

"So that the love of God in Christ hath remained in all generations; the Light of Israel, the redeemer of the world hath saved the just of every age; the same blessed means has always produced the same glorious effect; his atonement hath made satisfaction for the transgression of those who were servants of God before his suffering, as well as those who have lived since his coming; for those dying in faith and living in holiness, although they received not the Gospel, were accepted through the precious blood of the future sacrifice of God. He saved all that ever were or will be redeemed. There is no other name under Heaven whereby salvation is offered unto man."

STEPHEN GRELLET.

Stephen Grellet in 1822, when travelling in Long Island, where a spirit of infidelity and openly denying the Divinity of Christ was prevailing, wrote as follows:

"In all these meetings, I felt myself imperatively called upon to preach the Lord Jesus Christ as the only Saviour; to expose the awfulness of the sin of unbelief, and the fearful condition of those 'who have trodden under foot the Son of God, and counted the blood of the covenant, wherewith we were sanctified, an

unholy thing, and done despite unto the 'Spirit of Grace.'"

"1827, at Wilmington there were many 'who deny the only Saviour and reject the only hope of salvation.' The burden of the word given to preach was Christ and Him crucified, who was delivered for our offences and raised again for our justification. I set forth the heinousness of the sin of unbelief in Christ, and earnestly besought them to return unto Him whom they had denied, that they might have hope to obtain eternal life through Him.

"At London Grove it was laid upon me loudly to proclaim that hope of redemption which the believer has through our Lord Jesus Christ."

THOMAS EVANS.

Thomas Evans, on page 126 (first edition) of his Exposition, refers to one who "adopted and promulgated the false and anti-Christiana notion, that the gift of Divine Grace in the soul, superseded the necessity and cancelled the benefits of the coming and sufferings of our blessed Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

For a fuller and more detailed account of the views of the Society of Friends on the all-important subject of the atoning sacrifice on Calvary, the reader is referred to the valuable work of Thomas Evans, entitled, "An Exposition of the Faith of the Religious Society of Friends, commonly called Quakers, in the Fundamental Doctrines of the Christian Religion."

T. E.

SECRECY AND PRIVACY.—Let me ask you to discriminate between mere privacy and well-defined secrecy. Mere privacy includes the private acts of the individual, the family, business committee, insurance company, even a session of Congress; either and all of these are natural and right, and afford no facility for extended conspiracy against the life, liberty or character of individuals, or the well-being of the community, state or nation. But the secrecy referred to, including as it does associations of men extended over the community, state or nation, and bound together by grips, passwords and fearful oaths, to "hail, to conceal and never reveal the secrets of a brother;" the "rites, ceremonies or future laws and acts of this society"—even those "unseen and unknown"—such societies, existing as they do in time of peace, and organized, not for public good but for personal interest, awaken just suspicion and alarm, for they may be used for selfish and dangerous purposes. History reveals scores of just such injurious associations.

It was in reference to such societies that John Quincy Adams said: "I am prepared to complete the demonstration before God and man, that the Masonic oaths, obligations and penalties cannot by any possibility be reconciled to the laws of morality, of Christianity, or of the land."

Daniel Webster said: "All secret associations, the members of which take upon themselves extraordinary obligations to one another, and are bound together by secret oaths, are naturally sources of jealousy and just alarm to others; are especially unfavorable to harmony and mutual confidence among men living together under popular institutions, and are dangerous to the general cause of liberty and just government."—*By ex-president John Q. Fee of Berea College.*

FOR "THE FRIEND,"  
SOMETIME, SOMEWHERE.

Unanswered yet? the prayer from lips love pleaded  
In agony of heart these many years.  
Does faith begin to fail? Is hope departing,  
And think you are in vain these falling tears?  
So urgent was your heart to make it known,  
Say not the Father has not heard you pray—  
You shall have your desire sometime, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? though when you first presented  
This one petition at the Father's throne.  
It seemed you could not wait the time of asking,  
So urgent was your heart to make it known.  
Though years have passed since then, do not despair—  
The Lord will answer you sometime, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? Nay, do not say ungranted,  
Perhaps your part is not yet wholly done;  
The work began when first your prayer was uttered,  
And God will finish what He has begun.  
If you will keep your intense burning there,  
His glory you shall see sometime, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? Faith cannot be unanswered  
Her feet were firmly planted on the Rock.  
Amid the wildest storms she stands undaunted  
Nor falls before the loudest thunder-shock.  
She knows Omnipotence has heard her prayer,  
And cries, "It shall be done sometime, somewhere."

THE WEB OF LIFE.

O, strange web of life! I would loose thee to-night,  
And lay down the shuttle, and rest for awhile,  
For the threads I weave in make the shadows too dark,  
And the warp and the woof shrink with tears all the while.

I cannot do this, but the web of the past,  
I loose from the beam with a tremendous hand,  
There's a quiver and thrill at my heart as I gaze  
And note how uneven each figure is planned.

O, strange web of life! in childhood so bright;  
So filled with the promise of glorious things,  
So evenly woven while guarded by love,  
Ere time hurried childhood away on its wings.

How memory's doors are unlocking to-night!  
The past with its joys and its sorrows appears,  
Where mingled and prayers and hopes are com-  
mingled,  
And threads that were golden are cankered with  
tears.

What beautiful hopes are woven in here,  
What holy resolves are clustering there;  
How even again is the ground-work I view,  
Ere long overlapped by the leaves of despair.

O, hand ere so tired, thou canst not lay down  
The shuttle that fillet thy life web yet fast;  
It seemeth not well to grow weary at noon  
So willing aside thy life-work to cast.

Weave in good resolves with beautiful hope,  
With faith in God's promise toil in thy prime.  
With love in thy heart, thy fingers may yet  
Weave a glorious web ere the evening time.

A COLONIAL BISHOP.—Bishop Newnham thus writes of travel through his hyperborean diocese of Moosejaw, in Canada:—"For a large part of the way I only had two Indian lads, which means that I paddled myself for many hours in the day, besides helping to carry over the portages, to haul at the 'tracking-line,' or tow-ropes, and to make camp at night. I have been travelling in canoe and open boat for over three months, sleeping in a tent, or in open boat without even that shelter, for the whole of that time, except for three weeks altogether at the different Hudson's Bay Company's posts, in almost tropical heat of midsummer and the frosty nights of the autumn, sometimes plagued with myriads of mosquitoes and other venomous flies; at other times, on the Bay, surrounded by vast ice-floes from arctic regions, much of the time wet through from incessant rain, or from wading in rivers and through swamps; exposed sometimes to the risks of swift rapids; at others

to gales and tides; rising daily at four or half past four in the morning, and retiring to my bed on the ground at ten at night."—*Herald of Peace.*

Striving for the Strait Gate.

BY THEODORE L. CUYLER.

Jesus Christ when He was on earth pointed out two gateways; and they remain to this day. One of them is "the gate which leadeth unto life"; the other is the "gate which leadeth to destruction." The first gate he described as "strait" or narrow; the second is a "wide" gate, and opening out into an exceedingly broad road that was, and is, thickly travelled. This latter gate is very easily found; it is the popular road of self-gratification and self-indulgence; it allows a wide berth for "free thinking" and free living, and those who travel there are not required to give much thought about God, or the Day of Judgment, or a coming eternity. There is no need to rear pulpits or to employ preachers to point out this wide entrance; one has only to obey his sinful inclinations and run with the crowd; "many there be who go in thereat."

The great object of Christ's coming into this world was to open the "strait gate," to lay out the road, to guide all those who tread it, and to secure their full and final salvation. On one occasion, by a very bold metaphor, he declared, "I am the door; by Me if any man enter in he shall be saved." Why is this gateway to the Christian life called "narrow"? Did Christ mean to say that his power, or his pity, or his love, were limited? No indeed; for nothing under heaven could be more unlimited than his gracious, loving invitation, "whosoever will, let him come!" He simply meant that his gate was "strait" or narrow because it did not allow perfect latitude of opinion, or utter laxity of conduct. No one is permitted to say—henceforth I am my own master; I shall do as I like. Favorite sins and self-indulgences are contraband at that strait gateway. Pride cannot drive through its coach and four; sensuality cannot smuggle in its harlots, or its hampers of strong drink; the worldling cannot bring in his worship of Mammon, or the covetous man his greed of lucre; and no self-righteous sinner is permitted to stalk in and assert that he has no need of the righteousness of Jesus Christ. To every one who approaches this blessed gateway of salvation, the loving Saviour gives the firm command: "If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself!"

Hallelujahs and endless thanksgivings to God that the entrance to the true Christian life is just what it is! At the gate we are to give up, and ever afterward we are to take up. At that gate we are commanded to crucify that accursed house-devil self, that we may have room in our hearts for Christ, and for our fellow-men. While the broad road leads down to death, the narrow gate leadeth unto life—to largeness of life and loftiness of aim, and genuine joys. It brings pardon and peace of mind; and secures fellowship with Jesus Christ. If the gate be narrow by excluding what is base and selfish and sinful, the man who enters it is *broadened*. Noble old Norman Macleod, of Scotland, phrased it very finely in the last speech that ever fell from his eloquent lips. He said:

"I desire to be broad as the charity of Almighty God, who maketh his sun to shine on the evil and the good, who hateth no man, and who loveth the poorest Hindu more than all our committees or all our churches. But while I

long for that breadth of charity, I desire to be narrow—narrow as God's righteousness, which, as a sharp sword, can separate between eternal right and eternal wrong."

Such a life as this—the only life that is "eternal"—is not to be had for the mere wishing. It is not enough to sigh for it and to say, "How I wish I was a better man—how I wish I was a Christian!" Such sighings cost nothing and come to nothing. There may be millions in hell who once promised themselves that they would at some time become Christians. "Strive to enter in at the strait gate!" said Jesus Christ. It was to be no child's play. It is no holiday business to deny self, to put the knife to wicked appetites, to break from dangerous associations, to face possible ridicule, to cut loose from entangling sins. If there be one person reading this article who honestly desires this new and noble life, I would say to him or her—there are many things to hold you back. The Evil One does not go out of human hearts in these days any more willingly than he did in the olden Bible-times, and only at the bidding of Christ. Pray earnestly to Christ for deliverance. The world has got its grip on you. Perhaps your intimate associates are unfriendly to religion—they may stare at you, or sneer at your exchanging a frolic for a prayer-meeting. Moral cowardice has cheated millions out of heaven. Good resolutions made in your own strength are mere pipe-clay.

You have never striven to enter the open gateway to the new and the eternal life. You have had the divided mind that accomplishes nothing. It has been only half-and-half work, spending itself on a few serious thoughts soon dissipated, or on a few formal prayers. No man, having put his hand to the plough and looking back, is fit" (*i. e.*, is well put) "for the kingdom of God." If you take hold of the plough spiritually, with the help of the Holy Ghost push it through. Trust it down deep into the subsoil of your affections and your hitherto stubborn will. If that plough tears up some beds that have only borne flowering weeds, all the better. You are not a Christian until you have given your heart to Jesus Christ. You must begin to keep his commandments, to resist sin because He hates it, and to do right because He loves it. Quench not the Spirit! Just begin to serve Christ by doing the first duty that comes to your hand. Refuse to do the first wrong thing to which you are tempted, and do this with fervent prayer for Divine help. "Strive to enter in at the strait gate; for many will seek to enter in, and shall not be able when once the master of the house is risen up and hath shut the door!" That gateway of life may soon be shut!

During a revival of religion in one of our great universities two students were awakened who were intimate friends. One evening they agreed to go and call upon one of the professors and ask for his advice. They came to his door, when one of the two stopped and said, "I believe I won't go in." His companion replied, "You can do as you please; but I need all the help that a man of experience can give. I am resolved to go in." They there parted—and for eternity! The one went in, opened his difficulties to the professor, received good counsel, and decided for Christ. He became an eminently useful minister of Christ. The other threw off all serious thought, drifted into "fast" associations, and ended his career as a sot. The one co-operated with the loving Spirit, the other quenched the Spirit, and shut the gateway of life against himself! My friend, your Bible is



full of glorious encouragement to you. A pure life, a useful life, a happy life and an eternal life in the Father's house is now within your reach. The only time you are sure of is the present. There are two gates, and the two opposite roads into eternity! You must take one or the other! Beside that strait gate stands the Infinite love, saying to you, "I set before you death and life. Choose life!"

### Letter From Germany.

The time goes so swiftly that I do not know what to make of it sometimes. Think of it! Three weeks from to-day I will probably be in Cologne, from whence I take the train to Paris, and will reach there, if all goes well, by three o'clock in the morning. Then can imagine how I will fly around, when I reach there! These last three weeks I am not working so hard. I have only a few pages more of the grammar, and Fraulein Meyer seems quite pleased with me. Since I began, the first of Ninth Month, I have covered the work done by the pupils here in six years. Of course, in going over it so rapidly, I have not retained it all, but I have done the work, and understand it, and know just where to look for any rule or manner of expression that I wish—and that is of great value.

To-day, in my lesson with M. Mercier, I could talk very well. Some days I can do better than others. I shall have no difficulty, on reaching Paris. I feel sure of that. I told thee I intended to stay only one month there.

Board and everything in Europe is paid by the month, not by the week. If I arrive on the twelfth I will expect to leave on the twelfth. Paris is the most beautiful in the Fifth Month, every one says. But I don't mind. It will be much lovelier in Switzerland. Oh, I simply pine for the country and the mountains and the freedom.

Yesterday I received an invitation to an evening company next week, given to celebrate Washington's Birthday by the Americans here in Gottingen. It will be a simple, social gathering, with only refreshments, and no regular dinner or supper, but I wrote a refusal, because I don't feel very social just now, and, knowing the Americans so little, I don't think I would specially enjoy it. I don't go anywhere this winter, except to lessons and lectures and walking. I have had several invitations to large "coffeees" (though I know very few people here), but have managed every time to have a good excuse, so that I need not go. In France and Switzerland I will do as I did in Germany last winter, accept everything that comes along, and spend my time hearing and talking, more than so much studying. I have the hard part behind me now, and what I want is fluency. Besides, I shall come home more rested, and in every way in better condition by not working so much at the desk and burning the midnight oil, which I have done this winter.

I am glad when anything I write pleases others. But I generally write so hurriedly, and saving spoken almost no English for so long, I feel notice afterwards that I have worded my letters very badly.

I told thee that Ida my friend from the Harz, ad been here. I was with her a great deal. I wish thee could know her. I have told thee very often how lovely she is. Her mother was so grateful that I could be with her and help her, that she sent me a very nice book, ad Albanan an album for the colored postal cards, of which I have already spoken in earlier

letters. Albanan was delighted. She had already several cards that had been written to her, but she had never cared for them. But now her chief desire is to get the book full. I will write her on one, now and then, from the places I stop at in my trip. Some of them are really quite pretty, and for a child it is very nice. She learns also the names of cities and resorts in this way. One of her friends gave her a lot the other day. E. S. K.

### How I Built the First Road in Northern Newfoundland.

One of the strangest lacks of the many I perceived when I first went to my lonely missionary quarters in the north of Newfoundland, was that of a road. Look where one would, there was nothing like a road. All along the coast there were either barrens or forests, but, save a narrow footpath, no roads. Of course, there were no horses, except one, and her nearest neighbor in kind lived more than two hundred miles away. There were, therefore, no carts or carriages. The only mode of travel besides walking was by dog-sleigh in winter, over from three to six feet of hard snow, or boat in summer. I soon grew to the want of roads when I found that there was no demand for them.

But "want or no want," I reflected one day, "it looks so uncivilized to be without roads," and I wished, for the sake of civilization merely, to have a "bit of a road," as an Irishman would say. Near to my headquarters—that is, three and seven miles distant, respectively—there stood two little frame churches, in which I used to minister at regular intervals. Now both these churches were about a half a mile from the landing-stage to which we used to tie our boats when we went to church in the summer. "Now," thought I, "what a great thing it would be if I could build a road to each of the churches from the landing-stage!" The more I thought of this little plan of mine, the more I admired it, and I determined to carry it out some day. But how could I do it? That was the question. The good folk among whom I lived had, for the large part, never seen a road in their lives, and I suspected that those who had had forgotten what it was like. But I was set on getting the glory of projecting and completing the first road in the north of Newfoundland. The idea came to me during the first winter of my residence. The summer followed, and my plan existed only in my own mind. All through the long summer days the people were all engaged in the cod-fishery and other fisheries. Nobody had a moment to spare, specially to discuss the providing of that for which no need existed.

The fisheries promised a rich harvest at the beginning of the season, and great hopes filled the breasts of the fisher-folk, who had struggled hard to live under the stress of three successive failures in their only business and means of livelihood. Heads were bent, heavy sighs and dejected looks told the tale of sorrow that lurked under the tawny, weather-beaten brow of the fisherman. The season ended, and the catch was only as the people expressed it, "half a voyage." The traders arrived, in their well-equipped and well-stocked ships, ready to barter with the people for their fish and oil, but there was so little fish and oil, and the families were very large, and the winter was long. Only half a supply of salt beef and pork, and molasses and flour could be procured. "Must trust in God for the rest," they would say, and turn longingly away from plenty to face scarcity.

Now there would seem to be no connection between this sad condition of affairs and my plan of building two half-miles of road on the Newfoundland coast. But it was just this crisis that furnished me with the power to carry it out to my complete satisfaction. Realizing what the long winter would be for the poorest of the people all along the coast, who had only been able to obtain a very small supply of food from the trader, the leader-of-the people came to me and urged me, before the ice formed, to lay the matter before the government of the island, and ask for flour and molasses. To this request I assented, and sent a hasty letter by the last trading-vessel to the government, with a statement of the destitution that was impending, and concluding by begging for assistance. Ten days later, the letter was answered by the appearance of a schooner, which soon landed two hundred barrels of flour and two puncheons of molasses. They were consigned to me, with a letter of instructions, which the captain of the schooner handed to me when all the provisions had been safely stored in a large shed near to my headquarters. The letter stated that the shipment had been given gratis to those who were likely to want during the long winter; that I was to use my own discretion in giving it out, but that it might be good for the people themselves to do some work in return for it, of which I was also to be the judge.

So my road began to come within measurable distance of being built. However, before doing anything (and I was very anxious to get at it), I called the men around me and told them of my plan. They agreed very cordially to assist me, and it was understood that all men who received assistance from the government shipment were to work on the "passon's road." Of course, nothing could be done in the way of road-making during the winter, and so the second winter passed away. But with the first signs of spring, I summoned my forces, gave them my plans, and set them to work at the building of the first road in the north of the colony. I superintended the work day after day, giving orders like a general, showing the men how to work, and deporting myself with very great importance. The workmen were true to their word, and though they did not (could not) work at the roads every day, yet when autumn came they were finished, well ballasted and graded, and fit for a king to walk on.—*Friedrich E. J. Lloyd in Sunday School Times.*

The editor of the *Christian Advocate* has a column in his paper delegated to answering questions from his correspondents mainly referring to the doctrines and discipline of the Methodist Church.

In a recent number of the paper in replying to a query involving the idea of infant accountability, the editor states: "The Methodist Episcopal Church has thus far had sufficient common sense not to promulgate a doctrine concerning a subject upon which the Scriptures are absolutely silent."

Is so dry a region as Central Australia, frogs are found in fair numbers, creeks and clay-pans "swarming" with them. As the waters dry up the frogs disappear in their burrows, remaining till the rains come again. "Certain species of them," says Spencer, "gorge themselves with water before they go into their retreats, and in times of drouth the natives dig them out and obtain enough water from their bodies to satisfy their thirst.—*Selects.*"

### An Estimate of Friends.

In the Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., on the evening of Eleventh Month 20th, the Pastor, Dr. David Gregg, delivered a discourse on "The Quakers as Makers of America."

"The Quakers, when seen at their best, stand in American history for ideal civilization; and this civilization is their contribution to the American republic. As historic characters the Quakers are a marked and influential people in the midst of the most marked and influential types of mankind. They have put their stamp indelibly on national and international life. If we enter into the courts of justice we can see that they have been there; the substitution of affirmation in place of the oath is their work. The jails of humanity show the results of their reform; it was they who changed our prisons from sties to sanatoriums. The dream of that beautiful prison angel, Elizabeth Fry, is being worked out into reality in criminal law, and the remedial element in punishment is being pushed to the forefront in the administration of justice. They have put their mark even on the pages of our Holy Bible and have made it a book of greater power. They have taken some of its grandest prophecies and statements and commands and beatitudes, and by believing them, living them, translating them into reigning forces in the home and in the church and in the State, they have so made these their own that in reading the Book we instinctively associate their names with these scriptures.

"The Quakers arose in an age of dogmas and creeds and persecutions and reforms and religious revolutions and quarrelling ecclesiastics. They took their place among the ranks of reformers, and were the most advanced of all. Their reforms were the most sweeping of all. They were the liberals and radicals of that age; they were the reformers of the reformed; they undertook to reform Calvin, and Luther, and Knox. The Episcopalians and Puritans and Presbyterians protested against the Romanists, but the Quakers protested against the Episcopalians, and Puritans and Presbyterians. In the language of Milton to them, 'presbyter was only old priest writ large.' The Quakers were the Episcopalians and Puritans and Presbyterians of the seventeenth century, sweetened and modified, and made over with a new and a large admixture of love. They denied all ecclesiastical authority, and threw aside all the prevailing ecclesiastical rites; they went to God directly for their instructions and worshipped before God in stillness and silence without prescribed forms. As the complement of a State without a king, they offered mankind a church without a bishop. Sweeping aside creeds, and councils, and rituals, and synods, they held that God and the individual man, living in loving fellowship, were sufficient.

"They were a people of great moral purpose. Their ideals were their inspiration, and the realization of these ideals was their goal. They got their strength from ideals and convictions and visions of which the senses take no cognizance. James Freeman (Clarke calls them the 'English mystics'). If they were mystics they were exceedingly practical mystics. They were one of the most independent people among all the races. They differed from all the sects around them in that they renounced the use of all force in the propagation of their principles. They inculcated and practised religious toleration. They have the honor of being one of the few divisions of Christendom against which the

charges of cruelty and selfishness and love of power cannot be brought. Their gun was a protest, their bullet a principle. They served the Church and State by what they were. When violence was used against them their principle of action was, Never retaliate. Their method of growth was by patience and perseverance and quiet suffering, and their method was effective. For example, they carried their religion into the Massachusetts colony and planted it right in the midst of the hard-headed Puritans. The Puritans persecuted them, whipped them, robbed them, hung them, but they kept right on asserting themselves and suffering until, by their patience, they wore out the cruelty of the Puritans and brought the Puritan scourge and scaffold into public disgrace. The public, won over to them by their beautiful spirit, rose and demanded the cessation of persecution. Thus they purchased and established for us by their sufferings the religious toleration which now exists in our republic.

"The Quaker power in America reached its height in the coming of William Penn and in the establishment and life of the colony of Pennsylvania. William Penn was second only to George Fox as a Quaker influence. There was no man better fitted to establish such a commonwealth than William Penn. He had paid a large price for the privilege of being a Quaker and this made him a man to be trusted. He had ability, he was educated at Oxford. He was democratic in spirit; his definition of a free government shows this. 'Any government,' he said, 'is free where the people are a party to the laws enacted.' He was a kindred spirit to John Bright, the Quaker statesman of Great Britain, who for a whole generation was a leading spirit in the great movements of his country, and who was always on the right side. John Bright got his principles from William Penn. An analysis of his public life will show the Quaker principle of civil life to be this: Political power is rightly exercised only when it is possessed by the consent of the governed and is used for the welfare of the community according to the permissions of the moral law.

"This principle guided William Penn when he organized his colony. He gave it a constitution and laws full of the genius of humanity and full of equal justice. He allowed all reforms to be pushed within its territory. There was not one good Quaker thing which did not flourish in it. Here the Indians were treated as brothers and here they acted brotherly in return. The colony was a temperance colony; it was an anti-war colony; it was a colony noted for its religious toleration.

"The part the Quakers have taken in building the American republic makes clear this two-fold way in which patriots can effectively serve their country:

"1.—By uttering an emphatic protest against all destructive evils.

"History can ask no grander illustration of the power of protest than Quaker life on American soil. Why is it that there is no African slavery to-day within our borders? It is because the Quakers as early as 1688 issued their protest against African slavery, and kept it issued until the nation was educated up to the emancipation proclamation. But mark this: They invested their all in their protest. They meant it, and they made the American people feel that they meant it. Their protest was strong with the moral strength of a splendid personality and a consistent life; its power was moral.

"2.—By keeping before one's country uplifting and inspiring ideas.

"We call guns, swords, powder, forts, iron clads and armies national powers; the Quaker have taught us that there are powers beyond these. The powers beyond these are right thoughts, high ideals, holy visions, righteous principles, burning aspirations. These make a strong manhood and a pure womanhood, and such manhood and womanhood make a strong and pure State. The men and women who have these thoughts, ideals, visions, principles, aspirations, go straight to God for them; they are exponents of God. The ideal civilization exists only in the plan of God.

"This is the message of the Quaker father to the patriotic sons of America: If you would render your country the highest service, lead it forward to the millennial age, be an intellect to your country, make moral decision for it; and think and decide within the lines of God's holy law. If you would render your country the highest service, be the Lord's prophet to your country; dream dreams for it and see visions for it."

### Natural History, Science, etc.

*Novel Sulphur Mining* is now being carried on in South-Western Louisiana. The deposits lay underneath over four hundred feet of quicksand. Previous attempts to get through this by steel cylinders, and later by freezing, has failed disastrously. The new system resembles the double tube method of getting brine. But here three tubes, one inside the other, are used. The outer has water heated to three hundred and thirty-five degrees F., that is, subjected to a pressure of two hundred pounds per square inch. Through the middle one the mixed water and melted sulphur are caused to ascend. The core tube is filled with hot air to help keep this sulphur liquid. The hot water, issuing from the outer tube, melts the sulphur from the deposits, and the intense pressure forces it up the innermost tube. This goes on for a few hours to a few days, when the steam generated blows off. Operations are stopped a few hours, and the tubes possibly shifted further down. The molten sulphur is run into large vats, allowed to cool, and sawn up into convenient blocks for transport.

*Special Polar Candles* would be necessary for out-door work. A person named Moss has found that the ordinary candle, at thirty degrees below zero, only melts the central part, thus encasing itself in a cylinder of wax or paraffin as it burns.

*Gold from Sea Water.*—Every ton of sea water contains on the average some three-quarters of a grain of gold. This means over four hundred tons of gold beneath each square mile of sea for it comes to about two hundred tons per cubic mile, and the oceans average a depth of fully two miles. It was suggested that at present no one was likely to search for gold in this way. It makes itself most apparent in natural ways by being deposited electrolytically upon Muntz metal sheathing, along with silver. At a late meeting of the Chemical Society, however, E. Sonstadt announced that he had detected the gold in half a gallon of sea water by shaking it up with twenty grains of mercury. The question suggests itself whether such shaking could be accomplished by tidal action so that to collect gold quickly enough to pay a working per cent, upon the cost of the mercury. Obviously the "bittern" left after various las

have been crystallized out by evaporation might be sufficiently concentrated to repay the further labor. But this would be only upon a small scale.—*London Friend.*

**Waste Water in Irrigation.**—The portions of our country under irrigation are having new experiences. As we know, when it rains a very small portion is used by vegetation; the surplus goes into the earth to feed springs, or seeps at once to add to the volume of rivers, or in locations where irrigation is practised, the larger portion of water used passes into our channels. A remarkable result, but one to be naturally expected is, that the underlying water level is often changed. Wells which at one time had the water level twenty-five or thirty feet from the surface, have it now ten or twenty. In other cases, springs of water will appear in places where water never appeared before. I saw an owner with a dry and worthless piece of ground becomes suddenly wealthy by water appearing on his property in this peculiar way. At here the lawyer turns up,—and suits arise as to whose property the water is. Here in the East, or in the West, we have to return a runaway horse when he is found on our premises,—and there the runaway water is as much of a pestion. Every condition in life has troubles of its own.—*Mechanics' Monthly.*

It is worth some trouble to see a heron eat a snail. As a spearman he is the best of his family, or of any other that I know of. His stroke is lightning quick, and as sure as if foreordained; I have never seen it miss. No cat has a stealthier step or a more steadfast eye than a heron when slipping along to take a victim unawares. Not long ago I approached to within forty yards of a magnificent specimen, and with a strong binocular glass observed it closely for more than an hour, while it wrought its strategies against a school of minnows.

I was on a bluff fifteen feet higher than the bed of the little stream in which my bird was fishing. The water was shallow and not very still, but it rippled prettily around some large granite bowlders between which the glinting scales shone and fro in silvery swarms. In order to surprise his victims the heron had to creep from place to place under cover of those bowlders; and it was wonderful how nimbly, and warily and how swiftly he made his moves. Always when he struck he got a fish, a mere outfall and swallowed instantly; then the school scattered, as wild as hares, flashing away in every direction. Pretty soon however, they came together again in some one of the dimpling eddies on the sunny side of a bowlder. For awhile the heron would not move. Standing like a statue he appeared to take no notice of his surroundings. He was waiting for a puff of wind to stir up little waves on the water, and when it came he shot around the bowlder as if sent from a bow. The little fish did not see his eye while the surface of the water was agitated; and next came his beak-thrust, certain death to one more minnow.—*The Independent.*

WILLIAM R. TAFFER was a worthy Friend to deceased within a few years in Western New York. On his eightieth birth-day, while seated with his family quietly around the table for dinner, he expressed with great tenderness a deep feeling of his heart.

"Let us praise the Lord for his goodness and for his wonderful works to the children of

men, for He hath dealt bountifully with us. He hath given us bread to eat and raiment to put on, but let us praise Him most of all in that He hath in the riches of his love and mercy given us of his grace and good spirit that our souls may praise Him forever."

## THE FRIEND.

FOURTH MONTH 10, 1897.

A letter recently received from an Elder in one of the Conservative Yearly Meetings in the Western States, gives an encouraging view of the condition of things in that part of our religious Society. It says, "Our meeting is well attended. Our young people are showing by their example that they are concerned in best things. I believe this is real."

He mentions that one of their ministers had been paying a religious visit to the meetings of Western Yearly Meeting, and appointed some meetings in going and returning, and that he had accompanied him in this service, and adds, "We were very much encouraged to see so many of our young and middle-aged Friends becoming interested in the welfare of our beloved Society. This feeling is general throughout our Society in the West."

**THE EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE FOR THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.**—The Annual Report of this body for the past year is mainly occupied with the efforts which it originated to call a great national conference in the interest of a permanent provision for arbitration; and with attempts to prevent further persecution of the Christians in Turkey. In furtherance of this latter object, it addressed an expostulatory letter to the Sultan of Turkey, recalling some of the pledges of religious toleration which had been issued by that Government. To this a reply was received in general, denying the accuracy of the statements made, and otherwise unsatisfactory.

JOHN BANKS, in a letter to his wife, thus alludes to the Yearly Meeting held in London, in 1675:

"For thy comfort I may tell thee that since the time I parted from thee, I have been made so much a witness of the enjoyment of the power and presence of God, among my brethren, that I would not have missed it for all that can be mentioned to me in the world. Oh, the unbreakings of the love and melting power of God, and the shinnings of his glorious light amongst us in this our Yearly Meeting, where Friends in the ministry were from most parts broken through the nation! How were our hearts broken and our souls comforted and consoled! The Lord did certainly evidence unto us that our meetings, and what we there offered to Him were acceptable and well-pleasing before Him. Oh! the sweet harmony of life that was amongst us, the streams whereof flowed, and many living testimonies were borne to the greatness and sufficiency of the power of God that overshadowed us."

In looking over some papers the Editor met with the above, and it reminded him of the near approach of our own Yearly Meeting, and the desire was raised that we might at its conclusion, be able to bear a similar testimony.

Is there not reason to hope that such will in good measure be our experience, if Friends in assembling at this annual gathering, are con-

cerned to dwell under the power of Christ, and seek for his blessing on their efforts to uphold his cause?

Let us remember that of ourselves we can do nothing to promote the cause of religion, and that the servants of Christ must look to Him to lead them in the way they should go, and furnish them with the power to do his will.

If, as William Penn says, to be a true disciple of Jesus, not a word, no, not a thought must slip the watch or escape judgment, do we not have need to beg with David, "Take not thy holy Spirit from me?" For it is this only, ever present, and stimulating the mind, that can enable us to avoid temptation and to experience preservation from evil.

The concerns of the Church that claim the attention of the Yearly Meeting are weighty, and our members ought to be willing to devote to their consideration the full force of their minds, and the exercise of spirit which flows from that Divine communion which the earnest Friend is often made a partaker of. We believe this spiritual exercise is interfered with when the mind is much absorbed by outside matters not immediately connected with the affairs of the Church. Hence it is with regret we have observed that temperance organizations and other associations, have selected the week of Yearly Meeting as one to hold meetings to promote their objects. We believe that whatever good may be effected in this way is done at the expense of the more important objects for which the Yearly Meeting is held; and that its interests are subordinated to those of a very secondary character.

The grand work of true religion is the subjection of the human mind to the government of its Creator—the bringing of every thought into captivity to the obedience of Christ. The more fully our members are brought into this state of mind, the more will the Church flourish and be clothed with her beautiful garments—the righteousness of Christ. We confess we look with uneasiness on the tendency to engage our young people in a variety of philanthropic efforts, lest they be tempted to substitute them for submission to the Divine will and faithful waiting on the Lord in spirit, and gradually come to think they can serve the Lord in their own way and time, and without dependence on the fresh opening and leading of his Spirit, and thus part from the very foundation principle of Quakerism. To those who are submissive and watchful the Lord will open from time to time the services in which He would have them engage, and will bestow on their labors such a blessing as seems meet to Him, and will grant the blessing of preservation to his servants.

### SUMMARY OF EVENTS.

**UNITED STATES.**—The monthly comparative statement of the Government receipts and expenditures shows the usual receipts during Third Month to have been \$36,217,692 and the disbursements \$27,212,997, leaving a surplus for the month of \$9,004,695. This excess is due almost entirely to increased receipts from customs. During Third Month, 1896, there was a deficit of \$2,233,000.

On the 31st ult., a vote on the final passage of the Tariff bill in the House stood: Yeas, 205; nays, 122; absent and not voting, 21. A majority of 83. An amendment fixing Fourth Month as the date on which the bill should go into effect was adopted, against the protests of the Democrats, who contended that it was retroactive, and, therefore, unconstitutional.

The President the same day signed the joint resolution making an appropriation of \$250,000 for the protection of the title and property from the Illinois Mississippi River.

By a unanimous vote, on the 5th inst., the United States Senate adopted a resolution rectifying the reports

that General Ruiz Rivera, the Cuban commander, is about to be tried by a drumhead court-martial and shot and expressing the feeling of the people that, if the courts are true, the President of the United States should protest to the Spanish Government against such a violation of the rules of civilized warfare. The resolution was adopted by a vote of 44 to 0. Senators Hoar and Hale refrained from voting. A joint resolution was introduced, directing the Surgeon-General of the Marine Hospital Service to aid the Mississippi River flood sufferers by the distribution of tents, blankets, food and medicine under the epidemic fund of 1893, and to purchase further supplies under the present epidemic fund for similar distribution.

There were fruitless ballots for United States Senator were taken on the 1st inst. in the Kentucky Legislature. A Kentucky dispatch says that "the deadlock is costing the State, already in bankrupt condition, \$1,000 a day."

The New York Voice says: "Indiana's Supreme Court has handed down another decision which contains plenty of discomfort for the liquor traffic. It holds that any city has a right by ordinance to exclude saloons from the residence portions of the city, even though the keepers may already possess licenses. This decision also holds that a license to sell liquor is simply a temporary permit, which will be revoked at any time if the public good would be served by such action. This opinion is entirely in harmony with the position taken by the United States Supreme Court in the case of California vs. Christen, when, in delivering the opinion of the Court, Justice Field said: 'There is no inherent right in a citizen to sell intoxicating liquors by retail. It is not a privilege of a citizen of a State, or of a citizen of the United States.' Manifestly, then, a license is simply the permission for a citizen to do a thing he has no inherent right to do, and such a doubtful and dangerous permit ought to be subject to constant recall, if granting it in the first place was not an act of folly and wickedness."

A medical journal has made some careful investigations into the colleges of New England, which enabled it to state that students who do not use tobacco gain weight, height and girth of chest from ten to twenty-four per cent. faster than those who chew or smoke.

The Governor of Wisconsin has vetoed the McGillivray Anti-Tobacco bill. The bill not only prohibited the formation of trusts in Wisconsin, but authorized, and made it the business of, the Attorney General to proceed against foreign combinations doing business in any way in the State.

The flood situation in Mississippi Delta, above Greenville had improved on the 1st instant, but below that point a continued rise of the waters was reported. In the Delta five counties are, for the most part, under water, and the river is fifty miles wide at Row-land, Mississippi. It is estimated that three hundred towns and cities are now under water.

A Memphis dispatch of the 4th instant says that the four breaks in the Mississippi levees in the Delta are "the largest in the States since 1878." One broke at Cincinnati, or the Hod-on-at Albany." Wind and rain yesterday intensified the danger to the towns protected by the levees.

A tornado which struck Chandler, Oklahoma, on the 31st ult., destroyed nearly every building in the town. Sixty-seven persons were killed and a number of others injured.

Deaths in this city last week numbered 432, which is 35 less than the previous week, and 3 more than the corresponding week of 1896. Of the foregoing, 238 were males and 194 females; 78 died of pneumonia; 39 of consumption; 36 of heart disease; 24 of diphtheria; 14 of smallpox; 11 of marasmus; 12 of convulsions; 12 of whooping cough; 11 of cholera; 11 of infantile; 10 of bronchitis; and 10 of Bright's disease.

Market. Adv.—W. 28, 28, 26 a 18; 4, 8, reg. 111 a 111; coupon, 112 a 112; new 8, 123 1/2 a 124; 65, 114 a 114 1/2; currency 65, 10 a 10 1/2.

Corn was quiet but firm at an advance of 1/2 c. per pound. Middling uplands officially quoted at 15 c.

FIELD.—Spot bran ranged from \$14.00 to \$14.50 per ton for winter in bulk, and \$13.50 to \$11.00 for spring in sacks.

Flour.—Winter super, 42.50 a 42.75; do, extras, 44 a 44.50; \$40.00; Pennsylvania, 41.00 a 41.50; do, do, do, straight, \$40.00 a 41.25; Western winter, clear, 34.75 a 34.00; do, do, do, straight, 34.10 a 34.00; do, do, patent, 44.5 a 44.00; straight, clear, 33.50 a 33.75; do, straight, 33.50 a 34.00; do, patent, 44.00 a 44.25; do, favorite brands, higher. City mills, extra, 32.50

a 33.00; do, clear, 33.00 a 34.10; do, straight, 34.15 a 34.30; do, patent, 34.40 a 34.60. RYE FLOUR.—\$2.25 a 32.40 per bu. as to quality.

GRAIN.—No. 2 red wheat, 80 1/2 a 81 c.

No. 2 mixed corn, 23 1/2 a 24 c.

No. 3 white oats, 23 a 24 c.

BEEF CATTLE.—Extra, 5 1/2 a 5 1/2; good, 4 1/2 a 5 c; medium, 4 a 4 1/2; common, 3 1/2 a 4 c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS.—Extra, 3 a 3 1/2; good, 4 1/2 a 4 1/2; medium, 4 a 4 1/2; common, 3 a 3 1/2; clipped sheep, 3 a 4 c; clipped lambs, 4 1/2 a 5 c; wool wools, 5 a 6 c.

Hogs.—Best Western, 6 a 6 1/2; other Western, 5 1/2 a 6 c; State, 5 1/2 c.

FOREIGN.—Through the energy of a young New Yorker, who spent most of the winter abroad working up the idea, the London and Northwestern Railway, of England, has finally consented to adopt the American system of checking baggage. Other roads have also followed the suggestion. Hereafter all baggage passing through Philadelphia from any point in the United States will be checked through to almost any point in Europe. The traveler who was formerly annoyed by being compelled to pick his trunks out of a pile of baggage and then fee a porter to reseat them for him, may now forget that he has trunks and find them at his hotel.

In his new book on the "Ceylon Cities of Ceylon," H. W. Cavassay, that the "Bayed Cities" of those centuries before the Christian era, and several centuries after it, was a land of great wealth, of splendid cities, of which, explored within the last few years are among the wonders of the world. In a single province of Ceylon there are the remains, in various degrees of preservation, of 5,000 tanks and reservoirs, which in the times of the old Buddhist kings made the land a fruitful garden.

The Ambassadors in Constantinople have drawn up a broad scheme of autonomy for Crete, giving the Assembly power to choose a Governor, who must afterward be approved by the Sultan.

The Powers have ordered a pacific blockade of Athens. The Powers have also representation at the Athens and Constantinople, whereby, it is hoped, the maintenance of peace will be obtained. In case of a conflict on the frontier, the aggressor will be held responsible for all the consequences of a disturbance of the general peace, and whatever the consequences of the struggle, the Powers will not consent to the aggression of either party.

On the 1st instant the blockade of Greece had been decided upon with the consent of all the Powers, and will be enforced at an early date. This decision was hastened by the action of Colonel Vassos, commander of the Greek forces in Crete, in aiding the insurgents to hostilities against the Powers.

The British steamer *Major*, which arrived at Hamburg, Third Month 31st, had on board four survivors of the lost steamship *Ville de St. Nazaire*, the captain, chief engineer and two seamen. Their boat, containing nine persons, drifted for six days. The other five occupants of the boat died from the effects of drinking sea water.

The Chilean Cabinet has resigned.

Both Houses of the Venezuelan Congress at Caracas, on the 5th inst., unanimously ratified the treaty with Great Britain for the arbitration of the Guiana boundary dispute.

A NEW JERSEY CORRESPONDENT contradicts a statement in the "Savannah" of Third Month 20th, last, respecting the poultry farm of Isaac C. Wilbur, of Little Compton, R. I. Our friend incorrectly assumes that the 150,000 dozen eggs per year shipped were laid by the 4,000 hens of the poultry farm, which would be "420 eggs for each fowl per year." Isaac C. Wilbur, in a letter which is quite correct and correct in no way takes the credulity of the reader. We have about 4,000 hens kept in one hundred houses, and we handle of our own and our neighbors' production, about 150,000 dozen of eggs yearly."

NOTICES.

REDUCED RATES TO PHILADELPHIA YEARLY MEETING.—The usual arrangements have been made with the Pennsylvania R. R. Company, by which Friends attending our approaching Yearly Meeting can obtain excursion tickets to Philadelphia and return, from two cents per mile travelled, going and returning; except that no such tickets will be issued at a less rate than 25 cents; viz: Pennsylvania Railroad (main line), as far west as Pittsburgh, Philadelphia and Erie Railroad Division, Northern Central Railway, United

Railroads of New Jersey Division, West Jersey Railroad, and Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad Company, on any day from Fourth Month 13th to 23rd, inclusive, and make the return coupon good until Fourth Month 27th, inclusive, 1897.

The Baltimore and Ohio Company, and the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad Company, also offer Friends the same rates and for the same dates as above specified.

Application should be made either personally or by mail, to Joseph Hall, 304 Arch Street, Philadelphia or to Thomas C. Hoque, West Chester, Pa., for order on the Ticket Agents—one of which must be delivered to the Agent whenever a ticket is obtained. The orders inform the Ticket Agent at whatever station they are presented on the above railroads, that the bearer is entitled to a ticket to Philadelphia, and return, at the above rate of two cents per mile travelled. If a Friend in each neighborhood would ascertain the number of card orders likely to be needed and obtain them, and distribute among Friends, would make less work for those having the care of them. When they are to be forwarded by mail a two-cent stamp should be sent to pay the postage.

NOTE.—Tickets issued on this order will not be good to stop off at any way stations, going or returning.

WESTTOWN BOARDING SCHOOL.—Applications for the admission of pupils to the school, and letters to the Agent whenever a ticket is obtained. The orders inform the Ticket Agent at whatever station they are presented on the above railroads, that the bearer is entitled to a ticket to Philadelphia, and return, at the above rate of two cents per mile travelled. If a Friend in each neighborhood would ascertain the number of card orders likely to be needed and obtain them, and distribute among Friends, would make less work for those having the care of them. When they are to be forwarded by mail a two-cent stamp should be sent to pay the postage.

NOTE.—Tickets issued on this order will not be good to stop off at any way stations, going or returning.

A YOUNG woman Friend, college educated, several years experience in teaching and general care of children, with a Bachelor of Arts degree, is now going away with a family for summer. Address "S," Office of THE FRIEND.

FRIENDS attending the Yearly Meeting can be furnished with meals, both before and after the sitting of the meeting, as heretofore, at moderate charge (if needed), in the second-story parlors, front of the Arch Street Meeting House. Meals will also be furnished for those attending the Meeting for Suffrage and the Select Meeting the previous week.

WESTTOWN BOARDING SCHOOL.—For convenience of persons coming to Westtown School, the stage will meet trains leaving Philadelphia 7.17 and 8.46 A. M. and 2.53 and 4.32 P. M. Other trains are met when requested. Stage fares on regular trips, fifteen cents on special trips, twenty-five cents each way. To reach the school by telegraph, wire West Chester, Phone 88 EDWARD G. SMEDLEY, Sup't.

DIED, on the twentieth of Third Month, 1897, at his home, Tacoma, Ohio, J. LINDLEY STANTON, son of William and Jane D. Stanton, in the twentieth year of his age; a member of Stillwater Monthly Meeting of Friends.

Second Month 22nd, 1897, MARY A. GRAY FELL, a Minister of the Galesburg Yearly Meeting and Piney Woods Monthly Meeting of Friends, in her sixty-eighth year of her age. Her bright example as consistent daily walk was a proof of her desire to follow her Master wherever He was pleased to lead. She visited Philadelphia Yearly Meeting in 1896 for the last time. Her illness only five days was on occasion suffering, so that her relatives and friends' attendance. On the third day of her illness she remarked to her only daughter, by her side, that "she had looked around to see if there was anything in her way, and all was clear." On the same day she said, "If the Lord wills, I should like to be spared to my family a little longer, but if this is to be my lot, 'Blessed be the will of our Lord and our Master, as he soon fell asleep, and we believe, awoke with Jesus."

On Second Month 8th, 1897, at the residence of her father, John Benington, Media, Pa., RACHEE B. PRICE, widow of Daniel B. Price, in the sixty-fifth year of her age, a Minister and member of Fall Monthly Meeting of Friends, Bucks County, Pa. "Blessed be the will of our Lord and our Master, as they may have that to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into it" (Rev. xxiii: 14).

WILLIAM H. PILET'S SONS, PRINTERS, No. 422 Walnut Street.

# THE FRIEND.

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ary and Letters of Deborah Brooks Webb.

(Continued from page 285.)

1887.—Her sufferings from rheumatism and other infirmities so much reduced her, that her friends thought it unlikely she would ever again be able for much active service, but in this as in all else, she endeavored to bow to the Divine will, saying to a ministering friend who visited her, "If my Heavenly Father has any service for me, He knows I am here." Her health, contrary to expectation, improved so much that she was able to attend meetings and go out among her friends. She remained quietly waiting, feeling there would be some service to render for the Master, but not seeing what or where it was to be. Early one morning she had a dream that she was in a large room, with her windows open on every side, to use her own language, "through which came sounds of praise and swearing." She awoke with the words in her ear, "Will no one speak a word for my Master?" She lay very still, when a whole ed of labor opened before her to visit in Gospel love one hundred families of every class, condition and color around and within a few miles of her own home. Of this visit she writes a her diary: "In the Twelfth Month of this year (1887), I laid before the Monthly Meeting a concern to visit one hundred families in and around Parkerville. Friends united with it, but sared my weak condition. Our dear J. C. came o ground with me some, she being an elder. hen our own friends went with me by turns, ery kindly, as my companions.

"We have reached the number of ninety families, and it is wonderful how kindly we have been received. The dear Master did indeed eem to go before, and now, if God, whose kingdom we have tried to elevate in the hearts of he people, would only press home the truths and give the increase. The kingdom is his, the ower is his, and the glory all his forever."

In reference to this visit she wrote to her friend R. S. A., under date of Twelfth Month 25th, 1887: "Thou may not have heard of the veighty work in which I am engaged, being ersuaded that the dear Master called to it, umberly hoping that He will indeed go before e and open the hearts of the visited; to visit ery family in and around Parkerville, dis-

tribute tracts, and wait upon the Lord with them to the number of one hundred.

"We have accomplished eighteen visits now, and are resting awhile until after New Year's. Oh, my dear, I feel so weak for it, sometimes. They have received us very kindly so far, but in the future they may not be so willing. It is such an unusual requiring, but the upholding Power has seemed with us."

In the same letter she says, "My only brother has been laid to rest, rejoicing in the hope of the righteous. So we are gathered, one by one, and if we keep the holy oil burning on the altar of our hearts, the Heavenly Watcher will not find us unprepared."

1888.—Third Month 18th.—She writes in her diary: "One week ago we went to meeting, but it rained in the afternoon, and the five visits intended were not accomplished. On Second-day morning, the twelfth, we awakened with the ground covered with snow, the wind blowing hard, and drifting. The sun shone brightly, but the air was full of whirling snow all day. The thirteenth was cloudy and air full of snow blown about—a real cold Western blizzard. On the fourteenth it rained considerably more, and the wind blew, the roads were drifted full. We could not go to meeting on Fifth-day.

"Our dear Amy Sharpless, an elder of Loudon Grove, died on First-day; the funeral to have taken place on Fourth-day, but deferred until Sixth-day. I could not then go, the roads almost impassable. She was a dear mother in our Israel.

"To-day (the eighteenth), we started to meeting, but did not proceed more than three squares, it was so rough and dangerous. We turned into a field and went home thankful to return without broken limbs for the horse or a broken carriage."

Alluding to this service she writes to a friend Fourth Month 8th, 1888: "Three visits this afternoon, in all which the dear Master was as good as his word. At one place there were fourteen present; others came in, and I felt almost frightened, but was helped along by my humbling admiration, and they expressed much satisfaction. So dear, I am almost through—one sick woman at Locust Grove, two more sometime, then it will be the one hundred.

"Thou wilt rejoice with those that do rejoice, I know."

In her diary she writes Seventh Month 1st, 1888: "The family visits referred to in the last entry were put off on account of almost impassable roads, and the storms. For near two months. At last, all the one hundred visits were accomplished to my joy and rejoicing and much peace. The minute was returned in the Fifth Month.

"Rheumatism again returned with much suffering. We went to the city Yearly Meeting week, but my health gave out, and I could not attend after Second-day."

In a letter to a friend dated Sixth Month 10th, 1889, she says: "My health has been too frail of late to do much work from home, and

my spirit shrinks also, and almost fears to let any thoughts come. But in the dear loving Master's own time He can make his own will clear as day. He has been so good to me: never failed yet, and I firmly trust never will. Sometimes I think I am just ripening for the good country, and He gives me a little resting spell to set my house in order. I asked Him for it, for there were some things needed doing that crippled hands could not accomplish. . . . I wanted to tell you how good I felt the Lord was to me during Yearly Meeting week, to come and meet me half way in a heavy exercise which had been with me for about two years. He was indeed to be thanked and praised for helping my shrinking mind, and so unexpectedly, too. There and then He gave me to feel that I could lay it down safely and others could take the work."

1890.—First Month 5th.—I see the whole year has passed without one entry in this journal. It has been a year of suffering and weakness, mostly from rheumatism. Mercy has encompassed my path. Two years since the Yearly Meeting appointed a committee to visit all our meetings, also to appoint some. The Yearly Meeting also appointed some Friends to co-operate; my name was mentioned, but my health has been too frail to do much. An indulgent meeting has been established at Kennet Square, and we feel encouraged to look towards building a meeting-house for them. If we could only see some young people under the mighty power of the Lord! How He leads into self-denial and humiliation awhile, that He may reign. I never expected to live to see 1890, but feel resigned to the Lord's will.

"My life, if Thou preservest my life,  
Thy sacrifice shall be;  
And death, if death shall be my doom,  
Shall join my soul to Thee."

The past year has been one of great rain-storms and cyclones, and the city of Johnstown was almost completely flooded out by the breaking of a dam. From five to ten thousand people perished in one hour. This winter until now has been very open and mild, wild flowers blooming in Twelfth Month. Some peach orchards in New Jersey blooming.

On Fourth Month 6th, 1890, she writes to her friend, R. S. A.—"This is the anniversary of my dear Stephen's departure six years ago. I did not think to live so long without him. I hoped my time would be short, but the great I Am knows why He keeps me here. I feel of no use scarcely, yet am willing to do what He shows me is the Divine will, I think. 'He knoweth our frame, and remembereth that we are dust.' My health is so frail, so precarious, but we get to meetings mostly, and I seem stronger. We mean to go into Yearly Meeting if nothing happens, and be ready for the Select Meeting on the nineteenth. . . . Oh, that we may have a good, heavenly time altogether, the dear Master blessing us with his presence and giving wisdom. How sweet it will be to sit by thy side and in travail of spirit."

"The men's Yearly Meeting will miss Joseph Scattergood so much. A bright and a shining light he has been through the Master's power shining in Him. May the same blessing come up on G. and H., the Master's light shining through. We need not take care upon ourselves, but just run to our Lord, beseeching Him to undertake all, for us. It is wonderful how He works for and in us, when we just give up ourselves to be nothing, nothing! Then He arises in his great power and carries us on with a mighty hand and keeps us low.

"Thou asks if there is any apparent growth in our meeting? I do not know that there is. Several come in from other meetings on First-day mornings, but not all of our own members, sickness of something prevents. Our meetings are deep and sweet, though small, and I believe there is a growth in the pure life in God and the dear Saviour. Our mid-week meetings are exceedingly small. The Master knows what He is doing—all power is with Him; we only serve. What awful and striking warnings we have in the visitation of death and destruction, Oh, that the inhabitants may learn righteousness."

Seventh Month 20th.—On the afternoon of Sixth Month 1st was held an appointed meeting at Red Lion, in the hotel parlors. It was large and good. My dear friends, F. H., D. E. C. and T. W. helped me. The meeting had been on my spirit for a long time, and I seemed to fear to ask for it, and yet feared to desist. It ended well, and I am so thankful.

"Thomas Scattergood while in England, held meetings sometimes in an inn, and one in a "play house." This strengthened my faith. The Yearly Meetings Committee was released in the Fourth Month, but this meeting was provided for beforehand. The Committee were industrious, many appointed meetings were held, two at Parkerville on First-day afternoons, well attended."

The last entry in her diary is First Month 1st, 1891.—"The holiday season is now passed. It has brought many presents from dear friends and kind remembrances. Much good cheer came from this dear family, and my dear elderly friend Mrs. W. Bacon and her daughters, with Judge Gordon's wife, added much to the gifts. I feel very thankful, but want, oh, so much, to go to my heavenly home."

In a letter to her friend R. S., and dated Sixth Mo. 25th, 1891, she writes: "The Kennet Square Committee proposed to the Quarter a new meeting-house for that place, but it was thought best to wait, so we do not know. They have an indulged meeting over a store; from about twenty to thirty usually attend, very few older Friends."

(To be continued.)

IF YOU ARE IN EARNEST.—Are you looking for some opportunity of doing good? If you are, take to heart these words of William Burleigh's: "There never was a day that did not bring its own opportunity for doing good that never could have been done before, and never can be again."

These are true words. You can prove them if you will. It is often true that those who talk most about wanting to do good "if they could" have no perception of the opportunities given them every day of their lives. The real worker in Christ's earthly kingdom does not wait for opportunities; he creates them. If you are in earnest, you will never be idle for lack of opportunity.—*The Standard.*

## A Brief Memoir of the Life of Aaron K. Owen.

BY ONE OF HIS CHILDREN.

It is not merely from feelings of filial affection or a desire to perpetuate the memory of a beloved parent, that the writer is induced to pen the following lines exemplifying somewhat the life and character of one who has long since passed from works to rewards, but rather to discharge an apprehended duty by endeavoring in this way, as ability is afforded, to illustrate the power and efficacy of Divine Grace in effectually changing the heart of man.

Aaron K. Owen was the youngest of a family of ten children, and was born near Middletown, Orange County, New York, the tenth of the Fifth Month, 1794, of parents who possessed by nature, as I have understood, some noble traits of character, but who had no name to religion, and by whom he was never subjected to much of even ordinary parental restraint, but was allowed from a child very much to follow his own inclination. When about ten years of age with his parents he removed to Tompkins County, where, the country being new, and many of the inhabitants being of the rougher sort, he was exposed to almost every temptation that such circumstances would admit of, and his being preserved from gross evils is cause for admiration, and can hardly be attributed to any other than the unseen hand of Providence.

The period of life usually thought most favorable for the acquisition of literary knowledge was passed with but a very limited opportunity for improvement, but the first essentials of an education being combined with a good natural capacity, tended to make this deficiency less apparent, particularly when a little later in life every natural and acquired endowment was brought under the qualifying influence of the Holy Spirit.

During the excitement that prevailed at the time of the last war between this country and Great Britain, he united himself with a troop of volunteer cavalry, and a little after the middle of the year 1812 joined the army then stationed on the Niagara River, near Lewis-on, where he remained about four months. The company to which he belonged were not however in that time called into action, and when narrating to his children the scenes of his soldier life, it was usual for him to acknowledge this circumstance as a particular favor because it furnished him with a certainty that he had been preserved from his unhalloved purpose of destroying his fellow-men, which, although at that time he supposed to be a duty, would have caused grievous reflections when, through mercy, his mind became so enlightened as to see the sinfulness of war, and in degree became sensible of how fearful a thing it is for rational, accountable beings to hurry one another out of time and beyond the possibility of any further opportunity of repentance, for, in the language of Scripture, "There is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave."

He was not at the time, however, affected by considerations of this kind, for the better even of his natural feelings were so blinded by martial ardor, that like his companions he thought nothing more desirable than an engagement with the opposing army. This anxiety, according to his own account, was abated by the occurrence of the battle of Queenston, which he witnessed, and the effect produced by being surrounded with such an accumulation of sufferings, a small proportion of which in civil life would be expected to arouse the sympathies of

the most unfeeling, tended to make his discharge from Government service more acceptable, an awakened sensations of horror for the practice of war, which were never obliterated, and which doubtless were favorable to the eventual reception of the principles of peace.

Soon after his return home he lost a young wife, to whom he had been married less than year, and the day following her decease his mother also died, but these sudden bereavements as is often observable in others under similar circumstances, appear not to have made an lasting impression on his mind. Those who knew him well at this period described him a young man much given to pleasure, spending his leisure time in the eager pursuit of youthful pastimes and amusements, being, we may conclude, not unlike the character addressed in the sacred penman in this startling text, "Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth, and let th heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, at walk in the ways of thine heart, and in th sight of thine eyes, but know thou that for a these things God will bring thee into judgment."

By his second marriage he became connected with a family the heads of which were consistent, exemplary Friends, but their good example seems not to have had at that time an marked influence upon him, and, although he appears not intentionally disrespectful to them, others of the Society whom circumstances occasioned his acquaintance with, yet he was disposed to ridicule their Christian testimony and particularly their manner of worship, although he occasionally gave them his company when assembled forth at purpose, it was evidently without any desire or expectation of receiving benefit therefrom.

The foregoing delineation of his early history, though short, probably includes all of much general interest appertaining to the period in which, to use Apostolic language, he wrought the will of the Gentiles, being like all the human family while in the state of fallen unregenerate nature, "An alien from the commonwealth of Israel and a stranger from the covenants of promise." How sensible he may have been at seasons during this time of his need of a Saviour, how strong his convictions for sin or what offers of Divine love he may have slighted, we cannot know, for he has left no record of his experience of the Lord's dealing with his soul, and while living, rarely more than adverted to his present or former religious exercises, doubtless being sensible of the danger of giving to others what was designed for his own instruction, whereby many have wounded their own spirits, and some, by continuing th practice, have evidently sustained serious loss this differing much from that Gospel freedom which the humble believer enjoys, while careful to keep within the pure limitations of Truth, which will preserve out of all extreme while it hinders none from whatever service they are designed for in the militant church.

Though childhood and youth had thus been passed in much apparent forgetfulness of God yet it now pleased the Lord to favor him with a remarkable visitation of his love, and by th preaching of one of his Gospel messengers, fully to awaken him to a sense of his condition that he was brought to a humble, contrite state of mind, truly resembling that of a little child which condition we have the highest authority for believing, is necessary for us all to have some knowledge of in ourselves. "Except y be converted and become as little children, y shall not enter into the kingdom of Heaven."

The Friend who was made instrumental in his conversion (Thomas Ellison) was travelling through this part of the country in his Master's service, and passed along on his journey, it is believed, without knowing, perhaps he never knew, that his Gospel message in this instance was of such singular service to one so unlikely an appearance to receive it; but however that may have been it matters not, for he undoubtedly received proportionate to his faithfulness the reward of soul-satisfying peace.

Our Saviour instructed the Seventy whom He had sent forth to rejoice not that the spirits were made subject unto them but rather to rejoice that their names were written in Heaven, and this caution to his immediate disciples in that day remains a lively admonition to his followers in every age. That Almighty Power which works immediately or instrumentally according to the will of God, and which had as we have seen "By the foolishness of preaching" made deep impressions upon a mind before verse to seriousness, effecting in his heart the first day's work in the new creation in Christ Jesus, this same power, as he submitted to its amazing, heart-changing influence and became willing to be instructed by it, proved all-sufficient to guide him into the narrow way of the cross. The state of self-abasement before mentioned continuing, he became sensible from time to time, according to his spiritual strength, what he good and acceptable and perfect will of the Lord concerning him was, and found by experience that Zion's children must indeed know judgment to pass upon everything that the Lord by his Holy Spirit in their hearts has a controversy with.

The work of regeneration, which is usually observed to be a gradual work, steadily progressed, of which the increasing solidity of his outward deportment gave evidence.

(To be concluded.)

### Letter From Germany.

Every one is so busy and full of preparations or the end of the term. About six of the women students passed their examination yesterday, and Fraulein Oltmanns lives here, of course we were all quite excited, too. She, however, does not pass until next year, but she was so interested in those who did, that it was quite contagious. They all came through very well, and last evening they had a social gathering. Then three of the most popular professors leave the University this spring, and that has caused a great deal of demonstration among the students of both sexes. Last Fourth day, M. Mercier, the French professor, gave a farewell address, as the last of his popular course of lectures. The hall was crowded to overflowing. The address was half amusing, half pathetic. He gave his impressions of the manners, customs, etc., of the Germans in so tactful a way that the audience was again and again convulsed with laughter at their own peculiarities—but before the close quite a number were shedding tears. He is most universally beloved, and every one regrets so much that he is going to leave. He has been here about six years, though he is still scarcely thirty-two. Third-day he comes to me for the last time. I, too, am sorry that the work is over, I have enjoyed it and learned so much. All the other professors have closed their courses already. He gives two more next week, but they are mainly readings, and nothing very weighty.

I am sure that all will go well, for it does seem to be the right thing. Everything has

turned up of itself, and I seem to be only following the lead of an invisible Hand. I trust, indeed, that this may be the case, and that all may come out well.

I have already engaged passage for the twenty-fifth of Eighth Month, from Hamburg. It seemed to me that this was the date we should sail. If anything should turn up otherwise, I could easily get the date changed, but when I return it will be too late to engage the room, and I prefer attending to the matter personally rather than trusting to a letter.

I received a letter, or card, rather, from Minnie Davis, from Leipzig, and to-day a letter from her and her mother, in answer to the card with which I had immediately replied. They had just heard of my being here.

I have decided to go second-class all the way to Paris. In France third-class is not respectable—that is, it would be out of the question to travel that way alone and at night. But in Germany, because there is still a fourth-class, nice, respectable people go constantly third—at least for short distances. But from here to Cologne the entire day, and then, on top of that, all night, will be rather too much, and the difference in price is not very great.

I did not tell thee that all the different professors that I have heard this winter have given me certificates simply that I have attended their lectures, of course. But they may be of use to me some time, and it is better to have something real to show, than only to be able to say that I have attended the University.

Will they please have THE FRIEND sent to me in Switzerland, after the first of Fourth Month, until the middle of the Sixth Month, and then again sent here? I don't want to miss them this time. E. S. K.

### A Visit to Florida.

In these days of frequent travel, a trip to Florida is not an entire novelty; yet as the same scenes are often viewed in a very different light by different persons, perhaps a narration of our experiences may prove of interest.

It was a bright Second-day afternoon in the First Month, when, all preliminaries having been arranged, my wife and I reached New York, and went on board the Clyde steamer *Comanche*, bound for Jacksonville, Florida. Although the vessels of this line leave three times a week, there is almost as much bustle and excitement attending their departure as that of a transatlantic liner. At length, however, the time to leave arrived, and we passed swiftly down the harbor and out to sea.

The ocean was very quiet, so that with a good comfortable steamer and pleasant acquaintances, the novelty of this mode of life was thoroughly enjoyed. On Fourth-day morning we reached Charleston, and had an opportunity of looking for a few hours upon this typical Southern city; the large number of colored persons to be seen made us realize that we were really in the South.

Charleston bears evidence of former material prosperity, but has not recovered as much as some places from the effects of the Civil War; the earthquake in 1886, was also a disturbing element, as many people feared to live there longer on that account. The Episcopalian place of worship, "St. Michael's Church," is one of their interesting places; built in 1761, it has survived the Revolutionary and Civil Wars, but was almost destroyed by the earthquake. The visitor is shown the pew in which Washington sat in 1797, and Robert E. Lee,

in 1862; and from the historic tower a fine view of the city can be had.

Many of the old residences have their gable ends to the street, and high brick walls protect the inmates of the houses and gardens from the obtrusive gaze of the passers-by; the front door opening unto the end of the porch within.

A night's run of the steamer brought us to Jacksonville, the metropolis and commercial centre of Florida. The city is on the north bank of the St. John's River, twenty-five miles from the ocean. It is a bright busy town, having the aspect of a northern place; indeed, most of the inhabitants have come either from the north or west since the war. As there was comparatively little to see here we did not tarry long, but took train for Ocala, an interior town one hundred miles southwest of Jacksonville.

The first impressions of Florida are not particularly agreeable; for miles and miles the trains run through a flat sandy country, often swampy, sometimes covered with pine forests, and even where cleared the land does not look particularly productive. Occasionally we halted at a hamlet with a pretentious name, with but two or three one-story houses in sight, and the usual station loungers out in force; only here one-half or two-thirds of them were colored. Once or twice our train stopped at a siding in the woods, where the pile of pitch pine for the engine was renewed, for as there is no coal in Florida and plenty of wood, the latter is used everywhere. With all the discouraging things mentioned above, when the sun shines Florida is certainly a very pleasant place, if one desires to escape the rigor of our northern winters; the thermometer rarely goes below forty, and life in the open air is a privilege that can be enjoyed almost uninterruptedly.

Ocala is a thriving town—Florida—and the centre of considerable trade. Up to two years ago it was one of the principal shipping points for oranges, but an unprecedented cold snap killed all the trees in this neighborhood, occasioning much loss to the growers, who had all their means invested in this industry. Many of them fearing a repetition of the cold, are endeavoring to turn their attention to other things which will not be so easily affected.

We spent two very pleasant weeks in Ocala. Through the medium of a business acquaintance, who is an old resident of the place, we were kindly shown everything of interest, and put in the way of enjoying ourselves thoroughly. It is a clean town, well laid out, with good space between the houses, and beautiful shade trees, many of which are covered with the Spanish gray moss. This moss is not particularly attractive of itself, but when taken in combination with a towering live oak, or along a quiet road where the branches of the trees meet, the effect is very fine but hard to describe. It must be seen to be appreciated.

We were much interested in the manner of life of the people, and perhaps had a good opportunity to observe it. The houses, as a rule, have no cellars, but are built upon low foundations. They are seldom over one and a-half or two-stories high, generally of frame, and built in what we would consider a very open style, as the people have practically no cold to contend with. They heat the houses by means of open fire-places, or small wood stoves, and they are much inconvenienced when the thermometer falls below thirty degrees, as it did once while we were there.

The stores generally have their doors open, but when such, for them, extreme cold weather

comes, they are compelled to close them; and for fear the public will think they are not ready for business, they put up, at such times, a sign saying, "open, come in." How we can keep warm in what seems to them, our arctic temperature, many of these people can hardly understand. We were also naturally interested in the relations of the colored people and the whites, and while there appears to be a feeling of kindness and tolerance, yet the constant effort of the whites is to keep the colored in what they consider their proper place, and social lines are very tightly drawn, even to having separate waiting rooms at the stations and separate cars on the railroads. Notwithstanding this, the colored people have equal educational advantages with the whites, their public schools being supported by the State, and teachers of their own race instructed in Normal schools of equal efficiency with the ones for the whites. The little opportunity I had for observation led to the conclusion that the race prejudice is equally strong in each section of the country, but that it is developed along different lines.

At Silver Spring, a few miles east of Ocala, is a wonderful freak of nature. A subterranean river—supposed to have its source in the mountains of Georgia—comes suddenly to the surface in an oblong basin six hundred feet across, and from sixty to eighty feet deep. The bottom is mostly a limestone formation, the water of a slightly greenish tinge, but as clear as crystal, and objects at the bottom can be discerned with wonderful exactness, so that it hardly seems possible the pool can be so deep. From this spring a small steamer runs via the Ocklawaha River, to Palatka, and the trip is a very novel and interesting one. We left Silver Spring at two P. M., and for the next hour and a-half steamed along the creek or run which flows away from this wonderful pool. It seemed like floating along through liquid glass; as we could clearly see the fishes, turtles, etc., moving away from the boat, and the grasses waving in the bottom of the stream.

(To be concluded.)

### Will You Decide To-day?

When Antiochus Epiphanes, the godless king of Syria, made war upon the Egyptian king Ptolemy Philometer, and penetrated as far as Memphis and besieged Alexandria, B. C., 169, the Roman Ambassador Popilius Lænas brought him orders from Rome to raise the siege at once. Antiochus hesitated, temporized, and wished time to consult his friends in the matter; but Popilius took his staff and drew a circle around Antiochus in the sand, and bade him decide the matter before he went out of that circle. The Syrian king did not dare to disobey the voice of Rome. He raised the siege and went his way to other fields.

There are times when men need to be brought to an instant decision concerning the things which concern our peace. In fact, we are deciding every day, whether we know it or not. God calls man to repent, and He calls him to repent "to-day." If man defers, he refuses. If he says "to-morrow, or next month, or next year," he is making promises which he is not certain of fulfilling; he is undertaking to do what is entirely out of his power; he is not merely offering to do what the Lord has never asked him to do, but he is simply refusing to do what God requires of him. The Lord asks no man to repent to-morrow, or next week, or next year. His only call to man to repent is to-day.

"To-day if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts." For a man to say he will repent to-morrow is to say that he will not repent to-day. The Lord has never asked him to repent to-morrow, but "he now commandeth all men everywhere to repent." Just here and just now is the time and the only time that the Lord commands, invites and requires us to repent and obey Him. If we refuse to repent to-day we distinctly and definitely disobey God. If we offer to repent to-morrow we simply insult Him who commands us to repent to-day.

Around the very spot where we stand, around the present moment, the Lord strikes the circle that bounds our opportunity and summons us to instant, unconditional, unqualified surrender. Just here—this very moment—God "now commandeth all men everywhere to repent." And the decision must be made this very hour. If we decide to obey the call it is well. If we decide to disobey it we do it at our peril. But one of the two things we must do. Hesitation is disobedience. Postponement is disobedience. Neglect is disobedience. Making excuses is disobedience. There is just one of two things to do—obey the command, or else refuse God's call and take the consequences. We have nothing to do with future opportunities. We have nothing to do with making promises for time to come. Just here we must meet the Divine demands, or else we must take the risks and consequences of neglect.

My unsaved reader, what is your decision concerning this matter? Time is passing; the moments are flying. The circle of opportunity is drawn around your feet, and you must make your decision, willingly or unwillingly. You must decide what to do. Yielding is deciding, refusing is deciding, but neglecting is also making a decision, and one which will stand on record in the presence of God. Now, in this present, precious, fleeting hour, you must make the decision which may perhaps settle your destiny for all eternity.

If you are to be saved at all you must be saved by the Lord. If you are to be saved by the Lord you must be saved in the Lord's way and in the Lord's time. You are not to expect the King of glory to wait your convenience. You are not the central being of the universe. When Queen Victoria "commands" the attendance of any artist, singer or personage, her majesty's commands cancel every previous engagement. Earthly monarchs demand obedience. You would not think of asking a king or an emperor to await your time, and conform to your convenience. You would expect to be ready when he calls you, and make everything wait upon his convenience. And now while God invites you, while heaven bends in mercy above you, while all blessings are offered in your behalf and for your acceptance, why will you halt, and linger and hesitate, till the opportunity is gone, till the harvest is past, the summer is ended, and you are not saved? To-day if you will hear his voice—if you ever intend to listen to his call—to-day harden not your hearts. Let the voice of God sound through your souls, and let your answer come prompt, and glad, and free. "I delight to do thy will, O my God."—*Selected.*

DAVID'S crime was sternly rebuked and sorely punished, but still his life, in its main drift and outline, could be presented as a pattern, as being marked by integrity of heart. The moon shines like a disk of silver, though its surface is pitted with extinct volcanoes.

Selected for "THE FRIEND."

### "FATHER, TAKE MY HAND."

"The way is dark, my Father; cloud on cloud  
Is gathering thickly o'er my head, and loud  
The thunders roar above me. See, I stand  
Like one bewildered. Father, take my hand,  
And through the gloom  
Lead safely home  
Thy child.

"The day goes fast, my Father; and the night  
Is drawing darkly down; my faithless sight,  
Sees ghostly visions. Fears, a spectral band,  
Encourages me, O Father; take my hand,  
And from the night  
Lead up to light  
Thy child.

"The way is long, my Father; and my soul  
Longs for the rest and quiet of the goal;  
While yet I journey through this weary land,  
Keep me from wandering. Father, take my hand  
(Quickly and straight  
Lead to heaven's gate  
Thy child.

"The path is rough, my Father. Many a thorn  
Has pierced me; and my weary feet, all torn  
And bleeding mark the way; yet thy command  
Bids me press forward. Father, take my hand;  
Then safe and blest,  
Lead up to rest  
Thy child.

"The throng is great, my Father. Many a doubt  
And fear and danger compass me about;  
And foes oppress me sore. I cannot stand  
Or go alone, O Father; take my hand  
And through the throng  
Lead safe along  
Thy child.

"The cross is heavy Father, I have borne  
It long and still do bear it. Let my worn  
And fainting spirit rise to that best land  
Where crowns are given. Father, take my hand,  
And, reaching down  
Lead to the crown  
Thy child."

### MY ENEMY.

BY ELIZA CALVERT HALL.

I have an enemy. And shall he be  
A useless thorn to vex and worry me?  
A dominant discord in life's perfect strain,  
Marring my dreams, turning my joy to pain,  
Molding my life to his malice, whom?  
Shall he be lord of me, or of I him?

A bitter stream may turn the mill wheel round;  
A thorny tree may burn to heat and light;  
And out of shameful wrong may spring the flower  
Of perfect right.

So from my enemy I may demand  
A priceless tribute of perpetual good;  
And lead him captive at my chariot wheels,  
In royal mood.

Because my enemy hath cunning ears,  
That listen hourly for my idle speech,  
My words shall flow in wise and measured way  
Beyond his carping reach.

Because my enemy has eyes that watch  
With sleepless malice while I come and go,  
My days shall own no act I would not wish  
The world to know.

Because my enemy doth hourly wield  
Some subtle snare to trip me every day,  
My feet shall never for an moment leave  
The straight and narrow way.

Because my enemy doth hate me sore,  
I fix my gaze beyond him and above,  
And lift, as shield to all his fiery darts,  
A heart of love.

And of my enemy I still shall make  
A beacon light to light me to my goal—  
A faithful guardian of my house of life—  
A spur and whip to urge my laggard soul;  
And though our strife may never have an end,  
I yet might claim this enemy my friend.



Salvation in its Gospel Aspect.

LETTER OF MARY DUDLEY, FROM FRIENDS' LIBRARY, VOL. IV, PAGE 241, ETC.

The unsoundness of principle, which about his time (1800) was distressingly evinced by many who had filled conspicuous stations in our society, was a source of deep heartfelt sorrow to this true and loyal subject to the King immortal, for the increase of whose dominion she had "long labored and not fainted." The following letter will show how earnestly she desired her preservation and help of her fellow-professors, as well as the clearness and consistency of her own views, with respect to the fundamental truths of Christianity.

SCIENCEVILLE, near Cormel,  
Eighth Month 22nd, 1800.

"My Dear Friend:—In returning the manuscript with which thou entrusted me, allow me to observe, that though the system therein laid down is, to the eye of reason, very plausible, it is one my understanding or rather my best judgment, as sensibly revolts from, as that of her writer did at the contrary. It is not written in the lines of my experience; and having from the earliest opening of my understanding in spiritual things, endeavored simply to receive, that in the light which maketh manifest might be revealed, I may add, that according hereto, I conceive it to be an erroneous system, formed more by the strength of the rational or natural acuity, than the clear unfolding of pure wisdom, in that spot where the creaturely judgment is taken away, and adapted by a part not yet fully subjected to the cross of Christ. My spirit still, if happily preserved, ever commemorate had mercy, which restrained from those speculative researches to which my nature strongly inclined, and which, as a temptation likely to prevail, in my first desires for certainty, closely beset me. Many a labyrinth might I have seen involved in; in many a maze enveloped, and the various voices which are in the world, (the religions world) been, in conjunction with these besetments, attended to. Were it needful could tell thee much of the danger to which my best life has been exposed, but the standard I first erected being held steady in my view by Divine power, even (I speak it with humble gratitude) will know nothing but Jesus Christ, and Him crucified, proved a barrier to those wanderings in speculative opinions, which I believe would have to me, and have to many mercifully enlightened minds, been the means of obstruction to a progress in the way of redemption, and introduced into that circuitous path, where the peaceful termination is not to be held.

"Why should we seek to explore, or reconcile our understandings, the work or plan of redemption, formed and carried into effect by Divine unerring wisdom and love? Can our creation, in the first instance or since, be atoned by all the finite powers of man? And shall a more (I was going to say) stupendous work, that of redemption, be arranged, approved or rejected by these powers, and the constituent parts of the wondrous edifice so shaken, that he whole is in danger of being levelled? Oh! hat every attempt of this kind may be mercifully defeated.

"Wherein does our spiritual life consist? Is debate, speculation and reasoning the nourishment of the immortal part? Is it matured by God so inferior to its nature? Rather will it gradually weaken and come to decay, if not

replenished from a source equal to its origin; the pure milk of the eternal Word.

"Mayest thou, my beloved friend, partake herewith and be sweetly satisfied; anything contrary to this is dangerous food, strengthening only that part destined by sacred determination for subjection to that power which, if suffered to reign, will reduce into holy order, harmony and love.

"From this state, in the rational and animal creation, there was a departure in the original fall or degeneracy of man; and in succession, as descendants from transgressing man, we partake of a nature or disposition to evil. Notwithstanding, as early as the fall, there was, and in perpetuity has been and is, a pure holy seed or principle to counteract the propensities so produced; and though no guilt attaches where there has not been a joining with the evil, yet, being possessed of a transgressing nature, we individually need redemption from it. Nor are we really so redeemed and delivered from the bondage of corruption, until, through the sanctifying influence of that pure gift vouchsafed as a light, leader and restorer, we experience the crucifixion of the old man (the first nature), with his deeds, and in the gradual process of refinement, a putting on the new man, which after God is created in righteousness and true holiness.

"I fully believe that as soon as man was redeemed, after and out of transgression, it was through faith in the promised deliverer and submission to the Divinely operative and efficient means, mercifully provided by matchless love. Yet it pleased the same love and in-cruitable wisdom, in the fulness of time, to open the way more perfectly by the appearance or manifestation of this appointed Saviour in the flesh, therein to fill up that measure of suffering seen meet. It is not our business to inquire why this should be a part of the marvellous plan, but thankfully content with the remedy so graciously provided, and beholding what manner of love the Father has bestowed upon us, humbly to partake of the offered salvation, by receiving and walking in that light leading to immortality, through the glorious dispensation of the Gospel or power of Christ; the pure eternal Word," whereby all things were made. What a convincing testimony to the eternal Godhead of the Son, and thereby proving Him to be an Omnipotent Saviour, as well as holy pattern of all excellence.

"Never was there a more full and plain system than that of the Gospel; never can the strongest powers of the creature add to its clearness and beauty, though the plainest truths may be rendered doubtful and the way complex, by subtle reasonings and eloquent disquisitions. I repeat, let us be content; we have not as a people followed a cunningly devised fable, and there are, I trust, those yet preserved who can go further and say, "it is truth and no lie; having seen with their eyes, heard with their ears, and been permitted to taste of the word of life, and if required, could, through Almighty help, seal their testimony by the surrender of the natural life.

"Little did I expect to enlarge thus, and far is it from me to enter into controversy and debate, a poor employment for one apprehending a more solemn call; but my heart earnestly longs that the Lord's children may stand firm in this day of shaking and great trial. Let none beguile any of their promised reward, through leading into reasonings and perplexing uncertainty. "I am the way, the truth and the

life," is a compendious lesson, a holy limit; and "no man cometh unto the Father but by me."

"I quarrel with none about forms, or differing in non-essentials; but this is the one certain direction, the consecrated path to salvation, through the Divine law-giver; and if happily attended to, all will be well here and forever!

"Thou and thine are dear to my best and affectionate feelings; write to me freely if so inclined. I should be glad to hear from, and be remembered by thee, and am

Thy sincere friend,  
MARY DUDLEY.

A Night in the House of Commons.

BY JUSTIN McCARTHY.

The first public business in the House of Commons is the asking and the answering of questions. These questions, as everybody knows, are addressed to Secretaries of State and Under Secretaries, to the heads of all departments represented in the house, to the law advisers of the Crown, and to everybody, in fact, who speaks for any of the offices in charge of the Administration. It is needless to say that they range over a vast variety of grievances—for questions generally relate to grievances—and apply to the manner in which the Administration has dealt with a colonial governor, or with an Indian official, or with a village postmistress. The question system in the House of Commons has again and again been made the subject of unsparring ridicule. You cannot, it is said, often expect to get great declarations of domestic or foreign policy out of a Government by putting a question, and why should the time of the House be taken up with an interrogation and a reply as to the manner in which some provincial or village office-holder was treated by the department to which his service was attached? Now just look at the different views taken by different minds. I quite admit the temptation to ridicule which is offered by a question put in the House of Commons concerning the wrong done to the village postmistress who was transferred to some ungenial district. The very dullest among us could, one might think, make fun out of that. Fancy the attention of the great Imperial Parliament being wasted over petty trivialities of that kind! Yes, but I may be allowed to say for myself that I hope there may never be any serious attempt made to restrict the privileges of members to question a Government as to the alleged grievances inflicted on the poorest and the meanest of Her Majesty's subjects. I do not think the Representative Chamber ever looks to better advantage than when it thus shows that its protection can be evoked for the occupant of a pauper's bed in a workhouse, or even for the occupant of a felon's cell, if it can be shown that any wrong has been done in either case which it is in the power of the Government to put right.

Some members of Parliament, of course, have a perfect craze about questions. They live for the putting of questions. They make a name—"Phobus" what a name!" as Milton says—for the putting of questions. A friend of mine, an English Liberal member of the House, long since dead, used to repeat, with great good humor, a story which told against himself. During the course of a recess, he was delivering an address to his constituents, and in order to impress them with a due sense of his public services, he emphasized the fact that, in the last session, he had put to Ministers more than three hundred questions. He passed to study the effect of his

statement, and a voice from the furthest part of the gallery called out, "Why, what a bignorant bloke you must be!"

FOR "THE FRIEND."

A Brief Biographical Sketch of William Penn.

William Penn was born near the Tower of London in 1644. At an early age he was sent to a grammar school at Chigwell in Essex, one of the country seats of his father; he gave evidence of promising talents and received some serious impressions by which his youth was preserved in purity, and pious desires were awakened in his mind. It was while in his eleventh year that he experienced the enlightening influence of Divine Grace and the good seed being sown in the soil of a sincere and willing heart, was not lost, but in after years produced a rich harvest of spiritual enjoyment and usefulness. It is related by one of his biographers that being alone in his chamber, he was suddenly surprised with an inward comfort, and as he thought, an external glory in the room which gave rise to religious emotions, during which he had the strongest convictions of there being a God, and that the soul of man was capable of enjoying communion with Him. He believed also that this seat of Divinity had been put upon him at this moment, or that he had been awakened or called to a holy life. For the light that shone in his own spiritual nature was above the brightness of the sun.

At the age of fifteen he went to Oxford, was entered as a student at Christ Church. Here he advanced rapidly in learning, and cultivated the acquaintance of those who were the most distinguished for talents and learning. Among his comrades at this time were John Locke, afterward distinguished for his "Essay on the Human Understanding."

While he was at Oxford a brother of Charles the Second died. He was beloved by the king, was a favorite with the nation on account of his amiable character. Many poetic effusions were written by the students in commemoration of this man; among the rest Wm. Penn produced an elegy written in Latin, which affords evidence of his genius and acquirements. Thomas Lee, who formerly belonged to the University of Oxford on the occasion of his discourse made a deep impression on the mind of Penn. Being dissatisfied with the established form of worship, some of the students with himself, concluded to withdraw from it, and they held religious meetings for Divine worship, in which they were engaged in preaching and prayer. This conduct gave offence to the heads of the college, who fined them for non-conformity; but Penn and his associates believing themselves bound by a sense of duty to continue their meeting, and to absent themselves from the established Church, were expelled from the college. After his return home his exemplary conduct and serious deportment evinced the change that had been wrought in his feelings. He withdrew from the society of the gay and proud, and sought the society of the pious and sedate. His father saw with grief this change in his manners, and began to feel that all the prospects cherished for him would be blasted. The admiral hoping that his mind would be changed—if he was away from his friends he would lose his serious impressions—sent him to Ireland on business. This he conducted with such ability as to give entire satisfaction. But here Divine Providence again interposed to call him to that sphere in life in which he was destined to accomplish so great a work. Being in Cork on business he heard that

Thomas Lee, the instrument of his religious impressions at Oxford, was to attend the meeting of Friends in that city. His affection for this eminent Friend would not allow him to leave the city without seeing him; he therefore attended the meeting. After an interval of silence, Thomas Lee arose and said, "There is a faith which overcomes the world, and there is a faith which is overcome by the world." On this he enlarged in so remarkable a manner that every word went home to the feelings of William Penn. The result was that he was deeply moved, his convictions of religion were revived and he became a constant attender of Friends' Meetings. Many years afterward, when relating an interview he had with some pious persons, he alluded to his religious exercises in early life, saying, "I then know how and when the Lord first appeared unto me, which was about the twelfth year of my age; he went that and the fifteenth the Lord visited me, and the Divine impressions He gave me of himself; of my persecutions at Oxford, and how the Lord sustained me; of my being banished from college; the bitter usage I underwent when I returned to my home, being whipped and beaten and turned out of doors; in 1662, of the Lord's dealing with me in the time of the great plague in London—in fine, the deep sense of the vanities of the world, the irreligiousness of it, and my bitter cries to Him that He would show me his own way of life and salvation, and of my right time to follow Him whatever reports or sufferings should attend me, and that with great reverence and brokenness of spirit; how after all this, the glory of the world overtook me, and I was ready to give up to it, seeing there was no such primitive spirit and church in the world, being ready to faint concerning my hope."

"It was at this time I received the testimony of his eternal Truth, through one of those called by the world Quakers, named Thomas Lee. I related to them the bitter mockings and scornings, the displeasure of my parents, the invectives and cruelty of the priests, the strangeness of all my companions, a sign and a wonder made of me; above all the great cross of resisting and watching against mine own inward and vain affections and thoughts."

William Penn being now drawn into close fellowship with the Friends, was soon to experience some of the persecutions which were so liberally inflicted upon those unoffending people. Being at meeting at Cork, he was with others, eighteen in number, apprehended and committed to prison. The report that he had become a Quaker was soon conveyed to his father, who recalled him: an order which he quickly obeyed by returning home. At first the admiral perceived nothing peculiar in his dress or manners, but his serious and religious deportment continuing to increase, and the usage of taking off the hat being omitted, his father became uneasy and requested an explanation. The scene which followed was deeply painful to both parties. For the son, faithful to his religious principles, respectfully declined to remove it, as he considered his duty to God was paramount to all other obligations, evinced his desire of manifesting his obedience to his father, and his affection for him in everything that did not conflict with his convictions of religious duties. On the other hand, the father had set his heart on advancing his son to a high station of wealth and honor, and could not endure to see him forego the dazzling prize that appeared to be within his reach, and to unite himself to the despised Quakers seemed to be nothing less than an act of madness. He

made use of every argument, even condescended to entreat and implore, but all to no purpose—his son stood firm to his principle. Finding that he could not prevail, he desired that he would at least take off his hat in the presence of the king and himself. William asked time to consider this request; he retired to his chamber and sought for Divine aid in fasting and prayer. He considered the uncovering of the head as an act of reverence or worship which was due to the Deity and he could not pay that reverence to mortal man.

In the next interview he apprised his father with expressions of duty and affection that he could not comply with his request. The admiral could not restrain his anger, again expelled him from his house. Accustomed to affluence, without any means to supply or obtain a livelihood, his mother, true to maternal love sent secretly means for his relief. At length his father, softened, perhaps by the entreaties of his wife, so far relented as to allow him to obtain subsistence, though he gave no open countenance. It was the greatest of all crosses and trials that William Penn was called upon to bear in this period of his life, that he was cut off from kindly intercourse with a father whom he tenderly loved, but he firmly adhered to the course he had chosen, counting nothing too near or too dear to be sacrificed for the love of the Gospel and knowing that he that putteth his hand to the plough and looketh back, is not fit for a worthy of the kingdom.

William Penn had been for some years subjected to trials, which under the Divine blessing were made instrumental to his religious progress. Having renounced the world and its fashions he became a constant attender of Friends' Meetings. Although he was convinced of Friends' principles, he did not immediately relinquish his gay apparel. It is said that he wore his sword as was customary among those of rank and fashion. He asked George Fox what his advice would be, whether he should wear it or not. George told him he should wear it as long as he could. Not long after they met again; William had not his sword. George said: "William, where is thy sword?" "Oh," said he "I took thy advice, and wore it as long as I could."

He soon became an eminent minister and author of many religious works. The principal work produced at that time was "No Cross, No Crown," that has been frequently republished and extensively read. This work shows great erudition and research. In conclusion of this excellent work, Penn shows that those who will not take up the cross and self-denial cannot expect the crown of eternal glory, and He calls upon all, but more especially upon all those whose hearts have been awakened, to come away from the vanities of the world. He labored extensively for liberty of conscience, and said when asked to recant, "I will die in prison first."

The more his father saw of his actions, the more he esteemed him for his sincerity, his uniform kindness, and his devotion to his duty; he could not but acknowledge that in his renouncement from the honors of the world and assuming the cross, William had chosen the better part which could not be taken from him. Sensible of his approaching end, he said to his son "William, I am weary of the world; I would not live over my days again if I could command it with a wish—the snares of life are greater than the fear of death. This troubles me that I have offended a gracious God. Let nothing in this

world wrong your conscience." At another time, he said, "Son William, if you and your friends keep to your plain way of preaching and living you will make an end of the priests at the end of the world."

In due time he became an eminent minister of the Gospel, and a benefactor to the human family. P. A. ELKINTON.

FROM "THE WEST CHESTER LOCAL NEWS."

Capital Punishment.

With the desire of calling public attention to the important measure lately enacted by Congress of giving juries in United States Courts the privilege of bringing in a verdict of murder in the first degree the privilege of adding "without capital punishment," the following interesting letter is here published in the *Daily Local News*. It is understood that capital punishment is not practised in Michigan, and it is hoped the Intelligible Commonwealth of Pennsylvania will allow so humane an example. The writer of the letter, General Curtis, is known as the "Hero of Fort Fisher," and the enactment was made law by the signature of the President on the anniversary of that engagement:

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 31, 1897.

William P. Townsend, West Chester, Pa.—My Dear Sir:—I have the pleasure of acknowledging the receipt of your favor on the 30th inst., and to thank you for the kind expressions it contains.

I am very glad to say that the bill, which I have been laboring for many years to cause to be enacted, has become a law. While it does not go so far as I would like it, at least, is a long step in the direction you and I very ardently desire to see accomplished. It is the greatest change, by way of reducing penalties under the Saxon laws, secured by a single measure in our history. I send under separate cover the report of the Judiciary Committee of the House upon my bill, which contains a compilation of facts I presented to that committee to show that the abolition of capital punishment, in many countries, was beneficial to society by reducing the very offences for which it had been so long held to be necessary for its protection. The reports from the foreign governments are official, as they were obtained in answer to questions sent by me through the Department of State. The only countries that have found difficulty in the abolition of capital punishment are Columbia and Ecuador, South America. The population of these countries consist chiefly of mixed races—the Spanish and Indians. They live nearly under the equator, and are not a people whose experience should be regarded as obstructive in this particular to people of the arctic zone living in temperate latitudes. It will be some satisfaction to you, in your advanced years, who have labored so assiduously, as I understand you have, for the abolition of capital punishment, to know you have reached the time when there is but one offence under the United States laws for which the death penalty must be inflicted upon conviction, unless Executive clemency should intervene. The fifty-seventh article of war prescribes that a person who forces a safeguard shall suffer death, do not believe we have had an execution under that article of war since the formation of the Government. Our articles of war for the Government of the army and navy were derived from the English code. Under my law the penalty of death for eighteen offences is totally abolished; but for treason, murder or rape com-

mitted on territory exclusively within the jurisdiction of the United States, the death penalty may be inflicted; yet the provision which allows, in these three crimes, the jury to add to their verdict "without capital punishment," will doubtless lessen the number of legal executions. It will also tend to increase convictions in proper cases, so that those guilty of the gravest offences shall have restraint kept upon them by the certainty of imprisonment, whereas without this provision many would be turned loose upon society. When I first introduced this measure six years ago, its opponents included almost all the prominent men in Congress, and you will be pleased to know that nearly all have been brought to understand the advantages to be derived from a system of milder punishment, and many of the most pronounced opponents of the bill, when first introduced, finally came to its support not only with their votes, but with their voices. The Department of Justice has also warmly indorsed the measure. The subject of the abolition of the death penalty has received the favorable consideration of many men in prominent positions who have heretofore simply acquiesced in an order of things to which they evidently had not given careful consideration.

With good wishes for your health, I am, sincerely,

NEWTON MARTIN CURTIS.

Elephant Stories.

Many stories are told which prove that elephants remember and resent cruel treatment in a way which shows great intelligence, and also that they are equally sure to remember kindness and display intense affection for a human friend. In the old story about the elephant who, when he put his trunk in a tailor's window expecting a piece of cake, received instead a prick from a needle, the insulted animal went at once to a mud puddle, drew up the dirty water, and going back squirted it all over the tailor.

In London lately an elephant named Charley killed a keeper who had been cruel to him. The man was discharged because of his cruelty, and had been away a year, but the elephant had not forgotten, and the moment he heard the man's voice turned and seized him and killed him before anyone could interfere.

The owner of the elephant testified that there was no doubt that the animal was paying an old grudge. Charley was the kindest elephant he ever owned. He had appeared at five lord mayors' shows and many Drury Lane pantomimes. Sanger added:

"Elephants do not forget injuries or kindness. I remember several remarkable instances. On one occasion, when I had been separated from an elephant for two years, the elephant, on seeing me, seized me around the waist with his trunk, and would not let go until he had hugged and caressed me for a long time. Tears of pleasure ran down the brute's cheeks.

"Some years ago a nephew of mine, a child of three, was playing around Charley and climbing up his legs. Charley gently resented this, but the child continued. Charley then took the child up, shook him gently, and put him down some yards away."

Elephants learn very quickly, and are useful workers on that account. Last summer during the terribly hot weather a keeper in Central Park turned the hose which he was using on one of the elephants. The huge animal was

much pleased with the bath, and when the keeper dropped the hose picked it up and turned it on himself and then on the other elephants, till all had been comfortably cooled off. After that the keeper gave them the hose every day, and saved himself that much work.—*Selected.*

THE FRIEND.

FOURTH MONTH 17, 1897.

William Penn, in his admirable treatise entitled "No Cross, No Crown," shows that the true disciple of Jesus must live in such close communion with God, and in such watchfulness over himself, that not only no evil word must escape his lips, but not a thought must escape judgment. This doctrine is in harmony with the teachings of the Bible. Our Saviour told his disciples that out of the heart come those evil things that defile a man. And the Apostle Paul wrote to the Romans that to be carnally minded is death, but to be spiritually minded is life and peace. David, in the 141st Psalm, prays to the Lord, "Set a watch before my mouth; keep the door of my lips."

True religion requires that we should keep ourselves unspotted from the world. But how difficult this is many have experienced. There is a natural tendency in man to follow the path which is congenial to his own inclinations, without reference to the Divine will concerning him. The main object in life with some seems to be to accumulate property; others seek the indulgence of their sensual appetites and lusts; others desire, above all other things, the enjoyment of popularity; some one thing and some another, but too few keep steadily in view the necessity of knowing and doing the will of the Lord concerning them.

And even when the heart has been touched by the visitations of the Holy Spirit, and sincere desires awakened to walk in the way of holiness, how often do we interrupt the holy watch, and find defiling thoughts filling the mind almost before we are aware of it! So that we have abundant cause to acknowledge, that unless the Lord keep the house, the watchman waketh but in vain.

Some of the Lord's servants, who have left records of their religious progress, have spoken of their falling into temptation after they had in earnest commenced to walk in the narrow way that leads to the kingdom of heaven. Such have learned by experience not to trust in themselves, but to look daily to the Lord for his help, and to adopt the petitions in the prayer taught by our Saviour to his disciples, "Lead me not into temptation, but deliver me from evil."

A moral life, a decent respect for religious observances, and a regular attendance at some place of worship, are all commendable in themselves, but are not sufficient, without an experience of that change of heart which Christ declared to be necessary, when He said to Nicodemus, "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God."

These thoughts have been penned with a desire that they may have some effect in stimulating the reader to seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness.

SUMMARY OF EVENTS.

UNITED STATES.—The President, on the 7th inst., sent a special message to Congress, calling the attention of that body to the suffering and needs of the people in the flooded districts in the Mississippi Valley, "in the hope that the legislative branch of the

Government will promptly reinforce the work of the local authorities." In the matters of relief, both Sen. and the House are in accord. In the Senate it was decided to leave intact the epidemic fund, and a resolution appropriating \$150,000 for purchase and distribution of stores was adopted unanimously. In the meantime the House had adopted a resolution appropriating \$200,000, the Kiel River of the North being included in the relief which is to be distributed. This resolution the Senate accepted, and it was sent to the President and signed before 2 P. M. The Secretary of War at once made a detail of army officers to investigate the conditions in the flooded districts and superintend the distribution of relief.

The people of Fargo, North Dakota, have telegraphed the Secretary of War that Federal aid for flood sufferers there is not needed.

Advices from the Morean River country, in South Dakota, are to the effect that the loss of cattle in that section during the past winter has been between forty and fifty per cent.

The President has announced the following appointment for commissioners "for the promotion of an international agreement for bimetallism." Senator Edward O. Wolcott, of Colorado; Charles J. Paine, of Boston, and ex-Vice President Adlai E. Stevenson.

The total value of the slate output in the United States in 1896 was \$2,746,250, of which Pennsylvania contributed her share, \$1,729,318.

Since 1890 the number of horses in street railway service has decreased 162,000, or about eighty per cent.

The annual report of the Immigration Bureau for the fiscal year 1896 shows the following percentages of illiteracy among immigrants arrived last year: Immigrants from Formosa, 77.6 per cent; illiterate from Italy, 54.39 per cent; from Russia, 41.14; from Austria-Hungary and provinces, 38.92 per cent; from Ireland, 7 per cent; from Germany, 2.96 per cent; from Sweden, 1.16 per cent.

The railroads west of the Missouri have agreed to give free transportation for the fifty cars of grain which are now going to sea, to link up the country. Late shipments are reported by nearly all of the incoming steamships from Europe, some of them fifty to two hundred and fifty feet long and from twenty to seventy feet high.

The South Carolina Supreme Court has ruled that "no man may keep liquor in his house or place of business, or in the bay, school or Florida, and is now being enforced strictly on the Perrine grant, unless the vessel in which it is kept has a certificate on file at the State Liquor Commission." The Court was equally divided, the decision of the lower Court being, therefore, affirmed.

The cinnamon tree has recently been introduced into the Bay region of Florida, and is now being cultivated extensively on the Perrine grant.

The New York Assembly, on the 12th inst., passed the Greater New York charter over Mayor Strong's veto by a vote of 106 to 32.

The citizens of Cambridge, Mass., are talking about celebrating the tenth anniversary of the town's exemption from the Bay school, which is Florida, and is now being cultivated extensively on the Perrine grant.

While workmen were tearing down a part of the old Courthouse of Westmoreland County, on Sunday last, a chest full of old records was unearthed, and found to contain documents signed by George Washington, William Penn, King George III, and other royal men.

John W. States Senator, D. W. Voorhees, of Indiana, died at his residence in Washington on the 10th inst., aged seventy years.

Edward Drinker Cope, Professor of Zoology and Comparative Anatomy in the University of Pennsylvania, widely known as a student of Natural History, died on the 12th inst. in this city. He was in his fifty-seventh year.

A fire, which started in the hotel Knox, in Knoxville, Tenn., on the morning of the 26th inst., spread to a number of adjoining wholesale stores, which were destroyed. Five or six guests of the hotel are missing, and an unknown number perished in the flames. Many of the stores were injured by jumping from the windows and by an explosion of powder in one of the buildings. It became necessary to blow down the walls of one building with artillery to check the spread of the fire. The losses will aggregate over a million dollars.

Deaths in this city last week numbered 187, which is 53 more than the previous week, and 72 less than the corresponding week of 1896. Of the foregoing, 256 were males and 229 females; 75 died of pneumonia; 55 of consumption; 35 of heart disease; 20 of diphtheria; 19 of cancer; 18 of convulsions; 18 of apoplexy; 16 of marasmus; 15 of old age; 11 of influenza;

of the stomach and bowels; 15 of inflammation of the brain; 12 of arthritis; 11 of Bright's disease; 11 from casualties; 11 of inanition; 10 of whooping cough; 9 of scarlet fever, and 9 of bronchitis.

Markets, &c.—U. S. 2's, 96; 4's, 124, 111 a 111½; coupon, 112½ a 113; new 3's, 4's, 124; 5's, 114 a 114½; currency, 68, 103 a 105.

TORRONS.—Spicers bought sparingly, but official quotations were unchanged at 7½c per pound for middling uplands.

FEEB.—Spot bran ranged from \$14.50 to \$15.00 per ton for winter in bulk, and \$13.50 a \$14.00 for spring in sacks.

FLOUR.—Winter super, \$2.40 a \$2.50; do, extras, \$2.75 a \$3.00; do, cream, \$3.00 a \$3.25; do, extra, \$3.25 a \$3.50; do, patent, \$3.50 a \$4.00; Western winter, clear, \$3.05 a \$3.85; do, do, straight, \$3.95 a \$4.10; do, do, patent, \$4.20 a \$4.35; spring, clear, \$3.25 a \$3.40; do, straight, \$3.60 a \$3.80; do, patent, \$3.85 a \$4.00; do, favorite brands, higher. City mills, extra, \$2.85 a \$3.10; do, clear, \$3.75 a \$4.00; do, straight, \$4.00 a \$4.20; do, patent, \$4.25 a \$4.50. RYE FLOUR.—\$2.25 a \$2.40 per bbl, as to quality.

GRAIN.—No. 2 red wheat, 79 a 79½; No. 2 mixed corn, 27½ a 27½; No. 3 white oats, 24 a 24½.

BEEF CATTLE.—Extra, 5½ a 5½; good, 4½ a 5c; medium, 4 a 4½; common, 3 a 4c.

STEER AND LAMBS.—Extra, 5 a 5½; good, 4 a 4½; medium, 4 a 4½; common, 3 a 3½; clipped sheep, 3½ a 4½; clipped lambs, 4½ a 5½; wool lands, 5 a 6c.

HOGS.—Best Western, 6 a 6½; other Western, 5½ a 6c; State, 5½c.

FOREIGN.—Replying to a statement in the House of Commons to the effect that the food supply in the United Kingdom was wholly inadequate, and that the country was dependent upon other nations, Arthur Balfour, the Government leader, said that he did not think there was danger of foreign countries refusing to supply Great Britain with food. The United States, he said, could not allow food to be declared contraband in war, as it would be for the benefit of the enemy. He said that the United States, Great Britain, and combined with the United States, could stand any conceivable combination of the Powers.

Although there are nearly 6,000,000 total abstainers in Great Britain and Ireland, the consumption of spirituous liquors in the year ended at £14,972,230, an increase of £2,500,000 over 1895.

It is stated that Great Britain has enclosed Inayak Island, at the entrance to Delagoa Bay, and that a squadron of warships will be sent there to take possession of the island and proclaim it British territory.

The German Government has filed with the State Department a note of protest against the different duties on sugar provided for in the Dingley Tariff Bill. The contents of the note were considered of sufficient importance to be communicated to members of the Senate Finance Committee. There is a threat of retaliation in the event of the duties becoming law.

The anniversary of the declaration of the independence of the United States was celebrated with great enthusiasm in Athens on the 6th inst.

Three thousand Greek insurgents have invaded Macedonia. They are not supported by the regulars. Their object appears to be to cut the Turkish communications between Macedonia and Epirus.

A decree has been issued by the Sultan of Zanzibar, abolishing slavery.

The Peruvian Government has suspended the coinage of silver at the Government Mint, and has issued a prohibition against the importation of silver coins after the 10th of next month.

President Erzerovic has declined to accept the resignation of the Chilean Cabinet.

JOHN'S NEWFOUNDLAND, dispatch says that the coast is once more blockaded by heavy Arctic ice, imprisoning the steamers *Caspian* and *Potia*, and preventing the incoming of a whole fleet of sealing steamers, which have been cruising in the south ice pack for a month past. It is estimated that 20,000 fishermen are unable to prosecute their usual industry at Labrador during the coming summer season, because of the inability of the merchants to fit them out, an inability due to the small returns from the disposal of the product.

#### NOTICES.

REDUCE RATES TO PHILADELPHIA YEARLY MEETING.—The usual arrangements have been made by the Pennsylvania R. R. Company, by which Friends attending our approaching Yearly Meeting can obtain excursion tickets to Philadelphia and return, from any station on the following railroads, at the rate of two cents per mile travelled, going and returning; except that no such tickets will be issued at a less rate than 25 cents, viz: Pennsylvania Railroad (main line), as far west as Pittsburgh, Philadelphia and Erie Railroad Division, Northern Central Railway, United Railroads and New Jersey Division, West Jersey Railroad, Philadelphia and Wilmington, Delaware and Maryland Railroad Company, on any day from Fourth Month 13th to 23rd, inclusive, and make the return coupon good until Fourth Month 27th, inclusive, 1897.

The Baltimore and Ohio Company, and the Philadelphia and Reading Railroads have kindly offered Friends the same rates and for the same dates as above specified.

Application should be made either personally or by mail, to Joseph Hall, 304 Arch Street, Philadelphia, or to Thomas C. Hogue, West Chester, Pa., for orders on the Ticket Agents—one of which must be delivered to the Agent whenever a ticket is obtained. These orders inform the Ticket Agent at whatever station they are presented on the above railroads, that the bearer is entitled to a ticket to Philadelphia, and return, at the above rate of two cents per mile travelled. If a Friend in each neighborhood would ascertain the number of card orders likely to be needed, and obtain them, and distribute among Friends, it would make less work for those having the cards to sell.

When they are to be forwarded by mail a two-cent stamp should be sent to pay the postage.

NOTE.—Tickets issued on this order will not be good to stop-off at way stations, going or returning.

WESTOWN BOARDING SCHOOL.—Applications for the admission of pupils to the school, and letters in regard to instruction and discipline should be addressed to WILLIAM H. PILE'S SONS, Philadelphia. Payments on account of board and tuition, and communications in regard to business should be forwarded to EDWARD G. SMEDLEY, Superintendent. Address, Westown P. O., Chester Co., Pa.

FRIENDS attending the Yearly Meeting can be furnished with meals, both before and after the sitting of the meeting, as heretofore, at moderate charge (15 cents) in the second story of the central part of the Arch Street Meeting House. Meals will also be furnished for those attending the Meeting for Sufferings and the Select Meeting the previous week.

WESTOWN BOARDING SCHOOL.—For convenience of persons coming to Westown School, the stage will meet trains leaving Philadelphia 7.17 and 8.46 A. M. and 2.53 and 4.32 P. M. Other trains are met when requested. Stage fare on regular trips, fifteen cents on special trips, twenty-five cents each way. To reach the school by telegraph, write West Chester, Pa. EDWARD G. SMEDLEY, Sup't.

WESTOWN BOARDING SCHOOL.—A stated meeting of the Committee will be held in Philadelphia on Seventh-day, the 17th inst., at 2.30 P. M.

WM. EVANS, Clerk.

DIED, at her residence, 4039 Baltimore Ave., Philadelphia, Second Month 19th, 1897, SARAH H. CRISSON, in the seventy-eighth year of her age; a member of the Monthly Meeting of Friends of Philadelphia for the Northern District.

at her home in Westery R. I., Tenth Month 29th, 1896, ANNA WILLIAMS FOSTER, widow of Eban F. Foster, and daughter of John Wilbur, in the seventy-seventh year of her age. She was a life-long member and for many years an Elder of the Society of Friends. Of a meek and quiet disposition, she was yet firm in upholding the right, and an able defender in living examples of the principles of the Society. She had a quick and intuitive discernment by which she always unconsciously measured those with whom she came in contact, and was thus enabled to perceive and appreciate the good in all, and to quietly reprove and sin that which was deficient. She was especially charitable and tender towards the erring, and sought the reformation of each by the gentle measures of love and patience. In her old age, she looked toward the sunset of life unmoved by any disturbance, with a perfect faith that there is beyond this life a better state of existence, where "the throne of God and of the Lamb shall be, and where his servants shall serve Him and see his face."

WILLIAM H. PILE'S SONS, PRINTERS, No. 422 Walnut Street.

# THE FRIEND.

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Diary and Letters of Deborah Brooks Webb.

(Continued from page 396.)

1891.—Eleventh Month 8th.—She writes to me friends on the death of a near relative: "Our Father has been visiting him for years, inclining him to virtue and benevolence, and as at last quietly prepared and quietly let him own to the grave. Our spirits know the same change, yet I trust blessed change, awaits us, and joy to contemplate the acknowledgment of us by our Lord, whom we have loved. Let us look forward with joy, doing humbly and meekly whatever our hands find to do now—all for the latter. I wanted to tell you that our Kennet quarry Meeting-house has all the foundation all done, and they are going on with the bricks on—may be ready in the Second Month. My duty in regard to it all seems not to solicit much, but to lie low and beg of the Lord to increase and favor the meeting. Just think, not young Friend opening their mouth in the inquiry in all our Quarter. I think sometimes I must beg."

1892.—First Month 27th.—She writes to R. A., "Dear S. M.'s prospect causes such thankfulness in my heart. That the dear Lord should send his messengers around the world, is my sire. I have no doubt but that he will be apt humble and watchful and prayerful, and then I know he will be preserved."<sup>8</sup>

To her friend, R. S. A., Fourth Month 6th, 1892.—"As our dear ones depart this life, dost thou ever think how grows our store in paradise? Thy beloved husband and dear E., and our beloved Deborah Rhoads. It seemed to me at first we could not spare her from our seats, isolate indeed it will seem without her. Now, a humbly trust, is singing the heavenly annals. How striking the language the sixth day seventh of Revelation. So much of praise, joy and adoration to Him that sitteth upon a throne and to the Lamb which was slain. O how to, through adorable mercy, may be there metime, all of such mercy. I often think of poor old woman spoken of in a poem in THE FRIEND, where she related her vision, and did when the Master cut short her supplies

He would take her, and suddenly, suddenly, she was there. When the dear Master cuts short my strength, how sweet to think, 'Suddenly, suddenly, I shall be there.'

To a friend Sixth Month 5th, 1892, she writes,

"Prayer shall a vast triangle form,  
On whose broad base we still shall meet,  
And whose high top surmounts each storm,  
And joins us at our Saviour's feet."

"When I remember your request to think of your suffering when near access is granted unto the Father of Mercies, you always seem so close there yourselves. I believe you are living close there, and that He is watching you in the furnace to strengthen and support you. How my heart has ached for you since my last visit. . . . But I want to tell you something pleasant. We moved the Kennet Square Meeting into the new house last First-day. All the committee were to be there if they chose, but poor little me! I was the only one accustomed to opening her lips to glorify the Lord in public. A large concourse filled the house. I felt almost frightened to be alone, but supplication presented."

"How glorious, oh, God, must thy temple have been on the day of its first dedication. That as He heard Solomon's prayer He would hear ours, and fill our souls with the cloud and sign of His presence. Then testimony, 'And the little child shall lead them' (Isaiah ii), I felt so helped and the Lord was good."

To R. S. A., Eleventh Month 2nd, 1892: "Thine, with its eighty contents, was received last evening. My spirit salutes thee with 'God speed.' Oh, dear heart, I know it is humbling and baptizing work, but it brings us very near to our source of supply, even Christ, in spirit. How the dwelling of the soul is with supplication before Him, and He condescends to cover us with His presence! Oh, He is sweet and good to the soul that trusts Him. He promises to be mouth and wisdom, and I think He will never leave thee nor forsake thee! It is a favor to have God-bearing companions, and thou wilt have them in this selection. It is well to take the work slowly, and then thou art able to bear it. How pleasant it is to hear of those others travelling with religions concerns. May the Lord send forth more laborers, more laborers into the harvest field. . . . My spirit will travail with thee. Accept my warm aspirations for Holy help for thee."

1893.—8th Month 30th.—To the same: "On glancing at our city paper, I saw accidentally the death of thy sister-in-law, S. A.'s widow. My heart went to thee immediately and to the bereaved family. I knew thou would feel so tenderly for them. These things must be! those in years must pass away, and the homes change, but in our beautiful heavenly home we will not part. Forever with the Lamb! Thy letter disclosed the death of dear Margaret Lightfoot. She was an upright woman, and one that eschewed evil. Last evening I was reading where Moses sent the spies up to see the promised land, and it was very encouraging and strengthening to me. The Lord does not want us to

doubt His power to bring us into His beautiful heavenly home. The Apostle says, 'I know in whom I have believed, and am persuaded He is able to keep that which I have committed to Him unto that day. Yes dear, the day when He makes up his jewels.'

Twelfth Mo. 10th.—To the same: "Rejoice with them that do rejoice and weep with them that weep. . . . Thy last letter cheered me, for I had wanted to know from my G. A. whether I was really his or not, whether I was really serving Him or not? Blessed be his name forever, but after waiting long and looking for a waking message from heaven, He gave it to me in words so plain, 'I am the Lord thy God. I know thee and thou shalt serve me.' Oh, if I had chosen the words they could not have comforted me more. So, dear, it seemed as if I must tell my R. S. A., though it is not good generally to reveal the King's secrets, thou wilt not expose it where it will spread, please. . . . It just seemed as though I had to tell thee my great joy. So, I go humbly along in soul preserving fear."

Twelfth Month 17th.—To the same: "Thy letters, dear, bring 'the sweet came from far,' and thine eyes see the King in His beauty and behold the land that is far off. 'Bread shall be given to thee, and thy waters shall be sure.' And though tribulations are thine, yet in Jesus peace fills thy soul. What a mercy, and the upholding power of the dear Lord is near thee. We would gather all to this haven, would we not? To-morrow we attend a funeral. These funerals of strangers are a great exercise to me, but I do not refuse, if well. The dear Lord may scatter a little tiny seed in some soul through me. How sad to hear of dear E. Russell's illness. We cannot feel ready to part with her—an upright woman, one who feared God."

Under date of First Mo. 21st, 1894, she writes to S. G. Y.: "We are so comfortable in this lovely home, and I am ever and ever grateful as I walk within my house with a humble soul, sometimes marvelling at His merciful goodness, who brings me here and sustains."

First Month 28th, 1894, to R. S. A., "Thy reference to dear S. F. Babington was so sweet. He is a dear man, only waiting till the shadows are a little larger grown. How often his ministry used to comfort and strengthen me in trying to be obedient to what seemed to be the voice of the Lord, always so gentle, so full and clear. I think there is a heavenly harp waiting for him. . . . Thy last letter did contain some very weighty views, and I can sympathize with all of you who feel any responsibility in regard to the proposed visit over the seas. My natural, instinctive feelings would lead me to say, 'Loose him and let him go, for the Master hath need of him;' but we have to weigh such things in the balance of the sanctuary. Naturally I love to hear of any going forth to extend the dear Redeemer's kingdom, that it is joy to me. Dear Sarah Emilen had to ask twice before she was liberated. She quoted the language, 'If the Lord had not been on my side, my soul had al-

<sup>8</sup> This was probably written before she had learned the prospect of our dear friend, J. E. R., accompanying S. M. to the far-off isles.

most dwell in silence." She might do great good, the will of the Lord be done. . . Would that the Lord would raise up more laborers. Much work has been expended in his vineyard heretofore. The leaven may be working and fruit appear later. The cross and an unwillingness to be as a fool for Christ's sake is in the way.

Third Month 11th, 1894, to R. S. A., "I hope thy dear son, having put his hand to the plough, will not look back, nor count any cross too heavy to win that humiliation of our hearts, which is necessary to prepare us to speak the word of the Lord only, not our own. The rest and the sweetness is great afterwards, when we feel that the dear Lord doeth all within us. . . I hope thou will keep well and able to attend our coming assembly. If nothing unforeseen occurs, I may be there. It looks so solemn. Dear Phoebe W. Roberts at rest forever; how we shall miss our mother in Israel."

To the same, Ninth Month 24th, she writes, "That is not true prayer, that does not end in self submission. Our Father knows so much better than we do, what is best for us all, that I fear to say much in my own will. 'Thy will be done,' is the sweetest anthem."

(To be concluded.)

JOHN FOTHERGILL to ————:

— PHILADELPHIA, 1737.

" . . . Let my heretofore strongly pressed caution, which I do not yet get clear from at all times, doubting the danger of its being not enough minded, which is to be aware of that devilish, bewitching, darkening, ruinous, enticing snare of often sipping and dabbling with strong drink, and the company that loves and useth it, and seldom without unprofitable conversation, though craftily, from that twisting, serpentine, adulterating spirit of this world, frequently excused and pleaded for, under artificial disguises, to deceive the unwary. Therefore look at it in time, as an enemy to body and mind, to present and future interest; or else heaven will assuredly turn its back upon thee, and the earth will become as iron, and the bowels of thy true friends will be shut up, and what can follow then?"

"I lay weight upon it, as I am sure it is an infernal, and as much as Satan can make it, a hidden snare; yet I would strongly hope necessity for this may not be much; but my love and true care is a just excuse for me herein. May the love of righteousness and best riches win and guide thy heart and views, and the God of all goodness will be thy God and sure Helper to blessedness indeed."

ANOTHER SIGN OF THE TIMES.—It is reported from St. Petersburg that the Emperor of Russia has decided to create a Supreme Council, which will relieve him of many details of routine work; and the report has been confirmed. Great care is taken, however, to insist that "this change cannot be regarded as of great political significance, or as an indication of a more liberal regime, and that it is a purely administrative reform, decided upon for the reason that the Emperor does not enjoy robust health, and desires to be less burdened with affairs of minor importance." But the fact remains, and is significant. It is described as an "innovation" — and such it is; — a "reform" — and any departure from personal and irresponsible rule, must ultimately prove to be that. It is a concession to modern tendencies and necessities; it is a beginning, and the irresistible force of modern progress will do the rest.

— In allusion to E. F.'s religious visit to Africa.

FOR "THE FRIEND."

### Origin of Vegetation.

The article prepared for THE FRIEND on the subject of the growth of vegetation and published in the issue of Third Month 20th, was first written at considerably greater length, giving greater variety of illustrative facts. The abridgment of the essay may have taken from its value.

The special interest taken in the subject began in the year 1830 '31, and it has furnished to the writer a theme for observation, enhancing the enjoyment of travel through the highways of our beautiful country.

On a westward trip a few years ago, on the Baltimore Central Railroad, having unexpectedly the company from Concord Station of a friend, who in course of conversation, made the remark, in substance, that in travelling he found it ever interesting to observe not only the general beauty of the country, but the form of the hills, many of them, when opened by quarries or railroad cuts, were seen to be largely made up of rock of varied kinds, yet covered over with earth, smoothed and ready for cultivation. The present form and condition of the country was spoken of with especial admiration, in view of the many profs existing of great changes, which, at some remote period had taken place in the shapes of the hills and valleys, and the relative places and position of vast masses of material, since its first formation.

In view of the great changes from lower to higher positions, that the great masses of rock should be found covered and clothed as we see them, is a theme worthy to be spoken of. Hills, chiefly of rock, covered by beautiful farms.

The conversation, though brief, was of memorable interest, and oft has arisen in contrast with that of others, who, while partaking of the manifold blessing, seem to

"Mark not the mighty Hand, which  
Ever busy, wheels the silent spheres."

The friend here spoken of is, I believe, a botanist, and well read in the sciences, but whether he thought the Creator made use of seeds, year or may, when his fiat went forth, "Let the earth bring forth grass, the herb yielding seed, and the fruit tree yielding fruit after its kind, whose seed is in itself, and pronounced it good," this consideration did not appear in that communicating by the way.

The simplicity of the Scripture above quoted, that the earth was to bring forth herb yielding seed, etc., the infinite variety of vegetable growth which adorns the world, from the great trees of the West to the willow trees of the Arctic regions, three inches in height, the great variety of luscious fruits and beautiful flowers, the growths of woods for uses so varied, with so much beside, constitute a theme for admiration which is enhanced by the many proofs that the soil as first created, continues ready, on being brought to the surface, to produce vegetation according to the properties given to it at the beginning by Him who was Omnipresent both then and now.

Among these properties of the soil, evidence abundantly appears, amounting to proofs, that when the primeval growth that has occupied the ground forages unnumbered, and is removed or destroyed, a different growth in due course of nature will and does take its place.

The addition of a fertilizing ingredient to a spot or portion of ground, is oft observed to bring forth a growth of vegetation different from that of the ground surrounding it.

In course of a year spent in Eastern Ohio sixty-six years ago, the writer became interested in observing that in the many clearings of th heavy forest, great brush heaps of the tree top and branches were gathered and burned. I became a matter of common observation an remark, that while natural grass clothed th cleared land generally, the plant called Pok grew luxuriantly on the spots where the brus heaps had been burned. Many readers know that in their respective parts of the country th burning of brush heaps is followed by the growth of Poke. All the surrounding circumstance precluded the idea of poke seed being in th ground. The growth of the plant was evident from so near the surface that had there been seed, the fire would have destroyed its power o vegetation. It was clearly apparent that th growth was due simply to the change made in the fire in the constituent ingredients of the soil.

Our late valued Friend Morris Cope, relate to me some years ago that a certain Friend whom he knew, had a strip of waste "bottom land" along a creek which flowed through h farm, too stony to plough, and grew scarce any thing but moss and a viny plant called "five finger." On speaking of his valueless bottom land to a person, he was recommended to sow with plaster of paris, which he did, and a luxuriant crop of white clover was the result.

In the absence of knowledge of the facts, w may reasonably suppose that a strip of lan along a creek would be washed at times by big water, would be left stony and deprived of ingredients of soil that would have produce grass, and that the plaster furnished an ingredient which had been lacking for the growth of clover. The writer has no disposition to speculate upon matters such as these. The single actuating motive is that we who are readers o THE FRIEND may appreciate the Creator's foresight and goodness in his formation of the world.

In the year 1836, having occasion severl times to cross and recross the State of Ne Jersey from Camden to Egg Harbor by privat conveyance, there being no railroads, we traversed extensive pine forests, then being gradually cut down for fuel in the glass works o Waterford and Winslow and for the iron work at Weymouth. Now, in travelling through th same region many times by different railroad the pine forests are chiefly gone, and man thousands of acres of the land are covered mostly by a slow growth of oak bushes and small trees—many acorns on many of them—but that there were any acorns among th stumps of the pine trees is extremely doubtful for the ground had been for many years w carpeted with the fallen foliage of pine.

On the hill road leading from the village o Seneca to Greenwood Meeting, Penna., wher the road circles round the breast of a nobl hill overlooking the western end of beautif Greenwood Valley, a district of country ver familiar to the writer, and in which hickor timber is quite rare, there was observed in th year 1864, on the south side of the road i the second growth of the forest, a little grove perhaps about an acre, of young hickory tree appearing to have grown there on the remov of the original pines and hemlocks. On visit ing the neighborhood and passing several tim along that road in the year of 1895, severl stumps of the hickories were seen while th bright, glossy foliage still adorned many r maining trees of the grove. To bring to vie this primeval preparation of the soil of t world as tribute due to the bounty of the Cre

tor, this article and that furnished by me to THE FRIEND of Third Month 20th have been prepared.

If the central idea thus presented were believed by scientific writers on botanic subjects, if proofs from nature were given their rightful place, science could not suffer thereby. A belief in God as the Creator of all, would be fostered by the invaluable aids of science. Scientific pursuits would be enriched and made more attractive by the recognition of the facts and adornments which are due to God's presence only. If science says that nuts and grains and seeds are indispensable to vegetable growth, and facts to the contrary show themselves on a large scale, a gate leading to infidelity is brown open. Think for a moment of those oaks, many pastures, springing up immediately upon the removal of dense, overshadowing forests. Think of "Eden's first bloom," and we may see in the case of the earth thrown up from the Kansas well and similar cases without number, an original preparation in the soil for the growth of vegetation designed and calculated to bring forth herb yielding seed after its kind, and although long deeply buried from the surface, shows when brought to the surface, how the earth was clothed when "God first saw and said that it was good."

E. R.

#### Brief Memoir of the Life of Aaron K. Owen.

(Concluded from page 307.)

But now the time of trial came in which he as to manifest his allegiance by sacrifice, and so sacrifice is pleasing to the Lord but that of his own choosing and preparing, so it was necessary for him to evince his fidelity to his God by obedience to his holy requisitions inwardly revealed, which revelation of the Divine will entirely agreed with the terms of discipleship laid down in the New Testament. "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me." The cross of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, so spoken of, not being an outward sign, but inward and spiritual in its nature, crucifying the evil propensities of the heart, and changing its affections and desires, necessarily produces corresponding exterior alteration in conduct and conversation; and it is nothing new for those who have in good measure come thus far in the experimental knowledge of the work of religion, to feel it required of them to bear a radical testimony against the corrupt customs and fashions of the world, which, however innocently or inconsiderately they may seem to be practised by some, evidently have their origin in pride and self love; and he appears to have faithfully complied with whatever of this nature was disclosed to his understanding, and on found the precious principles and testimonies of that people, whom of all others he had lately despised, were become his own, not by imitation but from conviction.

If he had been hitherto more remarkable for anything more than another, it was for his love of music and passing much of his time in singing, which was so natural and easy to him, that he is said to have been on that account favorite among his companions; but when his mind was brought under religious exercise it became a trouble to him, which he first manifested by remarking to our dear mother, that he should never sing or whistle any more. His resolution was thought to be a rash one, as doubts were expressed of the possibility of his adhering to it, and suddenly discontinuing practices which had become so very habitual;

but he was never again known to be occupied with these diversions, which he ever afterwards considered were calculated to dissipate serious reflection. In this we may observe that although "It is not in man that walketh to direct his steps," yet as he is concerned rightly to seek for strength to overcome whatever is displeasing in the Divine sight, he will find in his comfort that the Lord never requires impossibilities of his finite creatures.

He was received a member of the Society of Friends about the twenty-second year of his age, having previously conformed to their Christian practices in every particular, and become an example of simplicity and plainness, that some, who had the advantages of a guarded religious education, would have done well to have considered. It was now his careful concern to live answerable to his profession, and although he had much in his nature that was opposed to a life of self-denial, and doubtless many secret trials and temptations to contend with, yet, from the testimony of others, and his own knowledge of him, I think it may be safely said that he was preserved from ever bringing a reproach upon the blessed cause which he had espoused, and which became as he advanced in years increasingly dear to him. While clothed with charity for those who differed from him in matters of faith, he viewed the Society of which he was a member as a people whom the Lord had chosen above all the families of the earth to place his name among, and had bestowed upon them an excellent system of church government, a favor which he considered was not to be lightly esteemed, sometimes saying that the beautiful order of our meetings for discipline could not be found in any other religious organization.

Much might be said of the virtues that adorned the remainder of his life, but desiring to avoid anything like eulogy, that not being the object of this little sketch, I shall confine my description of his Christian character to a few such particulars as seem necessary to the present purpose. In word and conversation he was an example of believers, being redeemed from sinful language, and very free from levity or trifling expressions, yet his uniform gravity was so combined with an openness of manner and manifest desire for the well being of others, as made him both a pleasant and instructive companion; so true it is, that God giveth grace to the humble and withholdeth no good thing from them that walk uprightly. He was frequent in perusing the Holy Scriptures, of which he signified his belief that no part of their sacred contents, however unmeaning to the unassisted comprehension of man, was without instruction, when rightly understood. He was a zealous promoter of good order and harmony in his own family and in the church, and so far as his influence extended, in community at large; and having known the subjection of his own spirit, he was the better qualified to feel for the frailties of others; remarkable for his willingness to serve his fellow creatures in any way that did not conflict with his religious principles, and in this showing no respect of persons, for the brother or sister of low degree found in him a sympathizing friend, as well as those deemed more highly favored.

Having had large opportunity of witnessing the demoralizing effect of spirituous liquors as a beverage, he manifested a concern for those who were exposed to this temptation, and was not backward when suitable opportunities offered, in warning such individuals of the danger of acquiring an appetite for strong drink. So

conscientiously desirous he was of being clear himself of contributing to this great evil, that he refused to dispose of grain to any agency by whom he believed that it would either directly or indirectly be conveyed to such purposes.

Being one that was disposed to gain instruction from surrounding circumstances, he would not infrequently perceive something providential in such things as the casual observer might consider but common or natural occurrences; and I feel inclined to record one circumstance which he was several times heard to relate, as follows: One First-day, not far from his own home, he found a man engaged by the roadside at mechanical labor, who evidently felt uneasiness with the manner in which he was spending the day, and endeavored to make some apology for it, which is all that can now be distinctly remembered of the conversation that passed between them. It was, however, such an opportunity as our dear parent was likely to improve by counselling others to attend to the reproofs of instruction. About a week after being that way again, he was surprised to observe that a tree had fallen across his neighbor's ill-timed work and destroyed it; and although this might have happened under different circumstances, yet at this time he believed that it was permitted as a mark of Divine displeasure. Here it may be well to mention, for the information of strangers to our religious principles, that these reflections did not arise from a belief that the First-day of the week was better or more holy than the other six; or that it is, as the Seventh-day formerly was, a figure of the Christian's rest, which is a spiritual sabbath, and not to be represented by days and times under the Gospel dispensation; but with his brethren generally in religious profession, he believed it to be a duty incumbent upon all to devote one day in the week more particularly to religious purposes, thus affording a universal opportunity for the public worship of Almighty God, and also for such seasons of retirement for meditation, profitable reading, etc., as are always, when rightly improved, found conducive to a growth in religion; and that nothing but unavoidable or urgent necessity should prevent the reasonable observance of it according to the example of the primitive Christians.

Having thus briefly expressed what was on my mind respecting a parent whose example and counsel in times past, his children have great reason to have in remembrance, I believe that little more need be added, except mentioning his sudden removal from this world, which took place the sixteenth of Fifth Month, 1847, after an illness of eleven days. His conduct during his sickness, which was attended with unfavorable symptoms almost from the first, was such as would be expected of one whose hope and confidence were placed upon that never-failing Arm of power that can support in every time of trial. He spoke of the great peace and quietness that he felt, and at one time repeated, "To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the hidden manna, and will give him a white stone and in the stone a new name written which no man knoweth, saying he that reveareth it," adding, "If we are faithful we shall all have an evidence of this white stone in our own breasts." He did not manifest on his own account any concern about his recovery, saying he had no doubt but all would terminate for the best; his great desire seeming to be for patience to bear his sufferings, which was mercifully granted. His age at the time of his death was fifty-three

years. He belonged to Hector Monthly Meeting of Friends and had been for sixteen years in the station of an elder.

In conclusion, "If there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things."

### How the Ointment was Spoiled.

"Dead flies cause the ointment of the apothecary to send forth a stinking savor; so doth a little folly him that is in reputation for wisdom and honor" (Ecd. x: 1). Very true this. And the more "dead flies," the worse the savor of the ointment, and the more it bespeaks unwatchfulness on the part of the apothecary. If he had cared as he should have done for his own reputation, and for the honor of his calling and the purity of his ointment, he would have kept the flies out of it. And who that saw his ill savored ointment but what might feel disgusted, not only at him, but it would make them appreciate less, or be disposed to doubt the purity of any ointment he might offer to the people; thus a few dead flies might be the means of bringing himself and all of his ointment into disrepute. And so if a "little folly" gives an "ill" savor to one who is in reputation for wisdom and honor, the more folly he displays the worse his savor, and the more his reputation is endangered, and any good cause he may be engaged in suffer loss.

These thoughts have presented to the writer's mind in reflecting upon some of the "Reminiscences" in No. 30 of the present volume of THE FRIEND, as well as some in the last number. I could wish that such reminiscences, of those who in their day were worthy of the esteem in which they were held for the gifts bestowed on them, which are without even a moral in them, much less anything whatever to the credit of the cause of Christ, might be relegated to oblivion. They only show that the individual still had considerable of the dregs of the old corrupt nature in him—dead flies in ointment that ought to have been kept pure.

John Salkeld was no doubt highly favored in the ministry in his day, and tradition tells, I think, of his suffering much remorse at times from letting his jovial nature spoil the savor of the ointment. We may hope that he suffered the ministrations of condemnation to have its due place in his mind for proposing to race his horse with that of his companion as they were returning from a religious visit, and also for adding by his wit to the mirth of the company of "military officers." But why are these things handed down to posterity? True cheerfulness is befitting the Christian life, but the natural levity of our dispositions needs to be kept in check, and not encouraged by the keeping in memory the *fallings* on that point of some who have gone before us who were honored of the Master, by bestowing on them his precious gifts. Let none of us, who believe we are called to the same great work, or let the calling be what it may, for we all have a calling, if it only be to watch and be sober, think because such favored ones took such liberties in their day, so may we; but let it be our concern at all times, and especially so, after we have been engaged in the exercise of our gifts and our spirits feel light and easy, to heed well the injunction of Him who hath bestowed the gift, "What I say unto one, I say unto all, Watch."

Let no one understand me as wanting to bring any shade upon the memory of those who were no doubt favored instruments in their day, but favored as Mahlon Hockett was with pro-

phetic vision, and enabled under the true anointing to divide the word aright according to the different states of his hearers, yet if the Gospel message to those "hypocrites" at "Sandy Spring Meeting" alluded to in last number of THE FRIEND was, as he delivered it, it was for them, and would it not have been better for the cause of Truth, it had stopped there, and not been handed down to posterity?

T. H. W.

Third Month 29th.

### "WHERE'S MOTHER?"

Bursting in from school or play,  
This is what the children say;  
Trooping, crowding, big and small,  
On the threshold, in the hall—  
Joining in the constant cry,  
Ever as the days go by,  
"Where's mother?"

From the weary bed of pain  
This same question comes again;  
From the boy with sparkling eyes,  
Bearing home his earliest prize;  
From the bearded and bearded son,  
Perils past and honors won—  
"Where's mother?"

Burdened with a lonely task,  
One day we may vainly ask  
For the comfort of her face,  
For the rest of her embrace  
Let us love her while we may,  
Well for us that we can say,  
"Where's mother?"

Mother with untiring hands  
At the post of duty stands,  
Patient, seeking not her own,  
Anxious for the good alone  
Of the children as they cry,  
Ever as the days go by,  
"Where's mother?"  
—Good Housekeeping.

### A WORKER'S PRAYER.

FRANCIS RIDLEY HAYVERGAL.

Lord, speak to me, that I may speak  
In living echoes of thy tone;  
As Thou hast sought, so let me seek  
Thy erring children, lost and lone.

O lead me, Lord, that I may lead  
The wand ring and the way ring feet;  
O feed me, Lord, that I may feed  
Thy hung'ring ones with manna sweet.

O strengthen me, that while I stand  
Firm on the rock and strong in thee,  
I may stretch out a loving hand  
To wrestlers on the troubled sea.

O teach me, Lord, that I may teach  
The precious things Thou dost impart;  
And wing my words, that they may reach  
The hidden depths of many a heart.

O give Thine own sweet rest to me,  
That I may speak with soothing power  
A word in season, as from Thee  
To weary ones in needful hour.

O, fill me with thy fulness, Lord,  
Until my very heart o'erflow  
In kindling thought and glowing word  
Thy love to tell, thy praise to show.

O, use me, Lord, use even me  
Just as Thou wilt, and when and where,  
Until Thy blessed face I see  
Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share.

It would set all right in England, if, through Divine grace, "Thou God seeest me," were constantly before the eye of every man's mind.—*C. H. Spurgeon.*

### A Visit to Florida.

(Concluded from page 308.)

The Ocklawaha is one of the crookedest of Florida's many crooked rivers, having, by actual count, nine hundred and seventy-six turns on the part traversed by these steamers. Navigation becomes quite an art in such a narrow and crooked stream, full of double curves and with a swift current, and the boat was constantly slowing up and starting ahead again, and brushing the branches of the trees in its endeavor to get around the curves without running aground. So we steamed on hour after hour through the cypress forests and swamps with occasionally a clearing and a few signs of life; and when darkness overtook us, and the pitch pine fire was lighted on top of the pilot house to enable them to see to steer, the scene was weird in the extreme.

Morning found us at Palatka, where we took the East Coast Railway to Rockledge, a pretty point on the Indian River, one hundred and seventy-five miles south of Jacksonville. The Indian River, so called, is really an inlet from the sea, which extends parallel with the ocean for about one hundred and fifty miles, and separated from it by a narrow strip of land. It varies in width from one to six miles, and before the advent of the railway, was an important means of communication between Central and lower Florida. At Rockledge the shore is a rocky formation called coquina, which is a soft stone composed of the shells of small mollusk and sand. It crumbles easily, and while hardy, suitable for building purposes, makes a most excellent roadway. We were now below the region of pines, only a few being seen. The vegetation is largely the cabbage palmetto, so named because the central bud, after the fibrous part is taken off of it, is eaten by the natives, as we eat cabbage. At Rockledge we saw orange groves, with the ripe fruit upon the trees. We also experienced the genial balm of the winter climate, the thermometer several times going a high as eighty in the middle of the day; making it feel as it does here in the Sixth Month and enabling us to spend all our time out of doors.

After a charming week spent here, we retraced our steps along the coast to the ancient city of St. Augustine, which is one of the oldest places in the country, having been founded by the Spaniards in 1565. In walking through the narrow streets, we see many evidences of the old time days when no wheeled vehicles were allowed in them, and the ways were kept so clear that the Spanish maidens need not soil their slippers. The streets in the old parts of the city are not more than fifteen feet wide, mostly without sidewalks and generally paved with coquina blocks. The old fashioned house, with its overhanging balcony, is quite often in evidence. At the southern end of the town, the ancient building used by the monks is now occupied by a detachment of U. S. soldiers; while at the northern end stands the old Fort Marion a relic of the Middle Ages. This was built of coquina stone, which was unusually suitable for this purpose, for the cannon balls would sink into the walls without shattering them. There was also a moat surrounding the fort, and within this enclosure doubtless many dark deeds were done. A short distance west of the fort stood the old city gate, all that is now preserved of the wall which formerly surrounded the city of three sides, the sea being on the other. This gateway looks somewhat shabby and insignificant to our modern eyes; but in those troublous



times it was the connection between city and country, and was carefully guarded and closed at sundown for the night. The western half of St. Augustine is laid out with wider streets, and has some fine buildings, including the Ponce de Leon Hotel, which is one of the largest and finest in the United States. It is built in the Spanish style of architecture, facing a square, and with a large courtyard. The interior finish is considered very fine; the pillars that support the rotunda are of quartered oak, and the wainscoting at the approach to the dining room is of numidian marble. We also noticed in the principal parlor, a mantel in Mexican onyx. The furniture and decorations are equally elegant and expensive, but all in good taste, simply showing the power of wealth to provide such things. It is hard to realize that this building is really a hotel, as it seemed more like some palatial private residence, of which the public are allowed to catch a glimpse. Those who have accumulated wealth seem to have various ways of spending it. The Ponce de Leon hotel, with its companions, the Alcazar and the Corova, were erected by Henry M. Flagley, a wealthy New Yorker, who loves fine architecture, and has the means to gratify his tastes. We were told that he did not expect these immense buildings to pay from a money point of view, but that he felt amply repaid for the leisure he got out of them.

The same person has built a railroad from Jacksonville, down along the East coast of the State, as far probably as it is possible to go with it, opening up considerable new country for settlement, and rendering it more attractive to the tourist. He has also erected large hotels at several places.

After a few days pleasantly spent in St. Augustine, enjoying the sights above named, we went north by way of the Southern Railway, which after skirting the coast line of Georgia, runs through the central part of the Carolinas and Virginia.

A twenty-four hours' ride brought us to Washington, where two days were passed in visiting the prominent points of interest; after which we turned home well pleased with our outing, more than ever satisfied that a kindly Providence had placed our lot near the staid Quakery city of Philadelphia and its beautiful surroundings.

E. L. SOUTH.

JULES DELAFOSSE, a member of the French Chamber of Deputies has recently expressed his approval of the system in the most vigorous terms. He says:

"I consider obligatory military service, such as we have conceived and practised (in France), the most pernicious agent of social demoralization and national dissolution that exists in the world. I have the well-considered conviction that if we permit it to continue for twenty years longer the ravages it has already commenced, there will then be no longer either society or country, there will only be a disintegrated mass of people without bond of union, without discipline, and without cohesion.

Military service, as at present constituted, sacrifices thousands of young men from the cities where they have grown up, the careers they have commenced, and the simple and upright lives which they ought to follow, and then, after three years of this alienation, it sends them back to civil life, they turn to it no longer. Many of them have become accustomed to the life of towns, and many wish to remain in the cities, and do remain, becoming

workmen without work, needy without employment, disaffected and untaught. The destruction of equilibrium appears to me a great danger of the present day, and I do not hesitate to say that I consider obligatory military service as one of the most powerful agents for re-recruiting the ranks of revolutionary Socialism."—*Late Paper.*

### Waiting Room, Cologne Station.

10 P. M., Third Month 11th, 1897.

On Third-day I had my last lesson and brought all my winter's work to a close, and it was not until Fourth-day morning that I thought about packing. That was no light task, as I left nothing out that A. would not absolutely need, and though it had all along seemed to me that I had very few possessions I soon discovered that in this respect I had made a grand mistake. However, by eight o'clock the last trunk was locked and I was ready to go down and take tea with the director's family as I had been invited to spend the last evening with them. I was rather too tired to feel very sociable and glad though when some one remarked that in view of the trip to morrow I might be excused.

It was 9:10 this a. m. when the train pulled out of Göttingen station. I watched as long as I could see the handkerchiefs that were waving for me on the platform, and then settled back into my seat and meditated upon the mystery of life and the sadness that comes over one at parting. It seemed impossible to realize that my winter at Göttingen was at an end—it had gone like a dream and yet I had at the same time the sensation of scarcely being able to remember when I came—I had become so used to the life and people. Yes, it has been a delightful winter, and though I have lived withdrawn from all social life, I have formed among the few with whom I have been constantly thrown, very warm attachments. Of course I return in the summer, but that will only be as it were for a moment, my life there is at an end. I watched the towers of the town as long as they were visible and felt a real home-sick pang as I realized they were entirely gone out of sight.

The country through which I have passed to-day is very hilly and in summer must be beautiful. I had half an hour's wait at Cassel, which is a most charming little city and possesses many objects of interest. Williams-höhe is the name of a very beautiful castle where the Emperor and his family spend several weeks every summer. From Cassel nearly all the way here I had very agreeable company.

Here I am at last in Paris. I reached the Gare du Nord on Sixth day at 8:30 a. m., and now it is 10, and I have the sensation of being already quite at home; "chez moi" as the French say. I had not a moment's difficulty at the depot, the custom house officer looked about a little in my trunk to see if I had any cigars or cigarettes. On finding none he handed my belongings over to a porter who put me in a cab and in about fifteen minutes I was standing at the door of 62 Rue Le Mercier, wondering what sort of a reception I should find. In a few minutes madame Hamme herself opened the door and in the most charming way in the world made me feel at once at home. My friend had lived with her over a year, and knows her to be good and kind as she is cordial. Though quite advanced in years she flits about as though she might be eighteen, and in less than ten minutes I had been introduced into every corner

of the house as well as the garden, and to the serene little maiden Anich, who seems to look after the house in general. I was quite ready for the cup of warm coffee that was served for me as I came from the tour of inspection. While I drank, my new hostess entertained me with all sorts of details, and after I was through the two insisted upon putting me to bed, with a bottle of hot water at my feet, but I resisted. Very nearly every other word is "ma petite mignonne" (my little darling) or "ma chère enfant" (my dear child), after the effusive French manner.

I have a charming room looking out on the garden, and now that I have put my things to rights and set up a few photographs which I brought along, it seems the most natural thing in the world to be in Paris, and to have my feet upon a "chauffrette" (chaffing-dish) and all my things stowed away in the walls. I haven't half discovered the resources of these walls yet, only I see on all sides lines where the paper don't quite match and I know that means a door opening into some mysterious depth. But what pleased me most on coming into the breakfast room this a. m. was to find some letters there, and one from Aunt telling all sorts of news. My intention was the moment I had finished my breakfast to take a walk, getting places somewhat located, but as I passed a very uncomfortable night—almost without sleep—and had succeeded in getting neuralgia in my face, I concluded it would be wiser to write a little now and wait until after "dejeuner," which is served at twelve, for my walk.

Evening.—You will want to know my first impressions of Paris I am very sure, and so I will give them, warning you beforehand that I was in a mental and physical condition this afternoon that permitted only purely physical sensations. Nothing which I saw suggested any thoughts or emotions, but now for the sensations:

Nothing can be conceived that is more gorgeous than the French woman's hat.

That Paris is the cleanest city in the world, and the most beautiful.

That the French cabs and omnibuses are driven very fast, without the slightest regard for the safety of pedestrians and that their name is legion.

That the French language of the shops is different from that of the lecture room and not so easy to understand.

Further than this all other sensations were swallowed up in the one of being intensely tired and sleepy, so that after having walked about for four hours, I put in the two remaining ones before dinner in a sound sleep. To-morrow I hope to have more intelligent impressions to communicate.

Evening of the 13th.—To-day I found myself sufficiently awake to comprehend a little of what I saw, so I will proceed to give you my impressions of the second day in Paris. It was raining this morning as I awoke, and since I am here much more for the language than for sight-seeing, I settled myself very comfortably at my writing table, and as soon as I had finished my *dejeuner*, which was brought me at half-past seven, I got out my French grammar and went to work as tranquilly as though beautiful Paris was as far away as she was a week ago. About ten, Madame H. appeared to inquire how I had passed the night, and to talk over the lessons that she is to give me. My friend had repeatedly told me that in all her two years of experience in Paris she had never

found any one to compare with Madame H. as teacher, and besides, she corrects constantly, which is very rare. There is nothing in the world stupider than to correct, and very few persons have the tact of doing it well. One follows the thought and if that is at all clearly expressed, the form is let go; this is quite natural, and otherwise conversation cannot be carried on. But with Madame H. the case is entirely reversed, she allows nothing to pass, and objects extremely to my "talking fluently," which is my great trouble. She told me yesterday that she had given about ninety thoughts and lessons in her life, which sounds a rather large number, but is probably correct. I shall make the best possible use of her qualities as teacher and only incidentally go sight-seeing. She gave me such an amount of work for my first lesson that it is only by way of a little recreation that I write now.

This afternoon I attended my first lecture at the Collège de France. Madame H. was kind enough to bring me to the lecture room and give me information on various points. Rue Lemerrier is in an entirely different part of Paris than the University, but in three minutes one can reach the omnibus line that brings one very near the latter place, for three sons (a son is five centimes or one cent of our money.) At least it is three sons if one goes up on top on the "impériale" as they call it here, inside the omnibus the price is double. They only stop at definite stations, and between whiles one must get on and off while in motion, although they slacken up. I think this an excellent practice, for the horses are spared the strain of starting, and one learns very quickly to get on and off without trouble.

The collège de France dates back to Francis I., to whom it owes its origin, although it has been rebuilt and enlarged from time to time. The lectures are open to the public entirely free.

I was interested in comparing what I saw to-day with what I had become familiar with in Göttingen. The audience was made up of men and women, many quite advanced in years, and the women, almost without exception, looked to belong to an entirely different class than the gorgeously apparelled specimens of the sex whom I met on the boulevards yesterday, and who did not seem to have any higher ideas than that of making themselves beautiful. The lecture was one in the middle of a course on the literature of the nineteenth century. I will attend this course twice a week, and one on history at the Sorbonne, which is in the same street; more than this I do not think it wise to undertake.

After the lecture was over I made my way to the hotel de Cluny, which is one of the many museums of Paris that one must see. The building is itself of intense interest, being built on the site of an old Roman palace of the fourth century, of which still a good deal is standing. It is one of the best preserved and most elegant gothic structures anywhere to be found. The rooms are all devoted to collections of various objects of interest, useful, religious and artistic, all beautifully arranged. The part of the old Roman palace which still stands is also open to visitors. I entered without any idea of where I was going, and not knowing at the time its historic importance, and it produced upon me all the more a profound and remarkable impression. The walls stand firmly as the everlasting rocks themselves, and the main room has a height of over twenty-five feet and measures sixty by thirty-six feet in length and

breadth. One can realize that of the size of the palace when one judges that this immense apartment was simply one of the baths. By means of my Baedeker I found my way without difficulty to the Pantheon, a most magnificent structure built upon the site of the tomb of St. Genevieve, the patroness of Paris who died 512, A. D.

Indescribably imposing and awe inspiring is the interior of this magnificent temple. Upon the walls are beautiful paintings, illustrating scenes in the history of France, and especially from the life of Saint Genevieve. In the vaults repose many of the noted men of France. From the Pantheon it is but a short walk to the Palace of the Luxembourg, which is now used as the place of sitting of the Senate of France. It was by this time too late to visit the gallery of modern painters there, so after a short walk through the "Jardin de Luxembourg" I returned to the point where I could take the omnibus, once more climbing up to the "impériale." I was brought, in about three-quarters of an hour, back to the quiet little street which I now call "chez-moi." I was very glad an hour later when mademoiselle Eline came to tell me dinner was ready.

Third-day.—To-morrow the American mail goes out, so in order to finish several letters which are begun, I have resisted the temptation of going to a lecture this afternoon. Yesterday I started at one o'clock for the Sorbonne, which is, I think I have already mentioned, an hour by omnibus from here. About three minutes before stopping at the palace of the Luxembourg it began to rain very severely, so that in the few minutes walk from that place to the University, I was quite wet. I had very little knowledge of where I was going, but seeing a good many people streaming into a side entrance I followed, glad enough to get shelter from the rain. We soon entered a large hall, which belongs to the old building. I walked down to the front and took my seat very near the chair. The professor is one very popular and the hall was soon crowded. Just before the lecture begins the janitor comes in and places a water bottle and a glass containing sugar and a spoon upon the table, at least this has happened at all lectures which I have attended thus far.

The professor's name is M. de Julliville, and the subject, literature of the fifteenth century. One thing that amused me was that though the hall was half full of women, he addressed the men only, saying "messieurs" instead of "mesdames et messieurs," as the others had done. When I related this at the table in the evening, madame H. laughed, and said he was one who objected to women studying with men. There is, however, no restriction placed upon the women, and M. de Julliville's ignoring of them does not seem to frighten them away.

After the lecture I followed the crowd again and coming round to the front of the building, entered the magnificent new hall, and came soon into a large and beautiful room, where I again took a seat near the professor's chair. I had no idea what the lecture would be upon, so waited in patience to see. I have not yet discovered the name of the course, but the subject of the day was explaining the rules and regulations of the Society of Beggars at Rome. It was highly entertaining and at the same time evoking to think of how the public is imposed upon by these wretches.

From the Sorbonne I made my way by the Rue St. Michael to the Seine. By this time the sun was shining brightly and illuminating

with a rich, golden light the glorious front of Notre Dame, which appeared a little to the right. I stood spell-bound for awhile contemplating its marvellous lace-like effect, and then turned to walk up the river. My object in coming this way was to visit the "bouquinistes" of the Seine. All along the south shore of the river the stone wall which borders the quays is surmounted by rows of zinc covered boxes, in which all sorts of trash, principally books, is exposed for sale. I had been told on no account to miss the bouquinistes, as that was something quite Parisian. The price of the books range from five centimes up. In the course of a walk of a mile I succeeded in finding three books that I wanted in sufficiently good condition to buy. The greater part, however were not even inviting to look at much less to touch.

This morning I had a pleasant walk between my lesson and "dejeuner." I looked up the course on the plan of Paris, and then started out for the "Place de l'Etoile," the handsomest part of Paris, visiting on the way the Parc de Monceaux. The latter is an exquisite bit of landscape, surrounded by handsome residence in the midst of the city. La place de l'Etoile is an immense circular space, in the centre of which stands the magnificent Arch de Triomphe of Napoleon, the most stupendous monument of the kind in the world. The Champ Elysees extends from it to the Place de la Concorde, beyond which is the garden of the Tuileries, and still beyond is the Louvres. Standing under the arch one looks down this most wonderful and most beautiful avenue in the world, with the Seine on one side and the tower of Notre Dame in the distance. In the early spring it must present indeed a scene of perfect enchantment. E. S. K.

#### Natural History, Science, etc.

*Animal Toilette.*—Birds are very particular about the quality of their toilette-dust, and equally nice as to the water in which they prefer to wash. Some use water only, some water or dust, others dust and no water. Partridges are a good example of the dusting birds, and are most careful in the selection of their dust-bath. Dry loam suits them best. But perhaps their favorite place is a meadow where a few turfs have been removed. There they scratch out the loam, and shuffle backwards under the grass roots till their feathers are full of the coarsh. In wet weather they find, if possible, heap of burnt ashes on the site of a weed fire and dust there. Sparrows, on the contrary, a ways choose road-dust, the driest and finest possible. Larks also are fond of the road dust there in the early morning. But they, they have their fancy, and choose the dry, gritty part, where the horses' hoofs tread.

Wild ducks, though feeding by the salt water prefer to wash in fresh water pools, where the prim and wash themselves in the early morning. But though passing so much time on the water, ducks seem to prefer a shower-bath any other; and in heavy rain they may be seen opening their feathers and allowing the rain to soak in, after which they dress the whole surface with oil from the reservoir which nature has furnished.

Swallows and martins are as nice in the choice of bath water as any professional beau nothing but newly fallen rain water thoroughly pleases them, and if tempted to bathe, it is generally by some shallow pool in the road, which an hour's sun will evaporate.

One small spaniel which we allowed to lie

n the house was well aware that if he returned lively, he would not be admitted indoors. About an hour before the close of the day's shooting, he used to strike work and begin to clean himself; and if urged to do more, would slip off alone and present himself neat and clean in the lining-room. One day the dog had been left at home, and his master returned and seated himself wet and with half frozen drops of ice sticking to his gaiters, by the fire. "Pan" ran up and carefully licked off the frozen ice and snow, topping every now and then to give an anxious look, which said as plainly as possible: "Dear me, if I don't get him clean quickly, he will be sent to lie in the stable."

**Animals' Beds.**—The sight of the prairie-dogs making up their beds on winter afternoons, is the funniest scene in the Zoo. There are several of these gentle little fellows in the gardens, two or three in a cage, each of which is supplied with a sleeping-box in one corner, while every day a few handfuls of fresh straw are put in. In the morning, the prairie-dogs carry every bit of their last night's bed out of the box, and throw it out into the cage. They then eat their breakfast, and spend the day in playing about, driving visitors out of countenance, cramming pieces of straw into their mouths and noses, and nibbling carrots.

About three o'clock, when the days are short, they suddenly discover that they have not made their beds, and at once set to work in a hurry to get it done before dark. As the closing bells ring at dusk, and that is the moment in which the prairie-dogs earnestly desire to be in bed, it most seems to anyone who watches them, as if they knew the time, and were waiting for the evening before turning in. But bed-making with them is a very serious matter. Common straw, ragged in just as it is, does not suit them at all. It has all to be cut up to a certain length, and then carried in in bundles and "made up" side. Each prairie-dog sits up on end, and tucks straw into its mouth in a most dreadful way, holding the straws across and breaking them off on each side with its paws, exactly as did sewing-maids indulge in the bad habit of tucking cotton with their teeth. As soon as the prairie-dog has filled its mouth till it cannot hold any more, it drops on all fours and gulps off into the sleeping box, arranges the cut straw, and rushes out again for a fresh supply.

## THE FRIEND.

FOURTH MONTH 24, 1897.

### PHILADELPHIA YEARLY MEETING.

This body may be regarded as commencing its sessions with the meeting of the Yearly Meeting of Ministers and Elders on Seventh-day, the nineteenth of Fourth Month.

There were several strangers present, among whom our friend Phebe R. Gifford, of Providence, Rhode Island, now aged about ninety-four.

During the time of waiting on the Lord, which preceded the transaction of the business, there were several communications, and the closing over the meeting was a comfortable one.

Last year a Committee was appointed to visit subordinate Select Meetings. Their report was an acceptable one. In it was extended a caution about such a study of the Scriptures, as would lead any to trust in the knowledge thus obtained, instead of depending on the opening

of the Spirit of Truth, whose revelations must be experienced to give a really valuable knowledge of spiritual things. Much time was spent in the consideration of this report, and there was a general unity of sentiment on the points discussed. One Friend called attention to the danger of views gradually creeping in, which were opposed to the doctrine ever held by Friends, of the Divinity of Christ.

After answering the first two Queries, the meeting adjourned, feeling thankful for the favors vouchsafed.

The Yearly Meeting for Business convened on Second-day morning, the nineteenth of Fourth Month. During the time of silence, there seemed a solid covering over the assembly, and a concern that the Head of the Church might preside, and season the minds of those present so as to qualify them for the right transaction of the business to come before them. After the opening business had been gone through with, a Friend referred to the former practice of taking up the epistles from other meetings at that time, and, under a sense of duty, proposed the appointment of a Committee to consider the propriety of preparing an epistle of brotherly love to Ohio Yearly Meeting, with authority to produce such a document, if way should open to prepare one. A considerable number of Friends expressed their unity with the proposal. Another Friend suggested that our Yearly Meeting prepare a short loving address, to be sent to Friends everywhere, encouraging an adherence to our ancient principles. This met with a favorable response, and both subjects were referred to the same Committee.

A Committee was appointed on the Treasurer's account, and one to nominate a new committee to have charge of Westtown School. A caution was given to this Committee to have especial regard in the selection of a new committee to the religious qualifications of those proposed, which, it was stated, were more important than the intellectual ability or acquirements.

Bucks Quarterly Meeting, in view of the much reduced number of their members, requested the appointment of a Committee to be incorporated with their meetings, and to assist them in deciding whether or not to give up their Quarterly Meeting, and to be joined to another. As this is a weighty subject, a few Friends were named to nominate such a Committee.

A Committee was appointed to propose a member of the Meeting for Sufferings in place of Joseph Rhoads, deceased.

A portion of the Minutes of the Meeting for Sufferings was read.

Among the matters which had claimed the attention of the Meeting for Sufferings during the past year was the preparation and distribution of an Appeal to our fellow-Christians on the subject of war, and a protest against the introduction of military drill into schools, and the forming of what are termed "Boys' Brigades." This appeal was mainly directed to the professors of Christianity, and was enforced by references to the teachings of Christ and his Apostles, as well as by the predictions of the ancient prophets, of the coming of a day when war should cease.

One hundred and ten thousand copies of this Appeal had been printed, and they had been sent to the ministers of various denominations, to teachers and other classes of influential citizens. Many replies had been received expressing sympathy with the objects of the Appeal and offering aid in its distribution. In several

cases inquiries were made as to the general principles held by the Society of Friends, and way was thus opened for the distribution of books and tracts setting forth the Christian doctrines of our Society.

An edition of "Dymond's Essays on the Principles of Morality" had been published, abridged by the omission of some parts which were either especially adapted to England, or have been rendered unnecessary by the changed conditions of modern practice.

An edition had been printed of the Memorial of Deborah B. Webb, of M. Brooks on "Silent Waiting," of "Thirteenth Proposition of Barclay's Apology," and "Memoirs of Stephen Grellet."

The Treasurer of the Yearly Meeting had received nine hundred and fifty dollars from a bequest to the Meeting for Sufferings, left by our late friend, Edward C. Jones, the interest of which is to be used in publishing and circulating the approved writings of our Society.

During the year the following appropriations had been made from the funds in the hands of the Charleston Trustees: Da Morris Monthly Meeting, Kansas, one hundred and twenty-five dollars; Rich Square Monthly Meeting, North Carolina, two hundred and fifty dollars.

A memorial to the Senate of the United States in favor of ratifying the Treaty of Arbitration between Great Britain and the United States, had been prepared and forwarded.

Memorials for our deceased Friends, Rebecca S. Conrad and Clarkson Sheppard, had been examined and directed to be laid before the Yearly Meeting.

In addition to the "Appeal on War," two thousand nine hundred and twenty volumes and two thousand two hundred and fifty-one pamphlets had been taken from the Book Store.

Third day, The Representatives proposed that Ephraim Smith be appointed as Clerk, and Joseph L. Bailey as Assistant Clerk. For the present year, which was united with, and they were appointed.

The Verbal Committee appointed yesterday to examine two communications sent to the Meeting reported that one of them was an epistle from London Yearly Meeting, which they suggested should be read, as a matter of information and courtesy, with the distinct understanding that it was not to be regarded as opening a regular correspondence, or in any degree withdrawing from the support of those principles which we had heretofore maintained. The Clerk was to convey the information of what had been done, to the Clerk of London Yearly Meeting.

A suggestion was afterwards made that the Clerk should sign his communication as Clerk, thus giving it an official character, but it was thought best not to go beyond the report of the Committee.

After this matter was disposed of, the remaining Minutes of the Meeting for Sufferings were read. Their proceedings met with the approval of the meeting. In considering the report of the Book Committee, some Friends spoke especially on the value of two books they had issued during the past year, "Stephen Grellet's Memoirs" and "Jonathan Dymond's Essays on the Principles of Morality." Friends were encouraged to aid in the distribution of our approved writings.

After the disposal of this business, the first three Queries were read and considered, and then the Meeting adjourned.

We insert in the present number a communication from a well concerned Friend, who questions

the propriety of admitting into THE FRIEND anecdotes respecting worthy servants of the Lord, which indicate that they were at times off their guard, and indulged in too much levity. We are willing to take our share of the censure, and hope in the future to be more guarded as to what is admitted into our columns. For while we have no controversy with innocent cheerfulness, and do not doubt that some minds may draw instruction from funny anecdotes, there are others who may so misuse such incidents as to encourage therein a degree of lightness inconsistent with that watchfulness against evil which religion enjoins.

We have received several notices of meetings of different sorts to be held during the week of our Yearly Meeting, but for the reasons indicated in the editorial of last week—especially the disadvantage of having the interest of Friends drawn away in part from the proper business of the Yearly Meeting, we have believed it best to decline publishing any of them.

SUMMARY OF EVENTS.

UNITED STATES.—It is stated that the commander of the International fleet has received notice that the United States does not recognize the existence of a blockade of Crete.

A number of the Western Senators, representing wool-producing States, have agreed upon amendments which they will insist shall be made in the Dingley Tariff bill. These relate chiefly to the "carpet wool," and increase the rates provided in the pending bill. The United States are now a postmaster in New York city would have the power to appoint 2,000 subordinates, while now there are but two positions not covered by the Civil Service rules.

The New York Senate has passed the Greater New York Charter bill over Mayor Strong's veto by a vote of 45 to 17.

The State of Maine has a Canadian French population of 55,000.

Immense beds of paint rock have been discovered near Augusta. Specimens have been sent to experts, and have been pronounced of the best quality. The beds are about fifteen miles from Augusta, and the rock which is of two colors—red and yellow—is found in large quantities.

On the 15th instant the Mississippi River at Vicksburg had fallen six-sixths of a foot in consequence of a crevasse at Bigg's levee, and the greater part of the southern section of Madison Parish, Louisiana, was under water. The flood had then reached Tallahassee, eighteen miles west of Delta, and was rising a foot an hour.

A despatch from New York city of the 20th instant says: "To-day is a record breaker in two respects, according to the official weather observer. It is the coldest April 20th on record, and is the first day on record when we have had freezing temperature after the 19th of the month."

The Public Ledger says editorially: "The reports which come from the anthracite coal regions as it is being revealed to a committee of the Legislature indicate that it is most pitiful and deplorable. The entire coal area appears to be overcrowded with cheap labor, large numbers of the men being able to earn scarcely enough to keep themselves and families from starvation; many of them are suffering from every conceivable form of physical distress, and the prospect of their being able to improve their condition is altogether hopeless. . . . They have in some places, as appears by the testimony presented to the legislative committee, reduced the wage rate so low that it is scarcely sufficient to provide the necessities of decent, sanitary living. They herd in squads, subjects of squalid poverty, and are beset by disease, dirt and hunger. . . . The worst of it is, that the evil consequences do not end with their distress and suffering. The low wage rate which these aliens have so generally introduced into the coal and iron industries of the State is likely or certain to become the popular one unless immigration is restrained from ever again being so largely allowed. . . . There are many reasons for the need of reforming our immigration laws are required that are to be found in the storm-strewn and visible facts presented during the last few

days to the committee, showing the wretched condition of the foreigners herded like cattle in some of the coal fields of Pennsylvania. That which has happened in one or two of our industries is likely to happen in others. . . . The restriction is directed against the tide of foreign cheap labor which is steadily pouring into our ports."

Deaths in this city last week numbered 419, which is 65 less than the previous week, and 108 less than the corresponding week of 1896. Of the foregoing, 229 were males and 190 females; 66 died of pneumonia; 43 of smallpox; 28 of scarlet fever; 19 of influenza; 19 of cholera; 15 of convulsions; 16 of marasmus; 16 of old age; 15 of diphtheria; 14 of apoplexy; 13 of inflammation of the brain; 12 of nephritis; 12 of whooping cough; 10 of cancer, and 9 of inflammation of the stomach and bowels.

MARKS.—U. S. 2's, 993 a 98; 4's, 1231 a 1111; coupon, 1124 a 113; new 4's, reg, 1231 a 1231; coupon, 1241 a 1241; 5's, reg, 1131 a 1131; coupon, 114 a 114; a currency 6's, 104 a 107.

COTTON was steady at 7 1/2c per pound for middling uplands, but spinners bought sparingly.

FEED.—Winter bran ranged from \$14.00 to \$15.75 per ton; spot in bulk, and \$13.00 a \$13.50 for spring in sack.

FLOUR.—Winter super, \$2.50 a \$2.65; do., extras, \$2.75 a \$3.00; Pennsylvania roller, clear, \$3.75 a \$4.00; do., do., straight, \$4.00 a \$4.25; Western winter, clear, \$3.75 a \$4.00; do., do., straight, \$4.00 a \$4.25; do., do., patent, \$4.30 a \$4.50; spring, clear, \$3.40 a \$3.50; do., do., straight, \$3.75 a \$3.90; do., do., patent, \$4.00 a \$4.25; do., favorite brands, higher. City mills, extra, \$2.95 a \$3.20; do., clear, \$2.85 a \$3.10; do., straight, \$4.10 a \$4.30; do., patent, \$4.35 a \$4.60. RYE FLOUR.—\$2.25 a \$2.40 per lbl. as to quality.

GRAIN.—No. 2 red wheat, \$7 a \$7 1/2c. No. 2 white, corn, 27 a 27 1/2c. 3's, arbitrary, 28 a 29.

BEEF CATTLE.—Extra, 5 1/2 a 5 3/4c; good, 4 1/2 a 5c; medium, 4 1/4 a 4c; common, 4 a 4 1/2c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS.—No wool sheep were on the market; Extra clipped, 4 1/4 a 4 1/2c; good, do., 4 a 4 1/2c; medium, do., 3 1/4 a 3 1/2c; common, do., 3 a 3 1/2c; clipped lambs, 4 a 5 1/2c.

Wool.—No. 1 Western, 6 a 6 1/2c; other Western, 5 1/4 a 6c; State, 5 1/4 a 5c.

FOREIGN.—A convention has been signed between France and Brazil for the arbitration of the Guiana boundary dispute.

Information has been received in Washington that the President of the Swiss Republic has been selected as arbitrator in a boundary dispute between Brazil and French Guiana.

The financial delegate of the Russian Government in Paris says that de Witte's financial policy is now definitely accepted by Russia, which is irrevocably committed to the gold standard.

The Evening News on the 14th instant published a despatch from its special correspondent at Athens, saying that the Turkish Government had formally informed the Greek Government that any further raid of irregulars into Turkish territory would be regarded as a declaration of war upon the part of Greece.

The Turkish Council of Ministers on the 15th declared that their war has broken out, and ordered Edhem Pasha, the Turkish military commander, to the aid.

A despatch of the 15th from Athens, says: "The Turkish batteries at Prevesa, on the north shore of the entrance of the Gulf of Arta, where, according to the treaty of Berlin, the Turks had no right to erect fortifications, fired a gun and sank a Greek steamer, the *Meobis*, this morning while she was attempting to leave the Gulf of Ambracia. The crew of the steamer were saved by boats from the shore, but the Captain of the *Meobis* was severely wounded. Upon receipt of this news, the Greek Government sent orders to the Greek fleet in the Gulf of Ambracia to bombard Prevesa. . . . The bombardment of Prevesa commenced at 6 o'clock this morning and continues as this despatch is sent. Prevesa, which is in Epirus and eighteen miles from Arta, is strongly fortified."

The Greeks hold that it was an attempt upon the part of the Turkish Government to occupy a strategic position near Mount Anaktoria, in the bank between the neutral zone, which led to an encounter on the 15th between the Greeks and the Turks. This, it is added, was used at Constantinople as a reason for ordering Edhem Pasha, the Turkish Commander-in-chief, to take a more offensive, and led to the rupture of diplomatic relations between the two Governments. The so-called outrage off Prevesa, when the Turk-

ish batteries there sank the steamer *Meobis*, further justified Greece, in the minds of the Athenians in waging war against Turkey.

A desperate fight occurred at the Milouva Pass where the Turks were victorious. The bombardment of Prevesa continues. At Reventi the Turks were defeated with heavy losses.

Russia has been assured that Bulgaria, Servia and Montenegro will maintain strict neutrality during the present trouble.

Immigrants from Italy numbered 306,000 the greatest on record. More than 60,000 came to this country, 75,000 went to Argentina, and the rest of the remainder to Brazil and Uruguay.

The Zar has ordered that hereafter all criminal condemned to imprisonment in Siberia shall be conveyed there by railway, instead of being compelled to march.

Captain General Polioraja says the rebellion in the Philippine Islands is nearly quelled; that only 600 insurgents, partly armed, are in the field.

Small diamonds have been discovered in the sand taken from a lake formed by the crater of an extinct volcano in the Wilkes Hoek Mountains of Natal which are beyond the hitherto known diamond fields.

NOTICES.

WESTWON BOARDING SCHOOL.—Applications for the admission of pupils to the school, and letters in regard to instruction and discipline should be addressed to WILLIAM F. WICKERSHAM, Principal.

Payments on account of board and tuition, and communications in regard to business should be forwarded to EDWARD G. SMEDLEY, Superintendent. Address, Westport P. O., Chester Co., Pa.

WESTWON BOARDING SCHOOL.—For convenience of persons coming to Westwton School, the stage will meet trains leaving Philadelphia 7.17 and 8.46 A. M. and 2.53 and 4.32 P. M. Other trains are met without charge. Stage fare on regular trips, fifteen cents on special trips, twenty-five cents each way. To reach the school by telegraph, wire West Chester Phone 8.

EDWARD G. SMEDLEY, Supt.

DIED, on the fourteenth of Second Month, 1897, NATHAN WHITE, aged eighty-eight years, two months and nine days, after an illness of several days. He was a life-long member of Piney Woods Monthly Meeting of Friends, near Belvidere, Perquimans Co. N. C., and a firm adherent of the principles of early Friends. His longevity was a striking example of temperance in all things. Mentoring his words and actions by the golden rule, he lived peaceably with all men. He was a devoted husband and father, kind neighbor, and loyal citizen. He leaves a loving wife four children, four grandchildren and one brother. May they emulate his example, so when called from works to rewards, they may be a reunited family where parting or death may never separate them. He died on the third Sabbath during his last illness. May we, like him, when passing through that "valley of the shadow of death," fear no evil, realize that his rod and his staff they comfort us, and underneath us are "The Everlasting Arms." The funeral services were conducted at Piney Woods, where a large circle of friends met in sympathy with the bereaved. Respect to one they love is all extended. They were admonished not to weep for him, but to weep for themselves and their children. "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace."

At London Grove, Pa., on Third Month 12th 1897, GEORGE SARGENT, an erstwhile elder and overseer of Linton Grove Monthly Meeting, in his eighty-eighth year of his age.

At the residence of Eliza H. Varney, Bloomfield, Ontario, Canada, on Fourth Month 1st, 1897, AMY LEAR, aged eighty-one years and five months. She was a consistent member of West Lake Monthly Meeting of Friends, and was beloved by all classes. She was ill about a week, and evinced resignation to the Divine will, and thankfulness that she was with her friends during her sickness (she lived alone). She several times said she was ready to go, and when spoken to her about her recovery, she replied: "I should only have to be gone over again before long. She was a pattern of piety, meekness and love to us all. She leaves one daughter and one grandson to mourn their loss."

WILLIAM H. FILEN'S SONS, PRINTERS, No. 122 Walnut Street.

# THE FRIEND.

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Prayers and Letters of Deborah Brooks Webb.

(Continued from page 314.)

1894.—Fifth Month.—Notwithstanding the ail condition of her health, she obtained a duite to visit the meetings of Philadelphia quarter, in company with her friends R. S. A. and G. J. S. This visit was felt by herself to e an evening sacrifice. She was mercifully faored with strength to complete it, to the peace f her own mind and the satisfaction of Friends. A solemn feeling accompanied the return of er minute in the Eighth Month following and is proved to be the last occasion on which she attended her meeting.

1895.—First Mo. 10th.—To R. S. A.: "How veet and kind to write me all about the funeral f our precious departed friend, Samuel F. Balrston. No shadow of doubt, he is accepted of is Father and Master. "They that turn many r righteousness shall shine as the stars forever d ever." I hope the dear Master can fill his own of life full of stars. Oh, he was so helpful e, in my early ministry.

How I eeded to be convinced surely, and over and ver again, I was so weak and little. The dear aster has been so good to me, all my life long. ow, I have such sweet nights, sleeping mostly, at waking every one or two hours, and seemg close with the dear Father. I often marvel find myself speaking to Him in prayer or raise so constantly after lying down. Somees a sweet little message comes from Him adore!"

She writes to a friend Fourth Mo. 1st, 1895: How wonderful it was that the visit was accomplished. And now the Yearly Meeting is ver, and a favored time. I thought of them so equently, and hoped and desired the over-adowing of the ancient wing of goodness. The at three years I have felt so unable to sit there d be absent, and now it has culminated in a rough rest. "Come ye yourselves apart and at awhile!" It seems to be all rest. I sleep so uch, after each meal generally, and most of e night. There is more vigor after awaking on these deep sleeps, and my face does not look lite so sick and broken. Your interest in the sing generation must produce some good fruit, d I contemplate the sweet words for you, "Let r alone, she has done what she could." Do not r anxious, do not worry, only be passive in the ar Lord's holy hand."

Sixth Month 9th, 1895, to R. S. A.—"Several lately have bidden me farewell as if they were the last. The Lord's blessed will be done. I want to go to Him. How sudden was the removal of R. K. Masters! In the harness, surely."

To the same, Seventh Month 21st: "And my tongue shall speak of thy righteousness and thy praise all the day long." Just reading this in the Psalms now, and an intimation to pen it to my dear R—, as indicative of the even tenor of the spirit within me. Only, only, held up by his mercy, and feel the force of the words, 'Say unto my soul I am thy salvation.' 'Thy wonderful how good He is to me, when I do so little for Him."

To the same, Sixth Month 6th, 1895: "I love the will of the Lord, and want it glorified! glorified!" Again in allusion to dear E. F—, "How wonderful that the dear Lord can direct us with the illuminations of his Spirit, even away off there, among the aliens and unbelievers. We will trust her in his care."

Eighth Month 11th.—"Your Philadelphia Quarterly Meeting has passed. Just one year ago, we both attended with our minutes. Did not the dear Lord help us? Our Ebenezer! Surely we can raise it now: glory, glory, to the Lord on high! His handmaidens went forth, nothing in scrip or purse, spiritually, no might, nor strength, nor power of their own, yet 'He filled the hungry soul with goodness and satisfied the longing soul.'"

Tenth Month 9th.—"How sweet dear Clarkson Sheppard's life seems to have been to beholders! Yes, we will pray for our Jerusalem. Nothing but the Lord's pres-erving care can prosper us. *People do not love the cross, but it must be borne.*"

She was now drawing very near to the close of her life; the following letter addressed to a friend on her birth-day, though of an earlier date, seems to belong in its vivid realization of the beauty and joy of the heavenly city, to this period:

"Third Month 11th, 1893.—I have just finished putting the stitches in this little butter-dish mat for thy birthday gift. Please accept. Such beautiful visions floated through my mind as the work proceeded, and I must share them with thee—Revelations xix: 8: "And to her was granted that she should be arrayed in fine linen, clean and white; for the fine linen is the righteousness of saints." How often the flashing of this glossy linen made me think of that passage, and of the light of heaven, so solid, so white, so pure, different from the light of the sun or moon. "Then the golden streets and walls of beauty! I did not think the little thing could bring up such thoughts of the heavenly city with so much sweetness. Then the edgings of white seemed like the jasper walls or the floating out of the white robe. The time will come when we all three of us will hope to reach that glorious city:

"City of the pearl bright portal,  
City of the jasper wall,  
City of the golden pavement,

Saint of endless festival;  
City of Jehovah, Salem!

City of eternity,  
To thy bridal halls of gladness—  
From this prison I would flee,  
Heir of glory,  
That shall be, for thee and me!"

"Which of us three will reach there first we know not, but we trust our God and Redeemer, and love Him, and none of them that trust in Him shall be desolate. Again Dr. Nelson seemed inspired when he wrote:

"O, the joys that are there mortal eye hath not seen!  
O, the songs they sing there, with *hosannas* between!  
O, the three blessed song of the *Lyons* in *Loft of Moses*!  
O, the brightness—so brightness—the *pearl gate numbers*!  
O, white wings of angels! O, fields white with roses!  
O, white tents of peace, where the *rap* soul *repases*!  
O, the waters so still and the pastures so green!  
*And the red!* oh, so sweet—more than mortal can dream!"

On Tenth Mo. 9th, 1895, to the same friend: "One week ago, on First-day, I thought so much about you, and it seems to have been about the time the fire<sup>2</sup> was raging so, and your brother's home was endangered. The language kept coming, 'I want to miss you so.' These lovely days reminded me of the time you used to ride out and bring your little offering of some delicacy you thought we did not have. Last year I did not send thee any of my *fuchias*. My E— was away, and I did the best I could. Now, the fall blooming is so beautiful, I hope to pick some for thee—not that I do it myself, for I am quite an invalid; hands drawn with rheumatism—thankful though that I can move around. Not been out to meeting for over a year. The least exertion makes me pant so. Thou, dear, art suffering from spinal trouble, could not ride out. Well, we are the dear Lord's prisoners; sweet He is to us both. We know not when the end may come, but we love his will. Dear W— has thee still to cheer him heavenward. Dear Clarkson Sheppard gone. Write sometimes, if able. W— wrote so kindly. Thine lovingly,  
"D. B. WEBB."

This closes her interesting correspondence. On the tenth of Eleventh Month, 1895, the dear Master "did cut short her strength," as she had expressed it, and suddenly, suddenly admitted her, we may reverently believe, into the full fruition of that joy and peace for which she had such earnest longings.

The following lines were written by one of her beloved nieces in New England, Anne E. Pickens:

IN MEMORY OF DEBORAH B. WEBB.

While thou wert here  
Thou ever seemed one near akin to heaven  
To bless our lives, a gift to us God-given,  
Grown dearer, year by year.

As Moses stood  
The prophet blessed in holy place and heard,  
And bore to waiting ones his Father's word,  
From Sinai's solitude.

"Burning of a large planing mill in West Chester.

Then, from heaven's heights  
Didst bring sweet promises of love and cheer,  
To lead, inspire and light our pathways here  
With Truth's bright beacon light.

Thy fervent prayers  
Like constant incense rise, enfolding so  
The world's great need, that all Christ's love should  
know,  
And make thy gladness theirs.

But more than these  
Will memory hold of thee in sacred place;  
Thy gentle ways, thy countless deeds of grace,  
And saintly charities.

O love! so dear  
And pure—so ripe for God and his bright heaven!  
For us, still let entreating love be given.  
As erst when thou wert here.

### Literary Finds in Abyssinia.

A German literary journal reports that King Menelik of Abyssinia, now that peace has been made between his government and that of Italy, has promised to permit a commission of European scholars to examine the literary treasures deposited in the famous cathedral at Axum, the ancient capital city of Abyssinia, which is known to contain valuable writings dating back perhaps to the time of the Christianization of the people in the fourth century. Those who have been permitted to see these treasures report that among them are many papyrus rolls, and all of them in good condition. As the Axum temple has been regarded all along as a sacred shrine, these documents have never been disturbed by the countless wars that have been waged in Abyssinia in the last fifteen hundred years. The Axum cathedral stands in the ruins of an old heathen temple, and the manuscripts are deposited in vaults under the structure. Of equal or greater value will be the literary remains found on the sacred inland sea of Zuañ, in southern Shea. This island has for centuries been occupied exclusively by Abyssinian monks, who, however, were not able to make use of the papyrus rolls, parchments, documents, and books found in considerable number in the cloister vaults, and some of which are claimed to have come originally from the famous library at Alexandria, destroyed by Khalif Omar in the seventh century. It is certain beyond a reasonable doubt that this collection of literary deposits is exceedingly old, a number of them dating from the time when the Abyssinian emperors ruled also over Egypt. As the entire known literature of Abyssinia is Christian, and quite a number of works lost to Greco-Latin church literature have been found in Abyssinian translations, such as the *Book of Enoch* and others, it can reasonably be expected that early Christian literature will be most enriched by the examination of these literary storehouses made accessible at Axum and Debra Zion. Among the literary first-fruits of the Italian expedition to Abyssinia, we have, in the recent number of the *Journal of the German Oriental Society* (Vol. L, No. 3), the description of several very old Abyssinian manuscripts.—*S. N. Times*.

DR. NANSSEN, the great Arctic explorer, has thoroughly tested the power of human endurance, under the severest exposure and distress, without the aid of stimulants. He recently assured an interviewer that he took no intoxicating liquors with him in his recent expedition in search of the North Pole. As the result of his experience, he has become a great advocate of temperance and has taken a decided stand against the use of stimulants and narcotics of all kinds.—*The Presbyterian*.

### Who Is To Blame?

BY E. F. BURL, LYME, CONN.

Who cast Satan out of heaven? The proper answer is, He cast himself out. It is his own fault that he is not shining at the head of a heavenly host this very moment. He did himself the unspeakable damage of a rebellion, and its inevitable consequences.

What cast our first parents out of their lower paradise? Not the cherubim and flaming sword so much as their own disobedient selves that made expulsion necessary.

What cast Pharaoh of the Exodus, and Saul the son of Kish, out of their kingdoms and lives? Not so much the waters of the Red Sea, and the armies of the Philistines, as their own stubbornness, which made judgments necessary.

Why is Israel to-day outcast from the heritage, and living "scattered and peeled" in many lands? We are bound to answer, They have destroyed themselves. They owe their calamities to their own perverseness. Their peculiar troubles are of their own making. If they had remained steadfast with their God they would be at this moment in their old home and prosperity. It was not the Romans who expelled them, nor is it the Turks who keep them expelled, so much as their own shameful unbelief and forsaking of their covenant God, and rejection of his incarnate Son. This is the root of bitterness that has troubled them all these ages through, and will continue to trouble them, for—who can tell how long? The prophet foresaw this, and so said, "O Israel, thou hast destroyed thyself."

So it has been with other nations. The Babylonian Empire has gone; but it was not Cyrus and his Persians who overthrew it. It was first overthrown from within—by its own vices and crimes. The grander Roman Empire has gone; but it was not so much the Goths and Vandals who overturned it. It was first overturned from within. Public and private corruption had sapped the foundation of things; the Colossus was practically dead and in process of noisome decomposition when the clubs and battle axes of the northern barbarians first touched it. No wonder that it crumbled into a shapeless ruin at the touch.

And the empire of the Turk is going the same way. It is fast making away with itself by its own vices and crimes. It is, and has been for a long time, committing suicide. The great assassin is assassinating itself. Whether its arteries are finally opened with a sword or a bomb or a poniard or a pair of scissors, matters little. Whether the last breath is squeezed out of it by the Russian Bear, or torn out of it by the British Lion, matters little. It is practically dead already at its own hands—its own abominable hands.

And if the time ever comes when our own nation, or any other nation, becomes goddess and vile, whether after the manner of Sodom and Gomorrah, or those greater sinners, Capernaum and Bethsaida; whether after the manner of the Antichristians or those greater sinners who in the name of the Goddess of Reason substituted for the reign of the Bombs the Reign of Terror, it may expect to be wiped out as effectually, if not in the same way. A deluge of water may not drown it, a deluge of fire and brimstone may not consume it, the artillery of a Napoleon may not sweep it away, but away it is sure to go. For what saith the Scripture—The nation that will not serve Thee shall perish; yea, that nation shall be utterly wasted."

And the coroner's verdict over the great corpse will have to be—"Died by its own hand." By whatever means, and in whatever way, the last breath goes out, death and burial will be foregone conclusions from the character the nation has given itself. We must be self-destroyed before we can be destroyed from without.—*The Episcopal Recorder*.

### A Letter from Paris.

It is extremely aggravating not to be able to enjoy, even for a very short period of time the sensation of being in a new place. I had thought surely in Paris I would be a little excited, have a little thrill of pleasure or surprise in seeing for the first time those marvellous works of art with which I had become so acquainted through books and pictures. But the more I see of the world the more I become familiar with its peoples and customs, the more profoundly am I impressed with the fact that humanity is one and the same thing for all time and all countries, whatever may be the outward forms with which it is clothed. The forms differ but the great throbbing heart beneath is the same—always struggling to solve the mystery of its own existence, of its relations with its Maker and with its fellow-beings; striving to find a way out of its prison, and endeavoring to render in some form or other the history of its striving and struggling immortal. It is only in this way that the grand cathedrals and magnificent works of art appeal to me. Looked at in any other light they are simply piles of stone without life or meaning.

These sees I am given over to philosophizing, it is probably a fault, and one loses perhaps a good deal of the beauty of what one sees. I must be for this reason that I am happier among objects of nature than among those of art. Unfortunately I am not educated enough to enjoy the latter simply as being works of art.

But all this is only a prelude to the few words I want to say in regard to my first visit to the Louvre yesterday. It seems strange to have been passing under the archways of this immense palace every day for a week, and though the doors stand open free to every one, not to have ventured to live so much as cast my eye inside. But I need not say that it has not been from lack of respect for the objects collected there, but rather from an oversight of respect for them. It was not possible for me to enter when hurried or with my mind occupied with other thoughts.

The limitless number of apartments is rather confusing at first, but by carefully studying my Baedeker I was soon able to find what I wanted at will, though in the course of one afternoon I could visit but a small portion of the immense building. There is no possibility of giving any idea of the treasures of art collected there. The great trouble is there are too many, one loses the value of each separate one by reason of the merits of the hundreds and thousands about it. There are pictures there for instance from the brush of Murillo or Rubens or others that one would like to see hung alone in a large hall, without a single other decoration. It is for this reason that one feels a sense of entire satisfaction on entering the apartment devoted to the Venus de Milo. The statue stands alone, perhaps the most perfect work ever formed by the hand of man—and so an entire room is devoted to it. Ah, comme elle est grande et noble et belle, cette Venus! Its exquisite unutterable beauty seems really enhanced by the absence of the arms—the

slightest change in any way would spoil the perfect harmony of the whole. But one dares not say too much because words only detract from the reality, in order to know what it means one must see and feel.

There is one room now called la Salle des Cariatides, because of the reproduction of the maiden figures supporting the roof of a small portico of the Erechyon at Athens, which is at one end of the apartment, which excited my interest because of its great number of historic associations. First, it was a hallway upon which opened the private apartments of the Queen Catherine de Medicis. Some years later it was here that Henry IV. celebrated his marriage with Marguerite de Valois, and after his assassination, 1610, his body was laid out in the same hall. Later, when Louis XIV. having become aware of the brilliant talents of Molière, had invited him to his court, it was here that the great poet exhibited before the king and the lords and ladies of that time his great masterpieces.

I shall have later a good deal to tell about the history of Paris, especially at the time of the French Revolution and of the Commune, a connection with the buildings and objects of interest in general of Paris, but as yet I am not well enough informed to be able to speak intelligently, so I prefer to wait.

I continue to visit the university quite regularly, but instead of confining myself to two courses, I take everything as it comes along, two days ago I heard first a lecture on Baudelaire—it sounded to me as though it were spelled at way—a French poet of the present century, then another upon the French Revolution at the time when Napoleon was made emperor, for which followed a lecture upon the philosophy of Pascal, who upheld the principles of the Jansenists. At the first lecture, though I arrived fully fifteen minutes before it began, the hall was already so crowded that I could scarcely enter the door, and was forced to stand for an hour tightly wedged in on all sides, being near the door I had the advantage at the close of being one of the first to leave so I could rush out and get around among the first on the other side of the Sorbonne (the first was the College de France), so as to secure a seat, though there was half an hour time, already a large crowd was collected and the moment the doors were opened there was a rush. Fortunately the third lecture was held in the same hall I could quietly keep my seat.

I had several errands to do so I walked to the Rue de Rivoli (one of the greatest thoroughfares in Paris) proposing to take the omnibus at the station opposite the Louvre. But alas! Paris isn't a bit like America in regard to the position of an omnibus or street car as it fills. I believe this question has never been satisfactorily answered in America, that is to say, with the point is never reached where one more can be accommodated, here the case is different, I discovered it that evening and at last, fearing I might have to wait a long time, I started to walk, although I had a long distance to cover in a very short time.

It is really a sight worth seeing at that time the evening, coming up the magnificent Boulevard de l'Opéra and then to undertake to cross the "Place" of the same name. I thought of it and reflected that if they were here they would be forced to adopt some other head covering than thy bonnet if they did not wish to be run over a good many times. Really I never saw anything like it. Three immense

boulevards and four wide streets open upon the Place de l'Opéra, and though there is no street car track it is only the much worse for that. For the omnibuses go wherever they choose and the cabs, well they seem to swarm literally by hundreds of thousands, and to rise suddenly as if by magic on the very spot from which you are rushing. They are all driven at great speed and as all the principal boulevards, avenues, etc., are covered with wood cut in oblong like bricks, the sound is deadened and one does not know from what direction anything is coming. I tell thee to get safely across this place (it is not really as wide as a Philadelphian square) is no trifling matter, and if it were not for several islands of safety here and there I am sure I should never try to venture over. During the day it is not so bad, but between five and seven in the afternoon it is a swarming, seething sea of cabs and omnibuses. But the Parisians do not seem to mind it at all, and never seem in a hurry or excited. I fancy any one could pick out a stranger in a moment just from the way they cross the streets. Coming from America it would not be so striking, but after a year and a half of Germany I find myself entirely disgusted to noise and rush. I have at last hit upon a device, however, which brings me over without the least difficulty, and that is to wait until I see a native start over and then to keep to the leeward of them until we are across. I mentally return them my thanks after reaching the other side, but allow them to go on ignorant of the service they have rendered. I have been told that if any one should be run over here and survive the accident, they are liable to arrest afterwards for blocking the public way. It is the cabs always that have the right of way.

E. S. K.

AN ANECDOTE OF A DOG—The *Christian Advocate* gives an account of a dog, a cross between the St. Bernard and Newfoundland breeds, which was highly valued by its owner.

A rabbit was brought to the house, the first sight and scent of it aroused all the old wild nature of Tray. He fairly trembled with excitement. He must seize the prey, but he was ordered to be quiet. He was soon made to understand that the rabbit was now another member of the household, and that he must not harm it. This was all we dared to hope for, but Tray was generous, and in twenty-four hours his understanding of the situation was so complete that he manifested a disposition to play with the new friend. Nothing could be more ludicrous, for Tray had now attained his full and enormous stature, and the rabbit was so small an I say that it was like the effort of a lion in making overtures to a lamb for a little innocent fun.

The rabbit was suspicious, and Tray's awkward movements were terrifying to the object of his attentions, and grotesque in the extreme to the observer. But after a time Tray made himself understood, and he and Bunny became good friends.

One day the rabbit strayed into the street and ventured perhaps two hundred yards from the gateway, and was presently spied by two alien dogs, which by loud yelps gave sign that they would have him for their prey.

Down the street the rabbit bounded, the dogs in hot pursuit, until the gateway was reached, when poor Bunny was threatened with sure destruction, so close upon him were his fleet-footed enemies. In through the gateway they darted with the speed of the "Empire State Express."

What should Bunny do? Where should he fly? Quick, quick, Bunny! A safe refuge, or in a minute all will be over with you! When he, the curious and timely finding place! Far yonder on the lawn is Tray, seated upon his haunches, like a great lion, calmly surveying the tumult. Quick as a flash the rabbit darted across the lawn to where he sat. Quick as a flash Bunny sprang between his feet and nestled in her his great form to find the protection and peace that a child feels nesting in its mother's arms.

What did Tray do? He did just what we expected him to do—awaken who knew his great strength and his warm, loving heart. Bounding down his great head for a moment, he gently licked the rabbit, and in his own way said: "Don't be afraid, my pet. They shall not harm you." Then, lifting his massive head, he quietly faced the enemy. He did not deign to speak. He simply turned on them his great calm eyes, but before that look of power the pursuers quailed, halted, and turned back, apparently saying that they never before saw it after this fashion.

FOR "THE FRIEND."

### The College Secret Fraternities.

When Dr. McCosh became connected with Princeton College as its official head, he found that the secret Greek Letter fraternities had considerable power in the Institution, notwithstanding the fact that one of the rules required every student upon entering to sign an obligation to have no connection with such societies. It was observed that the societies sought to get the college honors to their members, and to give support to those who were under college discipline. Some photographs of the lodge members falling into the hands of the faculty, the offending students were summoned before them. "They did not deny the charge," said President McCosh, in referring to this episode, "and we sent them home. In a short time each sent in a paper in which he promised to give up all connection with secret societies. I retained those papers for a time to secure that the promise should be kept, but I have shown them to no one. The faculty restored the students, who, I believe, kept their word. Now the great body of the students would earnestly oppose reinduction of these fraternities into our college. Most of the professors in the American colleges profess to lament the existence of such societies, but have not the courage to suppress them."

The foregoing statement was probably written upwards of a dozen years ago, before the football rivalry among the colleges had acquired its present great momentum, or before the games had been given such very great publicity. I incline to the view that the tendency of the games has been to stimulate the fraternities, and that the existence of the latter has tended to the promotion of disorders, of which of late there have been many unpleasant accounts. One of those occurrences happening nearest to us was what is known as the annual "bowl fight" of the University of Pennsylvania. The beginning of the game was attended by such riotous behavior, and even the danger of loss of life, that the aid of the police had to be invoked, and the affair was seemingly stopped. It was, however, only deferred to another day. Upon its renewal, "large numbers of the combatants had their apparel torn. Indeed," continues the account, "all the men's clothes were decidedly the worse for wear, but a few were stripped of every vestige of ornament." The bowl was successfully housed

by the winners, it was stated, "in the Phi Kappa Sigma Fraternity house."

This is not good education. It is not simply boyish fun; it is intense rivalry and hateful spite. The reporter of a daily paper, speaking of a prize-fighter, referred to the "awful transformation" in his countenance when he went to "work"—"the very spirit of ferocity seemed to illuminate the face, to burn under all the freckled skin, and possess every feature. It wasn't ugliness or anger merely. The entire face was transformed into so horrible, so savage a thing, fascinating in its incarnate monstrosity. . . . A man who has to face that night imagine the human had vanished." I much fear that the partisan contests in the colleges often tend to the gendering of this hateful transformation. A clergyman among the Episcopals lately referred to the brutality of the foot-ball contests, as developed in so many quarters, as being quite on a par with pugilistic encounters. The action of a number of students of one of the leading colleges, in sending a flag and a fraternal letter to one of the principals in the recent prize-fight in Nevada, accentuates this too frequent lamentable kinship.

There was introduced in the legislature of South Carolina in last winter, a bill prohibiting secret societies in State colleges. It passed one branch of the legislature, though I am not informed as to its ultimate enactment. An instructor in a theological seminary in this State, writing in the *Baptist Examiner*, upon "The Anti-Masonic Craze" of sixty years ago, while conceding the abduction and very probable killing of Morgan, "a no-account sort of creature," refers to the atrocious act as a stupid and certainly criminal one, and likewise as founded upon bad policy, seeing that upwards of three-fourths of the Baptist Masons dissolved their connection with the order, and their churches went so far as to testify against it. It was during that time of awakening to a great evil, affecting the church, the home and the State, that the legislature of at least one State appointed a committee of inquiry concerning the "extra judicial oaths" of the lodges, whose report was that the administration of such oaths was highly improper, and that they should be prohibited by legal enactments. No, no, it was not a mere foolish scare, as the writer in the Baptist paper would have his readers believe. Happy would be the case of the religious denomination and of all others which now accord a welcome to the secret, oath-bound orders, if they should again realize a lively awakening to the true character and tendency of such associations! It has been interesting to note a concern on the part of members of a number of religious denominations, in Pennsylvania, who have no unity with the lodges, to appeal to the legislature against them, as in the former time; but where the church generally, in its testimony is so weak, there cannot much be expected from the State authorities. Nevertheless, as the way opens, may our light be found shining throughout.

JOSIAH W. LEEDS.

THE GREYER FOLLY.—Were a house to be in flames to-morrow, and were a mother to seize her gold, and her jewels, and her rings, and rush from the flames with them, and forget her infant slumbering in its cradle, she would neither be so inhuman nor so inconsistent as that man who cares for the toys of a day, and thinks nothing and cares nothing about a soul that stands in eternal jeopardy every hour if not justified and pardoned.—*Selected.*

FOR "THE FRIEND."  
SPRINGTIME.

Rich is the fragrance of the passing breeze,  
Wafted heaven-laden, sweet the vernal air,  
All emerald-garbed in stat'ry rank the trees,  
While nature whispers, "Cast aside thy care."

Springtime, glad springtime, with its joys has come,  
Flowers deck the sward, blithe warblers poise on wing;  
O'er copse and field the busy insects hum,  
Welcome ye heralds of the glad-one spring.

And thou, glad season art alas too brief,  
For time, relentless time is hastening on,  
The faded flower, the changed and withered leaf,  
Full oft remind us of thy glories—gone.

There is a land of changeless light and love,  
Where spring and summer hold eternal reign,  
Home of the white-robed, blissful throng above,  
Hail thou and I this heavenly clime attain?

In that fair land where flowers immortal bloom,  
And trees of healing never shed a leaf,  
Within those mansions far beyond the tomb,  
Joy dwells supreme, nor earthly care, nor grief.

Oh, wings, thy flight where springtime's golden ray,  
Illumes the portals of the fading West,  
And find in heaven's radiant realms of day,  
The soul's sweet solace—everlasting rest.

Holy, most holy, Lord enthroned on high,  
Through all the glorious, never-ending days,  
Angels adore thee, seraphs always cry,  
"Holy, Lord God," ye heavens and earth give praise!  
J. BELL.

SAN JOSE CAL.

FOR "THE FRIEND."  
THE DAISY.

DE. GOOD.

Not words on words, in phalax deep.  
Need we to prove a God is here,  
The daisy fresh from winter's sleep,  
Tells of his hand in lines as clear.

For who but HE who arched the skies,  
And pour'd the dayspring's living flood,  
Wondrous alike in all HE tries,  
Could rear the daisy's purple bud;

Mold its green cup, its wiry stem,  
Its fringed border nicely spun,  
And cut the gold-embossed gem  
That, sets in silver, gleams within;

And fling it, unrestrained and free,  
O'er hill and dale and desert sod,  
That man, wher'er he walks, might see,  
At every step, the stamp of God.

THE BISHOPS AND THE INCREASE OF MILLIARISM.—"What are Bishops for?" asked the *New Age*. "The new Archbishop of Canterbury, the new Bishop of London, and other of our professed descendants of the Apostles, sat smiling in their seats in the Gilded Chamber while the Secretary of State for War unfolded his scheme for squandering an additional five millions and a half of the hard-earned money of the people, over the Government's persistent attempt to break the Sixth Commandment and pour ridicule upon the Seventh Beatitude. The proposed addition to the army estimates, this year, brings the total cost of our second line of defence, for the next twelve months, up to twenty millions odd. This, with the still heavier expenditure on the navy and the interest on war debt, means that something approaching seventy millions sterling will be spent by this Christian land, during the present year, for the purpose of promoting, not the coming of the Kingdom of Heaven, but the reign of hell upon the earth. It is impossible to conceive of anything more wanton and wicked. Yet, in the House of Commons only twenty-three men mustered up courage enough to protest against it; and in the House of Lords not one was

found faithful amongst the faithless. Not one of our highly-paid representatives of the Prince of Peace—not a single bishop raised his voice against this monstrous proposal. What hum bug all the preaching of these men about human brotherhood seems, when we compare their conduct in the Senate with their utterances from the pulpit! Whenever a national crime is to be committed, you can always depend upon the bishops to give it their blessing. This addition of five and a half millions to the army estimate is a national crime. It proves how utterly worthless and hypocritical are all our boasting about treaties and arbitration. What is the use of talking about arbitration when we are every year adding enormously to our armaments, and thereby telling all the nations of the world that we do not trust them, and that we ourselves want to be feared, and not trusted? No wonder that other countries regard us as a nation of hypocrites. We make great professions of Christianity, and we waste our resources in pursuit of the policy which Christ hated. And our bishops, of all men, approve of this procedure. They disgraced the holy religion which they profess by their silence on the proposed increase of the army.

FOR "THE FRIEND."  
Rock Salt.

As the writer was passing along one of the streets of Philadelphia, he noticed a cart on a loading rock salt at the store of a wholesale grocery house. The beauty of the crystallization attracted his attention, and led to a visit to the stores of two dealers in the article, who kindly furnished cabinet specimens, and gave some information that was interesting.

The salt at both of these dealers came from a deposit in the Genesee Valley, discovered within a few years, which extends over Livingston, Wyoming and Genesee Counties. Its existence was made known by boring for natural gas or petroleum. In one case at a depth of about fifteen hundred feet a bed of rock salt forty-five feet thick was encountered. The deposits from eight hundred to twenty-five hundred feet, depending on the character of the surface, which causes much thicker deposits of overlying earth in some places than in others. Salt has been manufactured for many years in large quantities at Onondago by evaporating the brine from salt springs, and a similar process is used in this more recently discovered locality. Wells are sunk to the bottom of the salt bed, and cased with iron pipe down to the salt. A two-inch pipe descends to the bottom of the bed, having perforations for a few feet only at the lower end. Pure water is let into the well between the casing and the small pipe, until well is full. The water in contact with the salt bed dissolves all it will hold, and the brine being more than twice as heavy as pure water sinks to the bottom, enters the small pipe, and is driven part way up by the weight of the outside column of fresh water, and is then pumped into large vats. The brine runs continuous from these vats into the evaporating pans.

In addition to the wells which have been bored to the rock salt, several shafts have been sunk, and by the aid of these, the salt is quarried in a solid form, as one would mine coal. When taken from the bed, the salt seems an aggregation of crystals, larger than a pea, and readily crumbles into these crystals. To make them cohere more strongly, the miners pour water over the surface of the blocks, which melts into small portions, and as the water evaporates leave



a thin film of salt which binds the loose particles together. In looking at a pile of rock salt in the warehouse of the merchant, the difference between a surface which has thus been treated and a recent fracture is readily discernible. As to the geological origin of the salt beds of New York, Professor Newberry considers them to be a deposit from a great salt lake, that occupied central and western New York, northern Pennsylvania, northeastern Ohio, and southern Ontario. It probably included an area as great as Lake Huron, or perhaps Lake Superior.

The salt deposits of this group vary in composition. Some are almost chemically pure, while others contain a large quantity of chloride of calcium, chloride of magnesium, sulphate of magnesia, etc., which constitute the "bitterns" of the salt boilers, or the saline liquid that is left in the pans after the salt has been crystallized from the original liquid.

When the water that issues from springs, or bat falls in rain has no permanent outlet, but forms ponds and lakes, whose size is limited only by evaporation from the surface, such lakes invariably become salt, because the saline matters which are constantly being conveyed into them, cannot evaporate and so accumulate. One of the most noted examples of this is the Dead Sea in Palestine, which occupies a deep volcanic fissure, and has no outlet. The water has become excessively salt, and there are probably deposits of salt at its bottom. When the supply of water flowing into such a lake ceases, owing to changes in the surface of the earth, and it evaporates, it must of necessity leave a layer of salt behind it. It is believed that it was in this way that much of the salt that underlies the Tennessee Valley in New York, was deposited about here; and the thick bed of shales and other rocks that now lie above it, were subsequent deposits of mud that have since hardened into rock.

The more one studies the teachings of geology, the more wonderful are seen to be the works of the all-wise Creator, who by the operation of laws which He has given to matter, has worked out his plans through a long series of ages, and given to his creature man those intellectual and physical powers which enable him to make use of the materials stored away in the recesses of the earth. The Psalmist says, "The heavens declare the glory of God; and his firmament showeth his handiwork," and a similar ascription of praise may well arise in the heart of the devout student of geological phenomena.

J. W.

Further Reminiscences of Mahlon Hockett.

Retaining, as I think, a pretty distinct recollection of that eminent seer and minister of Christ, Mahlon Hockett's visit to our Western meeting, in South Kingston, in or about the year 1828, I thought possibly I might be able to add something to the incidents given on page 35, No. 36 of present volume of THE FRIEND, amongst those who responded to the notice of said meeting was a prominent liquor seller, who, coming from a highly respectable family, took a forward and prominent seat in the house, and soon after the minister, an utter stranger, arose, and extending his hand directly to the face of above, P. T. exclaimed in full tones, "Who art thou; thou art holding the poisoned bowl to thy neighbors' lips?" which seemed to strike him at once and for all, as he never appeared to recover from its effects, but dwindled away for a long time, and then with ruined

health and hopes, strolled off to die in obscurity.

But the speaker's errand was by no means yet complete, so he continued on with a close, searching testimony to the audience generally, for some little time, and then turned his attention specially, to a poor looking old woman, and not a member of Society, and began pleading with and encouraging her not to give up, but hold on to the little grain of faith she had with all her strength, and that relief would again come, if she did, in time to save her from the temptations of the grand enemy of her soul's happiness, and then began and recounted all through the attempt to end her troubles, by taking her own life, and how "she went down to the water," he said, "when no eye but that of the All-Seeing One beheld her, and intervened to save her soul," etc., in the most earnest, encouraging and tender language, untreated her not to be so beguiled again, etc., and then as she seemed to sit greatly bowed over, as if nearly oblivious of what he was saying to her, as she sat near, he made a step or two partly to one side, and extended his hand nearly to her, and said loudly, "Dost thou hear me; dost thou understand me," when she nodded several times affirmatively, thus apparently fully admitting the whole colloquy.

From there he went to Hopkinton, and attended their First-day Meeting, and as there was to be a funeral the next day, he stayed to that also; and to which three or four young men walked over across the fields, when one of them to be amusing, but whose years and position in society ought to have taught him better things, said to the others, "Well, what think he will preach about to-day. Thought he preached about everything yesterday." Soon after the meeting sat, Mahlon arose with, "Well, what think he will preach about to-day? Thought he preached about everything yesterday," and then continued, "Who has had his language, How didst thou know the Lord would give him anything to say," and then proceeded to properly characterize such levity in what we consider sacred things.

This last occurrence, however, was not made by my own observation, but no less well authenticated than the others, and there were several remarkable occurrences of his while about there, but of less prominence, and so have passed out of recollection in this long interval. But those three incidents were so marked and important as not to be easily forgotten. The liquor-seller's brave position was an overwhelming defeat at once, and his giving up the business was a great relief to his religious parents and family; and the kindly and helpful advice a great comfort and support to the poor old woman, and all showing that this ability to speak of hidden events is from the same spiritual light and wisdom, whence the Gospel flows, and is but one with it and no other. But this Friend seemed to be as accustomed to it as to the "Word of Life" in any matters and forms as he well might be, if he was only sufficiently careful to "divide" or discriminate it aright; and what an awfully sad thing it will be if our poor, weak membership, trusting to their own short sighted wisdom, which is born of beneath, succeed in establishing this latter, like the false prophets of Baal, as those of the "only true God, and Jesus Christ whom He has sent."

I send these few lines for thy perusal, and to make some use of or not, as may seem to thee best.

GEORGE POSTER.

WESTERLY, R. I. Third Month 29th, 1897.

The Wearing of Egret Plumes.

Nothing for some time has been more commonly seen than the delicate, airy plumes that stand upright in the bonnets. W. H. Hudson, author of "The Naturalist in La Plata," says: "The egrette worn by women in our day is in very nearly all cases actually made of the slender, decomposed feathers that grow at one time of the year on the egret's back and drop gracefully over the sides and tail of the bird. The less fine plumes with shorter and stiffer filaments are from the square heron, which is not an egret." W. H. Hudson adds that "those who engage in the business of procuring these plumes know that, to obtain a good supply with little trouble, the birds must be taken when the breeding season is well advanced. The best time to attack them is when the young birds are fully fledged, but not yet able to fly; for at that time the solicitude of the parent birds is greatest, and, forgetful of their own danger, they are most readily made victims. And," he continues, "when the killing is finished and the bow-hauls of coveted feathers have been plucked out, the slaughtered birds are left in a white heap to fester in the sun and wind in the sight of their orphaned young that cry for food and are not fed. There is nothing in the whole earth so pitiable as this—so pitiable and so shameful—that for such a purpose human cunning should take advantage of that feeling and instinct which we regard as so noble in our own species, and as something sacred—the tender passion of the parent for its offspring, which causes it to neglect its own safety and to perish miserably as a sacrifice to its love! . . . And those who, not ignorant of the facts, encourage such things for fashion's sake and for the gratification of a miserable vanity, have a part in it, and are perhaps more guilty than the wretches who are paid to do the rough work."

Continuing to speak of the time when the birds wear these plumes, this writer says: "It is when in that gayer dress that birds are most valuable for the purposes of fashion and for other forms of decoration; nor is this all; it is then that they are most easily found and taken. The shiest, most secretive kinds lose all their wild instincts in their overmastering anxiety for the safety of eggs or young. And when the poor bird, uttering piercing cries, its sensitive frame quivering, its bill gaping, as if the air could no longer sustain it in its intense agitation, and fluttering its lovely wings to make them more conspicuous, and by such means draw the danger away from its treasure—and onto itself—when it has been ruthlessly shot for its feathers—its fledglings are left to starve in the nest. The mania for egret plumes is still so great that it seems to exceed the former one for wearing the bodies of birds, and it is quite as senseless. Any observant person who notices these plumes waving, not singly, but often in clusters, on the heads of so many women, must know that the slaughter has not been thousands but millions."

—Selected.

A NUMBER of clergymen have written to the New York *Voice* in relation to the "new religious awakening" now going on in many places in our country. Among the dangers to be avoided, George S. Payson, of New York, mentions these: "Confounding feeling with principle, or mistaking emotion for obedience to Christ, and accordingly rushing forward to a forced acquiescence with the revivalist's wishes or will, and then deceiving them with the falacious belief that they are saved. The reaction

from emotionalism, pure and simple, is disastrous to true spiritual life and growth."

### The European Concert.

SELECTED.

"The so-called 'European Concert' has been much derided of late, especially by people who do not pause to consider that only in its reality and continuance does there lie any hope of the preservation of Peace.

"The massacres in Armenia were not checked because of the want of agreement between the Great Powers. There was no European Concert to put an end to them. Had there been they could have been stopped, and doubtless would have been, by a single word. The untrustworthy and evasive Turkish Government would not have been foolhardy enough to attempt any resistance had there been real unanimity between the Powers, and had they spoken decisively with one voice. The evidence of Lord Kimberley is conclusive on this point. Speaking in the House of Lords, on January 19th last, he said: 'I made every effort to obtain co-operation with Russia in this matter, and up to a certain point I did obtain that co-operation. My lords, my hopes were disappointed. There came a moment, as the papers before the House show clearly, when the Russian Government was not prepared to go any further in the direction we desired to go. Under these circumstances, the course taken by the noble marquis of asking the assistance of the Powers was the only alternative that remained.'

"Except the alternative of war! 'The reason why Great Britain took no separate action in the cause of Armenia was because, in the opinion of successive Prime Ministers, Liberal and Tory, such action would have meant war.'

"The advocates of Peace, especially, must rejoice at even the appearance of any real concert between the Powers. It is what they have been advocating and striving after. Agreement, co-operation, union between nations and Governments—is what they have preached and worked for. Their greatest difficulty, hitherto, has been the absence of any such thing. When the veteran Jules Simon raised the question of disarmament, and his words were taken up and warmly discussed by all classes throughout Europe; and when many thousands of influential persons in this country petitioned for at least an arrest in the growth of armaments until the close of the century, the insuperable obstacle was the impossibility, as it was deemed, of anything like concert. Even a simple conference to discuss the matter could not be spoken of. There was no one to begin—no Government who could even dare to suggest such a step to the others.

"The Concert exists, and those who most loudly derided it when it was a name only, and nothing could be done, now as loudly abuse it when it proposes to act.

"We may deplore that action and the necessity for it, but the fact remains that the Concert of Europe is the most hopeful factor in the present crisis, as it has proved to be the most useful.

"For the success of Greece in bringing freedom to Crete is due to the existence of the Concert. Crete will obtain her liberation because, thanks to the Greeks, the Concert comes it, and undertakes to make it effective.

"We object to the very idea of coercion. It is never any real remedy for existing evils, and this instance is no exception, for it leaves the whole Eastern Question untouched. The worst calamity of all, both as regards Europe, the

Muslimans in Crete and throughout Turkey, whose interests must be safeguarded as well as those of the Christians, in any just settlement; and even Greece herself, would be for self-interest and mere aggrandizement to have their unchecked way. Wrong is wrong by whomsoever committed.

"Then as to the future, there is hope in the existing Concert: first as regards the general work of Peace, amity and unity. If the nations can confer, agree, and act together in one matter, they will learn to do so in others. If they can unite in maintaining common interests, they may find these interests multiply; if they can combine in preserving Peace for selfish reasons, they may later for higher ones. It is the first step that is of importance; it is the practice that counts for so much; it is the habit that is everything; and the first act may lead to practice and habit. So have the Peace people believed and taught.

"But, further, the larger Eastern Question cannot be ultimately solved without such Concert; for even if the long-dreaded scramble for Turkey, and the resulting war, were to take place, there would have to be, subsequently, agreement of some sort—conference and co-operation of a kind—between the few survivors of such an awful catastrophe. Better the agreement now than then. The continuance of Peace, undoubtedly, to say nothing of freedom for Crete and kindred nationalities, lies in a sincere and effective European Concert. If that can be established now, it may even be found possible eventually to solve the whole Eastern Question without war. If not, it will not. It is our hope, therefore.

"Let us, however, be quite clear on this, that International Peace, or even International Arbitration, as a method and means of securing Peace, is possible only through International Concert."

CORN FOR INDIA.—Arrangements have at last been made for the free transportation of corn to India. The United States government has chartered three steamers to carry corn to India, one to go from San Francisco, the other two to sail from New York. President J. A. Sprunzer of Chicago, Ill., has been appointed by the Home and Foreign relief Commission to superintend the gathering and shipment of grain, and the authorities have promised him room for thirty carloads, all of which will be sent free to the seaboard. There are many who have not given any money because they had none to give, but who will be glad to contribute some corn of which there is great plenty in the country. The corn is to be shelled. Sacks holding about two and a half bushels each will be sent free upon application to J. A. Sprunzer, S. W. Cor. Harrison and May Streets, Chicago, Ill. All corn contributed in Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, and the Eastern states is to be shipped to him, and he will sell it at Chicago, and buy corn in Nebraska for the cargo. The reason for this is that the Illinois, Indiana, Iowa and eastern corn is not so dry as that in Nebraska, and will not remain in condition on the long voyage as well as the Nebraska corn does. Secondly, corn in Nebraska can be bought much cheaper than in Chicago or farther east; hence there will be a gain to follow the proposed plan.—*Herald of Truth.*

WAR.—War is expensive—when it is over, when it is in progress, and when it is in prospect. According to Sir John Lubbock, who

probably knows whereof he speaks, "one third of the national income of England is spent in paying for the past income (interest on war debts); another third is spent in getting ready for future wars; and only one third remains to discharge present obligations and set forward the nation in the way of progress." Add to that the countless ills that afflict individuals as the result of war, and the wonder is that the closing years of the nineteenth century find civilized people still nursing their brutal and barbaric instincts.—*Christian Advocate.*

### Divided Allegiance.

SELECTED.

He who begins by halving his heart between God and mammon, will end by being whole-hearted for the world and faint-hearted for Christ. We are so constituted that it is impossible for us to exercise a divided allegiance; we must be out-and-out for God, or we shall be in-and-in for the world and all its interests.

Moreover, we become inevitably and insensibly assimilated to that which most completely absorbs our time and attention. One cannot be constantly mixed in secular society without not only losing something of his interest in the Divine society of God and angels, where he belongs by his new birth, but also becoming himself secularized. "Our citizenship is in heaven," says the Scripture. It is a sublime conception that even while here in the flesh we hold residence among seraphs and saints of the New Jerusalem. It is for us, therefore, scrupulously to keep to our heavenly fellowship; to pay taxes where we live, and to refuse to be assessed by any rival system to Christ's true Church—simply because a divided loyalty is impossible.

Odd-fellowship chills the ardor of Church fellowship, and Free Masonry detracts from our interest in that "Jerusalem above, which is free and the mother of us all." We are affirming what a wide experience has taught us in this matter. We have never known a good lodgeman who was a good churchman. We say "good lodgeman;" we mean one who attends faithfully to his obligations to Masonry or Odd-fellowship, and gives the time and zeal and enthusiasm which his society-obligation demands. Such an one has not enough of him self left to bestow anything valuable on the Church. We are not going out of our way to slur or abuse the secret society in what we say; we are only emphasizing a great principle—that a man cannot be two without ceasing to be one,—that a Christian cannot sub-divide him self among many interests without subtracting himself from some one interest.

Let it be understood that, in what we are saying, we are not attacking the lodge so much as magnifying the Church, and pleading for its supremacy in our affections as the body of Christ. The true disciple is bound to adopt the double motto, "I believe and I belong." Many Christians believe in Christ without belonging to Him; they give Christ their faith, and with hold from Him their fealty; they own Him but shrink from being owned by Him. We plead for a service of Christ which is entire, undivided, and wanting nothing. Therefore we urge upon Christians the duty of separation—separation from associations that are secret, that they may live an open life of devotion to Christ—separation from societies that assess a tax or time which is already mortgaged for its full value to the Lord;—separation from bonds that hold men together by compacts and oaths when they ought to be free to yield with their full force

to the attractions of Christ. Separation in order of concentration.

This plea may seem over-exacting, and the course which it recommends, if faithfully followed, may cause one to appear out of joint with his times. So it must be. A Christocentric man is often counted an eccentric man, but such are they who have moved the world and will move it—men of an idea that they may be men of universal sympathy—men entered a Christ that they may make the world the circumference of their endeavor.—*A. J. Gordon's Danger Signals.*

### Natural History, Science, etc.

**Vitality of Seeds.**—In an article under the heading, "The Amazing Vitality of Seeds," in which the writer states that Dr. Isaiah Pile, of Franklin Co., Kansas, dug a well and, at the depth of a little over one hundred feet, struck rock, under which was found "fine rich surface soil," which produced a wonderful growth of tropical vegetation, such as date-trees, palms, brubs, etc. This article has been quoted by their papers, but I am sorry to inform you that lacks truth. When I read the article I thought very strange, as the doctor and myself had over twenty years been special friends, that had never mentioned this to me, and thought I would call his attention to this article the next time he paid me a visit, which I did, not long ago, and he pronounced it a wonderful urn. He said he dug a well, but not one hundred feet. He describes it thus: Went through dirt and gravel seventeen feet; through solid rock twenty-seven feet; under this rock was dirt nearly like coal; went on this about three feet, making in all forty-seven feet; no rich soil, no date-trees, palm, or anything of the sort. *The Literary Digest.*

**Gregarious Birds.**—The lively, gregarious birds of the tropics cannot endure to miss the society of their fellows. Wilson, the American naturalist, took with him in his travels in South America, one of the green parrots which he had med. This bird was the most affectionate creature, but whenever a flock of its own species passed by, showed a strong desire to join them. Wilson soon caught a companion for his pet, but by an accident it was killed, and the survivor was inconsolable. He then tried the experiment of showing the parrot a small looking-glass. As soon as the bird saw its image in the mirror, it seemed quite contented with its solitary companion, and would sit for hours undisturbed against the glass with great satisfaction. The flocking of the non-migratory birds after the nesting season is mainly due, not to the pressure of hunger, or the pressure of food in particular places, but to their love of society. Late summer and harvest-time, when the face of the country is one broad table of food for the birds, they flock together solely for the sake of company.

**THE MILLIONAIRE AND HIS CLERK.**—Girard, the millionaire of Philadelphia, one Seventh-day observed all his clerks to come on the morrow to the wharf and help unload a newly arrived ship. One young man replied quietly; "Mr. Girard, I can't work on Sundays." "You know our rules?" "Yes, I know. I have a mother to support. I can't work on Sundays." "Well, step up to the desk, and the cashier will settle with you." "For three weeks the young man could find

no work, but one day a banker came to Girard to ask if he could recommend a man for cashier in a new bank. This discharged young man was at once named as a suitable person.

"But," said the banker, "you dismissed him." "Yes, because he would not work on Sundays. A man who would lose his place for conscience's sake would make a trustworthy cashier." And he was appointed.—*The Pearl of Days.*

**GOD WOULD NOT LET HIM PRAY.**—A meeting was in progress at a certain place, and a young man who was in attendance was being urged by his friends to seek God, but he would not yield. The Holy Spirit strove with him, but he resisted, and would not consent to give up sin. Like thousands of others, he put off salvation to a more convenient season, vainly imagining that he would have plenty of time to get ready to die, and that he could repent whenever he got ready—a awful delusion on the part of sinners.

In the short interval of a week he was on his dying bed. There was hurrying to and fro on the part of friends, and a preacher was sought for to pray with the dying man, but none was near. There was a Christian man in the neighborhood, and he was sent for. He was found in the field plowing, and readily consented to go. Leaving his plow, he speedily mounted his horse and rode to the house of the young man whose life was fast ebbing away.

Arriving there he immediately went to the bedside of the dying man and knelt down. He stayed there on his knees several minutes without uttering a word. Then he got up and came out of the room.

His seemingly strange action in not praying, when he had come to do that very thing, attracted attention, and some one said to him:

"Mr. S., why did you do as you did in the room in not praying for that young man?"

His reply was very impressive. Said he: "The Lord would not let me pray."

Does this seem strange doctrine? It is but in line with Jeremiah vii: 16: "Therefore pray not thou for these people, neither lift up cry or prayer for them, neither make intercession to me: for I will not hear thee."

As it is true that the time may come in this life when God will not hear sinners when they cry for mercy, so it is equally true that the time may come when he will not hear his people pray for sinners (Jer. xv: 1; Ezek. xiv: 12-20).

### Items.

**Indian Schools.**—The Indian Rights' Association have sent to President McKinley a strong request for the retention of Dr. W. N. Hallman as Superintendent of Indian Schools. The grounds for this request are his eminent fitness for the position, the success which has attended his previous labors in that position, and the accordance of his retention with the spirit of civil service reform.

## THE FRIEND.

FIFTH MONTH 1, 1897.

PHILADELPHIA YEARLY MEETING: CONTINUED.

Fourth-day was principally occupied with the reading and answering of the Queries. A pleasing break in the business was made by the visit of a woman Friend, who addressed the meeting, and afterwards appeared in supplication in an acceptable manner.

The concerns which seemed to take the strong-

est hold on the feelings of Friends were on the subject of ministry, and an exercise of spirit on behalf of the young members, that through submission to the visitations of Christ, they might come into subjection to his manifestations, and be prepared to gather up the fallen members of those who had been removed from earth, and experience the salvation of their souls at the end of their faith. Near the close of the sitting a few Friends were named to assist the Clerk in endeavoring in a minute the exercises of the meeting.

In the afternoon was held the adjourned meeting of Ministers and Elders. Jonathan E. Rhoads returned the minute granted him two years ago, to pay a religious visit to Great Britain, with information that he had performed the service he had in view, had been received with much kindness, and felt peaceful in the retrospect.

There was much expression of concern for the young. The remaining Queries and Answers were considered, and the meeting adjourned to next year.

On Fifth-day morning meetings for worship were held as usual in the city houses. In the afternoon the remaining subjects contained in the reports from the Quarterly Meetings were taken up. The reports on education gave the number of children of school age as seven hundred and twenty-four. It was concluded in future to make the returns more definite, so as to include all children between five and twenty years.

The reports of the use of intoxicating beverages indicated some improvement in the condition of that righteous concern—but, as has sometimes before been the case, there was some unprofitable discussion of the subject. After the disposal of this matter, the meeting proceeded rather rapidly with its business. Reports were read from the Committee on Education, from that on the Treasurer's Committee, from the Indian Committee and that in charge of Westtown School, etc. The closing business was a lively memorial for Rebecca S. Conrad, an Elder of New Garden Monthly Meeting.

Sixth-day.—At this concluding sitting, an exercise of brotherly love to our Friends of Ohio Yearly Meeting was adopted, and also one of a general character addressed to all meetings and their members bearing the name of Friends. The object of this was to encourage all to rally to the support of our original principles.

The committee to assist the clerk had prepared a minute on the exercises which had occupied the attention of the meeting. This was very satisfactory to the meeting and called forth much expression of unity, and desires that it might be widely distributed among our members.

A lively and interesting memorial of Clarkson Sheppard revived the memory of one who was greatly beloved by many among us.

After the adjourning minute had been read, the Friends present sat for a few minutes in solemn silence, and then separated, with a feeling that we had had a favored meeting, marked with an unusual degree of unity of feeling.

A recent number of *The Presbyterian* contains an article on the necessity of the observance of the ordinances so called, of Baptism and the Supper. After stating that weakness and disaster have followed in all cases where they have been set aside, it adds, "The Quakers have lost both spiritual and world-conquering power through their disuse of them."

The early members of our Society possessed "spiritual and world-conquering power" in an eminent degree, and yet the rejection of these rights was coeval with their rise. The secret of their strength was the power with which Christ anointed them for his service. On this their dependence was placed, and to the work of his Spirit they constantly appealed. Through the Divine blessing on the labors of the zealous preachers whom God raised up and sent forth many thousands were in a short time convinced of the truths proclaimed by our early Friends; and, laying aside all dependence on outward rites and forms, came to experience the spiritual baptism of Christ, and to partake of that living bread and wine which gives life to the soul.

If our Society does not exercise the same measure of spiritual power as it did in the beginning, it is because the Head of the Church does not bestow his gifts in equal measure; whether this arises from unfaithfulness in the recipients, or from his own will and pleasure. It cannot reasonably be supposed to flow from a disuse of outward rites, because there has been no change in that respect in the position of Friends.

One who believes with the writer of the article in *The Presbyterian*, that the ordinances "Are heaven-ordained sources of Church vitality, growth and power" must find it difficult to explain the rise of Friends without using such channels.

John William Graham in the concluding number of his series of papers on American Friends, published in *The British Friend*, advises that London Yearly Meeting should cease to decide between the bodies into which separations in this country have divided Friends. He says:

"We shall do well to cease to feel bound to adopt one side as right and the other as wrong in any American dispute, past or present, but shall do well to continue, by recognizing both, to form yet one surviving link between them." "Our right position is to be responsible for nobody but friendly to all."

Although we believe London Yearly Meeting has in several recent cases come to a wrong decision, in regard to divisions in this country, yet the adoption of the course recommended by J. G. W.'s article, seems to us much like a formal refusal to bear testimony to sound doctrines, to be satisfactory to one who is sincerely concerned to uphold our primitive doctrines.

#### SUMMARY OF EVENTS.

UNITED STATES.—The Democratic members of the Senate Finance Committee will not accept the proposition, made by the Republicans, to allow the Tariff bill to be reported direct to the Senate without passing through the hands of the full committee.

The Bureau of Statistics of the Treasury Department has prepared an estimate showing that the value of the farm lands in the Lower Mississippi Valley now submerged is over \$200,000,000. These lands last year raised crops valued at \$217,500,000.

For the first time this year, and, indeed, for the first time since last Fall's election, gold has been engaged for export. The amount is \$1,000,000.

The chemist of the Agricultural Department, in Washington, thinks that the oil made of sunflower seed, which he says is a perfect substitute for olive oil, is the coming salad oil.

A police census, just concluded, shows the population of Washington City to be 277,483, an increase of 7,341 during the last two years.

No. 2 red winter wheat sold at St. Louis on March 23rd at \$1.03 per bushel, the highest price reached since 1890.

Governor McClain has issued his proclamation concerning the Legislature of Mississippi in extra

session on the 27th of last month to consider questions of State Finance and revenue, and the building of a new capitol.

The Southern Pacific Railway Company is making arrangements to build a bridge, to cost \$5,000,000, across the Mississippi River at New Orleans. The Illinois Central, Texas and Pacific and Louisville and Nashville roads will co-operate in the undertaking.

The Baltimore *American* says that a sewer in Maryland, in Virginia, has the worst season been profitable, and it never will be until other culture is fully established along the bay and its tributaries.

Bamboo grows very thrifty in California bottom lands, and is found to be a very useful plant. The seed of many species resemble rice, and is suitable for food. The stalks may be used in the building of bridges, fences and barns, and in the manufacture of paper pipes, furniture and boxes.

The people of Adams County, Wash., propose catching a few squirrels, and, after inoculating them with some disease, turn them loose in the hopes that they will be the means of reducing the number of the pest. Florida has only two species of eagles left, the bald head and the osprey, and these are being killed so recklessly that the Legislature is asked to protect them and their eggs to prevent their extermination.

Deaths in this city last week numbered 524, which is 105 more than the previous week, and 32 less than the corresponding week of the preceding year. Males, 249; and 275 females; 44 died of pneumonia; 63 of consumption; 46 of heart disease; 24 of old age; 25 of cancer; 22 of inflammation of the stomach and bowels; 21 of inflammation of the brain; 20 of diphtheria; 16 of convulsions; 13 of apoplexy; 12 of scarlet fever; 11 from casualties; 11 of typhoid fever; 10 of immolation; 9 of marasmus, and 9 of bronchitis. *Marks* for the week: 118 2's, 963; 4's, reg. 1131; 1113; compon, 1123; 114; new 4's, reg. 1233; 1233; compon, 1241; 1241; 5's, reg. 1123; 1183; compon, 114; 1141; currency 6's, 103; 107.

COTTON was firm and advanced  $\frac{1}{8}$ ¢ per lb, middling uplands being officially quoted at 7 1/8¢.

WHEAT—Spot market ranged at \$1.00 to \$1.45 per ton for winter in bulk, and \$13.60 a \$13.50 for spring in sacks.

FLOUR.—Winter super, \$2.85 a \$3.00; do, extras, \$3.10 a \$3.25; Pennsylvania roller, clear, \$4.10 a \$4.25; do, do, straight, \$4.25 a \$4.50; Western winter, clear, \$4.10 a \$4.25; do, do, straight, \$4.25 a \$4.50; do, do, patent, \$4.50 a \$4.75; spring, clear, \$3.60 a \$3.80; do, straight, \$4.00 a \$4.20; do, patent, \$4.30 a \$4.50; do, favorite brands, higher. City mills, extra, \$3.25 a \$3.50; do, clear, \$4.10 a \$4.20; do, straight, \$4.30 a \$4.60; do, patent, \$4.65 a \$4.85. RYE FLOUR.—\$2.25 a \$2.50 per bbl. as to quality.

GRAIN.—No. 2 red wheat, 92 a 92 1/2¢.

Do, 2 red wheat, 28 1/2 a 28 3/4¢.

No. 3 white oats, 24 a 25¢.

BEEF CATTLE.—Extra, 5 1/2 a 5; good, 4 a 5¢; medium, 4 a 4 1/2¢; common, 4 a 4 1/2¢.

SHEEP AND LAMBS.—Extra clipped, 4 1/2 a 4 1/2¢; good, do, 4 1/2 a 4 1/2¢; medium, do, 3 1/2 a 4¢; common, do, 3 a 3 1/2¢; clipped lambs, 4 a 5 1/2¢.

HOGS.—An western, 6 a 6 1/2¢; other Western, 5 1/2 a 6¢; State, 5 1/2 a 5 1/2¢.

FOREIGN.—An explosion occurred in the underground railway in London on the 20th ult. as a train was making its usual stop at Aldersgate Station. A number of persons were hurt, ten seriously. The cause of the explosion is not known, but it is believed to have been the result of an accumulation of gas. Many persons, however, believed a bomb was exploded.

England imported \$770,000 worth of bicycles and exported \$230,000 worth during the first three months of this year, the first year in which account has been taken month by month of the trade in wheels at the Great Britain House.

Dr. Murray, the editor of the great English dictionary now in preparation, says that "disproportionableness" is not the longest word in the English language, but that "antropomorphologically," if not the longest, is the longest that has yet appeared in his dictionary.

The report of the special commission appointed by the Dutch Government to consider the scheme of draining the Zuider Zee says the undertaking is feasible. The work would take thirty-one years for completion, and every year 10,000 hectares of land would be restored to cultivation. A dyke thirty miles in length will extend from the extreme end of the western coast of Friesland. The building of this dyke, which will be of a width 55 metres at the base and 6 metres high, will take nine years. The total cost of the works is

estimated at \$26,000,000, and the total value of the land thus reclaimed is estimated at \$27,000,000.

The quarries from which the ancient Greeks obtained the highly prized Thessalian or verd marble were lost for nearly one thousand years, but were recently rediscovered, and are now being worked by an English company. They are near Larissa.

On the 23rd of February, while King Humbert of Italy was on his way to the races, an iron worker out of employment, attempted to stab him with a dagger. The man was seized before he could carry out his purpose. Upon King Humbert's return to the Quirinal thousands of people gathered about the palace and gave him an ovation. The man who tried to stab the king has been pronounced insane by physicians.

It was stated in the British House of Commons on the 26th, that the Powers, having assumed the occupation of Crete before the war, had determined that the island should be considered neutral, and the blockade maintained in order to prevent opposition to their authority.

A fight on the 19th, in Miloua Pass, resulted in complete victory for the Turks. The Greeks retire to the Plain of Thessaly, after suffering great loss in the contest.

The first seriously planned battle between the Turk and Greeks began on the 21st at Larissa. The Greeks were greatly outnumbered, but they fought desperately, and at night held their own.

After a fierce fight at Mati, on the 24th, the Greek retreated from Tyrnovo and Larissa to Pharsala, about twenty miles due south of Larissa.

Edhem Pasha, the Turkish General, in an interview says, "The Greek retreat was a general rout. They left everything behind, including immense quantities of artillery and munitions of war, which we will be able to make use of."

On the 26th ult. it was thought the Powers would intervene to stop the war between the contestants. It was stated that Greece would neither solicit nor accept the intervention of the Powers, and was preparing to negotiate directly with Turkey.

The total of the cases of bubonic plague in Bombay up to Fourth Month 22nd is 11,706. There have been 10,020 deaths from that disease. Many of the inhabitants of Bombay are now returning to the city.

The visit of British warships to Delagoin Bay is to frustrate the intrigues of Germany, Portugal and the Transvaal, in changing the status quo to the disadvantage of Great Britain.

Buenos Ayres, according to the recent census, has a population of 668,850, or about 100,000 more than B. de Janeiro.

#### NOTICES.

WESTWON BOARDING SCHOOL.—Applications for the admission of pupils to the school, and letters of request for instruction and discipline should be addressed to WILLIAM F. WICKERSHAM, Principal.

Payments on account of board and tuition, at communications in regard to business should be forwarded to EDWARD G. SMEDLEY, Superintendent. Address, Westwton P. O., Chester Co., Pa.

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DIED, on the seventh of Second Month, 1891, at the home of her son-in-law, Wm. Branch, Iowa, Mr. E. H. HENRY, in the eighty-seventh year of her age, member of Hickory Grove Monthly Meeting of Friends and a consistent standard bearer of their distinguished faith. She had survived her husband, John H. nearly eight years. Her quiet, uncomplaining spirit was an adornment to her profession, by which could be perceived the strength of her faith, to which she leads the gates of eternal day.

WILLIAM L. FILET'S SONS, PRINTERS, No. 122 Walnut Street.

# THE FRIEND.

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For "THE FRIEND."

## The Early Religious Experience of Thomas Shillitoe.

Thomas Shillitoe's Journal gives the following account of his early life:

"I was born in Holborn, London, about the second Month, 1754. My parents were members of the national church, and zealously engaged to bring up their children in the due observance of its religious rites and ceremonies, and every moral duty. In my infancy they fed the place of my birth, and settled in White-chapel, until I had attained about the twelfth year of my age. My father had, for many years, led the office of librarian to the society of Gray's Inn. His situation calling for his daily attendance, and feeling the infirmities of old age coming upon him, it became necessary to change his place of residence, which induced him to take the Three Tuns public house at Finsbury, and move there with his family.

This change exposed me to great temptations, and naturally of a volatile disposition, and very addicted to vanity. Before, I had been kept close within doors, seldom being suffered to go into the company of other children, except at school; but now I was exposed to all sorts of company, and allowed to ramble over the village unprotected, both by day and late of an evening, crying out beer to the customers, and gathering in the pots, and waiting upon such company as came to the house. First-days were usually the most busy days I had, being scarcely ever able to get to a place of religious worship. This, by long continued neglect, became matter of the greatest indifference to me; which had not been the case before my parents changed their abode. I can now recur to the satisfaction I at times experienced, in going with my parents to what is called church; but my exposed situation in my father's house, opened almost every vice, and the artifices of such ill-disposed persons as I had at times to do with, had nearly effected my ruin. My father being unacquainted with this business, and of a easy disposition, by lending his property and other means, wasted what substance he had, which obliged him to quit this line of life, and retire to apartments provided for him and his family, in Gray's Inn, and live on his salary. I was now about sixteen years of age. A

person who frequented my father's house, and who had been an officer in the army, having begun business in the grocery line in Wapping, proposed to my parents to take me as an apprentice for five years, to which they agreed. Here my situation was not improved, as respected good example; for my master was given to much liquor and company; and his wife from her manner of being brought up, was not a suitable mistress for me. These things, together with the examples of wickedness exhibited in the neighborhood, rendered my new situation every way a dangerous one. But though thus exposed, adorable Mercy met with me, and awakened in my mind a degree of religious thoughtfulness. I endeavored to obtain an acquaintance with a young man in the neighborhood, towards whom I felt an attachment, from an apprehension that his countenance bespoke him to be of a serious disposition. His company proved helpful to my preservation, from going greater lengths in folly and dissipation than I might otherwise have done; and his example awakened in me again that liking which I once had for attending a place of religious worship, when I had the opportunity; but this did not often occur; my master and mistress spending the First-day from home, in pleasure, I was left to take care of the house. My master's inclination for company and strong drink caused him to neglect his business; and after I had been with him a little more than one year, he was compelled to give it up, and move to Portsmouth, where he opened a shop in the same line. I felt regret at being obliged to leave my new acquaintance; and the more so, as my exposure to temptation was not at all lessened by my change of residence. A sense of the necessity of care how I formed new acquaintance was in mercy awakened in me, to which I endeavored to give good heed. In time a sober, religious young man, rather older than I was, attached himself to me; and our intimacy was of mutual benefit, continuing the remainder of the time I staid in this part of the country.

The neighborhood in which my master resided, exposed me more to the danger of being drawn aside from the paths of virtue, than any other part of the town; this circumstance, together with the little probability of my making any improvement in a knowledge of my business, induced me to write to my parents to procure my indentures, which being effected, I returned to London, and obtained a situation in the same line of employ. Although I did not mend my situation, as respected the neighborhood I settled in, yet the change was abundantly for the better as respected my master, who was a sober, religiously disposed man, and a great help to me. He being a constant attender of the Foundling Hospital chapel, I became his companion on First-day mornings, and in the afternoon resorted to such places of worship as were noted for popular preachers. In this situation I remained about three years, until I became acquainted with a young man, a distant relation, descended from the Society of Friends. I then

forsook the Foundling Hospital chapel, and other places of worship which I had frequented, and kept solely to the meetings of Friends, on First-day mornings. But my motive for this change was not a pure one; my chief inducement being to meet my young relation, and go to dine with him, his acquaintance causing me to neglect the attendance of a place of worship the remaining part of the day, which had been my uniform practice for the last three years. My new companion also took me to the most fashionable tea-gardens and other places of public resort, where we spent the afternoon, and, at times, the evening; this led the way to my giving greater latitude than ever to my natural inclination. Still I continued to attend Friends' Meetings on First-day morning for more than twelve months, but spent the remainder of the day in pleasure. The retrospect did not produce those comfortable feelings which I had once known, when this day of the week was differently occupied; and I was again, in unmerited mercy, met with, and my attention arrested to consider the misery into which the road I had now chosen to travel would eventually lead me, if I continue to pursue it.

Feeling a decided preference to the meetings of Friends, I continued my attendance; experiencing an increased care to observe the time appointed and to be diligent also, in the attendance of afternoon meetings. The more faithfully I gave up to these impressions of duty, the more my desires increased after an acquaintance with the Almighty, and the knowledge of his ways. Earnest were my prayers, that in this day of his powerful visitation, in mercy renewed to my soul, he would not leave me, nor suffer me to become a prey to my soul's adversary, that his hand would not spare, nor his eye pity, until an entire willingness was brought about in me, to cast myself down at his holy footstool.

As resignation was thus wrought in me, to yield to the purifying operation of the Holy Ghost and fire,—that the fan of God's word and power should effect the necessary separation between the precious and the vile, corresponding fruits were brought forth in me, and manifested by my outward conduct. I soon found that my old companion considered me no longer a fit one for him, and our intimacy ceased."

FROM SENATE TO PRIZE RING.—It seems inexplicable that a man who was once the honored representative of a great State in the United States Senate, and who, by the election of his colleagues, was made Vice President *pro tempore* of the United States, should cast these dignities and honors behind his back and consent to be present at a prize fight as the widely advertised, and probably well-paid, reporter of one of the most vulgar newspapers in the country. Think of it, a senator for eighteen years, and presiding officer of that dignified body, taking his place among the roughs and toughs of the land, and describing one of the most brutal exhibitions that degraded manhood has ever presented to the world. Such service un-

doubtedly received large pecuniary compensation, but what was gained in dollars and cents is far from being commensurate with what was lost in dignity, honor, self-respect, and character.

Strange fates have overtaken some men who once stood in places of power and honor in our country, and that to which the brilliant former senator from Kansas has succumbed is quite as strange and unfortunate as any.—*Selected.*

### Memorial to the Citizens of the United States.

It is related of the Greek philosopher, Democritus, of the Isle of Cyprus, who at the beginning of the second century resided at Athens, respected for his simple life, and full of kindness to all, that when a show of gladiators was about to be exhibited, he presented himself before the assembled people and told them that they should pass no such decree until they had first removed away the altar of pity. Only in the preceding generation, the Apostle Paul, standing in the midst of Mars' Hill, had declared unto those Athenians *who* was the "Unknown God" that they ignorantly worshipped, rebuked them for their idolatry and superstition, and reasoned with them of righteousness, temperance and judgment to come.

To-day, eighteen centuries further along in the world's course, the demagogues of the prize ring are let loose upon society, a multitude of people bow down in all their idolatry of animalism, and the Lord Christ, who is the "Altar of Pity," Head over all things, is certainly far removed from their hearts. Yet may we devoutly thank God that it was by no decree of the Nation that within the borders of the smallest populated of its States, there was given opportunity to ingloriously prepare and to enact the recent brutish spectacle of the prize ring. One after another had the States (with a single exception perhaps of the one unnamed) by legislative enactment brought pugilism under the ban, while Congress itself had forbidden prize-fighting in all the national domain.

The good name of the nation has been outraged not so much by the disgraceful event of a specially brutal encounter between two human beings, as by the very reprehensible course of a large number of daily papers in exploiting from first to last the prize-fighters and the fight. "We can recall no one thing in the history of the country" says a prominent, influential daily, "that has done so much to demoralize the press and the public as the continuous babbling between prize-fighters and their associates that has found publicity in the newspapers during the last five years." "There is every reason to expect," continues the same editor, "a wholesome reaction of public sentiment, not only against the reckless and babbling bruisers of the ring, but against the public journals which have done so much to teach brutality and lawlessness as attributes of modern manhood."

Unfortunately, some millions of our people, especially those young in years, who will have been so seriously damaged, morally, through the papers which gave them the babbling of the prize-fighters and their sympathetic associates, will know little of the wholesome reaction of public sentiment that is expected to set in. They seek only the class of papers which may be depended on to cater to their unhealthy warped or depraved instincts. Before the Congress that ended with the late presidential administration adjourned, there was an opportunity presented to uphold the nation's good name, by the prompt passage of

the bill entitled "A bill to prohibit the transmission by mail or interstate commerce of any picture or description of any prize-fight or its accessories." The Commerce Committee of the house of Representatives (Aldrich, chairman), in its favorable report of the bill, properly said that it "simply protects the more advanced States which have forbidden pugilism as brutal and brutalizing, against having prize-fights brought into their borders in pictures and descriptions which are only a little less harmful than the degrading sport which they describe." May the simple enactment of this (re-introduced) bill, mark as well the healthy reaction, as an honest purpose to protect the honor of the country at a point where it has been so grievously assailed to its hurt!

### KEEP YOUR WORD WITH THE CHILDREN.

—We cannot estimate too highly the importance of keeping faith with the children. When once that is destroyed, the corner-stone of our influence is taken away, and it will not be strange if the whole structure crumble around us, overwhelming us with trouble and unavailing sorrow.

It is related that the Earl of Chatham had promised that his son should be present at the demolition of a wall about his estate, but through accident, it was pulled down in his absence. His lordship felt the importance of his word being kept sacred, so he ordered the wall to be rebuilt, that his son might be present when it was again demolished, as he had promised. It was not that a child's whim might be humored, but that his faith in his father's word might be unshaken.

These little open eyes take sharp note of our actions from a very early age. You may sometimes get on the blind side of older people, but rarely of a little child. They go right through the flimsy disguises of sophristry and worldly politeness, and come down to bare plain facts.

A little child had been promised the next time grandpa came he should go home with him. The next time came, but the promise was not fulfilled, so the child reminded him of it. "You don't think grandpa would tell a lie?" asked the old man, sadly concerned.

"I don't know," answered the child, "what does grandpa call it?"

A mother promised a cake to her little boy when she returned home, but, being absent for several hours, she forgot it. The little boy had been watching long at the window for her, and his disappointment was great, but not so great as his amazement at his mother for breaking her word. "Forgot" was a word whose meaning he did not know. Mother went quickly out and bought the cake; but still the trouble lingered in his mind, and he was heard saying softly to himself, by way of comfort, "Mother only forgot." He could not bear to think she had told a lie. Have your children equal sensitiveness with regard to your truthfulness?

One almost trembles to hear the scores of promises which thoughtless mothers make, with no thought of ever fulfilling them. But children very soon learn to value them at what they are worth; and who can estimate the consequences to their souls of this early lesson in falsehood?—*Selected.*

MEETINGS for worship are intended for our spiritual profit. If we come away from them without a corresponding improvement of mind and heart, our attendance upon them has been a failure. We may have heard a great sermon,

listened to fine music, gratified our curiosity and eased our consciences, but our souls have received no proper uplift and our lives become barren of gracious results. We may be able to talk about the drawing attraction of the hour but we have gained no rich, abiding experience and no impulsion in spiritual and practical directions.—*The Presbyterian.*

### A Letter from Paris.

Oh, I have found the most interesting little old bouquiniste possible to imagine, with I stand along the banks of the Seine, not far from Notre Dame. His face is always beaming with smiles, and he dances up and down his long line of boxes as sprightly as if his hairs were not white and his figure bent. I find it quite impossible to pass without taking a glance, for he has such treasures of old books there, an always only I found some perfect beauties and too them without hesitating. He hunted quite awhile for some paper to wrap them in, and produced at last a newspaper, quite brown and stained, and spread it carefully on the stone wall, saying apologetically as he did so, "ce est pas sale, mademoiselle, c'est seulement un peu vieux, voyez" (it is not soiled, miss, it is only a little old, look) and he pointed to the date, 1848. "Cela ne fait rien" (that amount to nothing) I said, and added, that one saw very clearly his books were better cared for than any one else's there. At this he straightened himself up, making himself as tall as possible—he came about to my shoulder—said, with a knowing nod, "Oh, yes, the others are of a little different class." I left him a parently very happy in the pleasant consciousness that his books were just a little better than those of the other bouquinistes along the river. At that moment he was evidently not troubled with the thought of comparison between himself and those who had risen to the dignity of a store; it was very much better to be the bouquiniste on the Seine than to be among the poorer owners of a store. But I shall soon have to be going again to see what new treasures I have gathered. It is really quite fascinating—a pleasant afternoon, with the delightful breeze from the river, and the sunshine illuminating the beautiful cathedral on the other side, stand and look over an interesting collection of books.

But to-day was a fête day in Paris. I had not taken the trouble to find out what it is about, only I know it is something belonging to Lent, and the city seemed to have lost its wits, and its citizens partly running wild, as it was carnival time. I had occasion to go to the city (there were no lectures to-day), and crossing over the place "Palais Royale," to wait for an omnibus, I received a large shower bits of bright-colored paper in my face. I also saw that everybody was covered with the same and that the crowds rushing by were nearly all provided with large sacs full of tiny circular bits of paper, which they threw in each other's faces, or in those of harmless unarmed persons attending to their own affairs. I was forced to wait three quarters of an hour before I could get a seat, so I had nothing to do but wait the crowds. There were people in all sorts of costumes with ridiculous masques, dancing or cutting up all sorts of capers in the streets, and one poor dog I saw who did look so absurd and pathetically funny, with a baby's big bit net, running around. People were carry-

little babies dressed up like clowns, and there were old women with masques, dressed like little children, and acting as though they had lost their wits. As I finally secured a place in the omnibus, the scene presented coming up the avenue and across the Place de l'Opera, was something curious. It was warm and the windows were open, so that before we had crossed the Place we were almost buried with paper flakes, for the crowd hurled in handfuls on every side. But the worst feature of it is they have rolls of paper, like a roll of narrow ribbon, which they hurl, and the affair, as it unwinds, is carried by the breeze until it catches on a tree, or window, or wire, and there it hangs, yards and yards in length, streaming in the breeze. Looking down the boulevards, they seemed to be hung with bright colored curtains, so dense were the ribbons together. I think it is most unhappy custom, and those miserable bags of paper will hang there in forlorn conditions for weeks and weeks, for they are so matted that even the rains cannot do much towards veering them away. On coming to the house, Alice assisted me in shaking from my clothing and hair, the quantity of bits of paper still clinging to me. I felt no desire to return back into town this evening, when the play will be at its height.

26th.—There was a very interesting lecture to-day at the College de France, upon "The Labor Question in the United States." The lecturer had evidently been recently in America. The topic discussed to-day was "Private Institutions of Charity," and especially in regard to what was done by private citizens to meliorate the condition of the laboring classes brown out of employment during the winter of 1893. The hall was greatly crowded, showing much interest in the subject. This is something which has struck me from the first, although I have not been in France long enough to form a judgment of much value, that the public entertained of us Americans by the two nationalities, French and German, is entirely different. I suppose that a part of this, at least, is due to political causes, but still more so the fact that French tastes, French manners and the French mind, is more in harmony with our own than that of the German people. The Germans are plodders and thinkers, but they seldom the first to realize the fruits of their own inventions or discoveries. As a general thing there is spread abroad among them a sentiment of—I scarcely know what to name it—pomp is much too strong—but weaken it and at is what I mean, against the French and the Americans. The feeling against the former is largely owing to political causes, but tends much farther than that. Though they are studying the language at seven years of age, and continue it for seven years; studying its structure and fine points in a way that we do not study anything in America, they never catch a point where they grasp its real fitness to its spirit, their very knowledge of its form prevents that.

Remember, I speak in a general way and not of particular individuals. But they are at it blame for this. The structure of their minds prevents them from doing justice to the French mind. It is a subject that I often discussed with the French Professor at Göttingen, was amusing to him, with all the German's confessed dislike of the nation, that his lectures continued to draw such crowds. He did not think that in any but a German town of only twenty thousand inhabitants, a course of lec-

tures in a foreign language would draw such a number of people together.

The Americans as a rule are classed as a people like the French, superficial and devoted to pleasure, without any real culture. There is, no doubt, only too much truth in this, but in realizing our lack of solid culture, they fail to grasp the worth of our ingenuity, our readiness to grasp ideas on all sides, and to turn to profit what we have thus gathered. Germany is at present struggling between the old world and the new. She is of a turn that makes her cling desperately to the old, and America is the place from which the new ideas come. Above all, America is responsible for the spread of "Woman's Rights," and no self-respecting German man can ever forgive her for that. I feel constantly called upon to defend our good points, and to call people to reason. I can give no idea of how many times I heard the remark, "The Americans do so and so," simply because the individual who spoke had seen one American with a particular habit. I came to be quite dreading in this line and reached the point where at last I had taught those with whom I came in contact to avoid this manner of thoughtless speaking. An instance to the point—the German's pay the greatest possible amount of attention to the graves of deceased relatives—keeping them personally in perfect order, and as they celebrate always the birth-day of each member of the family while living, so they continue the custom after they are gone, and one sees the graves on the anniversary of the birth of the occupant, decorated with flowers; this is often kept up ten, or even twenty years after the death of the member of a family. No one who has seen something of the beautiful home life of the Germans, can help realizing in this custom something very touching and admirable. I had one day expressed to a friend with whom I visited the grave of her father, who had been dead a number of years, my appreciation of the beauty of the care for the graves, which I noticed among the Germans, but I expressed at the same time my personal feelings in relation to the matter, and that for me there was no connection between the resting place of the body and the reality of what I had loved on earth. I also explained that part of this feeling was due to the teachings I had received as a child, for the sect to which my parents belonged did not permit the use of tombstones, or any decoration of the graves of any kind.

It was several months afterwards, when in company one day I heard this same person announce with emphasis, "The Americans take no care whatever of their graveyards, and have no monuments or decorations of any kind." I was indeed surprised, and immediately begged of the company not to attribute to my country all my own personal peculiarities, nor those of the sect to which I belonged, and that as a matter of fact nothing could be more lavish than the display made in America on such occasions, although it was essentially different in character from that in Germany. I mention this to show how easy it is to give wrong impressions, and how one needs to be careful of what one says.

I have two different routes in going from here to the University. The one which I prefer passes many of the most beautiful buildings in the city. From the top of the omnibus one has a very fine view. There is a large square that one crosses just before coming in front of Notre Dame. I am always interested in pass-

ing there, because the crowds of people watching are so full that every day by the way. Of course the road which consists of broad and coffee, is not given to every one that comes; the applicant must have a ticket certifying that he or she is really needy. I do not know the regulations, but I like to watch the old woman go up with their cups, each taking their turn, and to see them pass on, looking very contented with the material comforts they possess. The men and women are served separately, and I do not see any that do not seem reasonably in good spirit.

Every time I pass Notre Dame, or indeed any other Gothic structure, I am struck with the feature common to them all, of the water spouts ending in grotesque dragons, dwarfs, etc., out of whose hideous, gaping mouths the water pours in time of rain. Notre Dame simply swarms with them on every side, and they produce a very curious effect.

This line, after passing Notre Dame, crosses the river and terminates at the Jardin des Plantes. This is one of the interesting features of Paris, for here are accumulated the museums of natural history, the zoological and botanical gardens. The museum of objects of natural history is the richest of its kind in the world, and probably the best organized. The Jardin des Plantes, which was in the beginning simply a botanical garden, was founded in 1655, but it is from 1732, when it was given over into the hands of the great Buffon, that its real history begins.

A large number of the courses in natural history are given here, and are all open and free to the public. I am constantly impressed with the generosity of the French in this respect, everything seems to be done on such a large scale, and every possible opportunity given to the public to improve their knowledge if they choose. E. S. K.

FOR "THE FRIEND."

### Grammatical Use of Words.

[Our well-known Friend, Joseph J. Hopkins, has sent to us the remarks which follow on the grammatical use of the plain language of Thee and Thou to a single person. The wide-spread use of Thee in the nominative case, we regard as a curious example of the force of habit and of the manner in which certain forms of speech maintain their hold in the community. This use of the word Thee is not peculiar to Friends, but in parts of England, where the singular pronoun is commonly used, we find the same custom. Therefore we do not believe that its use is always due to a desire to avoid the cross. Yet the grammatical use of words is desirable in itself, and among a people so generally educated as our members are, a conformity with the rules of grammar may reasonably be required.—E. J.]

Why is it that members of our religious Society, who appear in some respects to be well concerned in regard to the requirements of our holy religion, should yet ignore, or slight and so mar or spoil the beauty of the pure language of the Truth, and of the Scriptures, by substituting *thee* instead of *thou*.

I am often pained at my very heart, at hearing and seeing our plain-looking members, and those, too, filling, or occupying prominent stations in society, and in the world, who in conversation or writing will put the pronoun *thee* where it should be *thou*, and thus sadly lower the high and holy standard our early Friends

in the Truth were raised up by power from on high to uphold and promulgate, in the face of, and before a world lying in wickedness. And many had to suffer deeply for this very thing, of using the plain Scripture language correctly, which many amongst us can so easily slight.

Again I ask, Why is it? Is it not because of the cross? Shall we not remember what the Lord said, "He that denieth me before men, shall be denied before my Father and the Holy Angels."

Many years ago, when our religious Society stood on a higher plane, perhaps, than at the present day, some faithful Friends of Ohio had to go into committee to plead for some testimony that we, as a religious Society, have committed to us, and, in granting the petition of the court, the judge delivered this strong testimony to them, viz: "You come here with your broad brims, and your thys and your thous, and we cannot withstand you." This I had from Benjamin W. Ladd, himself one of the committee. So that we may draw from this objective lesson the force of the necessity of faithfulness in the entire upholding of all the precious testimonies handed down to us of the present time from those sons of the morning of a brighter day. For we may lop off the branches of a flourishing tree, one after another, until it shall have no branch upon it of a fruit-bearing nature, to tell by its productiveness, what manner of tree it was.

When a lad, the writer was conveying a couple of faithful Friends from Baltimore to the neighborhood of Gunpowder, a small meeting within the limits of Baltimore Yearly Meeting. It was a period when the blessed Truth was very precious in my sight, and the Spirit of the dear Redeemer was very near in the heart, wooing and drawing into the sacred enclosure, saying, "This is the way, walk thou in it," and letting me know that I must take up the cross and use the plain language thee and thou correctly as I found it in the Scriptures.

The simple pronoun *thee*, I had been taught when a child, and used it; but to turn now and use thou instead seemed more than my poor weak faith was equal to. When to my surprise the two ministering Friends began to speak of the very matter that was uppermost in my mind, though at the time we were entire strangers, and I had said but few words to them. They commenced by saying what a pity it was that the beautiful Scripture language of thee and thou should be so miserably abused and mutilated, as was the case in our religious Society, such as putting thee where it should be thou. I having been deceived by the enemy of souls up to that time, thinking that none but the pure in heart should use that truly dignified language. They still going on in conversation upon the same subject, and the writer in deep attention listening to every word uttered. While they went on to tell of a visit they made to a seminary of learning, where the principal of the school was a member of Society; and the first words he used were, "How is *thee*?" The Friend who told it said that it almost knocked him down, coming as it did from a teacher of things true and right.

The writer then asked if they thought that it would do for any one to use that pure language. They did not see why all should not use it, as it was the language of the Bible, also the same that was spoken by our blessed Lord, and the same that was used to Adam, and so by the wisest and best of men down to the present time. And that it was according to the

rules of grammar. That we should all wish to use a form of speech grammatically correct, and more than that, it was beautiful and harmonious. I had no further objection to make, but was dumb with silence, musing upon the salutary lesson of instruction taught me by those two ministering spirits, my companions. A lesson, I trust, never to be forgotten.

JOSEPH J. HOPKINS.

GAP, Lancaster Co., Pa.,  
Fourth Month 9th, 1897.

FOR "THE FRIEND'S"  
MY SUNSET PRAYER.

"Oh, Lord, I'm weak and long for rest,  
I'm facing now the setting sun;  
O, let no ill my peace molest;

My work below is nearly done.  
My journey's end I ain't would see,  
And all my dear ones gathered there.  
Have mercy, O, my God on me,  
And save my soul from blank despair.

"For I am feeble, old and lone,  
Dear sons have passed within the veil,  
Loved ones I leaned on, all are gone.  
O, Christ, my hope! Thou wilt not fail.  
No silver, gold, or worldly pelf,  
Can aught avail to shield or save—  
My only hope is from thyself,  
The treasures of thy grace I crave.

"Hide not thy face from me, I pray,  
O, fill my heart, and there abide;  
Support me, or I sink away,  
O, dwell with me through evenside,  
Long hast thou promised me to be,  
And looked for fruitage ripe and fair,  
Alas! that I should yield no more,  
With all thy faithful, tender care.

"No work nor merit can I plead—  
I'm weary, worn, heart sick and sore,  
O, Father help me in my need;  
Renew my strength, revive, restore;  
And lead me from this home so fair,  
Without regret or silent grief;  
Another field for me prepare,  
To gather out a goodly sheaf.

"Now all I have is wholly thine,  
My life anew I consecrate,  
Be thou my solace. Love divine,  
My strength and joy, the while I wait;  
My every want do thou supply,  
And make thy gifts in me abound,  
The hungry soul to satisfy,  
And crumbs of comfort scatter round."

Thus having prayed, with quickened ear,  
I listened for some message clear;  
Some word the Spirit might apply,  
My troubled heart to pacify.  
When lo, a voice came, soothing, sweet,  
My own responsive soul to greet.  
In tones melodious and low,  
It said within, in rhythm slow,

"All thou hast asked is freely given,  
And more awaits thee soon, in Heaven.  
Fear not, arise, and onward press,  
A few years more to help and bless.  
When all earth's lessons thou hast learned,  
And peace and power through conflict earned,  
Then wait serene thy sunset hour,  
In tranquil joy—no cloud shall lower—"

"And listen for the glad 'Well done!'  
Or, 'Come up higher; faithful one!  
When all earth's varied scenes forsaken,  
In Heaven's morning dawn thou hast waken.  
What holy rapture, sweet repose  
Will supersede thy worldly woes.  
The joy awaiting thee is more  
Than all thy heart has known before."

"Then yield thy breath without a sigh,  
The Lord is there and heaven nigh;  
Kind friends will guard thy mortal rest,  
Kind angels guide thee homeward, blest,  
Then hallowed be thy soft repose,  
Where living water gently flows,  
How blessed then thy perfect rest,  
Till called to do thy Lord's behest.

"Thy treasures here so freely given,  
Are multiplied for thee in heaven;  
True riches there, a hundred fold  
Return for all in finest gold,  
The love thou craves laid up in store,  
With truth and good, find evermore.  
O then, with Christ and heaven allied,  
Thou shalt be ever satisfied."

"In blooming youth, with agile feet,  
Thou'lt walk e'er the golden street,  
Will join the seraph choir and sing  
High praises to thy risen King.  
Review the paths on earth thou trod,  
Recount thy mercies, bless thy God;  
On loving missions glad thou'lt go,  
In loving service, as below."

SELECTED.

Arabian Nights' Fancies and Letter-day Fack

THE FAIRY GRAVITATION.

Far back in the hills west of Mauch Chunk Pa., lie great beds of coal. They were mad under the sea long ages ago, raised up, roofed over by the Allegheny Mountains, and kept waiting as great reservoirs of power for the use of man.

But how can these mountains be gotten to the distant cities by the sea? Faith in wbs power can say at least to the ashes of these mountains, "Be thou removed far hence an east into the sea?" It is easy.

Along the winding sides of the mountain have been laid two rails like steel ribbons for a dozer miles, from the coal beds to water an railroad transportation. Put a half-dozen loads cars on the track, and with one man at the brake, lest gravitation should prove too willful a helper, away they go through the springtime freshness or the autumn glory, spinning an singing down to the point of universal distribution.

On one occasion the brake for some reason would not work. The cars just flew like an arrow. The man's hair stood up from fright and the wind. Coming to a curve the cars kept straight on, ran down a bank, dashed right into the end of a house, and spilled their whole load in the cellar. Probably no man ever laid in winter's supply of coal so quickly or so undressably.

But how do we get the cars back? It is pleasant sliding down hill on a rail, but who pulls the sled back? Gravitation. It is just as willing to work both ways as one way.

Think of a great letter X a dozen miles long. Lay it down on the side against three or four rough hills. Bend the X till it will fit the curves and precipices of these hills. That is the double track. Now when loaded cars have come down one bar of the X by gravity, draw them up by a sharp incline to the upper end of the other bar, and away they go by gravity to the other end. Draw them up one more incline, and they are ready to take a new load, and buzz down to the bottom again.

I have been riding round the glorious mountain sides in a horseless, steamless, electricity carriage, and been delighted to find hundred of tons of coal shooting over my head at the crossing of the X, and both cars were drawn in opposite directions by the same force of gravity in the heart of the earth.

MORE MOON HELP.

At Foo-Chow, China, there is a stone bridge more than a mile long, uniting the two parts of the city. It is not constructed with arches but piers are built up from the bottom of the river, and great granite stringers are laid horizontally from pier to pier. I measured some of these great stone stringers, and found that



to be three feet square and forty-five feet long. They weigh over eighty tons each.

How could they be lifted, handled, and put in place on slender piers over the water? None of our modern derricks could swing the mighty mass. How was it done? There was no Hercules to perform the mighty labor, nor Amphion to lure them to their place with the music of his golden lyre.

Tradition says that the Chinese, being astute stonemasons, got the moon to do the work. It was certainly very shrewd if they did. Why not use the moon for more than a lantern? Is it not a part of the "all things" over which man has made to have dominion?

Well, the Chinese engineers brought the great granite blocks to the bridge site on floats, and when the tide lifted the floats and stones they locked up the stones on the piers, and let the boats sink with the outgoing tide. Then they locked up the stones on the floats again, and as the moon lifted the tides once more they lifted the stones farther toward their place, until it length the work was done for each set of tones.—*Bishop Warren.*

**THE CURSE OF AUSTRIAN MILITARISM.**—In Austria, every male subject of the Emperor, when he reaches his twentieth birthday, must report himself for service. In Third or Fourth month of every year, notices are posted up in each parish, throughout the Dual Monarchy, tating in which neighboring town the "*Asseuerungs Commission*" will shortly sit. These Commissions are composed of regular officers and army doctors—generally a board of about twenty altogether—who choose the recruits. All must come to the board; blindness or lameness affords no reason for absence. Cases have been reported where friends have carried the twenty-years-old subject of his majesty on a stretcher before the Commission. When rejected as unfit, by three consecutive Commissions, the applicant is considered free, though subject to a yearly tax, fixed according to his social standing. Statistics show a steady increase yearly of the percentage of rejections as physically unfit, particularly of the young men from the big towns. The causes are not difficult to seek: excessive hours of labor, low wages, insufficient nourishment, and the horrid rural mortality so rampant in the large cities in Austria. It is stated that in the manufacturing town of Reichenberg, in Northern Bohemia, in Fourth Month last, only twenty-six per cent of the recruits summoned were considered fit for service! Every man serves under the colors three complete years, without exception. When he remains seven years in the Reserve, he passes after this period into the militia for two years. When these twelve years have lapsed, the soldier is free from duty in the event of war, the Government having no longer claim upon him.

Barrack life in Austria presents not many pleasant features. The rank and file receive each a sixpence every fifth day; five round cakes of black bread, weighing two pounds each, every sixth-day; and eight small packets of dreadfully-smelling Government tobacco during the course of the month. Breakfast at six A. M., means a pint of coffee, and dinner at twelve noon a quarter-pound of the inevitable oiled beef, with about the same quantity of vegetables. There is no tea or supper allowed, except what the soldier can enjoy from his surplus portions of black bread. And the statement often made is true, that without extra

monetary aid, the greater part of Austria's Atkinsons could not pull through the three years. Help comes from parents and friends, and servant girls are equally important factors in the matter. But in the country parts of Galicia, Bohemia and Moravia there exists a speciality peculiar to Austria—I mean peasants so poverty-stricken, helpless, and uneducated as to be termed by the Socialists "dead material." They fill the ranks in large numbers, and for the first time in their lives enjoy butcher's meat daily. Many surreptitiously sell their packets of tobacco, and thereby gather together about fifty shillings at the expiry of their terms of service. These Slovaks and Croats quit the ranks to become beasts of burden again with much reluctance, and alone form the exception to a general rule.—*The Spectator.*

FOR "THE FRIEND."  
**Are We Growing?**

N. L. BARKER.

The farmer who would be successful in his business must study those various conditions which favor the growth and maturing of his products, and the chances of success are in favor of him who endeavors to put to the best practical use his own and the experience of others in the same line. What is true of the farmer, is true throughout the whole business world. But if the rule holds good in the business world, it is equally applicable in every field of human endeavor.

The elements of growth and decay, or in other words the conditions which lead to success or failure, must be sought out and their morale applied.

It becomes, then, one of the most momentous questions which can claim our attention. Are our own powers, physical, mental and spiritual, growing stronger, as nature intended, and if not, why? Is the one talent; are the three talents or five talents which have been entrusted to us lying idle, or, are we cultivating them to our own and to the Master's use? Along with the talent has been given the means of multiplying it. The conditions of growth are within our grasp, and the first duty which we owe to ourselves and to the world, is to employ those conditions in augmenting our powers, or at least to prevent an unnatural decay.

Nature has been compared to an open picture book, in which we have scarcely learned to read. The pictures allure us, yet they are but the beautiful expression of problems which all but frighten us with their profound import. But because we are children in nature's school, delighting to feast our eyes upon the beauty of the picture, rather than delve deep beneath the surface touches of form and color, in order to learn the story which they tell, is no reason why we should not endeavor to grow to manhood.

What may be the design of our Creator in imbedding deep in the mysterious twinkling of the stars, in the fossils of the past, and in the beauty and symmetry of the myriads of objects about us, the grand principles governing our own lives, growth and destiny?

We are lovers of the beautiful and the wonderful, and it is a beautiful thought, at least, that all that is beautiful and sublime in nature, is but a standing and tangible appeal to us to delve deep into her hidden mysteries. It implies effort—work—but in such lies not only the glory of manhood, but the making of manhood. Nature teaches that individual effort is the first essential to growth, and the only ladder which leads to success. Carlyle has said that "All

work is Divine; work, broad as the earth, has its summit in heaven."

While nature rewards the lawful exercise of power, with increased capacity, so it punishes the abuse or abuse of inherent energies. Indolence or inactivity, whether it be physical or mental, is punished morally by discontent with all its attendant evils, and organically by physical degeneration. It has been said that parasites are the paupers of nature, gaining the two ends of their lives, food and shelter, without relying upon their own resources. At first thought we might suppose that in the great struggle for existence, those forms of life which rivied at the expense of others, because they could be safer from their enemies, eat and drink more easily, and live more leisurely, had gained a decided point over their hosts, who honestly depend on their own resources for gaining a livelihood. But nature does not encourage any such cheating or robbery; on the contrary she argues that the disuse of a function is a confession that it is not needed, and accordingly takes it away. The organism, then, instead of being allowed to ascend in the scale of life, must step down a notch for every breach of the law of development by use. The hermit crab furnishes an example in illustration.

The surest clue which shows to the naturalist the place in nature allotted to certain forms of life, is their early embryonic condition. So in the case of the hermit crab the fact is revealed that it was originally intended to occupy a high place in the kingdom of crustacea. But at some point in its history, in order the better to protect itself from its natural enemies and the rude waves which dashed it from rock to rock, it sought shelter in the cast-off shell of some mollusk. This trait being transmitted from generation to generation, it lost the necessity for its natural coat of mail and swimming appendages, which one by one were lost or rendered wholly useless. Thus it has lost its courage and independence of life, and continually drifts down toward the lower kingdom of mollusca, one of whose shells it appropriated. "I will take from him even that which he hath, and give unto him which hath ten talents," is but the Divine expression of a natural law.

Nature does not stop with merely punishing the offender; on the contrary, she makes ample compensation to the injured party. While the weaker individuals succumb to the influence of parasitism, the stronger survive, and thus through the survival and reproduction of the fittest the race is lifted up to a higher plane of existence, rare is lifted up to a higher plane of existence, rare is lifted up to a higher plane of existence, rare is lifted up to a higher plane of existence.

Physical or physiological backsliding finds its parallel in the intellectual sphere, as also in the Christian's life; and in endeavoring to solve the question whether or not we are growing, we should remember that the law of development by use, as opposed to the law of degeneration, becomes more rigid in its demands and more decided in inflicting the penalty for disobeying, as we trace its course through the intellectual and spiritual spheres, according as they are higher in the scale than matter. The moral, deduced from nature, and which is applicable to every phase of human life and society is to steer straight in the path which the Creator has laid down.

Parasitism, in its worst forms, is preying upon the vitals of human society. While public opinion may assign so much of the crime and misery in our midst to intemperance, pride, sensuality, or the morbid love of money, we may find that in these special weaknesses we are only reaping the fruits of a false education or discipline of our powers. Idleness, whether it is of the mus-

cles or the brain, feels honored if it can wear the badge of honest toil. There are men who, bearing the name of Christians, hide their deeds of shame beneath the church walls, forgetting that the crumbling ruins will sometime reveal their hiding places.

Or again, there is another class of men, who perhaps are accounted industrious, moral and upright, yet who seeking for an easy path of duty and looking to the instrument, instead of the Power which should lie back of it, cast their spiritual reliance upon a human or priestly mediator which is utterly unable to save them. It is without a parallel in nature, for where a parasite lights upon a means of support, it is always sufficient to sustain it.

As a revision of creed, in itself, can not give a newness of heart, neither is legislation the natural or most effective means of lifting us out of the evils of society. Civil law is but a confession of weakness. It may impose its penalties, but it can not cure the propensity. While its enforcement may act as a restraint, it is like the opiate which eases the painful effects, and not as the specific, directed against the cause of the disease.

(To be concluded.)

### Evil Tendencies of Boxing and Priz-Fighting.

The following article was sent to the *Public Ledger*, of Philadelphia, about four years ago, and may have had its influence, along with similar righteous concerns of faithful men, in causing the entire suppression by this newspaper, of the details of the recent brutal contest in this country, so discreditable to our nation.—W. E.

The growth and development of a taste for pugilistic performances, as manifested in the public displays and exhibitions of that character in the theatres, and also in the Academy of Music, in Philadelphia, have been a source of much concern to the writer, believing, as he undoubtedly does, that such exhibitions must result in brutalizing the minds and feelings of our citizens who attend them, and will foster a demand for prize fights, which are akin to the gladiatorial shows of ancient Rome in their barbarity and utterly debasing tendency, and also in their entire inconsistency with the benign principles of Christianity.

One of the triumphs of Christianity is assumed to be that it tends to do away with these blood-thirsty shows, and substitutes therefor amusements of a more elevating character, and more in harmony with what should be the aspirations of a being originally created a "little lower than the angels, and crowned with glory and honor."

But if we are to tolerate these brutal shows, which are not only an unmixt evil in themselves, but create an appetite for something still more bloody, what advance have we made on our heathen ancestors? For it will be found, on referring to the disgustingly detailed reports given in the columns of the public press, that on more than one occasion of late years prize fights have resulted in the death of one of the combatants, and even in the case of what are called trials of skill, judging from the source of information above alluded to, serious bodily injury is likely to be inflicted on the parties engaged. And what must be the effect on the minds of our youth when they are told in the printed accounts of such trials of skill that this or that combatant had the credit of drawing the "first blood," and also of giving the "only knock-down blow?" Unless some check can be put upon the apparently increasing disposition thus to pander to the low, degrading and

sensual appetites of human nature, it may result in a general corruption of the social mass, and we know from the teachings of history that when such a condition of national depravity is arrived it is followed, it may be slowly, but nevertheless surely, by national degradation or extinction. In a conversation lately had with the respected Director of Public Safety, Abraham M. Beidler, of Philadelphia, he said, in substance, that there probably never has been a time in its history when there were more arrests of juvenile offenders for crimes of a high order such as burglary, than during the last few months, and he attributed this state of things partly to the amusements that are placed within easy reach of the young. The ensnaring character of these amusements becomes more widespread by the exciting and detailed accounts and advertisements of them given in the public press. It is well to bear in mind that the prosperity and even the existence, of our nation and the popular form of government under which we live, eminently depend on the virtue and morality of our citizens; and that, under the gracious ordering of our Almighty Ruler and Caretaker, we may, by faithful occupancy of the high position assigned us among the nations of the earth, either become a blessing and a means of diffusing spiritual and moral light to the peoples of the Old World, or, if we prove ourselves unworthy of this high trust, and by our downward and sensual course frustrate the Divine plan, we may be blotted out from the face of the earth. "Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people" (Prov. xiv: 34.)

MARPLE, Delaware Co., Pa.,  
Fourth Mo. 21st, 1893.

### Natural History, Science, etc.

**Animals in Sickness.**—Ducks and cawaries peck sick and ailing birds to death, and pigs are born bullies, the smallest of the litter—the "petmet," as it is called in East Anglia—being invariably bitten, and deprived of its food. Carnivorous animals rarely injure a sick or wounded member of their tribe, though wolves, when pressed by hunger, devour the weakest, and jackals will at once assemble and tear to pieces a wounded member of the pack. But I lately heard a curious instance of the instinct to destroy the injured among the larger cats. Some rough ground in Oudh was being driven by beaters, when a cheetah appeared before one of the guns and was badly wounded. Another cheetah appeared immediately after, and came up to the first, which it seemed to urge to follow it. The wounded cheetah was unable to move, and the second, on discovering this, sprang on it, caught it by the throat and killed it, and was shot as it bounded away after this deliberate murder. Monkeys, with some notable exceptions, are some degrees worse than savage men in their treatment of the sick. On the new Juma Canal, at Delhi, monkeys swarm in the trees upon the banks, and treat their sick comrades in true monkey fashion. The colony by the canal being overcrowded, and, as a consequence, unhealthy, dil, and probably does still, suffer from various unpleasant diseases. When one monkey is so obviously unwell as to offend the feelings of the rest, a few of the larger monkeys watch it, and taking a favorable opportunity, knock it into the canal. If it is not drowned at once, the sick monkey is pitched in again after it regains the trees, and either drowned, or forced to keep aloof from the flock.

At the Zoological Gardens the monkeys tor-

ment a sick one without mercy; and unless it is at once removed from the cage, it has little chance of recovery. The small monkeys bite and pinch it, the larger ones swing it round by the tail, and when quite exhausted or dead, as many monkeys as can find room sit on its body.

The writer was informed that some years ago at a hawk party on Salisbury Plain, a falcon was flown at a carrion-crow, which it struck after a long flight, and the two birds came down like a parachute to the ground. The party galloped up, and were about to dismount to take up the falcon, when the mate of the crow suddenly descended from a great height, with such velocity that the wings made a whizzing sound like that of a falling stone, and dashed on to the falcon. The force of the blow struck the hawk from its quarry, which was uninjured by the grapple in the air, and both crows flew of unhurt into a copse near. In this case the crow clearly understood the cause of the danger, and the possibility of a rescue when the falcon was on the ground and least able to act on the defensive.

**The Chemical Make-up of a Man.**—Many of us will be familiar with the arrays of bottle occasionally displayed in museums, representing the various elements and their proportions of which the human body is composed. It is now many years since Professor Huxley compiled the table upon which these displays have been based. Just lately the Paris Academy of Sciences has published a new determination, giving the same values for a man weighing eleven and a half stone (one hundred and sixty-one pounds). It may be noted that, while Huxley allowed three per cent. for the other than the four chief "organic elements," the new table gives them less than two and one-quarter per cent. For out of the one hundred and sixty-one pounds we have assigned as follows: "Oxygen, one hundred and eleven and one-half pounds; hydrogen, twenty-one and one-half pounds; carbon, twenty-one pounds; nitrogen, three and one-half pounds. Besides these, only the calcium (two pounds), and phosphorus (one and one-quarter pounds), which, with oxygen, go to form the mineral part of the bones, and the sodium and the chlorine (some two ounces each), which are chiefly combined as salt, are present in easily appreciable quantities. Indeed, the sulphur, iron, potassium, magnesium and silicon, which are the other elements capable of easy estimation, only add up to six hundred and twenty-three grains, or less than one ounce and a half. Of iron, even, there is only one hundred grains. That must have been an elegantly slender ring which the loving wife had fabricated from the iron obtained from her husband's blood on an occasion when the apothecary had bled him heavily. Perhaps the fabrication was not entirely confined to the iron in the blood.—*London Friend*.

**Java for Snakes.**—Some parts of this island have at least ten poisonous species. The *Illustrated Family Newspaper* gives an account of the Imho Sugar Estate, of 12,000 acres, on which eight deaths have occurred in four months. Twelve miles off is a ruined city, Ohom, a wilderness of deserted temples, exquisitely carved. From arched passages under these are hundreds of windowless chambers, haunted by quantities of snakes. An English naval officer who was collecting reptiles was attacked a few years ago by a python fifteen feet long. Seeing a yellow mass in the recesses of a chamber, he thought

essly poked it. Instantly the mass flung itself at him, its fangs were buried in his shoulder, and its coils had him as a vice. The lad with him fortunately broke its neck, but a lash of his tail broke his leg, and the two lay helpless until discovered two hours later. The houlder was so crushed that the arm remained useless, but both recovered. The account says that in Batavia Museum is the skin of a python, which, when alive, must have been fifty feet long.—*London Friend.*

**Playful Fishes.**—The N. Y. *Sun* says: "It seems that not many persons are aware that the delicate whitebait, which are considered such delicacies in England, are natives of the waters scabulous, and that at certain seasons they are found in the enclosed waters about New York. They are the fry of the ale-wife, and during the latter part of the summer they are to be found in the harbors and inlets and rivers connected with it in enormous numbers. They ravel about in schools, and are apparently as playful as kittens. If you drift down upon a boat of this little fish they will let you approach until you can almost touch them, but if you make a single movement every little tail goes p with a flash and they disappear.

"An idler, watching a school of whitebait on the Shrewsbury River one day last summer, saw them cutting up some amusing capers. A little stick had drifted into the swarm of delicate striped fishes. Presently one little whitebait darted out of the water and sprang clear over the stick. Then another went over it. Others followed, leaping from the same side, and then another lot of them began leaping over the stick from the other side. Pretty soon he air in the neighborhood of the stick was live with the fishes, some leaping over it in one direction and some in another, and the sunlight was caught and reflected from their silvery sides and from the broken water that they brewed up as they played, it was sent forth in brilliant prismatic colors. The watcher drifted slowly nearer, and the play was going on more riotous than ever, just under his eyes and not two feet away, when he incautiously moved his cad. There was one wild flash and then the same ended, and a moment later there was nothing left of the display except the little stick."

#### THE THIRTY-FOURTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE OF "FRIENDS' FREEDMAN'S ASSOCIATION," OF PHILADELPHIA.

The last Annual Meeting, as will be remembered, instructed us to place the Christiansburg Institute under the care of Booker T. Washington, to encourage theretofore extended teaching of the Industrial Arts, and to expend for all purposes of the Institute during the school year, ending next month, the sum of two thousand dollars.

In fulfillment of these instructions, Booker T. Washington appointed Charles L. Marshall, Superintendent of the Institute; John J. Goldwire, teacher of carpentry, wheelwright work and blacksmithing; and Anna L. Patterson, teacher of sewing; Phebe T. Grimes, of cooking, and others, whose names have been previously reported by us, to teach those things so learned from blackboards and books.

A first class sewing machine with its outfit as been secured, and a modest blacksmith and wheelwright shop have been nicely equipped. In aid of these undertakings certain Friends have given specific sums of cash; C. C. Knight \$500, bars of iron and steel; Powell & Mad-

dock, certain valuable wheelwright tools, and the Biddle Hardware Company, some blacksmith tools, and in addition some farming implements.

The equipment includes an excellent iron forge and a hub boxer.

Up to this time our boys and girls have produced from this little plant the following output:

From carpenter, wheelwright and blacksmith shops: light buggy; 5 bedsteads; 3 wash-stands; 3 towel-racks; 4 tables; center table; 2 book cases; kitchen utensil case; ironing board; lap board for sewing room; black board; tool rack; vice bench; drafting table; push cart, frame and body; coal house; flooring in blacksmith shop; 4 steel hammers; 6 iron work shoes of different patterns; 15 iron lap links of different sizes; 3 iron rings; 8 iron staples; 8 wrench; 1 key wrench.

From sewing department: 5 bed tickings; 10 pillow tickings; 7 comfortable; 10 sheets; 10 pillow cases; fancy quilt; 7 towels; 6 napkins; 4 wool dresses; 2 cotton dresses; 4 night dresses; 5 night dresses; 4 work aprons; 5 work aprons for girls; 2 pairs sleeves for boys; 2 pairs sleeves for girls; 4 handkerchiefs; pair drawers; undersuit for women; pair crochet slippers.

From the cooking school: a procession of articles which have daily become "Though lost to sight to memory dear."

These handicrafts and the study of books have divided the school hours about in proportion of three to four, and in like proportion has the time been divided between hammers, planes and other tools, and spelling books, grammars, readers, arithmetics and the like.

Your Committee would be glad if the whole of one teacher's time could be given to the manual arts and the carpenter, wheelwright and blacksmith shops be kept open all day long.

Could this be so, there is reason to believe that numbers of well grown youths, desirous above all else of acquiring these trades, would from time to time offer themselves as apprentice journeymen without pay, and thus, at little cost, would such a supply of labor be kept up as would give the departments some paying business, and make them self-sustaining or perhaps profitable.

This arrangement would require an additional teacher in the literary department, at a salary of about two hundred dollars.

The literary work of the Institute has been maintained on the lines heretofore reported. Two members of our Committee, who recently passed twenty-four hours at the school, were gratified to observe the trend of such instruction to be increasing towards the solid, substantial and necessary.

A large public meeting at Twelfth Street Meeting-house on the twenty-ninth ult., was instructively and eloquently addressed by Booker T. Washington, on behalf of the Christiansburg work, which has his earnest sympathy and active expectant oversight.

Certain specimens of the handiwork of our pupils, which have been prepared for exhibition to the Association, and which are now presented for your inspection, were on the sixth instant, shown to a gathering of about one hundred and twenty-five of the parents and adult friends of the pupils, and elicited their lively and enthusiastic interest, and will doubtless produce the same sentiments in yourselves.

The County Superintendent of schools for Montgomery and Pulaski counties, together

with the school teachers of those counties, have forwarded to the State Superintendent of Education a request that a colored normal school be conducted at Christiansburg during the coming summer. In submitting to the Association these many evidences of the importance of its work at Christiansburg, we earnestly recommended that the work be continued, and with renewed zeal.

The details of receipt and expenditure are given in the accompanying Treasurer's report: Contributions amounting to \$1,163.40 have been received for this year's work, to maintain which \$329.00 have already been advanced from the capital of the Association.

Of the \$2,000 appropriated to Christiansburg for the current school year, about \$500 remains to be paid. All of this is needed promptly.

The Treasurer of the Association is David G. Alsop, Provident Life and Trust Building, 409 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

By order of,  
The Executive Committee,  
Richard Wood, Chairman.

## THE FRIEND.

FIFTH MONTH, 1897.

We have reason to believe that, on the part of some of our younger Friends, there is a failure to properly understand and appreciate the motives of their elder brethren and sisters, which prompt the concern they feel and the advice they give to those over whom they watch with loving interest.

From the first establishment of Meetings for Discipline, they have been regarded as essentially religious meetings, in which the business was to be transacted not by human wisdom or influences, but under the government of the Spirit of Christ. George Fox advised Friends to "hold all their meetings in the power of God." The advices contained in our Book of Discipline are in harmony with this, as is shown by the following extracts therefrom:

"The love, power and peaceable spirit of the Lord Jesus Christ being the alone true authority of all our meetings, it is the fervent concern of this meeting that they may be held under the sense and influence of that holy union."

"In some places there may have been a want of care rightly to distinguish and seasonably to bring into action the talents bestowed upon some in the early stage of life. But we believe that many who were evidently under the forming hand, have been suddenly laid hold of, and introduced into service before that preparation of heart hath been sufficiently experienced which leads to a reliance upon Divine direction and renews from a confidence in the natural understanding."

When George Fox was moved to set up Meetings for Discipline in the Church, he advised that the members of them should be faithful men and women. In the early days none were expected to attend them until they had been relaxed, and the way was opened for all of the young to come, in hopes that they might prove schools of instruction. But, as Joseph Pike states, some of these, not growing in the Truth, have become troublesome to the Church. That deeply experienced Christian says that, when about twenty years of age, he was invited to become a member of the Men's Meeting at Cork—an offer which he accepted, though feeling

very unworthy, in hopes of being benefited thereby. He adds that he sat among them for some years before he presumed to speak much to what came before them. " Yet I joined in, heart and soul, with those who were exercised for the Truth." If the same spirit prevailed among all our young people, they would be preserved in a humble, teachable state; would recognize the authority which the Head of the Church clothes those of his servants whom He has appointed to watch over the flock, and grow in usefulness in their several services in the Church. For it is no man's learning nor artificial acquirements, it is no man's riches nor greatness in the world, it is no man's eloquence nor natural wisdom, that makes him fit for government in the Church of Christ. All his endowments must be seasoned with the heavenly salt, his spirit be subjected, and his gifts pass through the fire of God's altar. On the Spirit of Christ rests the real authority of our Meetings for Discipline. Hence it is evident that the remarks made therein by those who are living in obedience to that Spirit ought to have more influence, and will have, with judicious persons, than the speeches of those whose senses are not yet exercised to discern between good and evil—and this is the case whether they be young in years or among the aged.

Holding these views, it is natural and right that those Friends on whom the burthens of the Church mainly rest should watch over its proceedings with solicitude, as they who must give an account of their stewardship, and should be grieved when either young or old act in such a way as to evidence that they are not moving in the obedience of Christ.

It is a grievous mistake for the young and inexperienced to suppose that this godly concern indicates any want of sympathy with their younger members. On the contrary, the fathers and mothers in the Church rejoice with unfeigned joy when they see others yielding to the operations of the Spirit of Christ, and thus becoming prepared for usefulness in the Church, and to assist in supporting the principles which our Society has ever held.

SUMMARY OF EVENTS.

UNITED STATES.—The monthly statement of the public debt shows that at the close of business on the 30th ult., the debt, less cash in the United States Treasury, amounted to \$998,244,132, a decrease for the month of \$5,718,068.

The exportation of wood and wooden ware, lumber, wooden boxes, and other shingles from the United States to foreign countries—chiefly England and Canada—amounted in value last year to more than \$29,000,000. The importation of wood and wooden manufactures of all kinds amounted to \$17,000,000, showing a small balance on the side of the United States.

The aggregate export of gold last week was \$,537,022. It all goes to the Continent, and is said to be ordered for Austria, which is now willing to pay the best price for it. This Austrian demand for gold, coupled with the increased demand for exchange to pay for the large imports of foreign goods now coming over in anticipation of the new tariff and to meet the expenses of the army of American tourists abroad, makes the gold export.

The Washington correspondent of the *Public Ledger*, writing on the 2nd instant, says, "The exports of gold within the past ten days have had very slight effect thus far upon the Treasury. The free gold shows a loss since Friday last of \$5,750,000, but there has been an increase in United States notes of \$7,250,000, while the net cash shows an increase of over \$120,000. The customs receipts continue at the same rate which has marked the average daily receipts for the past two months, the amount received Saturday and to-day aggregating upwards of \$1,000,000. There is no alarm at the Treasury over the export of gold, nor will there be any ground for apprehension so long as a strong

balance is maintained through the ordinary channels of business."

William J. Deboe has been elected United States Senator from Kentucky, by the Legislature, at Frankfort. The vote was: Deboe, 71; three other candidates, 64.

The Supreme Court of Mississippi has decided that a jurymen may be a witness at one and the same time.

An order has been issued forbidding the sale of liquor in the restaurants of the Maine Central road.

"Natural gas in immense quantities" has been discovered in an artesian well at San Antonio, Texas.

The gold yield of California last year is estimated to have been \$17,181,502, an increase over 1895 of \$1,847,245.

The town of Guthrie, Oklahoma, was overwhelmed on the morning of the 28th ult., by what is described as "a mighty wall of water," which came down the Cottonwood River, which was already flooded by unprecedented heavy rains during the preceding four days. The town drifted away about five hundred homes, besides wrecking many others. It is believed about twenty persons, mostly negroes, were drowned.

A despatch of the 27th ult., dated Newport News, Va., says: "Fire broke out in the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad company's Pier No. 5 at an early hour this morning. The pier, which was used for loading and unloading to the extent of \$2,000,000 had been done. Two of the company's immense piers were destroyed, three vessels burned to the water's edge, a tugboat entirely destroyed, and eight persons injured, some of them seriously."

A great fire broke out in Pittsburg, Pa., on the morning of the 1st inst., causing a property loss estimated at \$3,000,000.

Deaths in this city last week numbered 489, which is 35 less than the previous week, and 35 more than the corresponding week of 1896. Of the foregoing, 229 were males and 260 females; 66 died of pneumonia; 65 of consumption; 41 of heart disease; 20 of diphtheria; 19 of cholera; 16 of typhoid fever; 16 of marasmus; 15 of cancer; 14 of inflammation of the brain; 14 of inflammation of the stomach and bowels; 13 of old age; 11 of nephritis; 11 of apoplexy; 10 of inanition; 9 of uremia, and 9 from casualties.

Markets, &c.—U. S. 2½, 96½; 4½, 98½; 11½, 111½; coupon, 112½; 112½; U. S. 4½, 96; 12½, 123½; 5½, 112½; 10½, 107½.

COTTON was quiet but steady on a basis of 8c. per pound for middling uplands.

FEED.—Spot barn ranged from \$13.50 to \$14.00 per ton for winter in bulk, and \$12.00 a \$13.00 for spring in sacks.

WHEAT.—Winter super, \$2.75 a \$2.90; do, extras, \$3.00 a \$3.25; Pennsylvania roller, clear, \$4.00 a \$4.15; do, do, straight, \$4.15 a \$4.35; Western winter, clear, \$4.00 a \$4.15; do, do, straight, \$4.15 a \$4.35; do, do, patent, \$4.50 a \$4.65; spring, clear, \$3.50 a \$3.85; do, straight, \$4.00 a \$4.20; do, patent, \$4.20 a \$4.50; do, favorite brands, higher. City mills, extra, \$3.10 a \$3.25; do, patent, \$3.40 a \$3.55; do, straight, \$4.35 a \$4.50; do, patent, \$4.50 a \$4.75. RYE FLOUR.—\$2.25 a \$2.50 per bbl. as to quality.

GRAIN.—No. 2 red wheat, 91½ a 91½; No. 2 mixed corn, 2½ a 2½.

No. 3 white oats, 25 a 25½.

BEEF CATTLE.—Extra, 3½ a 5½; good, 4½ a 5c; medium, 4½. HOGS.—Common, 8½ a 9½.

SHEEP AND LAMBS.—Extra clipped, 4½ a 4½; good, do, 3½; a 4½; medium, do, 3½ a 3½; common, do, 2½ a 3½; clipped hails, 4 a 5½.

HOGS.—Best Western, 5½ a 6c; other Western, 5½ a 5½; City, 5½.

FOREIGN was the 29th ult., Premier Deljanovic, of Greece, resigned the office of King of Roumania.

A new Cabinet was formed by the opposition leaders, Demetrius Ralli is Premier and Minister of Marine.

The decision of the new Greek Ministry seems to be in favor of a continuance of the war.

A battle has been fought at Velesitno between 8000 Turkish and 6000 Greek troops, in which the latter were defeated by the Turks with enormous losses.

The Turkish army is advancing in three columns upon Pharsala, while an additional column is operating in the direction of Volos.

A despatch of the 2nd inst., from London, says: "Captain Rabek, of King George's personal staff, writes from the front, that the right wing of the Greek army had repulsed the Turks, but that the left wing had retreated behind the old frontier line to avoid being circumvented. Captain Rabek adds: "The Greek army in Epirus, after defeat in Pontepidalia, has retired to Arta. All hope of continuing the war is now virtually abandoned. The

fleet has returned to Volo for the protection of the inhabitants."

The victories of the Sultan's troops have enormously raised the military spirit of the Turks. It will probably render the Powers' scheme of reform for the Ottoman Empire, and its long-expected Greek attacks on Turkish troops there.

Six hundred women and children are said to have died during the terrible retreat from Tynamos to Larissa.

The commander of the foreign vessels in Creta waters has been ordered to consider Colonel Vasso who commands the Greek army of occupation in Creta, as a barbarian, and no longer opposed Greek attacks on Turkish troops there.

The Queen Regent of Spain has signed a decree for the application of the reforms for the island of Cuba General Weyler having reported that the western part of the island is completely pacified.

A terrific hail storm in the Rio Verde Valley, I San Luis Potosi, Mexico, is reported to have killed 41 persons, besides ruining the growing crops. On one hacienda alone 12 firm lands were killed.

A terrific explosion of dynamite occurred on the 20th ultimo in San Salvador, Salvador. Two entire blocks of the city were destroyed and many lives were lost.

The Supreme Court at Ottawa, Ontario, has decided "that a man or woman who leaves Canada to go to the United States for divorce, without intending to live there, afterwards marrying and returning to Canada, can be prosecuted for bigamy."

The schooner *Veter Eugene* landed at St. Pierre, Martinique, on the 27th of last month, four survivors of the French battleship *Vallault*, which struck an iceberg on the 16th and foundered. Of seventy-three fishermen on board only one boat's crew has thus far been heard from. There were seven of these, and three perished before the boat was picked up on the 26th, by the *Veter Eugene*.

On the 1st inst., four more survivors of the brigantine *Vallault* reached port. They came on the French brigantine *Andree*, from St. Malo to St. Pierre and are the only survivors of twenty-one men who left the *Vallault* in a life-boat soon after the vessel struck an iceberg off the Grand Banks and began sinking. All their companions perished, as a result of exposure and frost bites. The bodies of the seven dead men were thrown overboard.

There are 17 metals more valuable than gold, viz. iridium, valued at £90 per pound Troy; gallium, £75 rhodium, £85; osmium, £120; ruthenium, £200; palladium, about £210; barium, £280; didymium, £500 cerium, £25; yttrium, £630; strontium, £70; calcium, £70; fluorine, £280; lithium, £1,080; zinc, £100; £1,115; rubidium, £1,400; vanadium, £1,725

NOTICES.

WESTWOOD BOARDING SCHOOL.—For convenience of persons coming to Westwood School, the stage will run to the station leaving Philadelphia 7.17 and 8.45 a. m. and 2.53 and 4.32 p. m. Other trains are met when requested. Stage fare on regular trips, fifteen cents on special trips, twenty-five cents each way. To reach the school by telegraph, wire West Chester Phone 85 EDWARD G. SMEDLEY, Sup't.

WESTWOOD BOARDING SCHOOL.—Applications for the admission of pupils to the school, and letters in regard to instruction and discipline should be addressed to WILLIAM F. WICKERSHAM, Principal.

Payments on account of board and tuition, and communications in regard to business should be forwarded to the twenty-first Street, West Chester, Pa. Address, Westwood F. O. Chester Co., Pa.

DIED, First Month 14th, 1897, at the residence of her son-in-law, Levi S. Thomas, in Malvern, Penn'a RACHEL S. WALTER, wife of Henry Walter, in the seventy-seventh year of her age. She was a member of Goshen Monthly Meeting of Friends.

On the 27th of the first of Third Month, 1897, at Westfield, Hamilton County, Indiana, CALED MILLA a member and elder of Westfield Monthly Meeting of Friends, in his eighty-second year. This dear Friend was in possession of a meek and quiet spirit, was firmly established in the doctrines and testimonies of Friends, was a regular attendant of meetings when able, and the best, though often under bodily weakness. Being spoken to about it being so hard for him to get out to meetings, he replied, "Yes, but I think it right to go whenever I can." He was favored with his mental faculty most of the time during his last sickness, leaving satisfactory evidence to his relatives and friends that their loss was his eternal gain.

# THE FRIEND.

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FOR "THE FRIEND,"

Richard Esterbrook.

The writer has recently been looking over me letters he had received in bygone years on his valued friend, Richard Esterbrook, and has believed that some extracts from them may profitably be published in THE FRIEND, the testimony of a thoroughly honest, upright friend. He was a man so fully convinced of the truth of the doctrines held by our Society, and of their importance to the well-being of mankind, that he was sensitively alive to any departures from them on the part of our members; and things which seemed harmless, or early so to many, caused him mental distress, foreshadowing a surrender of vital principles, evidencing a weakened hold upon them. He was naturally a very plain spoken man, and men he believed the honor or interests of the Society of Friends were concerned, he did not care to express himself clearly and strongly.

Although we were intimate friends, and our intercourse was very affectionate, yet his criticisms were at times pretty sharp, and would have been somewhat hard to bear, if it had not been for a firm conviction of his attachment to our doctrines and testimonies, and of the unwavering honesty of the man. My feeling is somewhat like that expressed by Charles J. Spurgeon towards George Fox, of whom he says: "His convictions were too deep to be trifled with or concealed. Hence he was downright in extreme, and never erred upon the side of flattery; it may be possible that he went too far in the direction of severity. I am very conscious that he would have chastened me pretty sharply as a 'Chaffy Baptist,' and probably I might not feel satisfied that I deserved all the blows that he would be certain to launch at me, but what of that? Is it not better to be openly rebuked by an honest heart than to be in association with men whose approbation would be forfeited if you dared to be faithful to them?"

In illustration of the sincerity of our friendship, I will quote from a letter written in the second Month of 1892:

"I earnestly desire that any shadow that may have seemed to come between us to obscure our ancient friendship, as good old William Penn might call it, might be dispersed by the warm and genial rays of the Sun of Righteousness.

"I am deeply concerned on account of apprehended dangers, as thou well knowest, which I have felt for many years we were drifting into. Being in earnest, I am by my nature, plain spoken. If in any way or respect I hurt thy feelings, I desire thee, dear friend, to accept this expression of my regret. If I did thee any injustice, it was for the reason that I did not know all the circumstances that may have surrounded thee and influenced thy actions.

"We are brethren. I am with love and heartfelt esteem, thy constant friend in all storms.  
R. ESTERBROOK."

He was born in Liskeard, Cornwall, on the twenty-first of Second Month, 1813. From a child he had deep religious convictions, and in one of the few memoranda he has left he writes that at about the age of fifteen he had an impression that if he were faithful he should be called to the work of the ministry. His father was a man of singular purity of life, and deep spiritual-mindedness, and his sympathy and counsel were of great service to his son, through his boyhood and young manhood. He often reverted in later years to his father's watchful care over him, as one of the greatest blessings of his life.

He was recorded a minister by the Monthly Meeting for the Eastern Division of Cornwall in the Seventh Month, 1848.

At that time Cornwall Quarterly Meeting contained within its limits many devoted men and women, whose helpful companionship and loving sympathy were a great strength to him. He travelled at intervals on religious service with minutes from his Monthly Meeting through many counties in England, at times in company with Jonathan Grubb, John Finch Marsh and other Friends.

In 1855 he visited the meetings and families of Friends in Norfolk, Cambridgeshire, Lincolnshire and Huntingdonshire; and at different periods paid similar visits to the Quarterly Meetings of London and Middlesex, Essex and other counties. He also several times held public meetings throughout Devonshire and Cornwall. In many letters written to his family during these visits, he bears testimony to the goodness of his Heavenly Father in enabling him to perform the service laid upon him, although conscious of his own weakness, and of his entire dependence on his Divine Master.

Among the memoranda preserved of our conversations during many years of close friendship are several which refer to his experiences during the period when his home was in England.

In the fall of 1879 a Friend in Chester County related that many years before, he was one of a wedding company at a marriage, when David Cope was an overseer on the occasion. At the meeting in the morning he delivered a powerful sermon, but in the afternoon he seemed much unwell and was lively and interesting in conversation. One of the company made a remark indicating a fear lest he might be too much off his guard. To this David replied that

it was the mark of a good horse, after a hard day's work, to kick up his heels.

Richard Esterbrook said that this anecdote reminded him of one of his own experiences. Many years before he paid a religious visit of about six weeks' duration in Lincolnshire, England, passing along under a heavy burden. His visit closed with the attendance of a Monthly Meeting, and the day before its occurrence he came to the house of a Friend, where he met with a number of others. Feeling greatly relieved of the load he had so long borne, he was very open and cheerful in conversation. After retiring to bed, a feeling of uneasiness arose lest any of those present might be stumbled by his open and pleasant manner. After some conflict of mind, he went to sleep, and rested well. The next morning, at the breakfast table, all were again gathered together, when he remembered his mental conflict of the previous night, and alluded to it, expressing a fear lest any one might be hurt by what had taken place, saying he believed there was no occasion for it, for there was a liberty in the Truth; and instanced the spies whom the children of Israel sent into the promised land, and who brought back a cluster of grapes and gave a good report of the land.

In the summer of 1880, Richard said that many years ago he and Jonathan Grubb (son of Sarah Lynes Grubb), were intimate friends and co-workers in Society affairs. One day, James Backhouse came to them and said, "It does me good to see black-haired men at work" — meaning men whose locks had not yet been whitened with age.

Richard possessed a retentive and accurate memory, so that he was able to bring out of his mental storehouse many incidents that were interesting and instructive. When speaking of capital punishment, he remarked, "Fallible man should not pass an irrevocable sentence." In connection with this subject, he related an incident, told him many years before by the late Grover Kemp of England, which had happened to a relative of their family. He was walking along a lonely road in the country, when a horseman came alongside of him, whose horse was heated with hard riding, and the saddle-bags were filled with material of some kind. The man dismounted and handed the bridle to the pedestrian, asking him if he would be kind enough to hold his horse for a few minutes, whilst he retired out of sight, saying he would soon be back. His request was complied with, and he disappeared. Soon after, several policemen who were in pursuit of a burglar, came up, and in the saddle-bags were found plate that had been stolen from a house which had been broken into. The innocent man was arrested as being the thief. His explanations were regarded as mere fictitious excuses. He was tried, convicted and sentenced to be hung, notwithstanding all his assertions of innocence. The time was fixed for his execution. A day or two before it came, he felt a longing desire once more to look out on the light of day, and

persuaded the turnkey to take him to a window that overlooked the street. There he beheld, walking to and fro, the very man who had asked him to hold his horse. He pointed him out to the turnkey, and said, that was the guilty person. The man was sent for and readily came into the prison, exonerated the prisoner, and acknowledged his own guilt. His conscience had become so stirred at the thought of an innocent man suffering for his offence that he had become willing to come and take the blame on himself. He was tried for the offence and executed, and the other was released.

At the house of Morris Cope, the efforts then being made to procure a pardon for a colored man convicted of the murder of John Sharpless, turned the conversation of the company to the subject of capital punishment. R. Estbrook narrated a case which occurred in England many years ago.

A man who was in business in London detected one of his employes in some dishonest practices, and thereby incurred his malignant hatred. He attempted to undermine the credit of his former employer in various ways, so that he finally concluded to close up his business, and emigrate with his family to a foreign country. Going to Liverpool to embark, the family stopped for a few days at a hotel until the vessel was ready to sail. On the day of sailing his wife and child or children went to the vessel and he was just about leaving, after paying his bill, when an alarm was given that a gold watch had been stolen from one of the guests. The landlord said that no one could leave the house without submitting to an examination. To the astonishment and dismay of the intending emigrant, the missing watch was found in a box he was carrying. Appearances were against him, and he was convicted for stealing the watch, condemned and executed. At the trial, the judge treated him with great harshness and seemed very unfeeling.

His implacable enemy had followed him to Liverpool, and finding what room he occupied, had stolen the watch, and slipped it into his box. About a year after, this wicked man was himself brought to trial for some grave offence before the same judge, and also received sentence of death. The judge was very severe in his remarks to him, but the prisoner having now no hope of escape, told him he had heard him use the same language a year before, and that time it was to an innocent man, who was hung for a crime he had not committed!—for he himself had stolen the watch for which the other was executed. So shocked was the judge at this announcement, that he fell forward in a swoon and died soon after.

(To be continued.)

SWEDEN has taken a very advanced and decided step in doing away with demoralizing amusements. Its government has abolished every variety theatre and every variety music hall in the kingdom. The ministers assigned as a reason for this procedure that these resorts were morally injurious to the public, especially to the young. What a good thing it would be if other nations would recognize this pioneer movement by similar action! There would, no doubt, be a howl of opposition and a cry of trespassing upon the rights and liberties of the community, but the effect of a suppression of this and other debasing, immoral and vicious forms of amusement in our cities would be to greatly promote the morals of the people, and save thousands of our youth from vice, licentiousness and crime.—*The Presbyterian.*

For "THE FRIEND."

### A Late Reprint of a Valuable Work.

In an interesting series of articles written by our late friend Nathan Kite and published in *THE FRIEND*, vols. xvi. and xvii., under the title of "Antiquarian Researches among the early Printers and Publishers of Friends' Books," an account is given of William Bradford who came to this country about the year 1683, and was the first to set up the business of a printer in Pennsylvania.

Among the first productions of his press was a work entitled, "The Excellent Privilege of Liberty and Property," which contains:—

I. Magna Charta, with a learned comment upon it.

II. The confirmation of the Charter of the Liberties of England, and of the Forest, made in the thirty-fifth year of Edward the First.

III. A statute made the thirty-fourth Edward I. commonly called *De Tallagio non Concedendo*; wherein all fundamental laws, liberties and customs are confirmed; with comment upon it.

IV. An abstract of the patent granted by the king to William Penn, and his heirs and assigns, for the province of Pennsylvania.

V. And lastly, The Charter of Liberties granted by the said William Penn to the Freemen and inhabitants of the province of Pennsylvania, and territories thereunto annexed, in America.

Nathan Kite says in the article referred to, "I have a copy of this book, but whether published in 1686 or 7, I cannot tell for the printer has given it no date."

This mention of what was then probably a rare book was published in 1847. After the death of Nathan Kite a number of his pamphlets bound in volumes, including this, were purchased and presented to the Meeting for Sufferings in Philadelphia in whose possession they still remain.

Neither the name of the author nor the publisher of this treatise is given, but its authorship is attributed to William Penn. David Lloyd a contemporary of William Penn and a prominent member of the Assembly of the Province states that he "[the Proprietor] likewise published a small treatise, 'The Excellent Privilege of Liberty and Property, etc.,' exhorting them to maintain with firmness and resolution their inestimable privileges."

The object of William Penn in thus endeavoring to spread a knowledge of the fundamental principles upon which his system of government was established is easy to be seen. The reader who is acquainted with the earlier experiences of this remarkable man may remember with what confidence he appealed to the Magna Charta as the guaranty of individual and political liberty in his memorable trial with William Mead before the Mayor of London in 1670 when he was about twenty-six years old. We can readily believe that twelve years later when he was engaged in laying the foundations of the Province, and framing the code of laws which were to be enacted; he would consider that a knowledge of the rights secured to Englishmen by the Magna Charta should be fully known; not only that his own laws should be seen to conform to it, but as a means of enabling his fellow country-men and colonists to resist any attempts which might thereafter be made to invalidate them. These views we find expressed in the "Address to the Reader" prefixed to the work as follows:—

"It may reasonably be supposed that we shall find in this part of the world, many men, both old and young, that are strangers, in a

great measure, to the true understanding of that inestimable Inheritance that every Free born Subject of England is Heir unto by Birth right, I mean that unparalleled Privilege of Liberty and Property, beyond all the Nation in the world beside; and it is to [be] wished the all men did rightly understand their own happiness therein; in pursuance of which I do hereby present thee with that ancient Garland, viz. Fundamental Laws of England, be deckt with many precious Privileges of Liberty and Property, by which every man that is a Subject of the Crown of England, may understand what is his Right, and how to preserve it from unjust and unreasonable men."

Valuable as this ancient treatise once was the fact that it had ever been published has been almost entirely lost sight of, and although from some incidental references to it, certain persons well acquainted with the early history of Pennsylvania had supposed it had formed been issued, yet until a few years ago none of them had ever seen it. The copy which Nathan Kite alludes to, as above mentioned, and which is still carefully preserved, is entirely unique. On account of its rarity and for other reasons this treatise has been selected for publication by the Philobiblic Club, which has lately issued a fac simile of it together with an introductory and notes in a very expensive form. An edition of only one hundred and fifty-five copies of it has been printed, one of which has been presented to the Meeting for Sufferings' library and placed beside the original.

From the introduction to this edition, written by Frederick D. Stone, the librarian of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, the following paragraphs are taken:—

"Only a single copy of this tract is known to have survived. It is preserved in the Library of the Meeting for Sufferings of Philadelphia and from it the present fac simile has been made. It does not bear the imprint of William Bradford. The title page looks as if the name of the printer had been removed from the form after it had been prepared for the press. There is no doubt, however, that it was the work of Bradford, as it is mentioned in an advertisement at the foot of a broadside almanac, issued by him in 1687, as being in press. Penn's presence in Europe at the time of its publication accounts for many obvious errors and awkwardnesses of expression which would have been corrected had he been present and which are referred to in detail in the notes to this reprint."

"The causes which led to its production were evidently the results of the intimate knowledge of the true basis of English liberty Penn had acquired in defending the rights of his followers. How familiar he was with the provisions of a principles of Magna Charta is shown in his trial at the Old Bailey, when he quoted it with aptness and pertinacity that drove the Recorders to his wits' end; and that official denouncement both Penn and the law he quoted in such cool and vulgar language that Penn accused him before the public of having spoken in contemptuous terms of the very foundations of English Liberty."

"As we study this chapter of Penn's life, it causes which led to the settlement of Pennsylvania stand out in bold relief. In defending the right of the followers to worship God according to the dictates of their conscience, based his arguments on Magna Charta, feeling that this was the only foundation upon which the religious liberty he contended for could safely rest, and that if he could gain for it

Quakers a full recognition of their rights as free men Englishmen, that liberty would be secured in England's Present Interest Considered, the traced-Liberty, both civil and religious, back to the pre-English Britons, pointing out that Magna Charta itself was but the embodiment of ancient customs in use when it was framed. He contended that the differences existing in England at his day resulted from attempts that had been made to enforce conformity in religious matters by subverting the ancient rights of the people, depriving them of their property without due form, and making them owe their protection not to the civil but to the ecclesiastical authority.

"His studies in the history of government convinced him of the importance of making a people the fountain of power, consequently, when the fundamental charter of West Jersey was framed, in which work Penn and a number of Quakers were interested, the most important revisions of Magna Charta were made a portion of that instrument. Owing to the financial confusion into which the affairs of West Jersey rifted, the success of that colony became doubtful, and Penn turned his attention to the territory west of the Delaware, for which he obtained a royal patent. Here he determined to establish a government of which civil and religious liberty should be the cornerstone. Bored from the entangling complication of European politics, he hoped it would be an example to the nations of the world, and called it his 'Holy Experiment.' It was not for the benefit of his followers alone that he attempted this; he was willing to accord to others the liberty he claimed for his own people. 'I went there,' he said, 'to establish a free colony for all mankind that should go thither, and more especially those of my own profession. Not that I have seen the civil liberties of others because of their persuasion, but to screen and defend our own from infringements on that account.'

"On the almost feudal terms of the Royal patent, Penn engrafted a government as liberal circumstances would admit, but not as liberal as now known, as he desired. In one draft of a name of Government he proposed to give the assembly whatever was the privilege of an English House of Commons, and in the same paper he provided that Magna Charta and all the laws confirmatory of the same, especially that called the Petition of Right, passed in the reign of Charles I., should be in full force and an effectual part of the government of the Province. That the people should understand the basis of their liberties, he deposited in the archives of his Colony a copy of Magna Charta, certified by the Keeper and other officers of the Cottonian Library, illuminated and ornamented as the original; and there it remained for a century. Whether it was before or after this that he caused 'The Excellent Privilege of Liberty and Property' to be printed we cannot say; but the act was in perfect accord with the motives for the production of that name, given in the 'Address to the Reader.'

"That 'the Excellent Privilege of Liberty and Property' had an effect on the minds of the people is evinced by the fact that nearly a century after its production it was quoted in a defence of the legislative constitutions of the Province of Pennsylvania. In speaking of Magna Charta in this paper, David Lloyd says, 'From these noble Principles the Proprietor derived the rights and privileges of this colony as the true Basis of English Liberty and Pro-

perty, and not only granted his charters whereby he confirmed the same to the inhabitants; but likewise published a small treatise 'The Excellent Privilege of Liberty and Property,' etc., exhorting them to maintain with firmness and resolution their inalienable privileges.

"No one who is familiar with the able papers that were called forth by political discussions in the early history of Pennsylvania can fail to see that Penn's efforts to convey to the mind of the inhabitants of his Province a full knowledge of the character of their political and civil rights were successful."

G. J. S.

## A Letter from Paris.

Third Mo. 28th, 1897.

I have had a very interesting walk this afternoon. It was warm and sunny, so I took the omnibus that goes to the Jardin des Plantes, descending at the Boulevard St. Germain in order to follow the Boulevard Henri IV, to the Place de la Bastille. At the latter place there is of course no trace remaining of the famous old prison, of which every one has heard so much, but a beautiful monument stands there instead, and the crowds that rush by, thronging the handsome boulevards which meet here, are gay and apparently thoughtless, and it is very hard to force the imagination to picture it as it was over a century ago, on that terrible fourteenth of Seventh Month, 1793, when the dark and dismal old fortress, that had stood over four hundred years, was levelled by the mad deluded populace at the beginning of the French revolution. I walked about, trying to get away from the distracting crowds, but it was no use, so I turned up a narrow street, and came soon to the Place des Vosges. The houses surrounding this square, though occupied now by the commoner classes, look old and stately, for this used to be the "Place Royale," the centre of the fashionable world of Paris at the beginning of the seventeenth century. The houses themselves were built by Henry IV. The second story of each extends a considerable distance over the street, and as they all join, this forms an archway under which one can walk completely round the square. At present the first floor of most of the houses is occupied by fourth or fifth rate stores, for all the glory of the olden time has passed away. It was much easier to find oneself in the spirit of the past under these archways, however, even with cheap articles exposed for sale on every hand, than it was at the gay square I had just left. Here were the walls, at all events, the very same, though the gorgeously arrayed lords and ladies who had once filled them with life, had centuries ago vanished from the earth, but it required no very great force of imagination to make the present occupants give place to stately forms and flowing robes.

From this place it was a short walk to the Museum de Carnavalet. Although I am no lover of museums, I felt strongly drawn to this one for many reasons. In the first place it is one of the handsome old residences of the tenth century, and besides it was inhabited during sixteen years by Madame de Sevigne, who was one of the most talented of the many brilliant women who figured in the splendid days of Louis XIV. Her letters to her daughter have become classic, not only for their high moral tone, but for accounts which she gives of everyday occurrences, as she mingled with king and courtiers as well as the great literary men and women of the day. The house has been re-

stored and enlarged, and remains very beautiful to gaze at, the value especially for its connection with the great revolution. One-half is entirely devoted to authentic relics of the latter. In the centre is a model of the Bastille carved from a stone of the old walls. There are many objects there that make one shudder, and for the first I came to realize a little how awful it must have been—those frightful years of the reign of terror. But when one thinks of the frightful suffering that led up to and made possible this outburst, one must pause and cease to judge. It was a hidden stream, repressed through the ages, that at last burst its boundaries and deluged the whole land.

From Carnavalet I followed several narrow streets to the square of the Temple, the site of the old structure used as a prison for the unfortunate Marie Antoinette and the two innocent children, the young dauphin and his sister Maria Theres, each entirely separate from the other, and ignorant of each other's fate.

I came home in time for dinner, and being in quite the spirit for entering into the history of Paris, I piled my hostess with questions of every kind, but especially in relation to the communists of 1871. I can understand the French Revolution, but the Commune has always been something inexplicable to me, but thanks to the explanations which I received this evening, it is a little clearer to me. But I cannot begin that subject to-night. It is too long and excites me too much. It was during that time that the palace of the Tuilleries, the Hotel de Ville, the Palace of Justice and dozens of other buildings were burned to the ground, being first saturated with petroleum and filled with gunpowder to render the destruction more complete. In some cases fire engines were used, but instead of water, petroleum was poured upon the flaming buildings to spread the conflagration. Oh, it must have been terrible, terrible in Paris at that time.

30th.—It is amazing how things straighten out in one's mind if one exercises patience and gives them time. I had not supposed that my intelligence was equal to compassing the mysteries of the Paris omnibus service. I had thought that a very good thing for Parisians, and supposed that they understood it, but I had the feeling that I would rather walk any amount of miles than try to take an omnibus—now, however, I find it a very simple and easy thing to do. In the first place one can get on an omnibus anywhere, that is to say if the sign "omnibus" is not up. You must run wildly after it, however, and if you once catch hold behind, the conductor will help you on in a very pleasant manner. If, however, you forget to look for the sign, which is put up as soon as the places are all taken, if it is up, instead of helping you, he will push you off and leave you standing ignominiously in the middle of the street. If the omnibus is going fast he will stop a little to let you off, or if he does not do that, he takes you in both hands and jumps off with you, holds you until you have found your centre of gravity, and then he runs after the omnibus and jumps on. If you fail to get on in passing along the street, your resource is to go to the nearest "Bureau d'Omnibus," and entering, ask for a number to the nearest place you are going. For instance, in coming home from the Sorbonne I ask for Parc des Batignolles; in the middle of the day there is generally no trouble, but towards the evening it is something terrible. For example, when you ask for a number, it is handed you—perhaps you get

eighty-nine, ninety, or along there; you then go on the sidewalk and wait. The first omnibus on your line that comes along stops and you rush with the crowd. The official stationed there goes along and begins calling out the numbers. If you have ninety, he begins most likely, "one, two, three," etc., or if you have number one he will be sure to begin "two, three," etc., and you must wait until the one hundred is out; and those with the numbers called hand over their tickets and enter. But as a general thing half the omnibuses that come along at this time are full already, and the other half have at most three or four vacant seats, so you can get some idea of how long one must wait. For this reason I never take, if I can help it, the omnibus in the centre of the city in the evening; it is better to walk to the other side of the river, and anticipate the crowd.

To-day the lecture was intensely interesting—a continuation of the labor question in America. The Professor described in a most delightful way the city of Pullman as an introduction to the terrible strike of 1893, in which I had a good deal of interest, by the way, being six weeks in consequence without mail while in California. He is very just, very scientific and very clear in all that he says, but he cannot avoid now and then throwing in a remark which brings forcibly to light some of our American peculiarities.

After the lecture I followed a handsome wide boulevard that has recently been opened through this part of the city until I reached the line of real boulevards—the ones that replace the old fortifications—and which extend in consequence nearly in the form of a semi-circle on the northern side of the Seine, from the Place de la Bastille to the Madeleine. Beginning at the Place de la République I made the rest of the circuit, contemplating with wonder and amazement the moving throngs of humanity that fill these great arteries. It is well to begin at the outer end of the boulevards, because they grow more and more elegant as one approaches the Madeleine. The best way to see them is, of course, to walk, but besides that one must take the impériale, that is, the top of the omnibus, and make the circuit of an evening, when the electric lights add very much to the effect.

Nothing could be easier than to find one's way about in Paris. The streets are named at every corner, white upon a blue background, and every short distance one finds a policeman, who never fails to answer politely and very explicitly to one's questions. One is sure of meeting civility at every turn in Paris. I have been especially struck with this, this last week, when I have been to three or four different stations, getting information about a ticket to Switzerland over different routes, sending my baggage by "petite vitesse" (slow freight), etc. I have not simply had my questions answered civilly, but on all occasions the officials in question seemed to enter with positive interest in the details of the matter, giving me information that I did not know enough to ask for. Thomas Cook & Sons, who have their office at the Place de l'Opéra, arrange all these details for one very satisfactorily indeed, and save one a great deal of trouble, but of course one must pay them for doing it—that is, the tickets, etc., cost a good deal more at their office than if bought direct of the French lines. But even if the price were the same, I should look up all these points myself, for it is as good as any private lesson I could take, and besides I enjoy doing such things. I get all the information I

can from all the different lines, and decide afterwards what is the best thing to do. In this way I find it will be better to go direct to Neuchâtel, and to leave Strausburg for the return journey, though I had made all plans for taking it in on the way to Switzerland.

Paris is the capital of France in a way that no other city of Europe is the capital of its country. Berlin, for instance, though at present almost as large, has only been the capital of Germany since the Franco-Prussian War of 1870-71, and was the capital of Prussia only about a hundred years before. Italy possesses numerous great centres, great historical and art centres—but even London does not bear the relation to England that Paris does to France. Century after century Paris has been not only the residence of kings and emperors, who have sought in every way to beautify their beloved city, but in the peculiar development of the feudal system in France, it became the custom for all the nobility, whether ecclesiastic or otherwise, to make Paris their permanent residence. It has been this fact, more than almost any other, that while rendering the city so beautiful and so full of attractions, has been the curse of the land, for it was the poor people who were drained to pay for it all, and most of them did not even have the opportunity to see the glory they supported—something which has its compensations. But one sees on every hand so much to wonder at and to admire. And it becomes really amazing to think how much is left when one realizes all that has been destroyed by the numberless revolutions and changes the country has suffered during the past hundred years.

Fourth Mo. 2nd.—"Vilain temps, mademoiselle" (wretched weather), said the little old bouquiniste, as I came up the Seine to-day. I could understand very well how he felt about it, for to-day has been a real old-fashioned "April day," when it rains, hails, snows and thunders in the midst of bright sunshine and clear skies, for an enterprising man of business like the one in question, does not want to miss a chance to sell if he can help it, and must have been kept very busy to-day, first spreading his wares to attract attention when the sun shone, and then hurrying them back in their boxes and putting on the covers when times changed; and this latter, by the way, is no easy matter. I invested in two books, a New Testament for two cents, and a pretty little leather edition of the best French translation of the *Imitation de Jésus Christ*. This is one of my favorite books, and I have been looking almost every day for it, in the form which I wanted, so I was quite glad to have found it at last.

By the time I had made this purchase the clouds had gathered and all the merchants along the borders of the Seine were hurrying their belongings under cover, so I put up my umbrella, and moved onward without interruption in the way of tempting old books exposed for sale.

At the Port Royale I crossed over the Seine, for the sun was again shining, entering the Jardin des Tuileries at the place where the palace stood before it was destroyed by the Communists in 1871. It had been my intention to walk from the Louvre to the Arc de Triomphe the first day that I found myself in Paris, but strange enough, I left it just three weeks. To-day everything was perfect. The rains of the last two days had cleared the atmosphere, which was fresh and bracing, the sky was a deep blue, with floating white clouds, and the trees and shrubbery clothed with the beautiful new green that is peculiar to the early spring. The

sun shone brightly upon sparkling fountain and beautiful statuary as well as on the gay crowds that streamed by.

I expect every one who has attempted to describe the Place de la Concorde has spoken of the eight statues representing eight cities of France that guard the four corners of the square, and every one has spoken of the fact that the one representing Strausburg is decorated with wreaths and tokens of mourning, though it were a grave. I walked around the square for the purpose of examining more closely the decorations, but I did not succeed in reading much of what was written upon them. Two weeks ago I should have hesitated some time before undertaking to cross the Place de la Concorde, but by this time I had become quite heroic, in fact, don't think about it at all. The only thing is to "ne perdre pas la tête," as the French say—do not lose your head. I lost it every minute on first coming from dear, quiet Germany, but one gets used to everything after a time.

When nearly to the Arc de Triomphe I turned south, visiting the grounds and remaining buildings of the Exposition of 1878. I ascended the steps of the palace of Trocadéra. After walking about the beautiful grounds surrounding, and taking a seat upon the wide balcony which commands a charming view of the lawn with stately and shrubbery extending down to the Seine with the Eiffel Tower directly in front.

I had already had a long walk, and felt a little weary, so I ordered a cup of coffee, "café au lait," that is to say with milk, which proved to be excellent. While drinking it, I read a good deal in my little book, looking up now and then, to gaze upon the beautiful panorama spread out before me. When I started again I was entirely refreshed, and only the lateness of the hour prevented my taking in a good deal more, but as I was a good hour and a half from home, I thought it wiser to go as nearly direct as I could. I made, however, a slight detour to visit the Place des États Unis (the place of the United States), to see the beautiful statue of Washington and Lafayette which was erected in 1895. As I crossed the charming little park of the Batignolles, which is quite near where am stopping, the sun had just set behind masses of gold and crimson cloud, and the whole sky was lighted with sunset glory. The rain probably over for the present—I have no doubt the little old man of the Seine is feeling happy to-night.

E. S. K.

ONCE on a time a man, approaching the Mayor of a great city, a plain, blunt official totally unacquainted with the arts and uses of equequation, said: "Your honor, I am seeking a position of some responsibility in your city." He then named it specifically, and continued: "The gentlemen of the Board, whom I have interviewed, have not discouraged me. Hence, I have come to you, a member *ex-officio*. What chance of success do you, sir, consider me to have?"

"My dear sir," replied the exceptional honest and honorable functionary, "cease your search. An incumbent for the office has a ready been selected. You have not the ghost of a chance. Be assured that I know what am talking about."

This answer was definite and conclusive—the exact kind of answer the poor applicant has specially needed, and had been sedulously searching for, but had, until this moment, failed to obtain.—*Selected.*



## TWO SURPRISES.

A workman plied his clumsy spade  
As the sun was going down;  
The German King, with a cavalcade,  
On his way to Berlin Town.

Reined up his steed at the old man's side.  
"My toiling friend," said he,  
"Why not cease work at eventide,  
When the laborer should be free?"

"I do not dare," the old man said;  
"And I am always free;  
Though I work from the time I leave my bed  
Till I can hardly see."

"How much," said the King, "is thy gain in a day?"  
"Eight groshen," the man replied.  
"And thou canst live on this meagre pay?"  
"Like a King," he said, with pride.

"Two groshen for me and my wife, good friend,  
And two for a debt I owe;  
Two groshen for a lend, and two to spend  
For those who can't labor, you know,"

"Thy debt?" said the King; said the toiler, "Yes,  
To my mother with age oppressed,  
Who cared for me, toiled for me, many a day,  
And now hath need of rest."

"To whom dost lend thy daily store?"  
"To my boys—for their schooling; you see  
When I am too feeble to toil any more,  
They will care for their mother and me."

"And thy last two groshen?" the monarch said.  
"My sisters are old and lame;  
Give them two groshen for raiment and bread,  
All in the Father's name."

"ears welled up to the good King's eyes.  
"Thou knowest me not," said he;  
As he hast given me one surprise,  
Here is another for thee:

I am thy King; give me thy hand—  
And he heaped it high with gold—  
When more than needed, I now command  
That I at once be told."

For I would bless with rich reward  
The man who can proudly say  
That eight souls doth he keep and guard  
On eight poor groshen a day.

—R. W. McAlpine, in *St. Nicholas*.

FOR "THE FRIEND."

## Are We Growing?

(Concluded from page 234.)

The labor question will be settled only when we learn that it is the best policy to live by the Golden Rule. Prohibition will not need to be enacted into a law when true manhood lies above our selfish greed and lusts, for it will then be a law written in the heart. Honest effort directed toward a reformation of self is the natural and most effective means of correcting the evils of the day. Exercise—work—rightly directed, are the watchwords of all true progress.

All men are endowed with the working capital, in the shape of the germs of life. First the embryonic physical organism; secondly, the myronic brain, or intellectual germ, and third the child-like heart.

The harmonious development of these infant organs is not only the first mission of life, but life in the fullest sense of the word. Prof. Hulbert says that if a section be cut from the germ of an apple seed and placed under the revealing lens of the microscope, a perfect miniature of the future apple tree, trunk, branches, wigs and buds, will be seen exactly as it would grow, if it were not destined to encounter unavoidable physical agencies. The apple-tree is at an educated apple-seed, and the apple but an educated blossom.

Our lives may be likened to the development of the apple-seed. What light, heat, moisture, chemical and vital agencies are to the apple-

seed, *discipline* is to the muscles, *thought* is to the mind, and child-like *obedience* is to the Christian.

Education is not knowledge so much as *discipline*. Intellectual education does not consist so much in being versed in the lore of mankind, or in the achievements of science, as in having all the mental faculties symmetrically developed and trained to promptly respond to an intelligent will. Physical education does not lie in brute force, but in the highest development of all our physical powers, in order that the commands of a higher intellectual nature may be faithfully executed. Nor does spiritual education consist in being learned in the different schools of theology, or in the mere observance of any creed, but in the possession of a spiritual discernment which is under the discipline of the Spirit itself.

Knowledge is education only in the sense that it enables us to act in obedience to the demands of wisdom. To be shown a college diploma is not to be shown the proof of a true education, but only the evidence of culture, and, as with the farmer, culture alone may not result in the production of a heavy crop. So with the student, it is only a means of opening the springs of originality.

Scholarship is education only as it is a stimulant to thought, bringing into activity, not simply a part, but all the powers of the mind. Thought is the hidden spring which lies back of every action, and the greatness of all achievement is measured by his conception and the thought which planned it.

The battle of success is not won on couches of ease or indolence, but only on the line of honest and well-directed effort. We read, not simply that we may read, or be well informed, but that we may think. We reap the benefits of society, not that we may be idle consumers, but that we may return measure for measure.

The best things of this life come only as the reward of a personal battle against opposing forces, and the blessings which are heaped upon us are most deeply felt by those who have gained them honestly. In nature, duties are always reciprocal, and values relative. There may be delinquents but there is no means of escaping the penalty. Justice is the highest law of nature. There is no such thing as something for nothing. We get what we pay for, and pay for what we get. The rain may fall upon the just and upon the unjust, and the unrighteous man may even prosper in his way, yet what he thinks is his gain is not only his loss here, but his punishment hereafter.

As in nature so in human society, there are those who fall short of their appointed duties, but sometime and somewhere the account will be balanced. As water seeks its own level so just as naturally does retribution follow in the footsteps of broken laws. Every poison has its antidote and every force its rebound, so at some point all forces must be gathered up and poised in an impartial balance. Those who thoughtlessly assert that there is nothing more certain than death and taxes, seem to forget that the laws of justice are more inexorable than the laws of taxation. He who commanded that unto Caesar shall be rendered the things which are Caesar's, in his infinite wisdom, and justice did not exempt Caesar from punishment because he had levied tribute unjustly. So to-day when honest and willing labor suffers from cold and hunger, while capital pours her treasures into the haunts of revelry and extravagance; when the humble Christian must bear the pointing

finger of scorn or the attacks of a "higher criticism," we may find comfort in the thought that sometime and in some way Caesar will pay his dues; for justice and truth will not always suffer at the hand of falsehood and oppression.

But returning to the principle, it is the constant use of the silver which keeps it bright, and in the battle of life it is the constant clashing of force against force which is the secret of growth.

As the infant diamond is rough and unsightly and so hard that it can only be cut by the slow grinding of its own dust, and yet when it leaves the hand of the artist is the most brilliant and valuable of all gems, so the man who must encounter the rough edge of life, finds the roughness of his nature to wear away, his powers growing stronger, and his virtues growing more virtuous and shining, with a purer lustre before the world.

The little Alpine flower, which was plucked from among the rugged rocks of an almost inaccessible mountain-side, is most highly prized, so the thorns of life may always accompany its roses, yet the roses are all the sweeter when we have gathered them.

There is told a beautiful story of a little plant which grows in the tropics. It is delicate in structure, unattractive and unproductive, until in some way a wound is made in its tissues, when a little bud springs from the wound, and gradually grows and expands, until at length it bursts into a beautiful blossom. In evident fear of death it performs the function of reproduction, leaving to the world a successor.

The Christian's experience may be likened to this little plant.

Each added spiritual grace may have left its scar in the flesh, yet in the Book of Life, the scar bears witness to an immortal growth.

Are we growing? The answer is the answer to the question, Are we putting to the best use the talents which God has entrusted to our care? The greatest of all legacies is the inheritance of every man. It is the germ of personal force. It is a legacy which begins to pay interest at birth and only ceases with death.

The value of the interest is the character of the life which we are living, and depends on whether our infant powers have developed in the sunlight of action and truth, or in the shadows of idleness and vice. Though the inheritance is common to all, yet still the title is more easily lost than held—yet still, though we may have been awarded the interest of a mis-spent life, the great exception was sealed on the cross, by which, through repentance, the principle may be redeemed in life everlasting.

MONUMENTS FROM THE CHRISTIAN STANDPOINT.—Some years ago I had for a neighbor an old veteran of the war of 1812, whose wife had died several years before, leaving him the sole denizen of the home in which the two had commenced life together at an early day. One day in early spring I found the old Colonel, then about eighty years of age, industriously setting out fruit trees in his garden. As I approached him, I said: "Colonel, why are you doing this? You will never eat fruit from these trees." "No," he replied, "I never shall; but I learned, long ago, that it is the duty of the out-going tenant to provide for the incoming one." That reply stuck to me. A thousand times I have thought it over. "The out-going should provide for the incoming." How true! And of how many applications is the wise principle it embodies capable!—A. Parke Burgess.

### Natural History, Science, etc.

Our next door neighbor during last winter, cut down a large tree of the Silver Maple, which was on his side-walk, leaving the stump projecting about a foot from the earth. Early in the Third Month, soon after the ground had thawed, I noticed one morning that the hollows on its surface, left by the wood-chopper's axe, were wet, as if a rain had fallen, and the moisture had flowed to a distance of several feet. The puzzle as to the source of this moisture was soon dispelled by the reflection that it was about the time of year when an allied tree, the sugar maple, is bored for the purpose of obtaining the sweet, juice or sap, from which the delicious maple sugar is obtained. So this abundant moisture was nothing but the sap, which the roots, still alive, had absorbed from the earth, and sent upward through the cells and tissues of the wood, until it was poured forth through their ends, left open by the stroke of the axe. No doubt a similar process was going on in the other maple trees which were growing close by, only in these the sap continued to ascend and reach the smallest twigs and branchlets, swelling the buds of the flowers and leaves, and preparing them to expand as the increasing warmth of spring stimulated into activity the vital powers of the plant.

Six or seven weeks have elapsed since these observations were made. In that time the flower buds matured and produced the flowers, and those have been succeeded by the curious two-winged fruits, which are now falling on the grass-plots. In a few weeks we shall see numerous young plants developed from those which have fallen in favorable positions. The germ or embryo of the seed consists of young plantlets, already formed but not developed; and the student who will watch the germination of the maple seed, will find that they consist of a tiny stem or axis, bearing a pair of small leaves on the summit. Presently a little bud appears between these seeds and leaves. And as it grows it produces the regular leaves of the young tree. The stem at the same time lengthens, so as to raise the bud above the soil into the light and air, and its opposite extremity grows down into the soil. The little stem, pre-existing in the seed, grows throughout its whole length by the multiplication of its cells, so that a radicle of perhaps less than a line in length may become a slender two or three inches long. The root lengthens only at its lower end. Its function is to absorb nourishment from the earth, and in seeking this it develops in the direction of the soil best adapted for its use. Those who have maple trees growing in their lawns, may notice that the cultivated ground adjacent becomes filled with a mass of rootlets, extending many feet from the main stem, and absorbing the nourishment designed by the owner for the use of other crops.

The cells of which the rootlets are composed are not open at their extremities, but consist of closed tubes. Into these the crude sap finds entrance by a curious physical law, called *endosmosis*. If we take a jar of water in which a portion of sugar or syrup is dissolved, and insert in it a wide-mouthed bottle filled with pure water, over the mouth of which a thin piece of bladder or sheet India rubber is fastened, after a lapse of some hours the water in the bottle will be found to have imbibed a portion of the sugar, which has passed through the substance of the bladder or gum. It is by a similar process the sap is absorbed. This law is of extensive application in the growth and pro-

servation of vegetables and animals. Through it the water and substances dissolved in it are conveyed to the highest leaf of a tree, passing in its course through millions of apparently water-tight partitions.

It is by the operation of the same law that in the lungs of animals, the oxygen of the air finds admittance into the close cells of the lungs; and that the carbonic acid gas, there formed by its union with the carbon of the blood, is able to escape.

My attention was called a few days since to the number of plants wild or naturalized, which may be found in our lawns, or in vacant lots about our village. Taking a walk on the twenty-fourth of Fourth Month, I saw eight species in bloom and about sixteen others, whose flowers had not yet developed. As the season advances, this number will doubtless be greatly exceeded, so that a student of plants may find much to learn, without going far from home. One of the most abundant of these is the Shepherd's Purse (*Capsella Bursa Pastoris*), so named from the peculiar shape of its seed pod. Gray says, "It is the commonest of weeds." Although it is thus disrespectfully spoken of, yet it is not without interest. A circle of radical leaves, deeply indented or toothed, lie on the ground. From the centre of this an upright stem ascends, crowned with a cluster of small white flowers, which are succeeded in due season by the purse-shaped seed-pods. This plant belongs to the natural order, *Cruciferae*, or cross-bearing, so called from the flowers having four petals, arranged in opposite pairs. Many of the plants of this order, such as mustard, horse-radish, etc., possess a pungent taste, and are valuable as remedies for scurvy. In this disease, there is a depraved condition of the blood, and it is accompanied by a tendency to hemorrhage, especially in the gums. It is caused by improper diet, such as the long and continued use of salt meats, without admixture of fresh vegetables. It was formerly much more destructive than of latter years.

During some periods it was believed that more seamen perished from scurvy than from all other causes combined. In modern times the use of lemon juice, potatoes, fruits and fresh vegetables have robbed this once dreaded disease of its terrors.

The experience of a small British fleet which about the year 1740, left England, under the command of Lord Anson, with orders to sail around Cape Horn and attack the Spanish settlements on the Pacific coast of South America, gives a lively impression of the nature and effects of this once dreaded disease.

The narrative of the voyage states that after passing Straights Le Maire, their long continuance at sea, the fatigue they underwent and the various disappointments they met with, had caused the scurvy to spread to such a degree, that there were few on board who were not in some degree afflicted with it, and in the Fourth Month forty-three persons died of it on board the *Centurion*, the chief ship. In the Fifth Month they lost nearly double that number.

The symptoms are inconstant and innumerable. Scarcely any two persons are affected exactly alike; but among the more general appearances, are large discolored spots over the surface of the body, swollen legs and putrid gums, and especially an extraordinary lassitude of the body. It was usually attended with great dejection of spirits, and a disposition to be seized with terror on slight accidents. Whatever discouraged the people added to the virulence of

the disease, and generally killed those who were in its last stages.

In the sad plight to which the crew was reduced, they succeeded in reaching the island of Juan Fernandez. As they coasted along the island, seeking for a bay in which to take shelter, the narrative says: "It is scarcely credible with what eagerness and transport we viewed the shore, and with how much impatience we longed for the green and other refreshments that were then in sight. A boat was sent on shore early in the morning, which returned laden with seals and grass. The grass was soon devoured.

"After coming to anchor, tents were erected on shore, and the sick removed there, numbering one hundred and sixty-seven. Some who were far gone in the disease died, but the others regained their health and strength in a short time. The crew found on Juan Fernandez almost all the vegetables which are usually esteemed to be particularly adapted to the cure of scurvy. We had great quantities of water cresses and purslain, with excellent wild sorrel, and a vast profusion of turnips and Solilian radishes."

The cresses, turnips and radishes are all members of the *Cruciferae*, the natural order which, as has already been mentioned, is anti-scurbutic.

Lord Anson had carried with him a large assortment of garden seeds and stones of fruit trees, such as plumb, apricot and peach, and these he sowed and planted on the island, for the benefit of succeeding navigators. Some of these grew and thus added to the resources of the island.

Those persons whose botanical studies extend over several years, have often noticed that certain plants appear in unusual abundance on some seasons which are by no means so common at others. With us the present year is a favorable one for the dandelion (*Taraxacum officinale*). In many of the yards and lawns about our village, its yellow flowers appear in great profusion. It is really a beautiful flower, and the peculiar habits of the plant, especially in its fruiting, are of unusual interest. After blossoming, the circle of green leaves around the flower closes for a time; the slender beak of the fruit elongates and raises up the cluster of fine white hairs with which it is covered. The involucre is then relaxed, exposing an open globular head to the winds. The leaves of the plant are sometimes used as a salad. It is a native of Europe, but is now very thoroughly naturalized in this country.

As I passed our graveyard, I noticed a large patch of a grayish white color, which proved to be the Everlasting (*Antennaria plantaginifolia*). It is a low growing herb, with white woolly leaves, and bearing the stamens and pistils on different plants. J. W.

*Animal Sense of Humor.*—A jackdaw of the writer's acquaintance had an ingenious method of tormenting the numerous dogs of the establishment, which was most comic to behold, and which owed something of its finish to a more artistic conception of the humorous side of teasing than most jackdaws are credited with.

It was an extremely hot summer, and the dogs, of which there were three, spent the greater part of the day dozing peacefully on the lawn. Being all either Clumber spaniels or setters, they had fine silky coats, which extended to their feet, little tufts of fluffly fat sticking out between their toes.

When a dog was comfortably asleep, with it

et stretched out, dreaming of partridges, the awkward hop gently round, and then make a sudden dive at these fluffly tassels between its toes, which never failed to wake the log up with a sense of discomfort, which a tug at the hair anywhere else on its body would never have provoked.

At another house, a tame magpie was kept in a stable-yard, with a couple of kestrels. The kestrels were in the habit of sitting on the sides of the water pails to warm in the sun outside the stable doors. The magpie, being in want of amusement, hit on the following plan. He autiously approached a kestrel from behind, and seizing the bird's long tail in his beak, gave one or two violent pulls and pushes, and having worked the kestrel quite off its balance, with a good forward push, pitched it into the pail, or so far in as its flapping wings allowed. The magpie then "saved itself" with great haste in the hay-rack above the manger. In this case the joke was paid for; one of the kestrels, more wide awake than usual, caught the magpie as it was approaching, and drove its claws into the practical joker's legs until his screams rought help.

**Animals at Play.**—Near Benbridge, in the ale of Wight, a flock of ewes and lambs were in adjoining fields, separated by a fence with several gaps in it. "Follow my leader" was the game most in favor with this flock, the biggest lamb leading round the field and then jumping the gap, with all the others following in single file; any lamb that took the leap unusually well would give two or three more enthusiasticumps, out of sheer exuberant happiness, when it reached the other side. Near the same place we have seen lambs play the game which the children call "I'm the king of the castle." This took was in a field in which seaweed was piled a heaps ready to be spread on the field. A lamb would jump on to a heap of seaweed and half-a-dozen others would attack the position and try to drive him from it. Occasionally no one would appear to dispute the possession of the "castle," and in that case the lamb playing "king" jumped, capered and performed the most ridiculous antics, as if inviting competitors to come on.

In any comparison of the games and sports of animals with our own enjoyment of the same amusements, it must not be forgotten that imagination, the "make believe," which enter so much into the play of children, is also the basis of the play of young animals. Watch a kitten, while you tap your fingers on the other side of a curtain or table-cloth, imitating the movements of a mouse running up and down. She sniffs it is not a mouse, but she enters into the spirit of the game, and goes through all the movements proper to the chase. Or perhaps he has a ball. If you set it in motion so much he better. That helps the "make believe," the ball is alive and she catches it, claws it, and half-kills it; taking care all the while to keep it moving herself.

The beautiful young lion, which was given by the Sultan of Sokoto to the Queen, would play in exactly the same way with a large wooden ball, growling and setting up its crest, and nursing the ball across the cage. Indeed, play of some kind is so necessary to the health of these big kittens that they are always supplied with a wooden ball to amuse them. These playings are evidently greatly appreciated, and he distress of one very tame tiger, Jack, and his mute appeals for help, when his ball slipped

down under the bars, where he could no longer reach it, were quite pathetic.

### The Largest Telescope.

The great Yerkes reflecting telescope, the largest in the world, which he ordered several years ago for the University of Chicago, will be in operation soon in the magnificent observatory which Yerkes has erected near Williams Bay, on Lake Geneva. The building is nearly completed, and the astronomers who are to be in charge are "at home" in the dwellings built for them on the border of the lake. The lens for this telescope is the largest ever made. It is forty inches in diameter and 3.6 inches thick at the thickest part. It magnifies about 9,000,000 times. Looking through this telescope the moon will appear hardly thirty miles from the earth.

The Yerkes Observatory stands on the northern shore of Lake Geneva, about fifty miles from Chicago, upon a site consisting of about fifty acres of wooded land fronting on the lake. The construction of the main building was begun in April, 1895. Its form is that of a Roman cross, with three domes and a meridian room at its extremities. The main arm of the cross lies east and west, and is about 350 feet in length. The dome for the great telescope, 90 feet in diameter and 110 feet high, stands at the western end.

The lens of this telescope has a "clear aperture" of 40 inches, its full diameter being 41.1 inches. It is four inches larger in diameter, than the lens of the Lick telescope, and its surface, on which depends its "light-gathering" power, is therefore nearly one and one-fourth times as great. This monster lens was ground and polished by Alvan Clark, the sole surviving member of the famous firm of Alvan Clark & Sons. The two disks of which it consists, one of crown and one of flint glass, were cast in Paris, and cost \$400,000 in the rough. The grinding has taken about two years, and cost \$60,000.

The tube which sustains this magnificent lens, made of sheet steel, riveted together after the manner of a tubular steam boiler, is 75 feet in length. It, together with the equatorial mounting of the instrument, was made by Warner & Swasey, telescope makers, of Cleveland, Ohio.

While the great telescope with its attachments—micrometers, spectroscopes, photographic apparatus, etc.—is the main feature of the observatory, the institution is well equipped with smaller instruments, among which are a 12 inch refracting telescope, mounted in the eastern dome, and in the third dome a 24-inch reflector. The motive power for revolving the domes and manipulating the instruments is supplied by electricity.

The director of the observatory is George E. Hale, the associate professor of astro-physics in the University of Chicago, but the observatory will be under the immediate direction of Professor E. E. Barnard, who was for a long time at the Lick observatory. The working force will include eight astronomers.

Professor Hale has achieved a world-wide reputation through his work in astro-physics, and particularly through his marvelous photographs of the gaseous envelope of the sun, taken with an instrument of his own devising and called the spectro-heliograph. The great telescope will be used mainly for work of this sort, which does not necessitate the quietness and transparency of atmosphere essential to the effective use of a telescope when the observer's aim is to study

the fine details in the surface markings of the moon or of a planet. Otherwise it would be a pity that so splendid a telescope should be so poorly located, for the Yerkes telescope lies deeper in the great ocean of the earth's atmosphere than the Lick by more than 3000 feet, and deeper than that of Lowell, at Flag-staff, Arizona, by more than 6000 feet.

A feature of the observatory is the heliostat room, in which, as long as the sun shines above the horizon, there is a steady and constant beam of sunlight available for optical experiments.

No heat is allowed in the dome rooms. The temperature inside must be the same as the temperature outside. The work done there is so delicate that expansion or contraction of the metal work of the apparatus would interfere sadly with the accuracy of the results.

Howard Grubb, of Dublin, Ireland, proposes to construct for photographic purposes a reflecting telescope of which the mirror will be ten feet across. So far as size is concerned and excellence of workmanship, we have doubtless not yet reached a limit in telescope making, although the difficulty of making a perfect lens or mirror increases rapidly as its size increases.

What astronomers are now seeking, however, is not larger telescopes, but good locations in which to plant the instruments they have already. It makes all the difference in the world in the performance of a telescope where it stands. The largest and finest telescope yet constructed, if it were located in the heart of Philadelphia, would not be as serviceable as a good instrument with only a six-inch lens. The drawback is that the astronomer has to look, not merely through the telescope, but also through some two hundred miles of vapor-laden and dust-laden atmosphere; moreover an atmosphere which is never quiet and is often in a state of violent commotion caused by conflicting and interlacing currents of warm and cold air. One who has never used a telescope can have but a very imperfect idea of what is meant by "atmospheric disturbance." Look across a bon-fire or across the top of a chimney for which a current of hot air is ascending, and observe how everything seen through this air is flaring and wavering, and you will witness in a small way a phenomenon with which the astronomer is only too familiar. The nights on which a large telescope can be used at its full power are exceedingly rare. Usually the astronomer must content himself with using a "low power," that is, must use his telescope with no more than a half or a fourth of its capacity, since the more he attempts to magnify an object seen the more obtrusive the disturbance will become.

The great Lick telescope was located at an elevation of 4000 feet above the sea level in the hope and expectation of getting it above the worst part of this vexatious atmosphere. Yet, even on Mount Hamilton, the conditions of seeing are so unfavorable that it is rare indeed that the great telescope can be used upon the planets, which to be seen well must be well defined, with a power of 1000 diameters, although the telescope has theoretically more than twice this power. Ordinarily the powers used upon these objects range from 250 to 700 diameters, the most often used being, according to Professor Barnard, a power of 500, the state of the atmosphere not permitting any higher magnification.

The best locations for telescopes thus far tried seem to be at Arequipa, in Peru, at an elevation of 8000 feet above the sea, and at Flag-staff, Arizona, where Percival Lowell has established

his observatory, at an elevation of 7250 feet. Elevation, however is not the only condition necessary for "good seeing." Professor Pickering ascribed the excellence of the Arequipa station quite as much to its pure and dry air as to its altitude. He states that it was a very unusual thing to see a third magnitude star set—to see it actually on the horizon. No one in this vicinity ever saw even a first magnitude star set. There is too much dust and moisture in the air.

The main advantage that a large over an small telescope is that it gathers more light and thus increases the number of stars visible. Its true work is in sidereal astronomy—in the study of star clusters, double stars and nebulae. In this work it is supreme; the bigger it can be made the better. But for the study of Venus and Mars and the moon the telescopes which we already have are large enough and good enough until some place for locating a telescope is found better than any yet discovered.—from the *Phila. Record*, of *Twelfth Mo.* 19, 1896.

**SUMMARY OF EVENTS.**

**UNITED STATES.**—The Senate by a vote of 43 to 29 has refused to ratify the General Arbitration Treaty between the United States and Great Britain, negotiated by Secretary Olney and Sir Julian Pauncefote. The rules of the Senate require a majority of two-thirds for the ratification of treaties.

The Secretary of the Treasury has sent a communication to the United States Senate, in reply to a resolution of inquiry, recommending that the tax on distilled spirits be reduced to 90 cents a gallon. He says the present rate has had the effect of greatly increasing illicit distilling.

On the 16th instant the Supreme Court of the United States rendered its decision in the suit against the Bell Telephone Company, which sustains the validity of the Berliner patent. The decision entitles the existence of the patent for nearly two years.

Governor Black has signed the Greater New York charter.

On the 4th instant a representative of the Interior Department began at Olean, New York, an investigation of the manner in which the leases for oil well operations were obtained from the Seneca tribe of Indians. Testimony was given that a Salamanca hotel keeper was present at the Seneca council and supplied the Indians freely with whiskey.

The new Mine Investigating Company of Pennsylvania last week, Ex-Astoria General Palmer was called. He said he is identified with the mining interests in so far as he owns a little coal land and is counsel for a few coal corporations. Business is in a very depressed situation now. Mines are producing as much coal as they have orders for. He could not see any one else who does not think that the mine can, unless the Legislature would form itself into a parliament of mankind and attempt to regulate the business of the world. Gen. Palmer says that there are 147 iron-ore saloons in Wilkesbarre; that if the money spent in saloons were spent for living purposes, there would be 147 schools, child, half-dothing family of 1000. He saved \$2,000 in twelve years by having 500 acres. He put ten men to work, got the farm in good order, planted cotton, corn and sugar cane, and cleared the first year \$2,500. He has continued to add to his land possessions, paying spot cash for every acre, and now is the owner of 2,100 acres of land, from which he makes 1000 bales of cotton annually. Besides his success on the farm he has developed the country supply store idea, and thus makes in thousands of dollars a year. He also owns a comfortable residence in Bainbridge. His profits last year were over \$75,000.

The Governor of Iowa has signed the new State liquor law, including the sections allowing manufacturing.

The very deepest hole that man has yet succeeded in making in the earth is said to be near Rybik in

Silesia, where the boring through strata of coal and rock has reached a depth of about 6,770 feet. The contract for the contract is believed to be an oil well at Pitsburg, which has reached a depth of 5,740 feet, but is to be bored much deeper for the sake of the information it may furnish to science.

By the will of the late Lewis Crozer, of Delaware County, \$500,000 is bequeathed for a homoeopathic hospital, with a home for incurables attached, while \$250,000 is given to the city of Chester for a free library.

Some geologists are inclined to believe that Cape Cod is gradually sinking or wearing away.

Deaths in this city last week numbered 418, which is 71 less than the previous week, and 9 more than the corresponding week of 1900. Of the foregoing, 163 were males and females was the same—64 died of pneumonia; 44 of heart disease; 32 of consumption; 20 of apoplexy; 16 of diphtheria; 14 of nephritis; 14 of old age; 14 of cancer; 13 of inanition; 11 of typhoid fever; 11 of inflammation of the stomach and bowels; 11 of bronchitis; 10 of inflammation of the brain; 9 of septicaemia; 9 of marasmus, and 9 of convulsions.

**Markets.**—U. S. 2's, 96 a 98; 4's, reg, 110 1/2 a 111; coupon, 112 1/2 a 112; new 4's, reg, 123 1/2 a 123; 5's, 112 1/2 a 113; currency 6's, 104 a 107.

COTTON was firm, middling upland being officially quoted at 8c, per pound.

WHEAT—No. 2 hard ranged from \$12.50 to \$13.00, 100 for winter in bulk, and \$11.00 a \$12.00 for spring in sacks.

FLOUR.—Winter super, \$2.75 a \$2.90; do., extras, \$3.00 a \$3.25; Pennsylvania roller, clear, \$4.00 a \$4.15; do., do., straight, \$4.15 a \$4.30; Western winter, clear, \$3.00 a \$4.15; do., do., straight, \$4.15 a \$4.30; do., patent, \$4.40 a \$4.60; spring, clear, \$3.40 a \$3.70; do., straight, \$3.90 a \$4.10; do., patent, \$4.10 a \$4.25; do., favorite brands, higher. City mills, extra, \$3.10 a \$3.35; do., clear, \$4.10 a \$4.25; do., straight, \$4.30 a \$4.40; do., patent, \$4.40 a \$4.65. RYE FLOUR.—\$2.25 a \$2.60 per bbl. as to quality.

GRAIN.—No. 2 red wheat, 82 a 82 1/2 c.

Do., No. 3 white oats, 26 a 26 1/2 c.

BEEF CATTLE.—Extra, 5 1/2 a 5 3/4; good, 4 1/2 a 5c; medium, 4 a 4 1/2 c; common, 3 1/2 a 4 c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS.—Extra, 4 1/2 a 5c; good, 4 a 4 1/2 c; medium, 3 1/2 a 4 c; common, 2 1/2 a 3 c; lambs, 3 1/2 a 4 c.

HOGS.—Best Western, 5 1/2 a 6c; other Western, 5 1/2 a 5 3/4 c.

**FOREIGN.**—On the 4th instant a wooden structure in Paris, in which a charitable bazaar was being held, was destroyed by fire, the illuminating apparatus of a cinematograph having exploded. The stalls were presided over by leaders of Parisian society and there were from 1500 to 1800 persons in the building. A terrible panic followed the alarm of fire and a rush was made for the exits. Many persons were trampled and crushed to death before the flames reached them. The structure burned so rapidly that the roof fell in twelve minutes, and in twenty minutes the building and contents were entirely destroyed. The number of persons killed was 10.

On the 6th instant the Duc d'Anjou died suddenly at Zucco, Sicily, from shock on hearing of the death of his niece, the Duchesse d'Alencon, caused by the Paris fire. He was the fourth son of Louis Philippe, King of France.

Mrs. Segny and Quenisset, of Paris, who have made a prediction of the effect of Mars, advise all persons with weak hearts to keep away from the rays. The doctors say that the rays produce an unendurable palpitation, which is apt to cause fatal trouble.

The pact of the Powers constituting the Triple Alliance has been renewed for a period of six years.

On the 18th instant, after a battle of fifteen hours, the Greeks defeated from Pithagorah, 1000 monks, thirteen miles south of Pharsala. The Turks have taken possession of Pharsala. The Greeks had about 20,000 men, and against them were 50,000 Turks.

It is estimated that the loss of the Greeks in the fighting at Velestino and Pharsala was 1000 killed and 1000 wounded. The Turks lost 6000 men.

A despatch from Athens, dated 19th inst., says: "The Government has addressed a request to the Powers to allow their admirals in Cretan waters to permit the Greek warships to embark the troops that have been recalled. The Government explains the small force as the urgent need of men for the defence of Thessaly."

Greece, it is stated, has made application in writing to the Powers, through their representatives at Athens, with a view of obtaining mediation. All the

representatives have promised in their replies to us their best offices, except the German Minister, who has merely acknowledged the receipt of the note from the Cabinet.

A collective note has been handed to the Greek and Turkish Governments calling upon them to cease hostilities on the assurance that the Power will undertake the final solution of the pending troubles.

Turkey demands as the price of peace an indemnity of \$15,000,000, a rearrangement of the Greek frontier cession of the Greek fleet to Turkey, and the settlement of the Cretan question.

The note of the Powers to be presented to Greece is to the following effect: Upon a formal declaration of war by the Powers, the Powers propose to agree to such an autonomous régime for Crete as the Powers in their wisdom shall deem best, and accept unreservedly the counsels of the Powers, they will intervene in the interests of peace. It is understood that Greece will assent to all these conditions.

A recent consular report furnishes the following information: The camphor thrives only in certain localities, usually within reach of the sea atmosphere. They must face south, and have an average yearly temperature of 15 degrees C. The tree grows about one and one-half inches a year. It sometimes attains a circumference of 40 feet. When a tree 40 years old yields 210 lbs per cho (two and one-half cwt) of camphor, 210 lbs of camphor per acre have been yielded so indiscriminately that there are practically none available, and the price of the product has greatly advanced. Chips of stumps and roots of trees cut down decades ago are used by the Japanese farmers in winter for making crude camphor. The process is so wasteful that it is estimated that only two per cent of the camphor is obtained from the chips. It is expected that the introduction of improved apparatus will increase the yield manifold. Crude camphor contains on an average from 10 to 15 per cent of camphor oil, which yields, in turn 50 per cent of camphor. Merchants and refiners are now looking to Formosa, where a considerable extent of cultivation is found for a further supply.

President Zelaya, of Nicaragua, has signed the law abolishing capital punishment on after Seventh Month 1st, next.

The migration of the French-speaking people of Canada to the New England States has assumed enormous proportions in recent years, and shows no signs of abating. The French population of the Province of Quebec is 1,200,000 while according to the census of 1890 the number of French Canadian and of persons of Canadian extraction in the United States was 840,000. The late M. Mercier predicts that by 1910 there would be more French Canadian by birth and descent in the United States than in Canada.

**NOTICES.**

**WESTERN QUARTERLY MEETING OF FRIENDS.**—The train leaving Broad Street Station, Philadelphia at 7.17 A. M. on the 21st instant, will be met at West Grove to convey (free of charge), those desiring to attend the Western Quarterly Meeting of Friends, to be held at London Grove, Chester County, Pa. It would assist the Committee if those intending to come could inform by postal in advance.

TRUMAN C. MOORE, } Committee.  
GEO. R. CHAMBERS, }

**WESTON BOARDING SCHOOL.**—For convenience of persons coming to Westston School, the stage will meet trains leaving Philadelphia 7.17 and 8.46 A. M. and 2.53 and 4.32 P. M. Other trains are met when requested. Stage fare on Westston trips fifteen cents on special trips, twenty-five cents each way. To reach the school by telegraph, wire West Chester Phone 88 EDWARD G. SMEDLEY, Sup't.

**WESTON BOARDING SCHOOL.**—Applications for the admission of pupils to the school, and letters in regard to instruction and discipline should be addressed to WILLIAM F. WICKERSHAM, Principal. Payments on account of board and tuition, and communications in regard to business should be forwarded to EDWARD G. SMEDLEY, Superintendent. Address, Westston P. O., Chester Co., Pa.

**WESTON BOARDING SCHOOL.**—The General Com union meet at the School on Fourth-day morning, the 19th instant, at 8 o'clock. The Committee on Instruction and the Committee on Admissions meet the preceding evening, at the School, at 7 P. M.

WM. EVANS, Clerk.

# THE FRIEND.

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## Richard Esterbrook.

(Continued from page 328.)

Richard Esterbrook came to America in '59, at first with the intention only of visiting son, who was living in America, but soon it settled on his mind that it would be best to retire himself and family permanently. He fled in Camden, N. J., and commenced the manufacture of steel pens, a business which rapidly developed, and is still successfully carried on at that place.

Richard Esterbrook ever retained a warm attachment to many of his old English friends. This is pleasantly shown by a letter to one of them, dated Fourth Month 13th, 1874:

"My Beloved Friend, John Elliott:—

Thy letter, dated the eighteenth ult., came to hand, and acted like a cordial upon a fainting traveller, and I am most sincerely obliged to thee for it, and above all, I thank my gracious Heavenly Father in that He hath been pleased in his mercy to keep open in thy heart the spring of brotherly love towards thy old friend—a feeling which I can assure thee I truly reciprocate, and even now with tears, how mysterious are the ways by which we are led in the passage through time, and how different are the experiences allotted in the inscrutable wisdom of Him who seeth the end from the beginning, and who said unto Peter, his servant, "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter." The bearing these things may have upon our everlasting share in the life that hath no end, we cannot say now. Many and very great have been my trials and afflictions, but the Lord is good and stronghold in the day of trouble, can my poor soul in humble reverence and gratitude declare. I was delighted to me to hear of thy dear wife and of your dear daughter Annie, and I tried to picture you mentally, but cannot do much in this way, the change altogether is so great, and a great change has taken place in me, for I am now old and gray headed, my dear friend, and I adopt the ancient language, "Oh, God, forsake me not." I have been humbled in gratitude to the preserver of men that hath pleased Him to spare my dear wife to me, so that we have been permitted to travel together, in a moderate share of good health on the whole, and partaking of our sor-

rows together, and at seasons, of those joys with which the world cannot intermeddle. This I have esteemed as an especial favor from the hand of the Lord. Although, like Job of old, I have been lifted up to the wind and my substance dissolved.

Thy account of the changes that have taken place is interesting to me. I have myself often gone over them, more particularly as regards our own Society. Some of those who have been removed were near and dear to me—with whom I took sweet counsel, and walked to the house of God in company. But they are gone to their eternal reward, and we are left a little longer to fill up our measure of service and suffering, according to the will of God. I am concerned to crave sometimes that this may be our happy and blessed experience, and then we may realize that our afflictions, which are but as for a moment (when compared with eternity) will work for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory, while we look not at the things which are seen, which are temporal, but at those things that are not seen, which are eternal.

I did contemplate a letter to thy dear sister Mary, about the time of our last birth-day, for I remember we are near an age, and I thought much of her, and think of her now with much affectionate regard, which I hope will never wear out with time. And that indeed my endeared friend, we may live in each other's hearts as epistles written not with ink but with the spirit.

I have been much interested in noticing the movements of my beloved friend, Louisa Allen, and hope she will be preserved on the right hand and on the left, in the only safe path, under the guidance of the one Shepherd. It is a day of wonderful unsettlement, and of cutting cables, and drifting away from the old moorings, and the very foundations are even called in question. I look for further developments as fruits of the same nature. Whatever may be the calling of other religious bodies, and whatever place may have been assigned to them in the universal church, I am persuaded there was a place to which we were called, to uphold among them, and in the sight of the nations, distinguishing views and great testimonies,—whether this place is or can be maintained in the existing state of things amongst us, I must leave. Vain is the thought of that man who thinks he can promote the Kingdom of Christ in his own will—"Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord." And it is only his own works that can praise Him who is still, blessed be His Name, head over all things to the Church.

It is painful to reflect and to feel that our own acknowledged principles must be pleaded for, and even contended for, among our own people. And there are others among us who are rather disposed to keep those views which really distinguish us, in the background, as if they had scarcely the courage to avow them. We must be willing to be accounted as fools

for Christ's sake and the Gospel. These things ought not so to be, and I hope the Lord in his mercy and goodness will yet preserve and continue a remnant at least, who will be rightly qualified to uphold the Truth in the love of it.

Thy allusion to my old friend, Samuel Bone, is interesting to me. I have a strong attachment to him, and hope he will be favored as he descends the hill of life to have his prospects brightened as to that life that is beyond the grave. Please give my dear love to him, and to H. Edgcombe, when thou sees him.

I noticed with a good deal of interest the excitement you have had at Li-keard, and my thoughts took me back to some former experiences. It seems to me if I had been there I should not have voted for Horsman, and I am surprised to see the course taken by some men.

I may, however, not have a correct impression of the real state of things. It is a disappointment I often encounter, that of seeing men from whom you had hoped better things, giving up the battle of ideas, virtually abandoning principles, giving practical evidence they could never have been truly born of them, and so they revert back to the common rule of mankind. Well truth is truth, and a man can afford to be in the smallest minority whose feet are established on the true foundation.

I notice with interest thy elevation to the office of chief magistrate of my native town. I hope it may be a right step. I have no doubt thy acceptance of the office was a great satisfaction to those who desired purity in the administration of the duties of the office, and a general influence on the side of right. Its bearing upon our own best interests is the chief and all-important matter for us to consider. I notice we may mostly judge the quality of things by their effects on our minds. The state of things in this country at the present time is discouraging—it is almost overrun with corruption. The greed for office and official plunder is fearful to contemplate. Office-seeking has become one of the industries of the country.

I find that to judge rightly of a form of government, we must not be led away by mere abstract theories. A government must be estimated by its results, and I am much of the mind that there is no government under the sun where the results are better on the whole than in our own old country. Liberty with order seems to me better secured under it than here in this land of boasted liberty."

Among the incidents related by R. E. of occurrences connected with his life in England, I find the following:

1884.—Fifth Month 7th.—R. Esterbrook related the following incident. A friend of his, who was naturally not of a liberal disposition, attended a circular meeting, held at Newport, England. While there he saw a Friend who was in attendance, and an impression fastened on his mind, to give him a guinea. He was not acquainted with the man or his circumstances, and it seemed like taking a liberty which he hesitated about. So he put it by for

the time; but seeing the same Friend afterwards the feeling revived so strongly that he took him aside, and told him how his feelings had been directed, that he did not know his circumstances, but wished him to put the money in his pocket, and make whatever use of it he pleased. The Friend then told him that when he left home all the money he had in the world was fourteen pence; but he felt it his duty to come to the meeting, and now, through his liberality, he had been made rich.

1884.—Ninth Month 4th.—R. E. related to me an experience that befel him in England many years before. He had accompanied an older Friend on a religious visit. At Chew Magna, one who had waited on them, said privately to Richard before the meeting, that his communication the day before, had been very clear and satisfactory to the people as to the great doctrine of regeneration through the Spirit of Christ, but that some of them remarked in reference to it, "Where is the blood?"

Richard made but little reply, simply saying, "We are poor creatures;" but he was brought under an inexpressible weight of exercise, which continued throughout the meeting, and after it. A large company dined at the house of a wealthy Friend, and there was pleasant conversation, in which R. could take no part, but eat his food quietly, under great oppression. When the cloth was removed, and the fruits brought on, a sudden covering of solemnity spread over the company, under which the way opened for R. to deliver a short communication. The load all disappeared from his mind. The change was astonishing to himself. The Friends were exceedingly kind and attentive.

1883.—Sixth Month 7th.—On our way to Evesham, Richard Esterbrook spoke of "Billy" Bray, a Cornwall Methodist, whom he knew very well. He was a good man but somewhat eccentric. He one day referred to the declaration that we must become fools before we could be made wise; and remarked, "The Lord had not so much trouble with me in that way, as with some others, for I never was wise, never had much sense."

Richard also spoke of a Cornwall miner, named Venan, who, with a fellow workman, was down the shaft of a copper mine, preparing for a blast. By some accident the fuse was cut off too short, so that a premature explosion was inevitable. There was but time to hoist one person out of the danger. Venan said in his companion, "you have a family, get in the bucket, in a minute I shall be in heaven." The man did so, and Venan crouched in a corner of the mine, holding a large stone before his face, to protect his eyes, of which the miners are very careful, as they are often injured. The explosion took place, and when the smoke cleared Venan was found to be uninjured.

1883.—Eighth Month 31st.—R. Esterbrook attended our Select Preparative Meeting, and dined with us. He spoke of his first voyage across the Atlantic ocean. He had a great dread of an ocean passage; but before he left home, felt, as he believed, a Divine assurance that he would be carried across in safety. So strong was his faith in this opening that though the voyage was long and stormy, his confidence never failed. The mighty ship was tossed like a cork on the waves; and when rolling in the trough of the sea, the yards would seem to touch the waves, as if the vessel would never recover itself, but all was to him a source of enjoyment, from the sense of safety with which he was favored. He remembered the language of the

Palmist, "They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in the great water; these see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep."

1885.—Ninth Month 12th.—R. E. described an experience of many years ago. At London Yearly Meeting, in a meeting for worship, he felt an impression to speak, but postponed it till the right time had passed, when the opening was withdrawn, and a distressing feeling of condemnation took its place. Under the bitterness of this, he was willing to do anything to obtain relief, but all commission to speak was withdrawn.

When attending Yearly Meeting a subsequent year, as he was seated at the breakfast table with other Friends, it seemed as if a veil or curtain was lifted, and he saw before him the Women's Yearly Meeting. The vision soon passed from sight, and from memory. Some days after, a Friend proposed paying a religious visit to the Women's Yearly Meeting. Liberty was given, and again the vision came before Richard's mental eye, with a remembrance of his sufferings on a previous occasion, and he offered to accompany the Friend, acknowledging that he was under a similar concern.

In the Women's Meeting his Friend relieved his mind, while Richard sat without a thought of what it might be his duty to speak. In a few minutes after the other had finished, an opening suddenly presented, and R. E. arose and uttered what was given him to say.

(To be continued.)

WHO WERE THE BIGOTS?—Not long since an infidel lecturer visited a town to deliver a series of lectures against the Bible and Christianity. The people of the community took no particular interest in it, and so there was only a fair attendance. The lecturer stood it very well for a night or two, and then began a tirade of abuse of the Christians in the town for their "bigotry" in refusing to hear his arguments against their religion. He made his point good and strong by using the fact that they were unwilling to hear him, and so they must be bigots of the worst kind. When he had finished he gave an opportunity for persons who desired to do so, to ask any questions or make any remarks. A man arose and said:

"I would like to know how many infidels there are present, and in order to test the matter I will ask all the infidels present to stand up." About fifty arose, nearly all the people present. "Now," said he, when they had sat down, "I would like all of those who have risen and said they were infidels, who have attended church in the last five years, to stand up." Five of them arose, when he continued,

"Just one-tenth of you have been willing to hear both sides, and according to the judgment of the lecturer this evening nine-tenths of you are bigots, for you are too bigoted to hear the arguments in favor of Christianity." He sat down, nothing more was said, and the meeting was dismissed.—*Christian Oracle.*

THE BIBLE IN AFRICA.—A missionary speaking at the annual meeting of the British and Foreign Bible Society, held at Montreal, said that in the last eight months the natives of Uganda had bought thirteen thousand two hundred Bibles or portions of the Bible. The books have to be carried many miles into the interior from Zanzibar. The Negroes will not have a book unless it is exactly three by six

inches in size. They cannot be induced to accept even the gift of one that is larger. The reason is that this size will fit into an English biscuit tin, the only receptacle they have into which the white ant cannot make its way.—*Christian Advocate.*

FOR "THE FRIEND."

RESPONSE TO THE REQUEST FOR AN OPINION AS TO "HOW THE SALOON CAN BEST BE SUPPRESSED—IN THE NEAR FUTURE OR NOT."

In considering the wording of the proposition submitted to me, as above expressed, there is once presented a difficulty in undertaking an reply, because of the awkward presence in the sentence of the little word "can." The meaning of this auxiliary verb, according to Webster is "to be able; to have power, either physical or moral." Were the inquiry as to how to suppress the saloon put to those who are in possession of the delegated power of the people—our executive officers, legislators, judges, etc. and these officials really wanted the stunbling block of the saloon removed, there would be a difficulty whatever in framing an answer.

Thus, when this Commonwealth's worth Founder came hither from England, he came with a code of beneficent laws in possession, as proprietary, and with councillors and as emblemen actuated largely by desires to promote the real good of the people, there was presented the willingness and the ability to consider and try how we can bring this or that just purpose to pass. Similarly, in colonial Carolina, when the Quaker, John Ardebale, one of the eight proprietaries, was named Governor of the province, and given pretty large powers, he remarkably demonstrated in the brief period he held the office, what willingness an ability can do in the way of the correction of abuses, oppressions and disorders, the assembly for the first time in its history tendering an address of grateful thanks to the proprietaries.

And yet it was the direct aim of the Quaker proprietaries who founded Pennsylvania, as well as West New Jersey, to lodge the power direct in the people, so that if affairs went wrong they would devolve upon themselves to correct their mismanagement. It was a memorable message of theirs, that "We lay a foundation for ages to understand their liberty as men and as Christians, that they may not be brought into bondage but by their own consent; for we put the power in the people." Now, is not all the trouble of which we have so long been complaining a consequent of our own consent, seen that we have put the power in the hands of the partisan political caucus, and its chief ally the keeper of the saloon?

Our duty in the premises—the can and the ought to be about the suppression of the liquor traffic—is to be found, I think, very close to that above quoted message of two centuries ago to the settlers by the Delaware's side. The liquor question even at that time, though in a mild way, confronted our predecessors. What did they do about it? It was an age when coffee tea and cocoa were not the table beverages that they are to day, and it was a hundred years' advance of the utterance of the first public protests, by Benezet and Rush, against the use as drink of ardent spirits and intoxicants generally. Friends of that day believed they were doing no harm in making moderate use of wine and mal liquors; but they soon observed that the Indian fell easily under the assaults of the alluring and potent fire-water. In treating with them for the cession of their lands, the Friends had given

long with a great variety of useful articles, a few kegs of rum, beer and cider; but, from a special examination made by me a number of years ago, relative to the extent to which liquors gured in all the early treaties of Penn and his associates, I can say that their total amounted to quantity so comparatively little, that it would be held of slight account indeed, as representing a single day's sales, by many a holder of high license privilege of this present time. Only two years elapsed after Penn's landing, when the sale of rum or other strong liquors to the Indians was forbidden. An instructive historic view to be remembered, was the notable gathering of Friends and Indians in Burlington Woods in 1685, when one of the eight chiefs here assembled told how the Dutch had first sold his people liquors which they learned to love—how the Swedes had continued the sale, and many scores of his people were dead by reason of it—"But now," he continued, "there a people come to live amongst us that have eyes; they see it to be for our hurt, and we know it to be for our hurt; they are willing to deny us profit of it for our good."

We do indeed seem to be a long time catching up to this lesson and keeping abreast of its practice. In formal conferences of the religious denominations there appears a pretty general concurrence with the advanced sentiment that the liquor traffic can not be legalized without sin. Our own amended Discipline advises Friends to "in no case sign petitions for or accept licenses for the sale of alcoholic beverages, or [to] rent or lease their buildings for the manufacture or sale of such liquors." When comes to the point of casting our votes, however, how do we lean to the expediency arguments of our favorite daily paper, or to the careful-to-often platform of our political party, or then to the clear ethics of Holy Writ. When last year's platform of one of the two principal parties adopted the safely circumspect expression declaratory of "sympathy with all just and legitimate efforts to lessen and prevent evils of intemperance and promote morality," the *Wine and Spirit Gazette*, readily endorsing its sympathy plank, added, "So do we, and so do all decent, honest, liquor dealers. It meets the approval of the trade."

At the late hearings before the License Court, Philadelphia, there was read a remonstrance against a certain applicant, in the shape of a letter written by the applicant's mother, an aged woman of eighty-five years, in which she requested the Court not to grant her son a license, stating that he was the father of nine children ranging between the ages of four years and twenty years, their mother being dead, and she stated that if a license was granted her son it would have a sadly demoralizing effect on the only. To which stirring appeal the president of the board made reply that the man in question was the head of his own family, and as he appeared to be of age he was no longer under subjection to his mother. So the license was granted.

The same day, in the Quarter Sessions Court of the city, a lad of eighteen years was placed on trial for the murder of his father. The other of the boy testified that she had been married nearly twenty years, her husband during all that time drinking heavily, as a general rule spending all his earnings for rum. She did her married life had been one continual round of abuse and cruelty, her husband repeatedly threatening her life. Frequently he abused his children from the house with a knife in his hand, and it was upon such an

occasion that the son, defending himself from his drunken parent's attack, had fatally struck the latter with the handle of an axe.

In the daily paper (reputed the best in the city), containing both the foregoing tragic incident, and the incident of the mother's futile remonance before the licensing judges, appeared two specially displayed, double column width advertisements of liquor dealers—one of them speaking the praise of a particular brewing of beer, and the other that of the excellent brandy and whisky and rare rum turned out by a firm of distillers. Every daily paper in the city will freely advertise these dangerous goods as they have the opportunity; all of them believe in restricting the number of the privileged traffickers, charging them well for their licenses, for none is to be found who will say with the Indian sachem in Burlington woods, "They are willing to deny the profit of it for our good!"

I see not, therefore, how the saloon can be suppressed, either now, in the near future, or ever, through voting for those who are committed to the continuance of the evil institution, and who are so largely entangled in oath-bound fraternities where the ways and methods of the secret caucuses and wire-pulling partisan devices are learnt. It might be that the ballot in the hands of woman would effect a great change for the better, helping weak man to more wisely discharge his duty to the State; but should the would-be helper also drift into the methods that are hidden and devious, the political condition would not be improved, and the home would suffer a loss that would be manifest in the citizen of the future.

Pending this possible extension of the suffrage, there appears hope for improvement through reform of the civil service, now so much agitated, though it may be said that there would be no assurance that the bettered service would mean anything more elevating in its treatment of the liquor traffic than that it should keep within "decent bounds," and pay handsomely toward the expenses of the State in being thus permitted to live. No city in the world is probably better provided with material, civic improvements than is Paris, yet the dwellers therein are assuredly not known beyond all others for their temperance or godliness.

"The power," continues to be "in the people." The saloon can be suppressed, and in the not distant future, if we so will it, but the goal will not be permanently attained through the law, education and a reformed civil service. Repeating the wise charge of two centuries ago, we are bidden to "understand [our] liberty as men and as Christians;" and so we reach the conclusion that as godliness prevails more and more in the hearts of the children of men, the attractive forces of the spirit will successively break forth—"Love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance."—and the saloon will vanish out of sight. The G-spel will most effectually overcome the saloon.

JOSEPH W. LEIDY,

ROCKFORD, Fourth Month 14th, 1897.

THE marvellous and rapidly increasing commerce of the great lakes may well excite the astonishment of those who are not familiar with it, and greatly exceeds that of our country upon the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. The past season some three thousand four hundred vessels plied the waters of the lakes, with an aggregate of over one million three hundred thousand tons register, and transported over forty million tons of freight. Five times as many vessels

pass through St. Mary's canal at the outlet of Lake Superior as pass through the Suez Canal in Egypt.—*The Presbyterian*.

FOR "THE FRIENDS."

"If thy eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light."

To be single in heart Godward is to know something of purity of heart by the effectual work of the gift and grace of God in the heart, casting forth therefrom the unholiness and the unclean that defiles the inner temple of our being as did the merchandise of old the temple set apart for the worship and outward manifestation of his presence.

When the eye is single it is no longer our purpose to shape our course according to the ways, maxims or purposes of others, but it is, "What wilt thou, Lord, that I should do or leave undone?"

The spirit manifested in the letter in THE FRIEND of Third Month 27th, signed C. H., I read, and believe there was a righteous concern on the mind of the writer to know a single eye and purpose in life to the glory of God. I am not going to be the judge of others in their acts, but will leave a passage in my experience for the benefit and warning of some not to lean upon age or the length of experience as to many years, when advice is given, but to keep to the single eye to God and his will and purpose.

An aged Friend, bordering on eighty, addressed me, a young man of twenty-eight or nine, to remember the uncertainty of life, and the need to make provision in case I might be called suddenly away from my delicate wife and our then one only child.

I heard the Friend out, and then said, "Abraham, I have no freedom to do as thou wishest me, and my wife and I are one in this matter. My freedom stands in obedience, not to my own will, but to the higher sense given me of what is right for me.

"Charles," said the aged Friend, if that is your ground I have not another word to say."

To this narrative I have but to add if there was that singleness of heart and mind to God, I believe it would be very different with very many in this our day to what it is. We like to reason out for ourselves and to hear others reason out according to our mind what pleases and suits our tastes and desires, rather than to keep the single eye Godward.

Thus it happens that dimness and a want of true sensibility grows over the mind and clouds it, and the sense is lost as to what it really is to have a single eye only to the glory of God.

There are so many ways we may glorify God, and in no way more than by a patient continuance in well-doing according to the mind and will of God, which is often quite contrary to the mind and will of man, and how frequently by suffering.—"The foxes have holes and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man has not where to lay his head." Is there no analogy between the Lord and his servant. It is so easy to plead for that which is most agreeable and genial to us, that the rougher course into which the single eye would lead can and is very easily overlooked. Now, after the lapse of more than thirty years, I believe it right thus to express my mind anew, for the sense of the rectitude of the position abides with me, and that may believe they trust in God and their hope is upon Him alone, while they are leaning upon and their hope is in their own wise forethought.

Such is the subtle device of the enemy of all righteousness to work into the mind an imaginary dependence under the cover of a noble

independent, yet all the while stealing the heart's affections away from God. There are other outcomes of a want of singleness that produce a want of fruitfulness in labor and of service. It is the consecrated vessel that the Lord uses for his purposes of mercy. The whole heart, the whole trust, the perfect confidence. It is so easy to slip away from the safe anchorage of faith in God, and to come to lean upon the arm of flesh. I am jealous for God's Truth in the inward parts, knowing how easy it is to let the reason in, by which the temple of God is defiled. When singleness of purpose is in any measure departed from there is the injury not to ourselves alone but to our fellows, to whom we may or may not become a blessing, so that a double responsibility rests upon those who make profession of faith in Christ, that they belie it not by falseness thereunto.

I am not the judge of my fellows, but I am conscious that there is a living upon what we have been as a people, rather than by what we are, and on that side of the ocean and on this there is great need for close searching of heart as to the cause of our lack of baptizing power in our meetings and in our ministry.

Doubtless, if we have lost the true centre of dependence, and of waiting in silence of soul, we may be in the position of a people of old, not knowing our right hand from our left.

We do not depart altogether and all at once out of the right into the wrong, but by degrees and bit by bit, so that a something else gets the place in us and the power over us instead of the great I Am. Sad when it is so, but let us not ignore the fact of our lack of the Divine ruling, governing, controlling power with us as a people, the rightful acknowledgment is the first step in the path of return, and it is possible to be recovered out of our lapsed condition, which will be when our false trusts are removed, in wealth, in learning, in false refinement, and our coming in the nakedness of self to feel after God, to worship Him, bow down before Him, and obey in the little as in the much, so that God through Christ will be honored and exalted and glorified.

There may be a seeming sanctity, but little purity. May God in mercy deliver us therefrom, by giving singleness of eye and purpose toward himself. If there be truthness to God our duty to our neighbors will be filled. We may maintain outward decorum, but if the inwardness of soul with God in communion is lost, what will it profit? It is the emptiness and nakedness of soul before God that gets the filling that is of and from himself, and where this is lacking nothing else can take its place.

We may hold to the shell of profession after the kernel of life is departed, and I may not often, if again, have the opportunity to express it, but I have a fear upon my spirit that God is grieved with us as a people, and has largely hid his face and his power from us.

I can but express that which is with me and there leave it. All power is in his hands. He can turn the hearts of the children of men toward himself—may He in mercy do so and among them may I now and ever be found, though but the least in the household of faith to his praise and glory.

CHARLES W. THOMSON.

GLASGOW, Scotland, Fourth Month 16th, 1897.

It is only another of those futile efforts to present Heaven in tangible form. There is enough said in the Scriptures about Paradise to indicate that it will be a blessed, pure and glori-

ous state, adapted to purified and perfected natures, endless in duration, the abode of blood-bought humanity and a sphere of a Christ manifestation in glory—enough to quicken hope, inspire to duty, comfort in suffering and sustain in dying. For the rest, we must await the realization, remembering, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, the things God hath in store for them that love Him."—*Presbyterian*.

FOR "THE FRIEND,"  
THY WILL BE DONE.

(Copied from an old number of the *British Friend*.)

Thy will be done! Not lightly be it spoken,  
To fall like tinkling cymbals on the air;  
Beyond all other words are these the taken  
Of resignation conquered from despair.

Not all who say, "Lord! Lord," can tell what measure  
Of heavy cost it takes their depths to learn;  
What loss of ease, what sacrifice of treasure,  
What exile out of which is no return.

He who has proved this saying bears the traces  
Of furnace fires that spare the gold alone;  
His conversation is in heavenly places;  
His life is lived as God's and not his own.

His soul in restful patience he possesses,  
Nor sighs for hopes that vanish unfulfilled,  
As one who meets with loss yet still ceases  
Regretful dreams with spirit half-swilled.

No more in things of time his heart is centred,  
For he has seen their preciousness decrease;  
Has weighed the world and proved it void and entered  
The upper chamber of abiding peace.

Thy will be done! Oh, utterance magnetic!  
That thrills anew the soul's divine chords,  
With deep compassion for that woe prophetic  
Which filled the anguish-chalice of our Lord's.

Behold in that sublime self-abnegation,  
What lowly path the man of sorrows trod  
And know that out of thy humiliation  
Shall grow the grace to stand before thy God.

Then not with lip irreverent he spoken  
The hallowed words of God's all-suffering Son;  
But say with contrite heart and spirit-broken,  
Through loss, through sorrow, "Let thy will be done."

FRANCES E. POPE.

Cleveland, Ohio.

STEWARDSHIP.—Property is a Divine trust. Things are tools, not prizes. Life is not for self-indulgence, but for self-devotion. When, instead of saying, "The world owes me a living," men shall say, "I owe the world a life," then the kingdom will come in power. We owe everything to God but our sins. Fatherland, pedigree, home life, schooling, Christian training,—all are God's gifts. Every member of the body or faculty of mind is ours providentially. There is no accomplishment in our lives that is not rooted in opportunities and powers we had nothing to do with in achieving. "What hast thou that thou didst not receive?" If God gives us the possibilities and the power to get wealth, to acquire influence, to be forces in the world, what is the true conception of life but Divine ownership and human administration? "Of thine own we render thee." All there is of "me" is God's estate, and I am his tenant and agent. On the day of our birth a new lease is signed; on the day of our death, accounts are closed. Our fidelity is the interest on God's principal. "That I may receive mine own with interest" is the Divine intention. So live that when thy summons comes to give an account of thy stewardship, it may be done with joy, and not with grief!—*Selected*.

FOR "THE FRIEND,"  
A Visit to Pink Hill.

Having received an invitation to visit a remarkable growth of Mountain Pink (*Phlox subulata*), in Delaware County, on Fifth Month 18 1897, in company with a few botanical friends I took the cars to Wawa on the Baltimore Central Road. Dismounting there, we walked up that wooded ravine through which flows Rocky Run. It was a somewhat romantic walk through ground very rich in flowers. Among these we note an abundance of the pretty little Wind-flower (*Anemone nemorosa*), its cousin the Rine Anemone (*Anemone thalictroides*), and the delicate little Dwarf Ginseng (*Aralia trifolia*); here grew also the Wood Betony, better known by the homel name of Loose Wort (*Pedicularis Canadensis*) the two early flowering Buttercups (*Ranunculus fascicularis*), with conspicuous bright yellow petals, and the *Ranunculus abortivus*, with small inconspicuous flowers; the short-leaved Meadow Grass (*Poa brevisifolia*), so called because the stem leaves are quite short, although the radical leaves are long as in many other grasses; the Blue Cough (*Camulophyllum thalictroides*), was in bloom. When mature the seeds are deep blue. This plant is not so widely distributed as many others. Have never seen it in the Central and Southern parts of New Jersey, although it grows in the more northern part of that State.

We saw also that curious plant, the India Turnip (*Arisema triphyllum*). It possesses a soft terranean round stem of a turnip shape, which is farinaceous and wrinkled, and with an intensely acrid juice, which has poisonous properties which disappear in drying or when the plant is boiled. Most country boys are familiar with the taste, but they soon learn to touch cautiously. Once, when walking through the woods in company with an English Friend, who was not familiar with the plant, I gave him piece to taste, not so much in a spirit of mischief as to add to his botanical knowledge. From the number of his exclamations and the energy with which the fragment of *Arisema* was ejected from his mouth, I believe he long retained a vivid impression of its biting characteristic.

On the steep slope of a bank facing the north were the leaves of the Round-leaved Violet (*Viola rotundifolia*). It is a northern plant which still survives in mountains and in well sheltered localities. The flowers, which are yellow, had disappeared. We saw also several other violets—*Viola pubescens*, a yellow flower species with a stem—that is the leaves and flowers do not spring directly from the root. *Viola Canina*, also possessing a stem and having violet-colored flowers; *Viola palmata*, one of the most common blue violets. We admired the beautiful bell-shaped flower and the pinnate leaves of the Jacob's Ladder (*Polemonium reptans*), and the peculiar manner of growth of the Wild Ginger (*Asarum Canadense*), in which the two rather large, downy leaves, are supported on long footstalks. In their fork is located the solitary flower, which is so close to the ground that it is often concealed beneath the dead leaves with which the earth is covered.

In one part of the wood there grew a considerable number of the Yellow Puccoon (*Hydrastis Canadensis*); the root stock is yellow and I said to have been used by the aborigines for dying. The flowers are white and the fruit a crimson berry-like mass of seed vessels.

With so many things to claim our attention it may well be imagined that our progress along the banks of Rocky Run was but slow. At last



we emerged on a road that leads to Lima, where our party of excursionists were to meet at the house of Dr. Samuel Trimble, a botanist pretty thoroughly conversant with the plants of that region. Gathering up his family, we numbered in all a company of twelve, and concluded to lunch in the woods near by the point of our ultimate destination. Dr. Trimble was pilot, and led the way to a spot which seemed suitable in all respects, except that no water was in sight, although there was a slight ravine such as we often see at the head of a spring. The doctor quickly commenced scraping away the leaves, and throwing with his hands the stones out of the bottom of the depression, and soon made a little pool with a stream running through it, which furnished an ample supply of fluid for our wants. The spring was there, but it had been finding its way underground among the loose stones.

When dinner was ended we crossed the fence which bounded the woods, and found ourselves on the edge of the famous "Pink Hill." It was a beautiful sight. The field contained many trees, almost covered with the red flowers of the Phlox, and with an abundance of white blossoms of the large-flowered *Cerastium arvense*, the *Arabis lyrata*, and patches of the delicate bluet (*Houstonia carolina*), also called Quaker lady—certainly a high compliment to our sisters. The profusion of bloom around one brought a temptation to lie down and roll in his floral wealth, and suggested the story told of an officer in one of the British ships, which had captured a Spanish vessel partly laden with golden coin, on her voyage from America to Europe. He entreated his comrades to be allowed to lie down in the cabin and roll on the precious metal. I was also reminded of the late Richard Esterbrook, who when riding past a field of red clover in full bloom, wished to be seated in an arm chair in the midst of the flowers.

The soil of "Pink Hill" is unproductive and not farmed, but some grass grows on it, which is pastured. The surface is covered with cellular quartz, abounding in minute crystals. The arch is red and contains iron ore, which has been dug at different places, but it is not found in sufficient quantities to be profitable. The hill is evidently a bed of altered serpentine rock, cellular quartz and iron ore are frequently the products of decomposed serpentine.

Dr. Trimble, who has known this locality for many years, says that originally the Phlox was confined to a small part of the field, where it had refuge in the green briars and bushes which verspread the ground. As these were cleared up the Phlox spread, finding a congenial soil. Dr. Darlington, in his *Flora Cestrica*, speaks of it as growing on sterile rocky hills and serpentine ridges—indeed its fondness for barren soils is such, that many of its admirers have found a difficulty in transplanting it from its native localities to their gardens. In the vicinity of Pink Hill are two spots clear of trees in the woods, called Indian clearings, and supposed to have been made by the aborigines for the cultivation of corn or other vegetables. These are covered with Phlox, and beautiful patches of it are found on serpentine banks in Chester Co., Pa.

We noticed a number of patches of the curious day Apple (*Podophyllum peltatum*). The erect stem divides into two leafstalks bearing large leaves and a white flower in their fork. The fruit is yellowish and succulent when mature. It is sweet and has a rather mawkish, bana-

like flavor, which is not very agreeable, yet it is often eaten by country boys, who seem to consider every wild fruit they meet with as so much clear gain. The root is large and creeps horizontally, sending up suckers, which thus form the dense patches in which it grows.

J. W.

[The members of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting will generally have the opportunity of receiving the Extracts from the minutes of its late sittings, but as there are a number of our readers who are not members of this body, we have concluded to insert in THE FRIEND, the lively and instructive Minute on the religious exercises of the meeting, which is contained in the Extracts:—Ed.]

The Friends named to prepare a Minute on the religious exercises which have engaged our attention, produced the following, which was adopted by the meeting:

We have been favored at times during the course of this meeting with a degree of solemn feeling, which we may accept as an evidence of the favor and good presence of our Holy God. Under the constraints of the love of Christ, and with a desire for the welfare of their fellow-members, several of our brethren have been led to communicate to us encouragement and counsel. In guarding against pernicious reading, it is needful not only to be on our guard respecting works of fiction, which are often very wholesome food for the mind, but to avoid those so-called scientific treatises, which tend to undermine our faith in the ever-present superintendence and care of the Creator and upholder of the world over his creatures, and either lead their readers to deny the reality of miraculous events, or endeavor to explain them away, as governed by the ordinary laws of nature.

The report of the Book Committee of the Meeting for Sufferings, opened the way to encourage our members individually to do their part in the distribution of the valuable literature of the Society. If Friends were sufficiently alive to this subject, it was believed that way would often open, to hand to a neighbor or stranger, some book that might be helpful to him in giving information as to our doctrines and testimonies, or in turning his attention to subjects of vital importance to himself.

The duty enjoined upon parents to their children by the third Query, and especially to guard them from the corrupting influences of worldly associations, and restrain them from pernicious reading and diversions, was brought to view. The only effective qualification for this service is to be found in submission by parents to the heart-cleansing work of Divine grace in themselves. The Lord Jesus, as the baptizer of his believing followers, will thoroughly purge the soul and set up his kingdom within us. Let all parents open to Him who knocks for admission. The filial relation between them and their tender offspring must awaken a new and powerful sense of responsibility for the present and eternal welfare of the immortal beings entrusted to their care. This should lead to an examination into our own spiritual condition in the sight of Him who is the true Light, and we should seek to realize by faith, that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin. Our daily life and conduct should be brought to the test of his precepts, as recorded in holy writ, and we ought to learn in his school that nothing is too trivial to be regulated by the law of the Spirit of life in Him; that

whether we eat or drink, or what-ever we do, all should be done to the glory of God. Thus the loving parent is prepared, and the heart expanded in tender sympathy for the child by example and precept, to instruct and guard its infant mind. As soon as the opening faculties of the child can comprehend spiritual and moral truths, the watchful parent will seek for heavenly wisdom to instill them, and lead its heart to love and obey its Creator. Daily watching and prayer, under a sense of our dependence on God for ability to fulfil our duties to our children, will draw down the Divine blessing on the family.

The reverent and frequent perusal of the Holy Scriptures with them, directing their attention to the gracious Saviour, of whom they testify, and his various offices, as the tenderly visitations of his Spirit may open the Scriptures, will be found fruitful of good.

Such a godly concern will be the highest evidence to children of the value and need of taking up the cross to all that is contrary to the precepts of Christ. They should be instructed that our dress, language, thoughts, recreations, business and behavior in many particulars are to be regulated by his teachings and those of his apostles, as recorded in the New Testament, and that the rules of discipline of our Society on these subjects, conform to them.

Our youth were entreated to yield to these restraining influences and the converting power of the Spirit of Christ, as the means of their highest earthly as well as eternal happiness, and preservation from the delusive snares of worldly pleasure, which often ruin their votaries, both in this life and that which is to come.

A lively concern arose for the proper training and restraining of our children, especially endeavoring to guard them against evil and worldly tendencies. And in the selection of schools for their education, we were reminded of the importance of selecting religiously minded teachers. For if they are persons of worldly or corrupt minds, they will certainly influence the minds of their pupils in a wrong direction, even when they have no such intentions.

Our hearts have been much turned towards our younger members, with earnest desires and prayers that He who can turn the heart, as a man turneth the water-course in the field, may graciously visit them by his Spirit, and bring them into sweet communion with himself, and into obedience to his Divine requirements. There is no way to the kingdom of Heaven except that of self-denial and bearing the cross. But even to those who have in good measure escaped the pollutions that are in the world through lust, Satan presents temptations. He seeks by plausible presentations to hinder that Divine communion in which lies our strength, and to engage the mind in various schemes and employments, some of which may have a show of good. Yet if they are not entered upon in the leading of Christ's Spirit, they may prove very hurtful to the tender seed of life, and tend to promote a spirit of exaltation and self-righteousness; for, as a worthy deceased elder once wrote, "The cross of Christ, that power that bumbles the creature in the dust, is the great object of hatred of the enemy of all righteousness, at which he is ever aiming his shafts."

The church mourns over the loss of many valuable servants, recently removed from among us, and it is to you, dear young Friends, that she looks for worthy successors to fill their places. Gather up their fallen mantles, and with holy resolution tread in the footsteps of the flock of

Christ's companions, submitting yourselves in all things to the government of his Spirit. If ye do this, ye will be joined in loving fellowship with those servants of God, who have received command to watch over the flock as those who must give account of their stewardship to the Chief Shepherd, and the aspirations of whose hearts often are for blessings upon you. Some of these can say with the Apostle, "I have no greater joy, than to see my children walk in the Truth," while mourning and tears are their experience when they see those they love wandering from the safe path.

A concern has also been felt for our older members, that they may be fervently exercised for the help and preservation of those younger in experience, endeavoring to guard them against all mistakes, and to encourage them in reverent waiting for and faithfully obeying the manifestations of Divine love. May they take to themselves the advice given by Paul to the Elders of Ephesus, "Take heed to yourselves, and to the flock over which the Holy Ghost hath made you overseers, to feed the Church of God."

We have been reminded of the solemn nature of the profession we make when we assemble for the purpose of Divine worship, and the necessity that all who are thus gathered should seek to retire in spirit, as into the presence of the Lord.

Thus engaged we shall often be favored to draw our supply of spiritual strength and consolation, directly from our Holy Head. The solemnity with which the meeting may thus be covered will have an effect upon others, and tend to restrain the utterance of words in the wisdom and will of man.

Although every good thing must come from God, and the visitations of his Grace are the moving cause of all righteousness, teaching man to deny ungodliness and worldly lusts, and to live soberly, righteously and godly, yet it has often pleased Him to bless the labors of those whom He has anointed as preachers of the Gospel. The preservation of the Church on its ancient and sure foundation is closely connected with the maintenance of our testimony as to the right origin and exercise of Gospel ministry. It is a gift bestowed by the Head of the Church upon those whom He has selected and prepared for the service, and it is only to be exercised as He gives the fresh command, and anoints with his qualifying power. No amount of study of the Scriptures, or other means of self-preparation, can make a living minister. The ministry now must be as Paul declared his was, "In the demonstration of the Spirit and with power," and "not with the enticing words of man's wisdom."

How earnest is the exhortation of that deeply-experienced minister, William Penn, "I fervently bow my knees to the God and Father of our Lord, Jesus Christ, that you may ever wait reverently for the coming and opening of the Word of Life, and attend upon it in your ministry and service, that you may serve God in the Spirit."

The young, convinced he exhorted to "a diligent and chaste waiting upon God in the way of his blessed manifestation and appearance of himself to you."

"For you that are the children of God's people a great concern is upon my spirit for your good, and often are my knees bowed to the God of your fathers for you, that you may come to be partakers of the same Divine life and power that has been the glory of this day, that a generation you may be to God, a holy nation and a peculiar people, zealous of good works, when all our heads are laid in the dust."

Finally, "we commend you to God, and to the word of his grace, which is able to build you up, and to give you an inheritance among all them which are sanctified."

### A Letter from Paris.

Two weeks have passed and we have done no sight-seeing. The weather keeps cool and rainy. Of course we take little walks every day, but we put in the time studying outside of that mostly.

We have had however some very interesting experiences of other kinds, which have given us glimpses into the social life and foreign student life at Paris. For instance, we were at a dinner the other evening. Fortunately there was no one present who could speak English, and we had a very good test of our advancement in the matter of understanding new voices, and expressing ourselves as well. The most interesting person at the table was a large, exceedingly comfortable looking individual whom every one addressed with great respect as "Monsieur l'Abbe." This Monsieur l'Abbe is quite a remarkable person; you could easily imagine him as making a brilliant success in the world in anything he undertook, outside of the office of looking after souls, and yet from his Catholic standpoint that is just where he seems to have succeeded so well. He was an entirely new type to me, and I watched him very closely. He was extremely entertaining, full of stories and anecdotes, and seemed to enjoy the good things of life to the greatest extent. My friend and I kept saying now and then to one another, "everything but spiritual." He talked a good deal with us and promised to come some day and speak only English with us; but soon he explained that his list of English words was limited to three—yes, how, thanksgiving,—but they were pronounced with such a French accent that we could not immediately recognize them. He also promised to read us some English with the French accent, which would be highly amusing. He is now quite an old man. At the time of the Commune, in 1871, he was forced to put in disguise. The Communists wished to put an end to all religion, as well as to all government, and after seizing the Abbots of the Madeleine and Notre Dame, they attempted to secure the one we met the other evening, as well. He, however, escaped, and dressed himself as an Englishman, wearing a false moustache, etc.

All the places of worship in Paris were barricaded at the time. There was one man who knew of his hiding-place, and when there was any one ill or dying among his congregation, this man would go for him, and bring his priestly robes to the house of the sick person, where the Abbot would take off his mask and officiate as priest. The two high dignitaries who had been seized by the Communists, were publicly shot, along with other noted public men; after it became evident that their persecutors could no longer hold the city against the attacks of the French army, which had been forced to lay siege to the city as though it were a hostile one. But I shall have occasion to speak of this again.

Another interesting afternoon this week was spent visiting an American artist, who is studying here. It was a glimpse into the foreign student life of this great city, which is so full of all phases of existence. We are invited to spend the day with him and another friend at Fontainebleau this week and we anticipate much pleasure from the trip.

First-day morning.—This is a bright, clear Easter morning, but not warm, although the trees and grass are very green. I half wakened quite early with the delicious, dreamy consciousness of songs of birds, and great tree trunks reflected in still lakes, with glimpses of white marble, half hidden amid the foliage, and the gentle murmurs of running water. When I was roused finally to full consciousness by the maid's coming with hot water, I found I was again in Paris, although my mind had been wandering back to the enchanting scenes of the last two days, which have impressed themselves indelibly on my memory.

I have no definite ideas of Fontainebleau to give. I enjoyed it all too intensely to materialize the sensations which I felt. That limitless forest, with its innumerable paths and roadways; the dark tree trunks, half hidden by the tender green drapery of the young leaves; the wild, romantic valleys, almost cañons, with steep boulder-covered sides; all these are impressions unlimited by time or space; they belong to nature everywhere. And yet the woods of Fontainebleau are more than that. Without trying at all to realize their historic importance, the atmosphere seemed imbued with the lives of all those royal personages that history has made us acquainted with.

It was here that Francis I., Henry IV., and all the rest of the royalty of France, came to repose themselves from the cares of State. It was here that that little incident occurred between a peasant and Henry IV., which has always amused me. The latter had been hunting with his courtiers, and in chasing a deer he lost his way. Seeing a peasant he requested the latter to assist him in regaining his companions. The peasant replied he would gladly do so, but he had been waiting at that point all day to see the king pass by, and he was afraid he would miss the sight. "Oh," said Henry, "if that is what detains you, you have nothing to do but jump up behind me, for you will be sure to see the king among his courtiers."

While under way, the peasant asked how he should know the king when he saw him. Henry replied, "The one who keeps on his hat will be he." Of course the king was greeted with loud cheers by the crowd on his return; then turning to the peasant, he said, "Well, who is the king?" The peasant scratched his head and answered, "Well, sir, it must be either you or I, for all the rest have their hats off."

But that is a digression. But of course far more than the woods, the chateau is filled with historic associations. It is the only palace left furnished as in the old days. The Louvre is a museum and library; Versailles, a picture gallery; St. Cloud and the Tuilleries were destroyed by the Communists; so that this makes Fontainebleau all the more interesting.

The main delight which I derived from the palace I owe to D'Aubigne's History of the Reformation. Having formed an acquaintance through those interesting pages at the tender age, when impressions are the most vivid and lasting, with Francis I., and Henry IV., these personages stand out in my memory with a vividness far beyond that of any other figures whose acquaintance was made at a later period I cannot tell why, but I always liked Francis I., the persecutions carried on at the time always seemed to me much more closely connected with the authorities of the Sorbonne than with the king. Of course I did not reason at that age. I simply liked him, that was all, and his protestant sister—protestant at least in heart—th

mother of Henry IV. (or perhaps grandmother—yes it must be the latter), was one of my heroines, while I faintly recalled over Henry IV.

The chateau of Fontainebleau breathes the atmosphere of those two kings more than any others. One small wing dates way back to St. Louis, in the thirteenth century, but the real palace was built by Francis, and greatly enlarged by Henry IV. There are also wings added by nearly all the other kings of France, including the emperors, so that the whole forms an immense pile of buildings, seemingly limitless. It requires an hour to see the apartments that are open to visitors. As soon as a half-dozen or so persons are collected, a guide offers himself and conducts the party. It is entirely free, but the custom is to give the guide a small fee on leaving as his services are indeed valuable, as he explains everything. Of course no one is admitted to wander around at will, there are too many valuable things exposed for that. One enters what is called the "Cour des Adieux," being a large green, where in 1814, the gardes were assembled to receive the farewell of their great commander, Napoleon, from the balcony there.

The first apartments shown were those of Napoleon. One sees the table upon which he signed his abdication. There is a round hole cut in it by a penknife, which he is said to have unconsciously made at the time. The guide, however, added that he did not believe it was true, for Napoleon knew too well how to conceal his feelings to admit of that. Then came the exquisite apartments of Marie Antoinette. One could not help shuddering while gazing at the beautiful drapery over her bed, to think of what hung over her last resting place. And the exquisite cradle of the little Louis XVIII., by the side of the bed brought no more cheerful associations.

Then we saw the older parts of the palace; but the details mean nothing in describing them, only the ceilings, the walls, the floors, the decorations, express the very highest possibilities of art in these lines. From the most delicate shades of the faintest fabrics, to the richest and deepest colors in plush and tapestry, heavy gold; all that painting, wood carving, mosaic could do, has been done to make this interior a temple to the beautiful; and all the while the millions were crying for bread, and he great cry that went up was heard, the people were averted.

We made twice the entire circuit, because the first time did not satisfy us. And so after having wandered several hours among the innumerable beautiful gardens, I was very glad for lunch the last afternoon, of a little sprinkle of rain, which made the rest of the party refer indoors, and I could slip off alone and wander around undisturbed by other thoughts or feelings than those that quiet, and to external ears, voiceless witnesses, of the past could whisper to me.

The excursion can be made in one day from Paris, but it is hurried, and we felt it would be unsatisfactory, for we neither of us care to go sight-seeing in the ordinary sense. In order to get the best of what one sees, one must come with a mind wholly freed from all pre-occupation, and simply receptive. Otherwise one loses all the reality that the place has to give. In any other spirit one sees only trees, statuary, and some furniture, etc.—nothing one could see at home; the difference being simply that of design or quality. And one cannot hurry into the proper state of mind in which

to get the best of things; it is too subtle for that, and flies the greedy touch. It is for this reason that travelling often retards rather than aids one's higher development. It is like filling a house with rare and costly furniture, which has no use but to collect moths and dust, and prevent us from really living.

We had a charming little hotel just across from the chateau. Everything was excellent, though no display, and the pretty French maids in their white caps were polite and obliging. But with characteristic French economy, there was no fire either in our rooms or in the parlors or dining-room. We suggested asking being admitted into the kitchen, and finally succeeded in getting up a little warmth by sitting four on a sofa.

The next morning, when the chocolate was brought to our room, there was no "chauffette" for our feet, so we were forced to bundle up all the rugs to put our feet on, covering them afterwards with pillows. But as the sun came up and we had exercised a little, we felt warm enough.

It was after dark when we came into Paris at the Gare de Lyon, fully an hour by cab from the part of the city where we are staying. It was so delightful after the little outing to come back refreshed in body and mind, and to feel there was a real "chez moi" waiting for us, and not a boarding-house or hotel. E. S. K.

### Natural History, Science, etc.

*Annual Etiquette.*—The otter at the Zoo, on the day on which the great frost of 1895 began, had just been provided with material for a new bed. It was freezing hard; half its pond was covered with ice, and the nice, warm, dry straw was pushed partly into its house, while part of the bundle lay on the bridge, and some in the water. In order to make itself comfortable, all the otter had to do was to step out of its house on to the bridge and pull the dry straw in. There was plenty for a bed without meddling with that in the water at all. But it is not permitted by otter etiquette to do any work on dry ground which can possibly be done in the water. Like most of the etiquette of labor, this is based partly on prejudice, but partly on sound principles.

Unfortunately, in this case the material was one in which weight made no matter, and in which dryness was essential for it to be of any use, that is, for a bed on a frosty night. This did not weigh with the otter in the least. Instead of pulling the straw in dry, it plunged into the icy water, dived and came up on the side of the bridge over which some straw was dipping into the water. It swam along and collected as many of the hanging ends as it could in its mouth; then dived back under the bridge, and dragged all the dry part of the straw into the water, having considerable difficulty in doing so, because it was hitched over the edge of the bridge-plank. It then pulled all the dripping straw into its bed, rushed out, took another plunge and collected another mouthful, which it pulled into the water, and swam off with it as before. After several visits it had collected the whole of what was lying on the plank, had wetted it all thoroughly, and was preparing to go to sleep on it inside its house—a proceeding which almost induced rheumatism at sight among the spectators. But the otter was quite satisfied it had acted according to rule, and was true to amphibious etiquette, down to soaking what were to be its bed-clothes for the coldest night of the year.

*Annual Dislike of Solitude.*—Voluntary recluses are almost unknown in the animal world. Perhaps the one consistently unsociable creature in Europe is the hamster, an ill-tempered, sulky little rodent. Each hamster lives in a large, roomy burrow all by himself, in defence of which he will fight like a badger against any other hamster who may try to enter. Family life he wholly avoids, never allowing a female inside his burrow, but keeping her at a good distance, and making her find her own living for herself and family. The last burden is, however, not a serious one, for by the time the young ones are three weeks old, each discovers that family life is a great mistake and sets off to make a bachelor burrow for himself and save up beans for the winter. For, in addition to its other amiable qualities, the hamster has that of avarice in a marked degree, and heaps up treasures of corn, rye and horse-beans far in excess of his own private wants for the winter. His favorite plan is to dig a number of treasure chambers, all communicating with a central guard-room, in which the owner eats and grows fat until the hardest frosts begin, when he curls himself up to sleep until the spring. But this life of leisure does not begin until the harvest has been gathered. While the crops are ripening the hamsters work incessantly to increase their hoards, and as much as three hundred-weight of grain and beans have been taken from a single burrow. After harvest, the peasants often search with probes for the treasure chambers of the robbers and no doubt exact a heavy tribute from the hamster's stores.

FOR "THE FRIEND."

Supposing it to be interesting to many readers of THE FRIEND, particularly those in the State of Iowa, the writer feels a freedom to inform that the article, "A Reminiscence," which appeared in that journal under date of Second Month 20th, 1897, relating to the kind care of the late Joseph Scattergood many years ago in furnishing the then newly built prison for the State above named, with a quantity of books to be placed in its library, and their kind reception by the officials of that Institution, together with the information that that library had recently been destroyed by fire, claimed the notice of worthy surviving members of the deceased's family, and the subject was laid before the Book Publishing Committee of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, who kindly made an appropriation of a quantity of books, which were shipped direct to the warden of said prison, and the writer being furnished by that official with the subjoined acknowledgment of the reception of said books, deems it worthy of the highest regard of the religious Society of Friends, and hopes they may only appreciate the same.

Under date of Third Month 24th, 1897, P. W. Madden writes me:

"My Dear Sir:—I am in receipt of your esteemed favor of recent date, and beg to assure you of the gratitude of myself, Chaplain Croker, and inmates of this Institution for the very kind interest you have evinced in our behalf. We have been advised by Mr. Scattergood of the contemplated shipment of books, and have written him our personal assurance that they will be appreciated.

And again under date of Fourth Month 1st: "I am pleased to be able to inform you that we have received the books from our mutual friend Scattergood, and they are very highly appreciated. The consignment consisted of fifty-two volumes, all new, and will be valued very highly in arranging our new Library."

## For "THE FRIEND."

The teaching of Christ from first to last, according as shown to us in the New Testament, is full of instruction. When we consider the labor that is bestowed among professors of religion to get suitable food to satisfy immortal desires, is it not evident that they feel that in the abundance there is a sufficiency? Forgetting that "without faith it is impossible to please God." Sufficiency is wholly of the Lord. It seems strange that professors of Truth should be weaklings of the flesh. It is Holy Ghost power that can satisfy the hungry soul. And how is it to be obtained? not by works of righteousness which we have done, but by humbling ourselves under the mighty hand of God, in order both for feeding, for strength and heirship with Christ in his kingdom which hath no end. It is Gospel power that is needed for the conversion of sinners.

THOMAS R. GIFFORD.

PROVIDENCE, Fifth Month 22, 1897.

The nautilus has hitherto been so inaccessible to the student that its embryology has never been examined. At length Dr. Willey, late of Columbia College, has gone to New Guinea, and after keeping numbers of the nautilus in a large cage, sunk to the depth of three fathoms, in the sea of the Loyalty Island, has had the good fortune to secure the spawn. Each egg is as large as a grape and is deposited separately by the mother nautilus, whereas they are deposited in bunches by the squid. The nautilus is trapped in baskets by the natives of some of the Melanesian Islands and used as food.—*The Independent.*

## SUMMARY OF EVENTS.

UNITED STATES.—On the 17th instant President McKinley sent a message to Congress stating that a number of American citizens in Cuba are in a state of destitution and recommending an appropriation of \$50,000, to be immediately available for use under the direction of the Secretary of State. The appropriation was made by the Senate, but no action was taken in the House.

On the 14th instant, Stephen E. Mallory of Florida, was elected U. S. Senator of that State. There had been twenty-five ballots taken.

David A. Wells says in the *Popular Science Monthly* "Of the commodities in general use in the United States, the two that have not notably declined in consumption during the almost universal depression of industry in recent years are fermented liquors and manufactured tobacco, more especially in the form of cigarettes."

According to tables given in the *Engineering and Mining Journal* during the year 1896, the total production of gold from all the mines of the globe was 10,922,010 ounces. The United States headed the list with 2,737,629 ounces; next came Australia with 2,114,412 ounces; the Transvaal was third, with 2,092,521 ounces, and Russia stood fourth, with 1,528,742 ounces. The total value of the gold mined during the year was more than \$24,000,000.

The Mississippi Valley Cottonwood Association, in session at St. Louis, has decided to advance the price of all grades of Cottonwood lumber two dollars per thousand feet. This action was taken on account of the destruction to cottonwood which the lower Mississippi floods have caused. A memorial to the United States Senate was adopted favoring the proposed duty of two dollars per thousand feet board measure on all imported lumber.

Iowa has chosen the wild rose as its State flower, both Houses of the Legislature having voted in its favor.

Governor Black of New York, has signed the "Civil Service" bill. The Governor has explained his approval of the bill in an official memorandum, the language of which seems to increase ten-fold the indignation caused by the act itself. The memorandum is a direct challenge to the Civil Service Reformers, and from this time forward, a memorial to the United States Senate will be the object of their fiercest attack. Governor Black has also signed the two bills needed to remove every

obstacle to the building of the new East River Bridge. The first caisson for the New York tower was launched the afternoon of the 13th instant.

Natural gas, which promises to be superior, both as to quantity and quality, to any other cost wells, has been struck in Colorado, and the total supply from the well is estimated at 100,000 feet daily.

The towns of Woodsdale, Moscow, Springfield and Fargo in Kansas, which had a population of 1,100 in 1896, have now only a population of eighteen, according to the *United States Laretor*. Higdon has there been found to be the most fertile soil in the State. Nine children go to the \$10,000 schoolhouse, and there is standing, like a monument of folly, a water-works system that cost some Eastern investor \$36,000. The town never paid a cent of principal or interest on all this and never will.

New Bedford, Mass., has twenty more liquor saloons than the law allows, and the police are in a quandary to know which of them belong to the legal excess.

On Fourth-day, the 12th instant, the Grand Jury indicted Commander Booth-Tucker, of the Salvation Army, for maintaining a public nuisance in the Salvation Army barracks, in West Fourteenth Street, New York. It is charged that the barracks are more than half disturbed by the singing and shouting of the army at their religious meetings. Commander Booth-Tucker is therefore under \$300 bail to appear for trial, and is in danger of being imprisoned for a year, which is the maximum penalty for this kind of misdemeanor. This seems to be unnecessarily harsh treatment of a man who is charged with the use of his methods, which are certainly trying to accomplish a great deal of good in this city. Fourteenth Street is no longer a residential centre. It is a business street, and the barracks are no more a public nuisance than two or three concert halls on the same street, which are undisturbed.

Deaths in this city last week numbered 345, which is 7.5 per cent. above the average for the same time of the corresponding week of 1896. Of the foregoing, 257 were males and 206 females; 60 died of pneumonia; 47 of consumption; 27 of heart disease; 23 of diphtheria; 20 of nephritis; 20 of cancer; 16 of apoplexy; 13 of convulsions; 13 of marasmus; 12 of inflammation of the brain; 12 of typhoid fever; 10 from casualties; 9 of anæmia; 9 of Bright's disease; 6 of old age.

Markets, etc.—U. S. 2's, 96 & 98; 4's, reg, 110 1/4; coupon, 112 1/2; new 4's, reg, 123 1/2; 5's, 112 1/2; currency 6's, 104 & 107.

COTTON was quiet but firm, on a basis of 8 1/2c per pound for middling uplands.

WHEAT—Western, 81c; corn, \$1.50; spring, \$1.80; per bush for winter in bulk, and \$1.00 a \$1.00 for spring in sacks.

FLOUR.—Winter super, \$2.75 a \$3.00; do, extra, \$3.15 a \$3.40; Pennsylvania roller, clear, \$4.00 a \$4.20; do, do, straight, \$4.25 a \$4.40; Western winter, clear, \$4.00 a \$4.20; do, do, straight, \$4.25 a \$4.40; do, do, patent, \$4.45 a \$4.65; spring, clear, \$3.50 a \$3.90; do, straight, \$4.00 a \$4.25; do, patent, \$4.30 a \$4.50; do, favorite brands, higher. City mills, extra, \$3.50 a \$3.50; do, clear, \$4.30 a \$4.40; do, straight, \$4.40 a \$4.50; do, patent, \$4.60 a \$4.75. RYE FLOUR—\$2.25 a \$2.50 per bush, as to quality.

GRAIN.—No. 2 red wheat, 85 1/2c.

WHEAT—No. 1, 87c; No. 2, 85c; No. 3, 83c.

No. 3 white oats, 27 & 28c.

BEF. CATTLE.—Extra, 5 1/2 a 5 3/4; good, 5 a 5 1/2; medium, 4 1/2 a 4 3/4; common, 4 a 4 1/2.

SHEEP AND LAMBS.—Extra, 4 1/2 a 4 3/4; good, 3 1/2 a 4; medium, 3 1/2 a 3 3/4; common, 2 3/4 a 3; lambs, 3 1/2 a 3 3/4.

HOGS.—Western, 5 1/2 a 5 3/4; State, 5 1/2.

FOREIGN.—The number of Queen Victoria's living descendants is seventy. There are seven living sons and daughters, thirty-three grandchildren and thirty great-grandchildren.

A dispatch from London of the 12th inst. says, "The continent is suffering severely from a heavy snowfall, from Austria to Russia. In all the mountain districts of Austria and Germany the damage to fruit trees has been very great. Yesterday a heavy snowstorm swept over Hamburg, Cologne and Nancy. Widespread injury has been done to the vineyards in the districts of Bordeaux, Angouleme and Burgundy. In most of the above-named districts this season has been eleven degrees below the average."

Drunkenness has greatly decreased in Liverpool. In 1889 there were 16,042 cases, in which the police interfered, while in 1895 there were only 5,305. Among the causes named as helping to bring about this improvement are the greater difficulty in securing licenses for the manufacture of beer, and the greater athletic sports, the greater difficulty of securing ad-

vances of wages, and the greater ease of reaching home from the workshops.

The exportation of frozen rabbits to London is reducing the numbers of rabbits in Austria, and promises to put an end to the plague. About 12,000 rabbits a day are shipped from Victoria alone.

The Spanish Minister of War, General Azarraga, says the Spaniards have captured the last strongholds of the insurgents at Cavite, Philippine Islands, and that it is believed the military authorities will soon be able to send home the remainder of the army, and that no further reinforcements will be required.

Intelligence is received from St. Petersburg that on the 13th instant, a terrible railway accident befel a military train between Rokenhof and Elvra, on the Valki-Jarjine line. Sixteen cars were smashed. Two officers and nearly one hundred soldiers were killed, and many others were injured.

The Greek Government has been notified by the Powers that the Greek troops may leave the Island of Crete, and that the admirals of the international fleet will release the steamers which have been seized during the blockade.

The Greek Premier says the Government is in a serious position, and in order to receive aid, and that it has not compromised itself in the eyes of both Greece and Creten, without obtaining a positive guarantee that Turkey will cease hostilities. Should war be resumed the position of the Government will be most unenviable.

The Sultan declares his agreement to armistice until the terms of peace are settled. He demands an annexation of Thessaly, and indemnity of £10,000,000 Turkish and the abolition of the capitulations. If these conditions are declined the Turkish army will continue to advance. It is regarded as quite certain that the Powers will not consent to a retrocession of Thessaly. Even Germany is believed to be resolute in this respect. The present situation creates a violation of the Berlin Treaty and imperil the peace of the Balkans.

On Third Month 17th the London *Daily Telegraph's* special correspondent with the Turkish forces in Thessaly, telegraphed: "Edhem Pasha has moved on from point to point, and finally occupied Demokos. On this point he has sustained a crushing defeat on the conditions proposed by the Porte as the terms of peace with Greece have been freely discussed in the lobbies of Parliament to-day, and the idea of the retrocession of Thessaly and of such an indemnity as is already suggested is ridiculed as impracticable and absurd. At the outside an indemnity of £5,000,000 or £9,000,000 and a slight strategic modification of frontier are considered as likely to be the terminally settled upon. The Transvaal produced last year 1,340,000 tons of coal, 2,386,186 ounces of gold, according to the statistics of the Johannesburg Chamber of Mines.

A despatch from Madrid states that Peru and Bolivia have submitted their territorial dispute to the arbitration of Spain.

The provincial elections in Quebec resulted in the complete overthrow of the Conservative party.

## NOTICES.

WESTTOWN BOARDING SCHOOL.—For convenience of persons coming to Westtown School, the streets will meet trains leaving Philadelphia 7.17 and 8.46 A. M., and 2.53 and 4.32 P. M. Other trains are met when requested. Stage fare on regular trips, fifteen cents, on special trips, twenty-five cents each way. To reach the school by telegraph, wire West Chester, Phone 85.

EDWARD G. SNEDELL, Supt.

WESTTOWN BOARDING SCHOOL.—Applications for the admission of pupils to the school, and letters in regard to its instruction and discipline, should be addressed to WILLIAM F. WICKESHAM, Principal. Payments on account of board and tuition, and communications in regard to business should be forwarded to EDWARD G. SNEDELL, Superintendent. Address, Westtown P. O., Chester Co., Pa.

THE MOORESTOWN PEACE ASSOCIATION OF FRIENDS will mail free, suitable and interesting literature to all who are interested in the cause of the oppressed. ALICE C. RIGGANS, Sec'y. MOORESTOWN, Burlington Co., N. J.

A YOUNG man who was formerly an assistant teacher at Westtown, and who has had other experience in teaching, desires a position as teacher in a good school or as tutor in a private family. English and German preferred. Address "D" Office of THE FRIEND.

DIED, on the fourteenth of Second Month, 1897, near Christiansburg, Lancaster Co., Pa., MARY EYVENSON.

# THE FRIEND.

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(Continued from page 316.)

In a loose memorandum bearing the date of 358, I find the following lively memorandum: "Having about the time of our last Quarterly Meeting, in the Ninth Month, and on an occasion or two since, been much favored with the situation of Divine love in the secret of my soul, for times of deep trial and conflict, both from within and without, and witnessing in a remarkable manner the restoring, healing influence thereof, I feel an inclination to record the same in humble, grateful acknowledgment of the Lord's mercy to me, a poor, unworthy creature, and in the hope I may, when the waves are again permitted to rise high, be enabled to confide in the same Almighty Arm of our Father. "Bless the Lord, oh, my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy Name."

Another memorandum says:

"Without date.—"I think it is safe to assert that among the members of our Society who have one after another abandoned the incidents of our profession, there has been a falling away from the foundation of all spiritual Christianity."

"Gurneyism, I believe, led to Beaconism, and Beaconism to Episcopalianism. I think out of those called Beaconites joined the church of England."

"There is no stopping-place, no half-way use."

The following letter is calculated to be very encouraging to the honest-hearted traveller in the way to Zion, who is encountering some of the difficulties which pilgrims on that journey sometimes meet with:

"CAMDEN, Fourth Month 4th, 1872.

"My Dear Friend Thomas Conard:—

"I have, within a few days past, had my mind turned towards thee and thy dear wife in a feeling of love and sympathy and affectionate remembrance, which is renewed this morning in the way as seems to call for expression in a few lines. I believe it is consistent with the Father's good pleasure that his dependent children should at times salute one another, as fellow pilgrims and heirs together of the grace of life, and commune by the way as travellers rough a world in which are found many trials,

conflicts and exercises, both from within and without.

"You have been brought so forcibly before me in the feelings of brotherly regard and affectionate sympathy, and in such a degree that it has been sweet and refreshing to myself, and in the sense of it, I have felt breathings to the God of my life for your comfort, encouragement and strengthening to hold on your way, in faith and faithfulness, in simplicity and godly sincerity, trusting in the Lord.

"It is a day of trial and proving, and of perplexity, but, beloved friends, the 'foundation of God standeth sure.' And I am, I trust, made thankful this morning, in the renewing sense that the ancient Arm of strength and the refuge of the righteous in all ages remaineth. The name of the Lord is still a strong tower, the righteous runeth into it and is safe. If it is at present then, dear Friends, a low season with you, accept the word of exhortation, 'Be patient, therefore, unto the coming of the Lord; wait, oh, wait, in humility and lowliness of mind, upon Him, and He who shall come will come and will not tarry longer than will be for your good, and for the trial of your faith, which exercise is more precious than gold which perisheth. There is a state of things existing and developing itself more and more, that is permitted perhaps to try the very foundation.

"Yet once more I shake not the earth only, but also Heaven;" and this word (or declaration) signifieth the removing of those things that are shaken as of things that are made; that those things which cannot be shaken may remain; that we receiving a kingdom that cannot be moved may have grace whereby we may serve God acceptably, with reverence and godly fear. For our God is a consuming fire.

"There is a place of safety for all of us, and that is on the watch-tower. Having the eye and expectation fixed upon the Lord alone. He who is head over all things to his church will not fail in the right time to reveal the Arm of his Power, and enable his trusting children to adopt the ancient language, 'The Lord is my light and my salvation, whom shall I fear; the Lord is the strength of my life, of whom shall I be afraid.'

"I want you, my dear friends, to be encouraged, and to lift up your heads in hope, trusting in the Lord. They that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion, which cannot be removed but abideth forever. As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about his people from henceforth, even forever. I would that the experience of the precious things of the everlasting hills was more sought after amongst us as a people. Then the Lord would turn again our captivity; Jacob would rejoice and Israel would be glad.

"Truly I retain a very grateful and pleasant recollection of your kindness and hospitality towards me. In a near sense of love to thyself and thy dear wife, I am, etc.

"RICHARD ESTERBROOK."

"P. S.—Dear friends, I feel now to express

my desire that you may be strengthened to rise above all discouragements. The enemy of all good is a discourager and a betrayer; these are his works; 'Keep the word of patience; and of faith, and ye shall be kept preserved.'"

The following letter to one of his children, not only manifests parental affection, but gives some insight into the spiritual exercises of which he was a large partaker:

"CAMDEN, Fifth Month 31, 1872.

"My Precious Mary Anna:—

"It seems to me a good while since I wrote or we heard direct from thee, darling. How is this. As for me, I have been away two days; I left early on Fourth-day morning for Falling-into, Bucks County, to attend the Quarterly Meeting, on Fourth-day the Select Quarterly Meetings and on Fifth-day the General Quarterly Meeting, both which were times of Divine favor and goodness, in which my soul humbly rejoices and all within me gives thanks to our gracious and merciful Saviour. I left home a sort of spiritual bankrupt, divested of every resource, and in a low condition indeed, but the Lord in his abundant mercy arose for the help of the poor, and for the crying and sighing of the needy, and we had a plentiful shower of his goodness and mercy—renewing faith and hope, and engagement of mind to press forward in the path of life.

"Well, darling, I have often had evidence of my own nothingness and weakness, and the language is still good as a watchword to the humble careful traveller, 'Serve the Lord with fear and rejoice with trembling.'

"By a note from dear Frank this afternoon I learn that you are all well as usual. Let us hear from thee soon.

"With near and tender love, thy ever affectionate father, in haste,

"R. E. ESTERBROOK."

"Dear mother is nicely, has just been here in the office."

Having loaned to Richard a copy of the Memoir of Charles G. Finney, he returned it with a letter dated Third Month 11th, 1877, in which he said:

"In the course of reading it, I was confirmed in a view I have long entertained that there are places and services assigned in the universal church for many besides ourselves. 'Other sheep have I which are not of this fold, them also I must bring, that there may be one fold and one shepherd' in the fulness of time.

"Fully persuaded I am however, that if our Society should drift into the adoption of such views of religious truth, and such ideas, and the practices which are the natural fruit of them, it would entirely fail to accomplish the designs for which it was raised up in the beginning, (not for its own sake only) by a mighty hand and by an outstretched arm."

"CAMDEN, First Month 9th, 1886.

"We have our low time when perhaps we are wisely permitted to feel as worms of the dust—and indeed, what are we—what am I? All of us

have perhaps hidden and acute causes of discouragement, burdens to carry.

"I think the day fastens when Friends will not be able to occupy middle ground, and be half claimed by both sides of any question. Such a course is very trying and causes great suffering and loss.

"On Fourth-day last, in the Monthly Meeting, held in New York in joint session, a communication came from the 'Evangelical Committee' of the Yearly Meeting, that they were lacking in the needful supply of funds, appealing for help. William R. Thurston rose and said, he had no unity whatever with this committee or its objects. He believed it had been a great injury throughout their Yearly Meeting, and the additions to the membership that had resulted from it, were of no value. He remarked further that as so much had been said in relation to our late valued Friend, B. Tatham, that in a conversation with him quite lately, B. Tatham expressed similar views, and said that he had never subscribed a dollar towards the work, and never expected to do so. William added, that he also should pursue the same course; and furthermore expressed his belief that one of the effects of it had been to lower the standard of Gospel ministry.

"I do not believe that many are at all aware how devastating these things are, and what mischief they have wrought in some, begetting, through Satan's devices, a want of confidence in anything under our name, and prepares them to take their flight altogether."

(To be continued.)

**REFUSED THE WRONG BEGGAR.**—"I never refuse the plea of a beggar," says a leading member of Congress. "You must not use my name and advertise me as a philanthropist, for I am not. It is simply a matter of necessity with me. I am obliged to give something to every beggar or I could not sleep at night. I made a bad mistake once, and I would rather give occasionally to the unworthy than to ever deny assistance to the worthy.

"Once upon a time I was in St. Louis on business. It was winter, and you know how cold that town can be when it tries hard. I was out on the street at eleven o'clock one bitter night when a chap struck me for a dime. He was poorly clad, looked hungry and sick, and I ought to have handed out the money at once, but I was just brute enough not to do it. He followed me a hundred feet, begging and pleading, and I finally threatened to have him arrested. He turned away with a sob in his throat, and I went to the hotel.

"There was a big snowstorm that night, and next morning they found him in a drift, frozen stark and stiff. I saw the body and recognized it. The pale face was pinched and drawn with hunger and suffering, and the eyes were wide open as yours—great big blue eyes, sunken back in their sockets, and staring at me in an awful way. Yes, sir, they seemed to be fastened on me alone, and to follow me as I moved. When I heard car-drivers, draymen, bootblacks, and newsboys, saying how gladly they would have given the poor wretch a quarter to buy lodgings and food I sneaked away, feeling that I was a murderer. It hurt me more than I can tell you. I don't wait now to be asked for alms. I give to some who are, no doubt, undeserving, but I take my chances on that. That thing re-acts like a murder on my conscience, and nothing like it shall happen again."—*St. Paul Globe.*

## A Letter from Paris.

Fourth Month 20th, 1897.

The lectures have begun again and with them lovely days. Paris, like her people, is all extremes; she either laughs or cries. Nothing could be more lovely than she is now. The sky is so blue, and the exquisite outlines and colors of her buildings, standing in such bold relief against it; then the avenues of green, with the beautiful river, and the brilliant light and rapidly moving throngs that crowd her boulevards; all this forms, especially when seen from the "imperiale" of the omnibus, a panorama of ever varied and continual delight. To reach the Sorbonne we take the omnibus line that passes down the principal avenues and streets of Paris, past the finest buildings and through the gayest throngs. We descend as we cross the bridge just back of Notre Dame, and take two or three little streets, which have conserved all the smells of old Paris, but which bring us, in less than five minutes, in front of the College de France.

There is an atmosphere about the Latin quarter in Paris that one gets no where else. It seems as if with each breath one took in something of the old intellectual life that has continued here during so many centuries. The very walls of the old university building seem able to impart from their store of experiences of the past. We like to wander aimlessly about in this quarter, not trying to think or speak, but to absorb whatever we may. The Pantheon is only a short distance away, also the old church building of St. Etienne. Then the palace and beautiful gardens of the Luxembourg; but best of all, the bonquistes! Ah! how we like to wander up the Seine after "finds." My little old man, whose shops extend at least a half a square up the river, we found smiling and fresh as ever, and full of business. I had been getting home sick for the bonquistes during these ten days of no lectures, and had threatened to go down on purpose to get another book, but the rain unfortunately shuts them up; it is the sunshine that makes them blossom out, like it does everything else in Paris.

Well, yesterday we had a great harvest. We kept walking along, picking up one thing after another, until finally our arms would take in no more, and we were forced to cross over the Seine and take the omnibus at the Place Chatelaie. Anywhere but in Paris we would have made a sensation, but one can't do anything strange here. One may be dressed in the last possibilities of elegance or of rags; one may do all sorts of strange and unusual things, but even the street urchin, the "gamin de Paris," pays no attention to one. They are all too self-absorbed, too self-contented, to bother about anyone. For this reason we wear old clothes (the tops of the omnibuses are terrible on clothes, getting up and down), that we brought along to wear out in the mountains of Switzerland, and feel quite as comfortable and self-respecting as the Parisians themselves. But the other day we did a good deal of laughing to think how we would look in Philadelphia. I had seven large books and three little ones in my hands and two stuck in my belt. My friend had two or three more, and all the wraps, umbrellas, etc., and with this we tried to get on an omnibus! I have explained the Paris omnibus system—one can get on anywhere if one can run fast enough and catch on; but with both arms full of loose books, that is not easy. I had just succeeded in reaching the step when

the conductor came back wildly waving, and saying "complete," and so I was forced to ignore nominously seek the pavement, where my friend was laughingly awaiting me. We decided to go to the "bureau" and wait there. But ever once on the platform, the ascent, with both hands full, was not easy. We succeeded, however, in getting our treasures safely home.

28th.—Last evening we had a delightful ride and spent a most profitable evening. It was warm and beautiful, so we took the "imperiale," although we were "dressed up," but we had both hands free to take care of our skirts. We had been invited to spend the evening with a very remarkable woman; a friend of M's was to meet us at the end of the omnibus line to conduct us to her rooms. Oh, it was lovely going down town in the evening, through the brilliantly-lighted streets. We passed the Madeleine, and crossed the Place de la Concorde getting a lovely view over the beautiful Champ Elysees; but it was the Seine, with its innumerable lights reflected in the water, that was most charming.

After descending from the omnibus we had a short walk to the house, upon the fifth floor of which the person lived to whom we were going. The old Paris houses are so singular one enters a corridor, as in a German house, but unlike the latter, the kitchen "la cuisine" is the first room one comes to, and being a small dark hole, the door is mostly open, so that one gets the odors without going in search of them. After passing this, we started to go up a winding staircase. With characteristic French economy, no space is wasted on entry-ways, and I have already told you of the possibilities of French walls for enclosing mysteries. When one begins to go up one begins to count, and if one forgets in the midst of it, the result is apt to be that one stops at the wrong apartment or keeps on up to the top, and then has to sub tract coming down.

The person upon whom we were going to call is a writer and public lecturer upon the woman question. We found her charmingly simple and frank. It was quite a new experience here, for there seems to be comparatively few women who interest themselves in any of the great questions of the day. She spoke with enthusiasm of the possibilities of women in America, and of the work they had done and are doing. She dwelt also upon the profound and searching mind of the Germans, but seemed to have absolutely no hope for her own country. She smiled sadly and in a resigned way as she said, "No, our work is done, we have missed our inheritance. The Latin race has had its day and will fade away." She related in a most interesting manner her early life, which was passed in the country. She said that though she was born a Protestant, her father had been educated for a priest in a Jesuit College, and that the horror of it stayed with him all his life. She herself was sent to Switzerland to be educated. She confirmed what I have heard rumored already several times, that the present government is far from being firmly established in France. There are those who want the monarchy reestablished, others the empire, and scores of others with wild, unformed ideas of socialism and democracy. But they are all smoldering fires. On the surface the joyous careless life goes on, because the French nation turns its back upon all unpleasant problems. I notice that in all classes, and in relation to the smallest details of life, the reluctance to look at the dark side of things. Of course it

many of its developments that is an excellent trait, but it seems to me that the French, drunken with their love of beauty and harmony, in trying to shut out all deformity and discord, have missed entirely the whole secret of attaining to the real beauty and the real harmony in their lives. One cannot help saying over and over, "What an endowed nation! What clearness of intellect, what depth of penetration!" and yet it is as if one were pursuing something contemptibly fleeing from before one,—the soul eludes one's grasp. She explained to us that it was quite impossible to reach the women of France so long as the Catholic church has the hold it has. She said, "We French are from temperament very religious, but when we lose it, then we go to the other extreme. It is the women who are under the power of the priests, and I then go to keep the peace tolerate their interference, though as a rule they have ceased to believe in the church."

But I am undertaking too much, to try to give a resumé even of what she said, and as for personal observation, it is of course limited and of little value. But with all the gayety and brilliancy, one cannot help feeling that after all, there is a deep undercurrent in the character of the French nation, the very opposite of that we see on the surface. France may not yet have drunk the cup of her adversity to theregs, she may have revolution on revolution before her; she may be rent and torn by forces working within herself, but I cannot think that she is utterly doomed.

I find I want more and more to come closely in contact with the peasant life in some of the fertile provinces of France. It seems to me at there lie hidden the latent forces that are going to redeem the land. E. S. K.

FOR "THE FRIEND."

Believing that a few extracts from the report of the Book Committee, to the Meeting for Sufferings would be of interest to many readers of THE FRIEND, together with some extracts of a letter since received, I submit the following for publication. JOSEPH HALL.

"A considerable number of our publications have been placed in the libraries of educational institutions, or reading rooms; 465 volumes have been granted for this purpose to be sent to different parts of Pennsylvania, Delaware, Tennessee, Kansas and California, and 309 volumes of 830 pamphlets have been forwarded to Richmond, Indiana, for Libraries of Monthly Meetings, and for distribution; 168 volumes have been sent to Atlantic City; 52 volumes, mostly copies of Barclay's Apology, have been given to ministers of different denominations. "A number of volumes have been granted on application for individuals and distribution in West Virginia, Florida, Ohio, Iowa, South Dakota and other parts of the United States, and in Mexico, Nova Scotia and Australia.

"In the course of the distribution of the Appeal in reference to War, requests were made of a number of persons who had received this pamphlet, for further information respecting the principles held by our religious Society. Many of these resided in neighborhoods remote from Friends, and the opening thus presented for circulating our approved writings has been felt to be a favorable one; and has been freely responded to.

"It has been encouraging to believe from these and other inquiries that have been received that there are not a few individuals in

different localities, who are desirous of knowing more of the spirituality of religion; and we trust the dissemination of our approved writings among such may be the means of exerting a salutary influence upon the community in which they live.

"Some interesting information has lately been received from a young woman, who has placed some of our books in the hands of the inmates of a prison in Santa Fé, New Mexico. She writes, 'I never saw Friends' books so much valued before as they are by these men.' One young man said he wrote ten pages of passages from the 'Life and Writings of William Penn,' to send to his brother in South America; another was writing some of it for a young man who was paroled about three months ago. More than twenty men have read 'Dymond's Essays,' and the Superintendent of the prison has remarked upon the good effect which it and other books had had upon the convicts, and said he wished he had a copy of 'Dymond's Essays' in each cell."

EXTRACT OF LETTER.

VERNON, NEW JERSEY,  
FIFTH MO. 13th, 1897.

"An Appeal to Professing Christians, etc., in regard to War," is received. It did me good. I saw in it the true unadulterated Christ. Life. That was the pleasure I received in reading it. I am glad there are Christians who can preach and uphold the very principles of the Teacher sent from God. I am trying to live those principles, and have endeavored to preach them, your tract gave me new light. I argued with my boy, that I would not fight for my country, if I knew it was in the right, but I was willing to send him to a military school. Now I cannot, because of the new light your tract gave. Preach the Christ Life in your society; but I know you will find few who will follow your teachings. The tendency of the times is to make religion, (which is the opposite of this world and human nature), popular. It is destroying the power of the church in the world. I have been a preacher and stood by the Christ, until I was slandered and dropped by the denomination I served. I am now teaching school, but still seeking to know and practice and preach the Christ Life. I will be glad to distribute some of your tracts. Yours in Christ, for his pure religion in the world.

FRANCIS S. WILLISTON.

How HE GOT HIS BUGGY.—"Life is short; time is money, and speech should be to the point. Circumlocution is the thief of time, and often takes away opportunities and repels effort. An eminent pastor lately gave his experience in dealing with this mental defect in a sincere but wordy missionary, who had asked permission to make a personal appeal for help to his congregation. In a roundabout way the good man referred to his need of an 'aid to locomotion,' and the fatigues attending 'pedestrianism.' Finally the pastor, knowing that the matter-of-fact, direct way of appealing to his people would be the most effective, said, somewhat bluntly: 'Our friend wants a buggy; give him one.' The missionary got his buggy. He also got a lesson in direct speech."

Who knows but some long, windy, wordy prayers might be similarly shortened, and bring greater results? Most of the prayers recorded in the Bible were short ones; and a short prayer will often reach farther than a long one.—The Christian.

FOR "THE FRIEND."

Concord Quarterly Meeting.

This gathering of the people occurred this year on the tenth and eleventh of Fifth Month, at Concord, where it is now held in each Fifth Month. The other three meetings are held at Meda. The country was looking very beautiful; vegetation had come forward very rapidly within a week or two—the young leaves on the trees, the grain fields, the luxuriant growth of the clover, and the patches of bright yellow flowers of the Winter Cress (*Barbarea vulgaris*), and the Buttercup (*Ranunculus bulbosus*); and the bright white blossoms of the Dogwood (*Cornus florida*), and of the Black Hawth (*Ilex pennsylvanica*), all combined to make the ride in the cars from Philadelphia a pleasing experience.

The railroad station at Concord is situated in a valley alongside of Chester Creek, but the meeting house is reached by a climb up a high hill of half a mile or more in extent, from which a fine view is attainable over a fertile country, well cultivated.

In the meeting of ministers and elders held on Second-day, Fifth Month 10th, one of the most interesting items of business was brought up by a minute from one of the Monthly Meetings of the Quarter, expressing its belief that a gift in the Gospel ministry had been conferred on one of their members. After a time of deliberation, an unusual amount of unity was expressed with this judgment, and the clerk was directed to notify the Monthly Meeting of the decision in the case.

Philadelphia Yearly Meeting has lost many of its valuable members by death of latter time, and it was comforting to believe that the Lord's mercy is still extended to it in preparing and qualifying others, who may take the places of these deceased worthies as faithful advocates of the Lord's cause.

The general Quarterly Meeting on Third-day was a sitting in which much religious exercise was felt. The young people were advised that there was a wide field for service open before them in promoting the welfare of mankind, if they would submit to the preparing hand of the Lord and obey his calls to service. It is a source of much weakness in the Church that so many of its members choose for themselves the kind of labor in which they will engage, and are not careful to wait upon the Lord for counsel and direction, and for the ability which He gives his obedient children. They are forgetful of the truth, that "except the Lord build the city, they labor in vain that build it;" and do not fully appreciate that every good thing must come from our Father in Heaven, "from Him is all that can ennoble life, the high endeavor and the glad success, the strength to suffer and the will to serve."

As I returned to Philadelphia in the afternoon a fellow-passenger, a member of Concord Quarterly Meeting, entered into conversation. He said he had lately been travelling somewhat beyond the limits of our own Yearly Meeting, and the evidences he met with of departure from the principles of Friends had brought him more fully than had formerly been the case, into sympathy with the concern of our leading members to keep the flock from straying. He had seen the reality of dangers which formerly he had not appreciated.

In the second meeting a concern of Esther Fowler to pay a religious visit in some parts of the west for which she had been liberated by Birmingham Monthly Meeting was united with,

and the way opened for the performance of the service. She is in very feeble health, but it seems to be her experience, that according to her faith she is helped to perform what to the eye of reason would seem impracticable.

As I walked to the meeting house from the home of the hospitable Friend who entertained us, I was reminded of attending Concord Quarterly Meeting about fifty years before, when it was a season of Divine favor and much tenderness of feeling under the lively ministry of David Cope, so that I remarked at the time that it would be worth walking twenty-five miles from Philadelphia to Concord, to enjoy such a season of favor. I mentioned my cogitations to a Friend by my side. When the meeting was over, he inquired how this meeting compared with that of fifty years ago. There did not seem to me to be so large a measure of tenderness, but an increased degree of religious exercise under the various matters that come before the meeting, so that it was probably equally profitable, or more so.

On the lawn of our kind host, was a beautiful specimen of the *Ecocharita*, a Chinese shrub of the rose family. It was abundantly clothed with white flowers. The genus has but a single species—the *E. grandiflora*.

Scattered through the grass were numerous specimens of the *Viola striata*, which in my early botanical days I knew as *V. obovata*. The flowers are white and of rather large size. It was marked as rare in Dr. Darlington's *Flora Carolina*, and as it was not common in the immediate vicinity of Westtown School, it had an especial attraction for me, which still adheres to it.

J. W.

### An Old Love Letter.

NORTH PROVIDENCE, First Mo. 22nd, 1780.

Most affectionately beloved:—After reading over several memorandums of the exercises my poor soul has passed through, in my pilgrimage through this vale of tears, my heart salutes thee in a fresh spring of that love which I feel increasing, and hope may never wax cold towards thee. And having felt thee abundantly near this evening, I am free to write what revives for thy perusal, hoping it may be useful towards our rightly stepping along through time together. And first dearly beloved, let me tell thee, that however short I may be of strict adherence to the light of life, yet it is my crown, my chiefest joy, to feel the holy, harmonious influences and inshinings of the love of Jesus my Saviour, upon my soul; and I feel that without this I must be miserable indeed. I also believe, that the true enjoyment of the marriage-union consists eminently in both being engaged to draw near to the Lord, and act in his counsel; which I not only wish, but in a good degree expect, may be our happy case. If I should, though we have as it were a dry morsel to partake of, as to the things of this life, yet we may joy in the Lord, and rejoice in the God of our salvation. Thou knowest I have no great things to invite thee to. If we are joined together, (the which I trust we already measurably are,) we must not expect the paths of affliction; no, no.

"This day be bread and peace our lot,  
All else beneath the sun,  
Thou knowest it best bestowed or not,  
And let Thy will be done."

This, my dear, our minds must come to, if we intend to be happy; yet this I know, that One who cannot lie, has promised to add all things necessary to those who seek first the kingdom

of heaven, and in this I confide. Let us, therefore, unite in seeking this heavenly kingdom, and that in the first place. And may we, the remainder of our lives, earnestly press after resignation to the Lord's will; and, above all things, strive to please Him who only can give peace in whatever circumstances we may be. Then, I trust, the guardian angel of his holy presence will encamp around, and his everlasting arms be underneath to support us. Farewell, my dear, farewell, says thy sure friend,  
Job Scott.

### SUPPOSE.

Suppose, my little lady,  
Your doll should break her head,  
Could you make it whole by crying  
Till your eyes and nose were red?  
And wouldn't it be pleasanter  
To treat it as a sick  
And say you're glad 'twas Dolly's,  
And not your head that broke?  
Suppose you're dressed for walking,  
And the rain comes pouring down,  
Will it clear off any sooner  
Because you're cool and frown?  
And wouldn't it be nicer  
For you to smile than pout,  
And so make sunshine in the house  
When there is none without?  
Suppose your task, my little man,  
Is very hard to get,  
Will it make it any easier  
For you to sit and fret?  
And wouldn't it be wiser,  
Than whining like a dunce,  
To go to work in earnest,  
And learn the thing at once?

Suppose that some boys have a horse,  
And some a coach and pair,  
Will it tire you less while walking,  
To say, "It isn't fair?"  
And wouldn't it be nobler  
To keep your temper sweet,  
And in your heart be thankful  
You can walk upon your feet?

Suppose the world doesn't please you,  
Nor the way some people do,  
Do you think the whole creation  
Will be altered just for you?  
And isn't it, my boy or girl,  
The wisest, bravest plan,  
Whatever comes, or doesn't come,  
To do the best you can?

—Exchange.

SELECTED.

"I do not like to hear him pray,  
On bended knee about an hour,  
For grace to spend aright each day,  
Who knows his neighbor has no floor.

"I'd rather see him go to mill,  
And buy his lackless neighbor bread,  
And see his children eat their fill,  
And laugh beneath their humble shed.

"I do not like to hear him pray,  
'Let blessings on the widow be,'  
Who never seeks her home to say,  
'If want o'ertakes you, come to me.'

"I hate the prayer so loud and long  
That's uttered for the orphan's woe  
By him who sees them crushed by wrong,  
And only with the lips can feel.

"I do not like to hear her pray  
With jeweled ears and silken dress,  
Whose washerwoman toils all day,  
And then is asked to work for less.

"I do not like such soulless prayers;  
It wrongs I do not wish to forgive,  
No angel-wing them upward bears;  
They're lost a million miles from heaven."

### For "THE FRIEND." The Caged Lion.

On a recent visit to the Zoological Garden for the first time, my attention was drawn in pressively to a lioness that was walking back and forth incessantly from one side of its cage to the other, looking between the iron bars, apparently very uneasy with her confinement, and seeming not satisfied with looking in vain, once twice or thrice, for a place of escape, but keeping up a continuous watch for some opening through which she might regain her liberty; and exercise her vicious propensities.

I felt a degree of pity for the brute, and at the same time, I knew that the safety of myself and others would be jeopardized should she find a way of escape.

It seemed to me as though there might be some profitable reflections drawn from the animal and her movements, but I could not then see what there was of instruction to be gained from a caged lioness, and so passed, on apparently came to the cage of a lion; he was a noble specimen of the king of beasts. He appeared to be enjoying a quiet nap, apparently oblivious to his surroundings, appearing as unconcerned as though the liberty of the forest was his; he, too, excited in me a feeling more than mere curiosity. What! is he satisfied with his surroundings? Don't he care for liberty? Are his vicious propensities subdued? Ah! he is only napping; well it is for me and others the iron bars are between him and us. Those caged lions came before my mind at time for several days, without my knowing why I should be so, until one morning lately, as I was engaged in some bodily employment, it presented to my mind, those lions represent the evil propensities of our nature. How like the lioness some of them are; even when we have them under control, ever on the alert, seeking after some weak place or opening in the iron grating. How important it is that we be on the watch, that there be no avenue for their escape, for though they may seem to be in some measure tamed and in subjection, yet all the want is liberty, and the untamed nature, though unsanctified will, will be as dangerous as ever.

The old lion seems quiet for the time being yet his vicious nature is there. So it is with some of the strongest and most dangerous of the evil propensities of our nature; we may think they are subdued when, like the lion, they may only be napping, and when we are off our guard, or something crosses our pathway that arouses the old nature in us, the strength of the lion may be suddenly aroused, and happy will it then be for us if the iron bars are intact, so as to restrain the corrupt will, that would rend and devour had it full liberty.

O, the mischief that has been done in this world, and in the church, by seemingly good men and women, who really themselves though the old lion in them was subdued, when he was only napping, and being thus deceived, they would neglect to watch the iron bars, that they were all safe and in their place, and so what something occurred that waked up the lion, the strong man in them, how has he broken loose from his confinement, and gone forth, "Dividing in Jacob, and scattering in Israel." So, dear friends, of every name and class, let us be ever on our guard, and see to it, though the lion seem ever so quiet for the time being, that we keep him caged in, by the love of God; that the iron bars, "love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance," (which are all forged and properly tem-



pered in the workshop of the Spirit), are all in their allotted places; for if one of these be lacking, we may rest assured there is a weakness with some of the others.

Those "caged lions" that have led the writer to these reflections, must eventually, according to the course of nature, or from their confinement perhaps, die, without an effectual change being wrought in their natures as to make them safe companions for man; in this they differ from the animal propensities of our nature, for the prophet Isaiah tells of a day where, in all our animal propensities may be so changed that all will make one harmonious whole, see Isaiah, chapter xi:—"The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb" (how opposite their natures), "and the leopard shall lie down with the kid, and the calf and the young lion, and the fawning together, and a little child" (the Babe of Bethlehem) "shall lead them." "They shall not hurt nor destroy in all the Lord's holy mountain; for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea. And in that day there shall be a root of Jesse, which shall stand for an ensign of the people, to it shall the Gentiles seek, and his rest shall be glorious." Yea, glorious. What great encouragement there is for us in this to watch, that our lions be kept securely caged whether they seem to be on the alert like the lions at the Zoological Gardens, or like the old lion, apparently sleeping, until all within is so brought under the transforming power of the Lord's blessed Spirit, the Spirit of the Gospel of the dear Son and Sent of God, that our very natures become changed.

The wolf or the leopard or the lion will no longer seek to escape from the place assigned him, for all shall be led and kept in their proper place by the "little child," the Babe immortal, seen in prophetic vision by Isaiah. "Verily their remains to be a rest for the people of God," "All thy works shall praise thee, O Lord, and thy saints shall bless thee." Psalms 145: 10. T. H. W.

**GOD'S GRAPEVINES.**—The grapevine that is growing under my window this morning suggests to me a talk about the organic union between Jesus Christ and all healthy Christians. I am the vine, and ye are the branches." The word *vine* here includes both the stock and the branches, because the vital sap that flows out to the furthest tendrils is drawn from the central trunk. Saving faith is the process of being united to Christ by a heart union; and obedience to Christ is the evidence that the union is genuine and strong.

There is such a thing as being tied to Jesus Christ, by an act of external profession, without being ingrafted in him. A little twig may be thrust into the incision in a tree, and tied fast here, and yet no incorporation follow. Spring may come singing and opening all the buds on the tree; summer may shed its sunshine, and autumn may shake down baskets of ripe fruit, but that poor ill-joined branch yields neither bud nor flower nor fruitage. Held on by dead lay or rotting cord it is only a withered and uselessly thing. Such is every false professor; or she has no heart-union with the Saviour, and it is a very rare thing for such a self-satisfied formalist to be truly converted afterward. That is a very sharp and startling word which Christ spoke when he said that the sapless, useless withered stick should be "cast into the fire; if not a true branch, then a burning!"—*Theodore L. Cuyler in The Independent.*

#### FOR "THE FRIEND," Reminiscences.

Many years ago a Friend and his wife, residing in a sparsely settled district of country in the State of Iowa, having occasion to go to the village of Anamosa to trade, were making the trip in their one horse market wagon, containing such produce as their farm furnished. They necessarily passed through an unimportant village, situated in the edge of the timber skirting the Wapsipicon River, where lived a man known to the writer as a cooper by trade, and who was commonly called "Peg Leg," because of the loss of one foot nearly to the knee. As a substitute for the lost limb he wore, strapped firmly round the joint, a short crutch or peg—Hence the name of Peg Leg.

When we were just passing out of this village, said cooper with a strange man with him in a one-horse buggy drove up and hurriedly passed us. When we had done our trading and were en route for home and less than one mile out of town, we were overtaken by the same parties with a comrade of theirs seated on a temporary seat in the front of the box. They drove furiously by, giving us reason to think that they were influenced by honor, for though they made great haste, their headway was not so much, because of their frequent halting and chastising their poor dumb brute. Finally their halt was so protracted that we passed them by, and it was not difficult to discover that this prolonged detention was caused by the one that occupied the temporary seat losing his balance and tumbling helplessly to the ground, and the others were endeavoring, but in vain, to restore him to his former position in the buggy. I say in vain, for ere long the two drove up, giving cause to think that they had left their triend in the gutter. When they came up with us they queried in an excited tone if we had picked up any papers or money since leaving town. My answer was no. They drove furiously on, and while yet in sight turned round and met us on the identical spot where we first saw them in the morning, passing us by as if unnoticed, but very quick wheeled about and came alongside of us so close as to almost cause the wheels to clash. The one next to us having the lines in hand, the other, Peg Leg, levelled his double-barrelled fowling piece at my breast, declaring with many vile oaths that he believed that I had his papers and money. I reassured him that I had not; neither do I think that he had lost any, and, said he, "I am going to shoot your heart out." I saw him set the triggers, heard the click it made, and again saw his finger extended hand along the guard to touch them. Nothing but the outstretched arm of Omnipotence restrained that inebriate wretch from hurling into eternity one, alas! too like himself, unprepared to meet his God.

The mother of my children sat dignified and composed by my side, hugging her infant to her bosom. Our eldest boy of seven years, shocked at what he saw and heard, crouched between us for safety. The moment the ruffian pointed his gun in an opposite direction, my horse received a sharp stroke from the lash of my whip and started off at good speed, but ere many strides were made two loud reports greeted our sensitive ears. Looking back we could see two separate volleys of smoke that had issued from the deadly weapon. We subsequently learned that the less infuriated man had wrenched the gun from the grasp of his companion and discharged it so that it might not do harm. I may confess that at that time my legal knowledge of the

responsibility that I would incur by omitting to act as plaintiff in such a case had no bearing with me whatever, for I knew not the statute. But my thought was that it would be right for me to call immediately on the justice of the peace of the place and order an arrest. But when this was mentioned to my wife she was averse to it, thinking that it would probably result in putting one or both of these unfortunate fellow-beings in prison for a term of years, but both she and I came to realize that confinement would without doubt have been best for them, as their future history will amply prove.

It has already been mentioned that Peg Leg, or George Votman, his proper name, lived in the village of Fairview, on the street of which this tragedy was committed. The three comrades were reunited ere the night set in and the transient parties were the guests of George Votman. The foregoing having happened on the Seventh-day of the week, their rancor continued until the first of the following week and so did their rioting and revelling; and their conduct on the First or Sabbath-day was so offensive that the citizens of the place preferred a charge against them on Second-day morning for breach of the peace and abuse of the dumb brute.

A personal friend of mine that lived in the suburbs of the village, having learned something of what had happened to me, came out to my place on Second-day morning, desiring that I would attend court that afternoon, stating that the community was much excited. I consented. My appearance at court was evidently very exciting to the culprits. The trial was long and tedious, at the conclusion of which the justice directed the sheriff to hold the parties in custody until the following morning, for he did not feel capable of giving a verdict that evening. They begged the pardon of the people, averring that it was a strange and new thing for them to get into such a scrape, which might have been true only because they had not been held up as examples, for their bearded eyes and pug-noses were too sure witnesses to be misunderstood. On meeting them at the conclusion of the court, my remarks reminded them of their recent conduct toward me. To which they at once acknowledged, but begged me by their Maker not to appear against them.

The following morning my wife and I, with our little boy that had been with us in our perilous situation, repaired to the office of the justice of the peace. The culprits met us at the threshold, and began their pleadings for mercy, the wife of the assassin joining him, and his accomplice said that the aged mother of her husband wished to see me before I proceeded against her son, and that she was in yonder cabin, not able to come to me; would I not bear them company to her? "Yes," said I, inviting my wife to walk along, but she being feeble declined. They and I set off, escorted by a numerous crowd of eager lookers on, each embracing an opportunity to speak their mind to me. Some would say, "Crack them through; give them the full lash of the law." Others would say, "Oh, you won't put them in prison, will you?"

On reaching the cabin I was introduced to the aged mother, who at once began her pleadings for her guilty son, with all the tenderness that she was capable of assuring me that he was her sole dependence for maintenance, and if I put the law in force against him it would place him in prison for a series of years, and she knew not what would become of her. The words that were given me to speak were not my

own, were only lent me for that occasion, therefore will not attempt to repeat them. The guilty son acknowledged with tears trickling down his cheeks the vileness of his conduct, assuring me, and not me only, but a multitude of listeners that, God helping, he would never do the like again; and as a safeguard thereto he would never drink another dram. My feelings I will not attempt to describe, because they were utterly indescribable, but may venture to say that my heart so overflowed with the love of God for us all as sinners that my feelings were to forgive them, that I also might be forgiven. Thus we parted; they loading me with blessings that were meet only to be bestowed on a truly seraphic object.

Such a court has perhaps never been held on the soil of the Hawkeye State. Such a scene has seldom been witnessed by human eyes, and so far as I now know, I am the only one living that passed through it all; my son that was the little boy mentioned is still here, and will testify to what he saw and remembers. But, gentle reader, my story is scarcely half told, therefore bear with me a little longer, whilst I remind you of the utter inability of man unaided by superior Power Divine to keep even a good promise, as thou may see by perusing this narrative. Not many weeks after this, my wife and I had occasion to travel over to the same village to trade, and in our homeward route entered the street of the lesser village. Just at the edge of dark, when upon the identical spot where the foregoing had happened, a little brother and sister, ranging from seven to nine years, stepped out of the bushes into the street, desiring me to stop, which being done they proceeded with sobs and tears, "Please, sir, come and help us; we live in yonder cabin. Our father is dead. This afternoon mother went out to attend to some business, leaving us to keep home, and we are expecting her to come home every minute. But a little while ago a drunken man came and drove us away from our home, and if mother comes we don't know what she will do." "Won't you, sir, please come and get him away?" "Yes," said I, heading my team up to a post near the door of a house in which there were three or more females. I invited my wife to go in and sit until my return, but she chose to sit in the carriage. But one of the women at the door said, "Sir, you won't go there alone, will you?" "Yes," was my reply, "but you must go up-stairs and get some of the men to help you. It is Peg Leg, and he is a wicked wretch and may hurt you." "But," said I, "I am not afraid of him," and my wife making no objections, I took the path leading toward the infested cabin, but ere I reached the threshold the object of my pursuit was found crouched down about his haunches with a blanket cast about him. "Ah, George," said I, "what is the matter? What is thee doing here?" "I am sick," was the reply. I then laid my hand on his head, with a "Come, get up, here, let's see," and he made an effort, the fumes of his person plainly told the cause of his debility, whereupon I exclaimed to George, "Thou art drunk; what shall I think of thee? Don't thee remember promising me a few weeks since that thee would never drink any more whiskey, and now here thee is drunk." He began to realize, saying, "Is it you?" "Yes, it is Deewees," said I, "Oh, quoth he, 'for God's sake help me up, and get me on my horse, and I'll go home and behave myself like a gentleman.'" I stopped to fetch the horse, but ere I got it in place the inebriate had lost his balance

and tumbled over. I held the bridle with one hand, helped him up with the other, and succeeded in getting him astride of bare bones, and he rode off and I never saw him more. But subsequently learned that he left Fairview and returned to Mechanicsville, from whence he had come to Fairview, and his comrades that had been mentioned were at home at Mechanicsville; one was his uncle.

A period of several years elapsed, in which I knew nothing of my strange acquaintances; finally a distant neighbor of mine had occasion to pass through the village of Mechanicsville, and on his homeward route called on me, and in the way of chat told me that at that place there was great excitement because the night before a fellow called Peg Leg had stolen a horse and got off with it.

Another period of time elapsed when it fell out that wife and I were travelling by way of Mechanicsville, and called at a farm house not far distant to bait our team, etc., our host and hostess informed us that they were the first settlers of the country and had lived in that place ever since. It occurred to me that perhaps they had known something of those desperate men. I remembered all their names, as I do yet. On inquiry, they knew them all for many years, and told me that one had died in a fit of drunkenness, and at that time one was still there, a base sot, and George Voman or Peg Leg had stolen a horse at that time, and the Vigilance Committee, a band of outlaws, went after him and he had never been seen or heard of since. "The way of the transgressor is hard." My thought is that when I found him on the way to the cabin I should have arrested him—what think ye, gentle reader? Let the answer be, "The tender mercies of the wicked are cruel."

These things have many times claimed my consideration, attended with feelings of regret at my lack of considering the providence that there must have been in the circumstance of directing those children to me for aid, seeing that we knew not each other at all, had never seen each other before, and have not seen or heard of each other since. How can I view it other than a providence of God to lead me to a knowledge of the evil course of that inebriate wretch that I might call for justice, and extend the protective arm of the law over him, by placing him in prison, so that he might not have stolen a horse and come to a violent death. But I trust that God beareth me witness that my error was on the side of mercy, as I then felt toward my erring brother.

W. S. DEWEES.

A PRIEST TRAPPED BY A WOMAN.—A Roman Catholic in England, being about to marry a Protestant woman, it was mutually agreed that there should be no contest on the subject of religion. For some time after their union this agreement was scrupulously observed, but in process of time, the priest who paid them frequent visits, expecting an easy prey, began to talk about the peculiarities of his religion. He particularly insisted on the doctrine of transubstantiation, and grew troublesome by his importunity. The woman thought herself how to get rid of him; and one day seeming to be overcome by his arguments, she agreed to attend the mass with her husband the following First-day, provided she might be allowed to prepare the wafer herself. The priest not suspecting anything, and glad on any terms to secure such a convert, gave his consent. The woman accordingly appeared at the chapel with her husband,

and after the consecration of the wafer which she had brought with her, she solemnly demanded of the priest, whether it was really converted into the body of Christ? To which question he, without hesitation replied, that there was a conversion made of the whole substance of the bread into the body of Christ; and that there remained no more of its former substance. "If this be really the case," said she, "you may eat the wafer without danger; but as for myself, I should be afraid to touch it, as it is mixed with arsenic." The priest was thunderstruck by a discovery so unexpected, and was too wise to hazard his life upon a doctrine for which he had however contended with all the earnestness of perfect assurance. The woman's husband was so struck by this practical confutation of a doctrine which he had before implicitly believed, that he never afterwards appeared at mass.—*Selected.*

BAHAMA ISLANDS.—About the Bahama Islands are thousands of persons employed in collecting sponges, which in shallow water are harpooned, a special kind of harpoon being made, in the shape of a five-pronged fork with a long wooden handle. At the Bahamas the water is so clear that, with a machine equivalent to a bucket with a plate of glass at one end, the bottom of the sea can be clearly seen at a depth of one hundred and fifty feet. This is the old Greek system, but it is used in the Bahamas, and over five thousand men and boys are said to be steadily employed at the business.

The diving method is employed where the sponges are more than twenty-five fathoms down. The diver stays under two or three minutes. At still greater depths they dredge with a net. The sponge area within reach of the Key West fishermen covers no less than three thousand five hundred square miles. Every day many schooners, each having a crew of five or six men, and equipped with two dingies, sail to the reef, where one man keeps the ship while two go out in each dingley after sponge; one sculls and the other searches the bottom with a sponge glass. The sponge is hooked up with a long pole and spread on deck, where the gelatinous matter decays. When they have a sufficient cargo they land, and fasten the sponge in crates or crawls, the tide ebbing and flowing through them. This cleansing process requires about one week. Before being crawled they are black in color and emit a foul odor. When clean they are bleached. I visited the largest sponge establishment in the city. The Florida sponges are famous throughout the world, probably only the Mediterranean can compare with them. Some are several feet in circumference, and so soft that they are spoken of as Florida sheep wool.—*Christian Advocate.*

A GLASS OF BEER.—"Would you not like a glass of beer?" said some one to C. Spurgeon, when he returned, much fatigued, to the hotel where he was staying.

"Yes," was the answer; "but some poor beggar to whom drink is a temptation might hear of it and feel encouraged to take a dozen glasses. I abstain for the sake of such."

This was the true spirit of Christ manifested in the matter of not putting stumbling-blocks in the way of others. There are so many who are easily misled, and who require but a feather's weight to incline them to yield to temptation, that it is of the utmost importance that strong, faithful, noble men, should stand aloof from things which, though not perhaps specially dangerous to themselves, might, through the exam-

ple of their use, bring disaster to the weak and unwary. Thus the great Apostle said: "It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak" (Rom. xiv: 21). Even if the strong drink were healthful instead of harmful to them, it would be wise for Christian men to avoid it lest weak ones should stumble and fall through their example.—*The Christian.*

### The Tulip and its Story.

Now that the Feast of the Tulips, as it has been wittily termed, is almost here, it is interesting to trace the romantic history of this wonderful flower that, after more than three centuries of adoption by European and Occidental nations, yet remains essentially what nature first created it—a child of the Orient, boldly-simple in outline, intense in color, and gorgeously magnificent in its beauty.

As we might expect, its birthplace was sunny Persia. The botanist of his age, the celebrated Dr. Gesner, came across it in his travels and brought it back with him to Europe in 1559. The old blood-red tulip of our gardens (*Tulipa Perseriana*), in its specific name still commemorates the name of its introducer, just as its generic name of Tulip commemorates its Persian origin, tulip being a foreign corruption of the Persian name of the flower *thoubelan*, signifying turban, from the shape of the blooms.

Considering the restricted intercourse of that day, the tulip was rapidly disseminated over Europe. Under cultivation it soon sported into brilliant variations. Its surpassing flakings,atherings and pencillings were so unlike any other flower that there was the greatest *favore* about it. This enthusiasm culminated in the celebrated "Tulip mania" of Holland in 1636 and 1637, a happening unique in history; so raptured did the staid Hollanders become with it, and so great the demand for rare or highly prized varieties, that capitalists began to speculate in tulips as Wall Street magnates do today in wheat and corn, not only buying up all in sight, but trading in futures.

The infection spread until men of limited means mortgaged their homes to buy a few dozen of these bulbs. Prices ran incredibly high. One hundred and twenty bulbs of one variety brought at auction a lump sum of three thousand six hundred dollars, or thirty dollars each bulb. Varieties, of which only a half-dozen or so bulbs were to be obtained, sold for thousand dollars or more apiece; but the climax was reached when a single bulb of a variety named *Scmper Augustus* sold for 1,300 florins, the equivalent of more than five thousand dollars in United States money! It is a melancholy illustration of the mania of the time, that the common Persian tulip that Gesner obtained for the asking, is still extant in our gardens; while the offspring, that seventy-seven years later brought the greatest price ever paid for a single plant or bulb, has absolutely disappeared from cultivation.

Of course the reaction came; and the crash in prices ruined scores of men who had invested heavily all in tulips. In spite of all, the Hollanders retained their intense passion for the flower, and do until this day—a passion shared by all the German people.

Royal blood is privileged to royal peculiarities. The regal tulip, not content with having helped to make history, or with having conquered masculine indifference, insists upon a unique seed propagation unlike that of any other

known flower. The shiny black seeds are of good size, and, in the hands of those who understand their culture, not particularly difficult of germination. However, the tulip seedling is no plebeian plantlet, that feels its incumbent upon itself to push at once into the luscious, flowering world. Quite the reverse. It takes a five or six years' leisure growth before it deigns to send up its first flower. Here again it leaves the beaten track of flower usage. No matter from how brilliant a tulip the seed may have been saved, nor how gaily the parent flower may have been streaked or feathered, the bloom of the seedling is of a plain self-color. It is now a "Breeder" tulip, and year after year the seedling tulip wears the self-colored dress in which it first elected to appear. This goes on for three, four or five, or even nine or ten years; then the flower "breaks" or becomes rectified. In other words it has passed through the preliminary flowering stage, and is ready now, some ten or fifteen years from the sowing of the seed, to show what manner of flower it intends to be.

Curious as it may seem, the breeder flower gives not the slightest indication of the color or marking of the mature tulip. The muddy, magenta-hued blossom may be transformed into the most brilliant blood-red, or the quiet mauve into a flaming flower, most gorgeously blazed and flaked. This change is a radical one, affecting the smallest offset from the parent bulb. As tulips in favorable soil increase rapidly, through new bulbs forming, in the course of a few years longer (some twenty or twenty-five years in all perhaps since the seed was sown), the grower is able to put the best of his seedlings on the market. We fear few Americans would have patience enough for the undertaking.—*Lora S. La Mance.*

"To-day the Saviour calls: ye wanderers come;  
O ye benighted souls, why longer roam?"

"To-day the Saviour calls: oh, hear Him now;  
Within these sacred walls to Jesus bow."

"To-day the Saviour calls: for refuge fly;  
The storm of justice falls, and death is nigh."

"The Spirit calls to-day: yield to his power;  
Oh, grieve Him not away, 'tis mercy's hour."  
*Songs of Polyimmig.*

## THE FRIEND.

FIFTH MONTH 22, 1897.

During the late religious visit which our friends John and Esther Fowler paid to Egypt, they met with a young woman, in whom they became much interested. She is now living in Switzerland, and employed as governess in a family of children. A recent letter from her shows that the interest was mutual. In it she says, "My heart is full of thankfulness, first for having met you, because I have been helped and strengthened by seeing you and talking to you both; and secondly for being remembered by you. I have been much blessed since I have been in Egypt. I used to be unhappy and to fret for many things, but now I am content, and know that our lives are ordered for us. I am learning to say, Thy will be done." She expresses a desire that they might remember each other in their prayers, "and that shall be a tie between us."

Such incidents as the intercourse with this interesting young woman, are occasionally met with by those who are laboring in Christ's cause, and at times they are the beginning of a

life-long interest and friendship, but open the way for the exercise of Christian concern and private labor, which is blessed of the Lord. They are a source of encouragement to the Lord's servant, who may see in them an evidence that his Master is pleased to use him for the promotion of his cause in the earth.

Services of this kind are often placed in the power of those who have not received a gift in the ministry of the Gospel, but who are endeavoring to be found partakers of the Divine communion, and in their performance they experience the truth of the promise, "He that watereth, shall be watered also himself."

May we all be watchful to make a right use of these openings and opportunities for doing good, which are graciously put in our power.

In the account of Concord Quarterly Meeting in the present number of THE FRIEND, mention is made of the concern of our dear Friend, Esther Fowler, to pay a religious visit in the Western States. Her prospect is to attend the Quarterly Meeting of Salem in Ohio in the Eighth Month next. From there to go pretty directly to Pa-sadena in California and attend the Monthly Meeting there, which is a branch of Hickory Grove Quarterly Meeting in Iowa, and visit some or most of its members. On her return eastward, she proposes to attend Iowa Yearly Meeting, held the present year at West Branch, Iowa. Her minute also liberates her to appoint some public meetings.

We have no doubt many of our readers can unite in the desire that the Lord who sends her forth may bless her efforts in his cause, and enable her to return with the reward of peace.

We have received a letter from a respected Friend, referring to the article published in THE FRIEND of Fifth Month 8th, on the correct use of the plain language. Our correspondent thinks that some who have felt that it would be right to use "thou" instead of "thee" in the nominative case, have been discouraged by the fear that it might seem like a presumptuous assumption of superior sanctity. His concern is that all may be encouraged faithfully to follow the impressions of duty made upon their minds. In this feeling we concur.

### SUMMARY OF EVENTS.

UNITED STATES.—By the entrance of Corea and the Orange Free State into the Universal Postal Union, which has been announced to the Postal Congress at Washington, and the probable entrance of China before 1899, the entire postal circuit of the globe will have been accomplished.

The House has passed the resolution appropriating \$200,000 for the relief of American citizens in Cuba without a dissenting voice, and the President has signed the bill.

On the 20th inst. the Morgan Cuban resolution was passed by the United States Senate by a vote of 41 to 14. The resolution declares "That a condition of public war exists between the Government of Spain and the Government proclaimed and for some time maintained by force of arms by the people of Cuba, and that the United States of America will maintain a strict neutrality between the warring parties, according to each all the rights of belligerents in the ports and territory of the United States." An analysis of the vote shows that the affirmative was cast by 18 Republicans, 19 Democrats and 4 Populists, and the negative by 12 Republicans and 2 Democrats.

The Morgan resolution in the House was referred to the Committee on Rules. The matter will not be brought before the House until the negotiations which it is believed are being conducted by the President with the Government of Spain, looking to the pacification and independence, have been concluded, and the result is made known to the country. No details of the negotiations now under way in regard to Cuba have been made public, but it is under-

and-1 that they include complete amnesty to all who participated in the revolution as a prerequisite to a treaty of peace with a Liberal government with Spanish consent, the withdrawal of Spanish troops and subsequent voluntary acknowledgment by Spain of the independence of the island possibly upon the payment of a war indemnity. This solution of the question is being pressed, with intimations that the United States will guarantee the performance of the conditions on both sides.

Senator Joseph H. Earle died at his home in Greenville, South Carolina, on the 20th inst.

It appears that in the last quarter of a century, or since 1873, says the *New York Sun*, there have been cut in Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota alone 154,000,000 feet of white pine, 6,000,000 cords, besides 83,000,000 shingles, and in the last three-fourths of that period about 200,000,000,000 feet, taking the whole country together. New York and Pennsylvania have, next to the States just mentioned, large quantities of standing coniferous timber, and the amount left in the Northern States is estimated at about 100,000,000,000 feet, or half as much as has been cut since about 1878 in the whole country. Canada is another resource, with about 37,000,000,000 feet of white pine.

Forest fires are burning at many points in the upper Michigan peninsula. Unsettled weather has destroyed much of the standing timber, as well as the wiping out of settlements, may result.

A New Orleans dispatch says, "It is thought there will be no further damage done by the yellow fever. The losses in Louisiana is estimated at \$1,750,000, in Mississippi at \$8,500,000, and in Arkansas at \$4,200,000, or a total of \$15,750,000, but as serious a loss as in any other year, with few exceptions of overflow, when the river was not nearly as high as it is now."

By a fire in Hoboken on the night of the 20th inst., one whole block was reduced to ashes, and 140 families were rendered homeless. The flames started in a large factory. The loss is believed to exceed \$500,000. The fire nearly destroyed the City Hall. Fifteenth and Race Streets, the Clerk stated that he had received a communication, which, though addressed to him personally, he had no doubt was intended for the Meeting. According to custom, it was decided to refer the paper to a small Verbal Committee for examination. This Committee reported that it was desirable issued by Friends of Arch Street Yearly Meeting. They were united in recommending it should be read in the meeting and pondered, but that the members should refrain from commenting upon it. This was united with. We are informed that an unusual degree of solemnity was felt when the epistle was read. In the Women's Meeting, a similar course was made in like report, and the reading was listened to without remark. Many of the members have expressed their satisfaction with the epistle and with the action of the Men's and Women's Meetings in having it read.

Deaths in this city last week were 413, being 30 less than the previous week, and 13 more than the corresponding week of 1890. Of the foregoing, 217 were males and 196 females; 54 died of pneumonia; 26 of consumption; 26 of heart disease; 20 of apoplexy; 19 of cancer; 17 of diphtheria; 16 of old age; 16 of convulsions; 15 of scarlet fever; 17 of typhoid fever; 11 of inflammation of the stomach and bowels; 11 of inflammation of the brain; and 9 of inflammation of the lungs.

**Markets, &c.**—U. S. 2 1/2, 104 3/8; 4's, reg, 110 1/4; 111; coupon, 112 1/2; 112; new 4's, reg, 122 1/2; 123; 9's, 113 1/2; currency 65, 104 1/4.

**COTTONS.**—Official quotations are at 8c per pound for middling uplands.

**FUR.**—Wet otter, \$12.50 to \$18.00 per ton for winter in body, and \$11.00 to \$12.00 for spring in skins.

**FLOUR.**—Winter super, \$2 7/8 a \$3.00; do, extras, \$3.15 a \$3.40; Pennsylvania roller, clear, \$4.00 a \$4.15; do, \$3.90; \$4.20 a \$4.50; Western winter, clear, \$3.00 a \$4.15; do, do, straight, \$4.25 a \$4.55; do, do, patent, \$4.10 a \$4.50; spring, clear, \$3.50 a \$3.90; do, straight, \$4.00 a \$4.20; do, patent, \$4.20 a \$4.55; do, favorite brands, higher. City mills, extra, \$3.25 a \$3.50; do, clear, \$4.25 a \$4.55; do, straight, \$4.35 a \$4.50; do, patent, \$4.50 a \$4.70. **RYE FLOUR.**—\$2.25 a \$2.50 per bbl. as to quality.

**GRAIN.**—No. 2 red wheat, 85 1/2 c; No. 3, 84 1/2; No. 4, 83 1/2; No. 3 white wheat, 25 1/2 c.

**BEEF CATTLE.**—Extra, 5 1/4; 5 1/2; good, 5 a 5 1/2; medium, 4 1/4; common, 4 1/4 c.

**SHEEP AND LAMBS.**—Extra, 4 1/4; good, 3 1/4; medium, 3 1/4; 3 1/2; common, 2 1/4; c; lambs, 3 1/4 a 3 c.

**HOOS.**—Western, 5 1/4; State, 5 1/2 c.

**FOREIGN.**—The scheme of the Government for the relief of Ireland, as outlined in the House of Commons last week by the First Lord of the Treasury, A. J. Balfoar, was sprung as a surprise upon most of the members, and was the leading topic for discussion in the political world. Under the scheme the land tax will be about \$250,000 (\$1250,000) early, and the tenants will be relieved of about £400,000 (\$2,000,000) of yearly taxation. It is understood that the project was approved at a Cabinet Council, and that before it is submitted to Parliament its salient features will be communicated in confidence to the leading Irish landlords.

The new tunnel under the Thames at Blackwall was opened by the Prince of Wales last Seventh-day.

The annual consumption of sugar per head of the population is 18 pounds in Germany, 26 in France and Switzerland, 44 in the United States and 60 in England.

In consequence of the increasing distress and poverty in Spain, the migration has increased enormously within a few months. Most of it, however, is by way of the French and Portuguese harbors.

The Madrid newspapers consider the adoption by the United States Senate of Senator Morgan's bill regarding Cuba and the government of that island will tend to strengthen the Premier Canovas del Castillo in checking the proposed Liberal attack on the Ministry.

The Duke of Tetuan, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, who tendered his resignation last week, after foxing the ears of Senor Comas, a Liberal Senator, causing a confusion and delay in the sitting of the Senate, has withdrawn his resignation, on the advice of the Premier, Canovas del Castillo, who, the personal question of the dispute having been closed by the seconds of the two parties deciding a duel was not necessary, and in view of the impending important international questions, thinks the Ministry should not resign.

Russia has the most rapidly increasing population of any country in the world. The growth the last hundred years has been a fraction less than 1,000,000 annually.

The Sultan of Turkey has decided to agree to an armistice, and Ethem Pasha has been ordered to cease hostilities. It appears that the Czar made a direct appeal to the Sultan to order his troops to cease hostilities and arrange an armistice, and this, coupled with the fact that most serious results would have ensued if Turkey had persisted in her defiant attitude, brought about the present state of affairs.

An armistice of seventeen days was agreed to on the 20th inst. Turkey and Greece. It includes the land and sea forces of both combatants. The Ambassadors of the Powers met in Constantinople to consider the terms of the peace.

The steamer *Empress of India*, at San Francisco from Yokohama, brings news of a fire which completely destroyed the town of Hochiji, in the silk district of Japan. Nearly 4,000 houses were destroyed, and between forty and fifty lives were lost.

A dispatch to the *Times* from Buenos Ayres says, "The sugar industry is threatened with a severe crisis, owing to over-production. The excess of available export for the current year is more than 100,000 tons."

Two badans on the St. Croix River, in Nova Scotia, burst on the 20th instant, partly destroying three others, and swept nearly 3,000,000 feet of uncut timber into the Bay of Fundy via the Avon River and Bay of Minas. The loss is \$100,000.

**NOTICES.**

**WESTTOWN BOARDING SCHOOL.**—For convenience of persons coming to Westdown School, the stage will meet at Westdown Philadelphia at 8 and 8:40 A. M., and 2:53 and 4:32 P. M. Other trains are met when requested. Stage fare on regular trips, fifteen cents, on special trips, twenty-five cents each way. To reach the school by telegraph, write West Chester Phone 85.

EDWARD G. SMEDLEY, *Sup't.*

**WESTTOWN BOARDING SCHOOL.**—Applications for the admission of pupils to the school, and letters in regard to the location and discipline, should be addressed to WILLIAM F. WICKESHAM, *Principal*. Payments on account of board and tuition, and communications in regard to business should be forwarded to EDWARD G. SMEDLEY, *Superintendent*, Address, Westtown P. O., Chester Co., Pa.

**DIED.** at his residence, Newmarket, Ontario, Canada on the twenty-sixth of Second Month, 1891, THOMAS MOORE, in the seventy-third year of his age; a member and elder of Yonge Street Monthly Meeting of Friends. Though charitable to all true believers in the Lord Jesus Christ, he was firmly attached to the Friends of his locality, and his avocations were professed by early Friends, and took great interest in reading their writings, was diligent in reading the Holy Scriptures, often speaking of deriving comfort therefrom, and in attending all our meetings which health would permit, in which his voice was occasionally heard with acceptance. In the year 1868, being in the advanced stage of an affliction which afflicted him, and under a sense of duty made the journey, to which he often referred with pleasure, mentioning the kindness he received from Friends and relatives being a stranger in a strange land. For a number of years he suffered much from palpitation of the heart and nervous prostration, which was borne with patience. To the above named affliction was added the loss of hearing to a considerable extent, which was a great trial to him. Being of a social disposition it is a measure deprived him of the enjoyment of the company of his friends. On the twenty-ninth of Twelfth Month last he was stricken with paralysis, which left him partially helpless. A physician being called he endeavored to ease him from his confinement, but he informed his time here would be short, that medicine would avail little, said, that was good news, he was going home; and thought in his case it was better to depend on Providence than medicine. His suffering over eight weeks were very great, but his hope in God through Christ Jesus was not shaken. He had the children of his faith know his feelings, and all felt at one time saying, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly;" at another, "Oh, that I had the wings of a dove, that might fly away and be at rest." He often prayed for patience and resignation to hold out to the end, saying, "The Lord's time is the best time." Once, on being asked if he would have something to eat, said, "I have meant to eat, but know not how to eat." He died, at last, and his many little acts of endurance after articulation had ceased, showed his affection to those around him. He leaves a wife and daughter to mourn his loss.

—, at his home in Marshallton, Pa., on the twenty sixth of Third Mo., MARSHALL FELL, aged seventy five years; a beloved member and minister of Bradford Monthly Meeting of Friends. The language being that he possessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.

— MARY J. HAWLEY, widow of Benjamin Hawley and daughter of Demsey and Martha Johnson, an Elder and member of West Branch Monthly Meeting of Friends (Conservative Body), deceased First Month 9th, 1897, aged 75 years. She had a birthright membership in the Society of Friends, whose principles she sincerely supported. She often amply earned Christ's counsel to those around her, as faithful and devoted service to her dear Master. She was of a cheerful nature, whose daily life and conversation revealed a close walk with her Saviour, so that it may be truly said of her, "A mother in Israel is found." On her way from meeting she fell from a stroke of paralysis, and she died after she was stricken. She leaves the comforting assurance that an heaven peace crowned her departing spirit.

—, at his residence near Earlham, Iowa, First Month 7th, 1891, ISABEL THOMAS, in the seventy second year of her age. She was regarded by her acquaintances as a willing helper to those in need of suffering, and her ministrations to the wants of others was one of the characteristics of her life. She was careful to heed the injunction, "Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth;" she was firm in upholding the faith and doctrines as held by ancient Friends. The last year of her life was one of intense suffering borne with cheerful resignation, often expressing thankfulness for her many favors. Her friends have no more consoling evidence that their loss is her eternal gain.

—, at the family residence, near Winchester, Va. Fifth Month 11th, 1891, LYDIA H. WRIGHT, in her eighty-third year of her age. A member of Hopewell Monthly Meeting during her long and useful life. She was the wife of Jesse Wright, deceased, and daughter of John and Rachel Griffith, faithful Elders in the church. Two sons and four daughters survive her. "Thy memory of the just is blessedful."

WILLIAM H. WILEY'S SONS, PRINTERS, No. 422 Walnut Street.

# THE FRIEND.

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JOSEPH WALTON,

MOORESTOWN, BURLINGTON CO., N. J.

Entered as second-class matter at Philadelphia P. O.

Richard Esterbrook.

(Continued from page 254.)

"CAMDEN, Second Month 21st, 1886.

"I attended Western Quarterly Meeting on sixth-day. I think, as far as I know, I was the only stranger, as Friends often say.

"It was a wintry time outwardly, and was very such so, I thought, inwardly—very little sensible exercise prevalent, so it felt to me—very little warmth and very little verdure. I thought there was to be felt the absence of much feeling the second meeting, in all of which I suffered some degree. Yet not without some instruction, remembering with some fresh tenderness the next morning, that the disciples of old toiled all night and caught nothing; and yet the Master, in his condescending goodness, drew near and commanded them to cast the net, and then they drew a plentiful supply. The remembrance of which comforted my spirit. There seems a great lack of a general religious exercise—restless for the blessing until the day breaketh.

"I have been looking over the little book from William Penn's writings, lately compiled by me, and I feel grateful that thou hast labored in it. It was a good work I think."

"[The latter part of this letter refers to the annual inquiry made of the members of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting as to their use of intoxicating drinks. To this method R. Esterbrook took strong objection, regarding it as an injudicious method of endeavoring to promote a worthy object. The letter says:]

"If Friends could be satisfied with the reading of a minute, carefully worded, of advice, once a year, as a caution and as a reminder, I entertain no doubt it would secure the respect of our members, and be much more efficacious, in the course now imposed upon the meetings. I am convinced it is a great blunder. I know no man who has a deeper sense of the evil of temperance than I have. I yield to no man in this respect, but for all good objects we must strive lawfully, if we would be crowned with true success."

"CAMDEN, Third Month 4th, 1886.

"Our Monthly Meeting was a quiet, solid meeting. (I felt it so.) Not wholly silent. In the second meeting our Friend, Charles Rhoads, in a very agreeable manner, laid his concern

before Friends, and it was feelingly united with, and a minute prepared accordingly, worded perhaps in this way, 'A visit in Gospel love to the meetings of Friends within the limits of North Carolina Yearly Meeting, and for such other service as way may open for.'

"It seems a duty we owe to one another, and it is also a privilege, when we can be brought into a feeling of sympathy, and bear one another's burdens a little.

"Charles Rhoads was comforted by thy sympathy for him, which I endeavored to impart to him as thou requested."

"[In allusion to the separation in Canada.] "It is an idle thing, a weak thing, to be looking towards London for recognition under existing circumstances. It looks as if London Yearly Meeting thought, and the expectant Yearly Meetings thought, that London had some especial store of spiritual help to impart. It is a great, and to me an unaccountable delusion, except that it shows a great lack of depth of discernment.

"I have just read the editorial in THE FRIEND, and I am grateful for it. It is high time that the delusive notion should be exploded that London Yearly Meeting is the great source from which the law of Quakerism is to be given forth, and the word to all the Yearly Meetings, were ever situated. As Morris Cope said, in the Meeting for Sufferings, 'Ephraim lost his strength, and did not appear to know it.'

"[The editorial above alluded to was published in THE FRIEND of Fourth Month 3rd, 1886, and contained some comments on a conference recently held in London on the subject of correspondence with various bodies in this country. It takes the ground that "the dissemination of sentiments at variance with our doctrines has been the primary cause of the difficulties now affecting the peace of the Society; that much of the responsibility for this departure from our ancient standard of faith and practice rests upon London Yearly Meeting, because it failed to apply a restraining hand or to openly condemn those doctrinal views issued by its members, which paved the way for this departure, and the official sanction or toleration by London Yearly Meeting of mission and other movements, in which the principles of Friends do not limit the actions of those interested, place it in such a position that it is difficult to see how its epistolary correspondence can exert a salutary influence upon those bodies of Friends who are most affected by the decision of the Conference.]"

"CAMDEN, Fifth Month 8th, 1886.

"The baptism of Christ is by one Spirit into one body, where all are made to drink, and delight also to drink of that one Spirit. Where this is wanting, the essential Truth is wanting. So that, while we have cause to be thankful for the help afforded to us during the late Yearly Meeting, etc., the language is still applicable, 'Serve the Lord with fear, and rejoice with trembling.'

"PLAINFIELD, Sixth Month 21st, 1886.

"Our meeting here yesterday was a refreshing one. The blessed promise made to the two or three met together in the name of Christ being graciously fulfilled in our experience, and the favors openly acknowledged with thanksgiving. I thought our Quarterly Meeting a favored one, although I confess I should be glad if the dear Friend who spoke so well to us and with such a good concern, possessed the art of condensation. I was afraid the service was somewhat marred by repetitions."

"PLAINFIELD, Sixth Month 27th, 1886.

"The article in the *Christian Worker* on J. G. Whittier will neither injure the reputation of THE FRIEND or the "Poet" with any whose judgment would be of much value to J. G. W. "That, I think, would be my feeling were I the object of its criticism.

"Perhaps the same may be said of J. H. M. And so completely are such people gone overboard that all hope of rescue is departed from me. I think argument is mostly lost upon them. Only like furnishing a fresh supply of fuel.

"We enjoyed the visit from one Sixth-day to another Sixth-day of our friends, Morris and Deborah Cope. I accompanied them to Philadelphia on Sixth day last, and they expected to reach their home yesterday. Dear M. C. is not the man he was two years ago. Seems to need extreme care. He is very feeble. We thought it a privilege to have such a visit. Can scarcely expect a repetition of it. I think M. C. fully realizes the great uncertainty of life, and is favored to contemplate the exchange of time for eternity with calm resignation and holy confidence."

"[Richard Esterbrook's letters frequently manifest the high esteem and warm affection he felt for Morris Cope, whom he called one of nature's noblemen. He was, indeed, a man of no ordinary character. His powers of mind were above the average, and were associated with a sanctified common sense and a kindness of heart that endeared him to many, while his unwavering attachment to the principles of the Society of Friends and his boldness in defending them, were bonds which closely united him to their true and living advocates. One illustration occurs: On one occasion the Meeting for Sufferings, of which he was a member, had under consideration a document referring to the principles of Friends, and the position, in reference to them, of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting. Some one suggested a change in a paragraph, the effect of which would have been to greatly weaken the force of the essay. Morris Cope said, in substance, "If we want to say that all the exercise and concern of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting on behalf of sound doctrine for the last twenty years amounts to nothing, that's the way to do it." To this sharp criticism no reply was made, and the essay passed unaltered. His memory was accurate and retentive, and he possessed a vein of originality that added to the interest of his conversation.]

(To be continued.)

For "THE FRIEND."

### Against Accepting Offerings from the Injurious.

There seems to be a frequently recurring need for the revival of the testimony of Chrysostom, delivered fifteen centuries ago, that "The Church receives no offerings from the injurious." This enunciation has come afresh to my mind within a few days, in seeing the announcement made in a daily paper of Philadelphia, that the brothers Duke, of Durham, North Carolina, had just given ten thousand dollars to Guilford College in that State, as "a lasting memorial of their goodwill" to the Institution. Having received there the principal part of their education they "have ever held the school in high esteem," it is stated, "and watched its growth and progress with much interest."

The business in which B. N. and J. B. Duke are very extensively engaged, is that of the manufacture of chewing tobacco and cigarettes. It would seem quite unnecessary to expatiate in this place upon the unhealthy character of these manufactured products. Admittedly, the traffic in many respects considered, is highly injurious. Very pointedly and pitifully was this business on the part of the Durham firm brought under death-bed arraignment in the case of a lad of nineteen years who had been employed at a shoe factory, and who died at his boarding place in Camden, New Jersey, from the excessive use of cigarettes. Shortly before his life was thus miserably cut short, he said: "Tell all my friends 'Duke's Best' have killed me, and beg of them never to smoke another."

Further, its so general association with impurity additionally operates to bring this traffic under marked condemnation. The writer feels that he is justified in speaking directly upon this matter, inasmuch as it has fallen to his lot—probably beyond that of any other member of our religious Society in these parts—to seek such relief from those in authority as might measurably reduce the evil referred to.

Ten years ago (1857), a letter was received by me from a minister who for years filled the position of secretary of the Conference of one of the larger religious bodies held weekly in Philadelphia, in which he expressed his concern at the exposure in a tobaccoist's window, near his home, of a large frame containing two hundred or more small pictures of actresses, many of the pictures being highly indecent. These indeed were to be seen similarly displayed all over the city. He had frequently noticed lads gathered around the window, and was led to query whether there was to be found no remedy for this grievous evil, for he had appealed in vain to the Director of Public Safety. Upon receiving this letter, the District Attorney was consulted, and he being in accord with the view that the law prohibitive of such displays ought not to be set at naught, the dealer was summoned before a magistrate to answer the charge. The pictures in question were advertising cards for the cigarettes of Duke & Co., of Durham, N. C., aforesaid, with factory and also offices in New York City. The retail dealer of this pictured impurity was required by the magistrate to answer before the Court. As I waited near the room occupied by the Grand Jury, with the minister who had called my attention to the case, he told me how he had had cause to realize in his early youth the serious consequences to the pure mind of giving admittance to those soiling things. He had found to his sorrow how difficult they were of effacement, needing even yet in mature years a watching upon prayer, and how he desired he might be able to be a

help in preserving the young people in the present day from this snare of the fowler. But the complaint was to be stated to the Grand Jury. Going into the room I found it, to my misgiving, filled with tobacco smoke, and it was these smokers who were to decide whether one who dealt in goods that ministered to their gratification was to answer, yea or nay, for his alleged misdeeds before the judge. These men not only found that he should not be brought to account, but being incensed at the attempt to overturn their idol would have laid the costs upon myself; whereas the Judge (Gordon) non-concurring in the attempt to have a citizen punished for essaying a disinterested service to the community, sent back the bill of indictment. The District Attorney laid the latter before them again, appealing to them to reverse their finding, but they would do no more than reluctantly take off the costs.

And what did these hundreds of vicious pictures displayed in the tobacco dealer's windows stand for? They were samples of such as were slipped singly into each package of Duke's cigarettes, and to be had by every lad or other purchaser of the mind and body defiling wares. "Duke's Best have killed me!" What a wail to arise from the nauseating smoke of this furnace! Often have I thought of the mother (and she was of a family of Friends) who pathetically wrote me about finding one of the defiling cards in a pocket of her boy's clothes that she had taken up to repair, beseeching that something might be done to stop this awful work of the desolators of homes.

Not yet, alas, is the brief narrative finished of the direct work of the injurious in this connection. Three years after the Grand Jury incident (1890), the same firm of manufacturers of cigarettes, ambitious to yet further develop the ungodly trade, made very extensive use of the mails to send their circulars and abominable pictures into thousands of our homes. A Methodist minister, the unwilling and indignant recipient of one of these prints, was the first to call my attention to the outrage. An Episcopal clergyman and editor wrote me (upon learning that the matter had been laid before the postal authorities) that he had been the recipient of one of the pictures, as was likewise his son and the assistant editor. My own home was similarly invaded. Exceedingly unpleasant it is to refer to this episode, yet I believe its relation, with what I have further referred to, to be a duty that is owing to this day and generation. I need only add that I have the circular of the firm before me, and it bears upon it the names of the three managing directors, two of whom are B. N. and J. B. Duke, the bestowers of the recent gift of money to Guilford College.

Is it wise and righteous to accept a benefaction of money so acquired? The manufacture of cigarettes in our country increased from two hundred and thirty-eight millions in 1879, to three thousand six hundred and twenty millions in 1894, or fully fifteen fold in fifteen years. So evident has been seen to be the evil physical effects of the weed (irrespective of its accompaniment of moral impurity) that there is probably not a State that has not at least legislated against its sale to minors. (An almost hopeless repression, nevertheless, while parents continue to set the bad example.) Coming directly to our own Society in the State of North Carolina, the last statistics of the Yearly Meeting there showed that upward of fifteen hundred of its members were either engaged in raising or dealing in tobacco, or were concerned in its manufacture,

or personally use it—being a proportion of no less than one to every three! In the light of this hazardous alliance, can Guilford College afford to accept the gift that is herewith con sidered?

Rather would I commend such near at hand testimonies (many could be cited from our annuals) as that of the Pennsylvania iron manufacturers, who refused to accept a lucrative order from the United States Government for metal plate which would have been used in the construction of war vessels; or, those manufacturers of glassware who have declined order for thousands of dollars worth of bottles they were wanted for alcoholic liquor purposes; or the firm of belting makers who recently rescinded an accepted order for a large quantity of the product when they learnt that it was intended for use in a brewery.

How morally helpful has proved to be the incident of the Presbyterian Hospital, of Philadelphia, in declining to accept its designate proportion of the proceeds of the annual Charity Ball—the two thousand five hundred dollar cheque being sent back to the donors. How the members of other religious corporations were thence strengthened to stand against similar acceptances, so that the managers of the worldly entertainment, that they might not encounter agent the like rebuff, felt constrained to adopt the rule that all philanthropic organizations desiring to share in the dance must themselves apply for it. What a wholesome and effectual answer was that (over a century ago) of the Baptist pastor, Ryland, in England, who being written to by the President of Rhode Island College (now Brown University) as to the feasibility of raising money for the struggling institution by lottery, replied "As to raising money by a lottery, I dislike it from the bottom of my heart. 'Tis a scheme dishonorable to the Supreme Head of all work and of every true church. We have our fill of those cursed gambling lotteries in London every year. They are big with ten thousand evils. Let us not touch or taste."

On the other hand how stumbling and humiliating was the action of that Wesleyan educational board in Maine, who elected as an associate trustee a noted Portsmouth brewer, who had acquired a large reputation as a liberal contributor to benevolent enterprises; or, the acceptance by a church orphanage of Philadelphia, of large benefactions from the owner of very successful opera house where most sensuous entertainments are frequently given; or, again the attendance of Roman Catholic ecclesiastics at euchre parties where prizes were gambled for the proceeds of which were to be for the church benefit.

The educational Institution in North Carolina under the care of Friends which has been made the recipient of the Duke brothers' gift of ten thousand dollars, can find ready use for the money. It needs increase of funds. This fact however, does not alter in the least the moral bearing of the matter. Herein, indeed, is the one foremost and most plausible plea upon which are founded and set going innumerable pernicious enterprises for monetary relief. The desire of the Dukes' to remember with a hand some gift the school where they were in part educated, will not suffice to cleanse the quality of the money, or reduce the moral risks, com promises and perils incident upon its acceptance.

A very large legacy, only recently operative (it is said it will reach in amount the sum of nine hundred thousand dollars) was left by the

fill of a merchant in the iron trade, to Haverford College, for the reason, as he expressed it, that he had "great confidence in the wholesome influence over those who in their youth are reared under the training, care, teaching and example of the Orthodox Friends." This surely reates an exceedingly responsible trust, as well toward the testator and his memory, as the Institution which became directly his beneficiary, and also the Society of Friends at large.

More than a year ago, a brewer of St. Louis, Missouri, tendered to Drury College in that State, the sum of a thousand dollars. The president of the college was desirous of taking the gift with thanks, but many of the students who appeared to have better apprehended what was involved in such acceptance, protested against it.

What was said by the writer thereupon could seem to be equally or still more applicable to the gift of the cigarette-makers—that altogether different [about taking the money] could be the position in the case of a *reputable* brewer or distiller, converted from the error of its ways to God, who should relinquish the business and thenceforth act upon the conviction that whatever he had of this world's goods could be used to uplift, where theretofore they had been largely used to debase his brother, accepting the money of one who is well satisfied with his continuance in this business will do him no good. Accepting it, if he has felt convictions about its rightfulness, will operate to crush the voice of the inward monitor, and pervert his awakening scruples to compound with its conscience."

Although this plaint of dissent may seem really sufficiently long, there may properly be added a reference to the discouraging effect that a thankful acceptance of this kind of a benefaction may have upon a greatly needed reform and the toilers therein. Many school directors and teachers are authorizing or giving instruction to the pupils under their charge concerning the deleterious effects of the use of tobacco. In Centre County, this State, the directors have notified the county superintendent of schools that the teachers should be non-users of tobacco, requiring him to enter on every available teacher's certificate granted, whether or at the holder is a user of tobacco in any form. In the late emperor of France, Napoleon III., though himself a tobacco user, finding that paralysis and insanity had increased in the same ratio as the revenue from tobacco, and having arranged that the users of the product in the schools and colleges were inferior both in scholarship and character to the non-users, prohibited, by edict, in the national institutions of learning, the minister of instruction likewise issuing similar circulars to the teachers in all the schools of every grade. Efforts in the same direction have been made in Germany. In 1880, the class of Yale University was divided according to grade of scholarship into four divisions, with the result that in the highest division twenty-five per cent. were found to be users of tobacco; in the second, forty-eight; in the third, twenty; while in the fourth, the division containing the poorest scholars, tobacco was used by eighty-five per cent.

Hence, considerations affecting scholarship, character, health, pure and cleanly living, and an accountable use of money, should all incite us to staunchly maintain our testimony against the tobacco-using habit, and against the culture of the weed, its manufacture, products, and the traffic therein.

JOSIAH W. LEEDS.  
Occochee, Fifth Month 18th, 1897.

### Diseases of Work.

It is well known that there are a number of dangerous trades which give rise to serious diseases, but as a matter of fact, almost every occupation has some ailment peculiar to itself. A doctor can always tell if his patient is a baker, for instance, by the state of his teeth. The flour dust collects on the teeth, becomes acid, and gives rise to a special kind of decay. Bakers, owing to their irregular life, sleeping in the day and working at night, and because of the hot air and dust, are great victims of consumption. Blacksmiths, strong as they are, are very often suffer from paralysis of the whole right side, from the continued shock of hammering, and their eyes become weak from the glare of the fire. Athletes, strange to say, do not, as a rule, enjoy long life. Professional boxers, wrestlers, gymnasts and cyclists are short-lived, and suffer from enlargement of the heart and diseases of the lungs. Boilermakers get deaf from the continued loud noise. Brewers and brewers' drivers drink beer in such large quantities that they ruin their lives, and generally die young. Bricklayers and plasterers are very healthy, and they are said to resemble asses in never dying. Butchers are very strong and healthy, but they suffer in health through eating little pieces of raw meat. Cabmen are noted for "nipping," and they endure the natural consequences. The cold, also, affects their faces to such a degree that the muscles of the face frequently become paralyzed. Carpenters and cabinetmakers are afflicted with varicose veins in the legs, and the action of the shoulder in sawing and planing produces a diseased condition of the large artery that runs from the heart to the arm, so that there is not a carpenter living, a doctor says, in whom a curious noise may not be heard by applying the ear to that blood-vessel. Hardly a single china scourer lives to old age without becoming asthmatic. Clergymen's sore throat is, of course, well known. It is said by some to result from having the mouth open so frequently, the air going in that way and drying the throat. Others say it is caused by the clerical collar. And others still say it results from the fact that the clergyman preaches from a pulpit, and has to bend his head downward, for barristers, who talk quite as much, do not suffer as much as clergymen, being on the same level as their hearers.

Miners, from working in the dark, become very irritable. Their eyes get weak, and their lungs become quite black—miners' lungs. Cooks, particularly male cooks, working in hotels, clubs and restaurants, get gout from continually tasting rich food, and both male and female cooks get varicose veins and flat foot from long standing, as well as the well-known ache of the face from the heat and dirt. Coopers have a lump on the knee, which is really a little bag of fluid put there by nature to protect the knee from the injurious effects of pressing it against the barrel. Divers' hearts become distended from holding their breath.

Domestic servants are remarkable for suffering from typhoid fever. House-maids are frequently afflicted with poverty of blood from drinking tea and running up stairs. Dress-makers' long hours and confinement result in indigestion, poverty of blood and impaired eyesight. The fumes of nitric acid make goldsmiths' eyes sore, and they get cramps in their fingers from catching small screws. Nearly all the human beings who suffer from that awful disease, glanders, are groomers.

India rubber workers have very bad headaches and great mental depression. Patients are poisoned by the lead they use so much, and all their muscles become very weak. Photographer get poisoned by cyanide of potassium. The dust that enters the lungs of potters when they are sifting clay interiors so much with their breathing that "potter's asthma" is a well-known disease. Compositors get cracks and fissures in their lips and small tumors in the mouth, and consumption attacks them frequently because of the stooping posture and the confined and sedentary life. Politicians are the greatest sufferers of all, the constant dram drinking giving them indigestion, jaundice and nervous diseases, killing them at earlier age than members of any other profession. Sailors, very singularly, suffer greatly from consumption, owing to the cold and damp and the bad air of the forecastle. Salesmen and saleswomen in shops have a lot of standing, which gives them various veins and pains in the feet. Cloth-scoopers, who inhale benzine and turpentine, suffer much from headache, lassitude and nervousness. Shoemakers get their chests pressed in by the last, lose their appetite and strength, and have headaches. Stone-cutters' eyes are often injured by the flying stone.

Tea-tasters, although they only take the tea into the month, and do not swallow it, become so nervous that they can follow their employment for only a period of eight or ten years. The sedentary life of lawyers, artists, students and literary men give rise to gout.—*Christian Advertiser*.

### Letter from Paris.

Fifth Month 1st, '97.

It did not seem hardly right to leave Paris without seeing Perri-Laichaise, one of the most famous ceteries in the world. It was in reality only to see three graves, however, that I finally decided to go. First and above all that of the famous and unfortunate pair of lovers, Abelard and Héloïse, who with all the cruel expedients that the incensed family of the high born girl could contrive, remained true to one another until they finally came to occupy one grave. For several centuries unhappy lovers have been wont to resort to this spot, where, throwing flowers upon the grave, they have foolishly believed that the now sainted occupants would plead for them at the court of heaven, and that their earthly path would thus be made more smooth. A Gothic canopy covers the two recumbent statues, and as it is in the old part of the burying-ground, surrounded by simple monuments, the effect is solemn and impressive.

The other objects of my visit were the graves of LaFontaine and Molière. As I stood beside the two simple urns which stand side by side in one enclosure, I could not help comparing the pomp and magnificence of the place of sepulchre of Napoleon, with the absolute unpretentiousness of the last resting place of these two men.

I stood here a long while, and finally before leaving I returned to reach my hand through the iron grating, and pick a tiny spray of box—the only plant growing on the graves. Of course one is not allowed, but I felt justified in doing so; my admiration for the poets seemed to warrant the act, and besides, I was very modest in the amount I took.

8th.—This week has been devoted to sight-seeing— that is in the afternoon—for since we plan to leave us soon we feel all the more an-

bitious to get in as many lessons as possible, as well as places of interest.

The most perfect day that I have spent since being in Europe was last First-day at Versailles. We had been keeping it in mind all along and decided to take for the trip the first entirely pleasant day that came. So it was pure accident that it happened to be when the "grandes eaux" (fountains) played. I had heard and read much of Versailles, and expected something wonderful, but was by no means prepared for what awaited us. We were both of one mind to fly the palace, spite of their historic associations, and the fact that one can see the battle of Yorktown among the French victories in the "galerie des batailles." It was the gardens that attracted us most. We wandered there hour after hour, every step opening up new wonders. The sky was a most perfect blue, the clouds so white, and the foliage of the trees in perfect harmony. Never has any one succeeded in combining art and nature with the result attained in these marvellous "jardins de La Notre." But most of all we enjoyed the exquisite rural simplicity and charm of the grounds belonging to "Le petit Trianon," which was the favorite residence of Marie Antoinette. "Le hameau," of which I had heard so much, is a group of artistic rustic cottages, scattered about near a lake and quite covered with vines and plants, many of the latter growing out of the thatched roofs, where the above mentioned queen and the ladies of her court played at dairying.

We had brought our lunch with us, so we had the pleasure of eating it under the shadow of one of the magnificent trees of the park.

It seemed incredible to read in Betecker that though the fountains played only during about an hour, the cost each time was no less than two thousand dollars, and after seeing them we could understand. Towards four o'clock we wandered back to the grand central avenue, commanded by the palace, and seated ourselves on the grass in front of the great basin of Apollon. By this time the grounds were alive with people, there being many thousands present. It is impossible to give any idea of the extent of the park, or how it is possible for so many persons to get together, but when I say they are in proportion to the palace, and that the palace accommodated ten thousand persons, you may get a faint idea. But this I must say—I have never seen a crowd more orderly and well behaved in my life. Walking on the grass or nothing of the kind is forbidden, and yet one sees no destruction anywhere;—one sees no idle curiosity or meets with no incivility.

The fountains do not begin all at once, but in a certain order, so that one can follow them to see all the principal ones start. They begin in front of the palace, followed by the basin of Apollon, so that was why we took our seats commanding the entire grand avenue. As soon as these were in full play, we hastened up a side avenue, where a giant jet emerging out of the rocks hurls a jet of water nearly a hundred feet in the air. A little farther is what they call the "obélisque," from the peculiar form of the column of water—and so on and on—nearly or in fact every group is a mythological one, and the number and variety is simply incredible. The most beautiful and wonderful is called "les bains d'Apollon." It is a huge grotto, simply overgrown with vines and plants in the midst of the forest, where is a beautiful mythological group of the "sun-god," with his chargers on both sides, as if drinking. Here the water

comes dashing down, forming cataracts and cascades on every side. The last that begins to play is the basin of Neptune, which is, I suppose, the most tremendous fountain or group of fountains in the world—but why try to describe the indescribable?

All week we have been sight-seeing. One other day we took our lunch and went up to St. Cloud, taking one of the bounts on the Seine, which brings one to the latter place in a little over an hour, and for the extravagant sum of *four cents!* The ride up the river is perfectly beautiful, and the park of St. Cloud only less lovely than that of Versailles. The palace was destroyed by the communists, but the grounds are still preserved with perfect care. From the heights above the river one has a magnificent view over Paris, with the winding river and the towers and domes standing out strongly.

In the afternoon, on returning to the city, we visited the Luxembourg, and from there took a cab, driving across the Place de la Concorde up the Champs Elysees, and about in the beautiful Bois de Boulogne.

Another afternoon we spent at St. Denis, a suburb of Paris, visiting an old, old cathedral, where repose the royalty of France, from the days of Clovis down to the victims of the revolution. We made a last visit to the bouquinistes, and that made us most unhappy of all, to think we could not loiter up the Seine any more, peering over the old treasures. Oh, very often in America I will wish myself back in Paris, just to spend an hour with the bouquinistes.

E. S. KITE.

#### FOR "THE FRIEND."

#### AFTER TWENTY YEARS.

I sat beneath the tree to-day,  
Where, twenty years ago,  
I carved my darling's name and mine,  
What time the roses blow;  
And one by one, as freighted ships  
Sail in from distant shores,  
The golden hours of youth returned  
Through memory's open doors.

Gay banners bore in life's fair morn,  
Bright hopes and treasured thences,  
Came drifting backward from the past  
Like half-forgotten dreams;  
And merry voices—silent long—  
The echoes woke again  
With many an old, familiar tune,  
And many a glad refrain.

Again we climbed the daisied hill,  
Her dear hand clasped in mine,  
Or lingered by the sylvan stream,  
Its bordering flowers to twine.  
Again we breathed the fragrant air  
Of June, within the grove,  
While on a sturdy Beech I drew  
The token of our love.

That day our young hearts danced for joy,  
For gathered round us were  
Such charms as nature only yields  
Her truest whopper.

We envied not the hour worst  
Its honors, fame or gold;  
As perfect then our paradise  
As Eden was of old.

She watched me with her soft blue eyes,  
As earnestly I traced  
Each letter there, and, smiling, said,  
They soon would be effaced.  
But twenty sweet and bitter years  
Their cycles since have run,  
And still our names—two names—remain,  
Though blending into one.

O happy days! O golden hours!  
O joys forever flown!  
Why come ye not in truth to me  
And bring ye back my own?

The brightest visions ye unfold,  
The treasures ye reveal,  
Though beautiful as fairy-lands,  
Are, like them, all unreal.

Now silently my darling sleeps  
A-nigh those scenes of mirth,  
Her lullaby the stream's low voice,  
Her couch the breast of earth.  
In vain I strive to pierce the veil  
That shrouds the grassy mound;  
Nor cheering song, nor tears shall break  
Her dreamless sleep profound.

Ah me! the weary days march on  
With slow and measured tread,  
And many a shadow lovers near,  
And many a hope lies dead;  
But patiently I'll wait the hour  
Their marchings will be done,  
When, like our times, her life and mine  
Shall blended be in one.

PHILADELPHIA.

JOHN FORD.

Selected for "THE FRIEND."

#### THERE WAS SILENCE IN HEAVEN.

Can angel spirits rest repose  
In full sweet rest of the sky?  
And can the veil of slumber close  
A cherub's bright and blazing eye?

Have seraphim a weary brow,  
A fainting heart, an aching breast?  
No, far too high their pulses flow,  
To languish, with inglorious rest.

Oh, not the death-like calm of sleep  
Could hush the everlasting song;  
No fairy dream, or slumber deep  
Entrance the rapt and holy throng.

Yet not the lightest tone was heard  
From angel voice or angel hand;  
And not one plumed pinion stirred  
Among the pure and blissful band.

For there was silence in the sky,  
A joy not angel tongues could tell,  
As from its mystic fount on high,  
The peace of God in stillness fell.

O, what is silence here below?  
The fruit of a concealed despair;  
The pause of pain, the dream of woe.  
It is the rest of rapture there.

And to the wayworn pilgrim here,  
More kindred seems that perfect peace,  
Than the full chant of joy to hear  
Roll on, and never, never cease.

From earthly agonies set free,  
Tired with the path too slowly trod,  
May such a silence welcome me  
Into the palace of my God.

The French peace women have sent the following letter to Melnik, King of Abyssinia:

"The women who excrete war, which is wholesale murder, who detest in our European civilization hatred between peoples, the spirit of conquest, the desire for revenge, disregard for the rights of the people with all the evil which it engenders, are happy to discover a last in you a true human soul, a just nature which knows how not to take advantage of victory and will not harbor the spirit of vengeance. Though compelled to defend yourself, you extend your hand to the conquered in relief and do not even ask of them a war indemnity. You treat as brothers and friends those whom their injustice of others has made your prisoners, and as far as in you lies, you undo the evils which you yourself have not done. If a lofty spirit of justice ruled in our European society, King Melnik, we should not think it worth while to congratulate you for having done your duty but in presence of the evil passions which poison with their breath our Occident, we bow down with a delighted and respectful surprise before an example of magnanimity which we have no yet had the opportunity of observing among our Europeans."—*Advocate of Peace.*



Joy of a Letter from A. S., of Ballitore, to J. Waring, of Bristol.

*Dear Friend*—This morning I received thine. No doubt, ere this reaches thee, thou wilt have read of the issue of the impending stroke and severe trial to the Church by the removal of our valuable Friend, Job Scott, whose heroic spirit and truly Christian walking have left few examples on earth to equal. He left Dublin the ninth of last month, intending for Munster, not feeling his mind free to leave Ireland, more I apprehend, through the pressure he was to pass through than much prospect of further service in this land. Yet, on the way here, he expressed to a Friend that his mind seemed relieved from its usual depression and burthens, which were almost continual in Dublin and other places in England and Ireland. He was at our meeting yesterday; that in the evening attended by a multitude of people by invitation, to whom Job was powerfully led in his way. He sat in my family in the evening, and spoke a few words respecting the everlasting Sabbath or Seventh-day rest, to which those who had the number of the Beast (666) were unable to come. In the morning he seemed anxious to set out, but had sensation of great heaviness and oppression, which he strove to throw off by medical aid, himself being skilful in that way. Two days after a physician was called, who, apprehending his complaint inflammatory, bled him to relieve his breath, which was exceedingly oppressed, but without much good effect. On Fifth-day he eruption appeared and of the confluent kind. He now addressed himself to bear this new and unexpected kind of suffering. The same day he expressed something about the disposal of his papers, said his sentiments were unaltered respecting the Divinity of Christ and what is called the Trinity. He said he had written a treatise in baptism, which his friends had published since he left America, adding, "There is an Eternal Arm underneath, which is sufficient to rear up and support. I have long been confirmed in the sentiment that nothing could possibly happen that would harm or injure me while I keep under the Divine influence, although I am not without some considerable bodily pain. Yet I feel such a portion of that good which is infinite, that it does not seem worth mentioning, and if there was no greater enjoyment hereafter, the present would be a state truly desirable, through a never-ending sterility, and yet the fulness is still more desirable, the Lord's will (be as it may) must be done, whether it be to bring me to my eternal home or not."

Seventh-day he said, "I have seen the magnanimity of a true believer, and how one that really so would bear all the trials permitted to attend him," and, by way of illustration, added, very forcibly, "dost thou believe in God, thou must also believe in the justness of all his dispensations. This is a service, if I had not any other in Ireland. Death is a service we all owe our great Creator, and sickness is a service required of many." "Oh, Ireland, Ireland, the Lord hath service for thee in Ireland!" often sounded in the ear of my soul before I left some as distinctly as you now hear me speak it."

Speaking of the doctors, he said, "I believe my having this disorder and being here is in the ordering of Providence. It is not given me to know the event, but if there be a field of labor for me to enter into, it is as possible for the Master to raise me up now as it was for

him to create me at first. But I have no will in it."

Again he expressed that, if ever he rose above the present weight, which he felt, and seemed to be sinking under, it would be through the marvellous display of eternal power and influence; requested that if he was removed, some further particulars might be transmitted to his friends at home, adding, in substance, "The Lord's will is blessed, and I feel no controversy with it. It is the Lord that enables me to coincide with his will and say, Amen to all the trials and conflicts he permits to attend us."

"I do not expect to have much lively matter to communicate in the course of this disorder, or that my strength will admit of it, but my mind is centred in that which brings into perfect acquiescence. There is nothing in the world worth being enjoyed out of the Divine will, that brings us into a state of existence, and it is for a purpose of his glory, and if we have answered the purpose He has an undoubted right to dispose of us as He pleases. When my mind is capable of deriving satisfaction from anything outward, it is an inexpressible satisfaction to me that my lot is cast here, and that I am surrounded by such near and dear friends, both from within the family and those who have accompanied me."

Second-day, 18th, he expressed that nature had a hard struggle, and that his getting through was very doubtful; gave directions, if he should go home, everything about his interment, it should be plain and simple; said that He who raised up Lazarus could, if He had further labor for him to do, break his bonds asunder, but that when he had reason with nature, it seemed as if he was gradually advancing towards his everlasting home. He expressed his entire resignation to Divine disposal, and that he found nothing to stand between him and the Fountain of Everlasting Love.

Third-day he remarked the efforts to support nature failing, said, "There are many resources in nature, but if the great Author of Nature does not think fit that any of them should be for me, all is well. I have no fear, for perfect love casteth out all fear; he that feareth is not perfect in love."

Fourth-day morning he supplicated thus, "Lord, my God, Thou that hast been with me from my youth to this day, if a man who hath endured, with a degree of patience, the various turnings of thy holy hand, may be permitted to supplicate thy Name, Thou who hast wrought deliverance for Jacob, evince that thou art able to break my bonds asunder and show forth thy salvation, that so my soul may magnify thy Name forever and ever!" And after a pause, wherein he seemed to feel the earnest of his petition, added, "'So be it,' saith my soul," and calling a person to him, he said, "Attend to that which leads to settlement, guarding against the right hand or the left. Be not over anxious for illumination, nor give way overmuch to depression."

His stomach refusing nourishment, he said, "Do not force nature. Let me pass quietly away to the eternal inheritance, to which I have no objection to go, and the sooner the better if the work be done. I have no wish to lay here. It is a tremendous state I am in, as to bodily feelings, though the mind is quiet. I am waiting patiently to see the salvation of God. Do you wait patiently with me. I have no desire, nor the shadow of a desire, to be restored. I hope the doctors will soon find out that they have done their part."

Fifth-day,—"You have seen the awful progress of this disorder. As to me, it matters little, only present pain. May the Lord release me shortly. You may tell my friends in New England and every part of the world that never did my soul bless the Lord on account of any worldly enjoyment as I do in the blessings felt by me, in the prospect of a very speedy release. I do not wish hastily to make my escape, but if the Lord will be pleased to cut the work short, considerably short, in righteousness I think I shall be willing to enroll it on the list of his unspeakable favors."

At another time he said, "Some of my wishes for myself are centered in as speedy a release as may be consistent with the will of our Heavenly Father, and an admission which I have no doubt at all of obtaining into that glorious kingdom where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary soul is eternally at rest."

"I think I have not for seven years past known much or anything of boasting. I have known something of that law of grace whereby all boasting is entirely excluded, but I may say, through that which has supported me under all my trials, to you, my beloved friends, as dear children, follow me, as I have endeavored to follow Christ Jesus, the Lord of Life and Glory and the Rock of my eternal salvation. It would be painful to me to have to return again to combat the trials and conflicts of mortality, but if the Lord should see meet to continue me a while longer I must submit, after having, in humility and resignation, put up my intercessions to be released from the struggles of nature. I feel, and wish you to feel for and with me, after the eternal Rock of Life and Salvation, for, as we are established therein, we shall be in the everlasting unity which cannot be shaken by all the changes of time, nor interrupted in a never-ending eternity." In a while he said, "I must not expect a release but by suffering a due portion of pain and distress. You may feel sympathy with me, but you cannot feel the reduction which must precede a release."

About one o'clock on Sixth-day morning, after great uneasiness and getting little or no rest, he said, "Oh, Lord, if it be consistent with thy holy will, let loose my bonds, and send the moment of a release to my poor body and soul." Afterwards he said, "We cannot approve or disapprove by parts the works of Omnipotence. We must approve the whole, and say, 'Thy will be done' in all things." From one to three he was restless from, as he said, the extreme irritability of the whole nervous system. About four he seemed in great agony, turning his head frequently on the pillow, and said, but "Can it be on any other ground than that the time is come, that the purpose must be effected." Calling the physician, he said, "Make great allowance for me, my distress is nearly as great as is supportable by human nature. Is there no possibility of getting any sleep? Oh, the pain, the inexpressible pain of my lungs!" Being told that, from appearance, there was likelihood of his being released, perhaps in an hour or two, he replied, "If so, the Lord's name be blessed and praised forever, I had much rather it was so than otherwise, for some time I have perceived it hastening fast. The desire of my heart is the blessing of time and the consolation of eternity." In a while, calling his friends to him, he said, "The way is open for all, for all!" The way is open for all! About five, he seemed to wrestle with death, struggled little, considering his remaining bodily strength, so, drawing his

breath shorter and shorter, until seven o'clock, after which he breathed no more in these regions of pain and distress, but ascended with joy to his heavenly mansions of glory and an incorruptible inheritance with the saints in light.

I have sent thee these as the most material part of the fragments collected from the lips and the experience of the dying saint who exhibited to us a rare instance of a triumphant exit, having braved death with the same fortitude that he often opposed the combined powers of hell and the grave. I have scribbled it in a hurry, being unwilling to defer the information thou wishest to hear, respecting the dear departed, expecting that the same recital may include a confirmation of sorrow as well as consolation, in which I desire to unite with thee and all the living in the varied sensations, and am, with sentiments of love, though personally unknown, thy affectionate friend.

ABRAHAM SHACKLETON,  
BALLTORE, thirty-first of Eleventh Month, 1793.

### A City without Saloons.

BY FRANK FOXCROFT.

On the first day of May, with children's festivals, public meetings and religious services, the people of Cambridge, Mass., held a unique jubilee.

The day marked the completion of ten full years without a licensed saloon. In December, 1886, acting under the Local Option Law, which submits this question to the people at each city election, Cambridge voted not to allow the licensing of saloons. At ten successive elections since, this decision has been reaffirmed; and as the license year begins May 1st, that date this year marked the completion of the first decade of closed saloons.

Cambridge is a city of eighty-five thousand people. Cities of equal size, in some sort of popular indigence, have been carried against the saloons. Worcester, Lowell, Fall River and Atlanta, Ga., are instances of such cities. But the gust of indignation has always spent itself. No other city of equal size has ever been carried for "No-license" in two years in succession. That which makes the position of Cambridge unique is that the No-license policy has prevailed there at eleven successive elections.

What has brought about this condition of things in Cambridge? And what are the practical workings of ten years of closed saloons which are thought worth commemorating by a public jubilee? These are questions which I shall endeavor briefly to answer.

Prior to 1886, Cambridge had voted for five years, from the passage of the local option law, for License. With her accustomed conservatism, she fully tested that system before undertaking a change. The saloons became every year more arrogant. They were contemptuous of the law. Their influence was dominant at the City Hall. In 1885, the vote against License which had been cast rather as a protest than with any expectation of practical results, increased ominously and the license majority of eleven hundred the year before was cut down one half. In the summer of 1886, two things happened which set people to thinking more than before upon the question. There were two saloon murders, in one of which the saloon keeper was the murderer. Then the board of aldermen afforded public sentiment by licensing a saloon on Kirkland Street, near Harvard University, in one of the best residential districts.

When the campaign approached, a public meeting was called at which a Citizens' No-license Committee was appointed, representing each ward. Each year since the same committee has been reappointed, with some changes or enlargements; and each year a Ministers' Committee has co-operated. The Citizens' Committee has conducted the political campaign; the Ministers' Committee has arranged meetings in the churches.

In 1886 none of the four local papers were in sympathy with the movement. The Citizens' Committee immediately started a paper of its own, called the *Frozen Truth*, which was sent by mail to all the names on the voting list—eleven or twelve thousand in all. The contents of the paper were as described in the title. The paper did not touch the general question of temperance but printed information as to what was being done in Cambridge. It gave a list of saloon keepers and their bondsmen; and it gave a map showing how the aldermen had planted saloons all around the schoolhouses. This plain speaking aroused attention. When election day came there was a majority of five hundred and sixty-six for No-license.

The leaders in the movement were wise enough to see that this was not the end of the fight, but the beginning. They proceeded promptly to organize a Law Enforcement Association with more than a thousand members, not to make prosecutions but to strengthen and aid the authorities in enforcing the law. In place of the customary pressure on the side of How-not-to-do it, the Association substituted a strong and wholesome pressure on the side of How-to-do it.

The liquor saloons did not close. They expected to reverse the result the next December, and to bridge over somehow the interval between May and December. The next campaign was a spirited one. Experienced political campaigners declared that no political party had ever done more thorough work than was done by the No-license committee. It opened headquarters, and employed clerks and canvassers. It made a complete house-to-house canvass of the voters. It ran barges to carry its voters to be registered. It naturalized voters. It printed and distributed two numbers of the *Frozen Truth*, together with various rallying circulars. It manned every polling place with workers and carriers. The remarkable result was that the total vote was nearly three thousand larger than the preceding year, but the increase was split exactly in two and the majority for No-license was the same as before. The local saloons interests, liberally supported as they were by the wholesale and brewing interests of Boston, were handsomely beaten in a desperate fight which they had made for existence. They had fire-works in readiness for their expected victory; but instead, the church bells were rung.

Several general principles have been kept in mind in all of the campaigns. There has been no confusion of the main issue with anything else. As a committee the No-license organization has had nothing to do with parties or candidates. There has been no waste of strength in idle controversies. The No-license workers have expended none of their ammunition on each other. There has been no vituperation. People who did not approve of No-license were not called names, but were invited to study the results of the system. There has been no attention paid to political differences. Republicans, Democrats, Prohibitionists and Independents have worked together harmoniously. Nor has

there been any regard to religious differences. Two-thirds of the committee, perhaps, are Protestants; the others are Catholics. But all have worked together. Catholic priests and Protestant clergymen sit on the same platform; the annual ministers' appeal for No-license is written by a Catholic priest and signed by every Protestant pastor in the city, and by nine priests representing four out of five of the Catholic parishes. The platform is made broad enough to hold every man of whatever faith or politics or general theories or personal practice in the matter of temperance, who simply does not want the saloon back in Cambridge.

But the chief reason for the continuance and growth of No-license sentiment in Cambridge is the demonstrated advantage of the system. There were the usual objections at the beginning; that the city could not afford to do without the license fees; that as much liquor would be sold under No-license as under License; that local trade would suffer, and that the law could not be enforced. Every one of these objections has been refuted by experience. If all moral considerations are ruled out, it is possible to prove the advantage of No-license in Cambridge on the hard basis of dollars and cents. For ten years, up to 1886, Cambridge was under License, half of the time under a general law and half of the time under local option. Here is a chance to compare ten years of License with ten years of No-license. Let us see what the figures are. From 1876 to 1886 the valuation of Cambridge dropped from \$62,000,000 in round numbers to \$59,000,000. In the next ten years it rose to \$83,000,000. Here is a loss of \$3,000,000 in the License decade, and a gain of \$24,000,000 in the No-license decade. If this fact stood alone it would be highly significant; but it does not stand alone. In the ten License years the average annual gain in population was one thousand one hundred and eighty-two; in the ten No-license years it has been two thousand one hundred and ninety-five. In the first decade there were one hundred and fifty-one new houses built annually; the average the second decade has been three hundred and thirty-two. The city gets annually in taxes on the increased valuation of the city under No-license three or four times as much as it would get from license fees, if it called the saloons back.

During the ten years of License the Cambridge savings banks made a net gain of \$155,333 each year in deposits. During the ten No-license years the annual net gain has been \$366,654. This gain, as an analysis of the returns shows, has been chiefly in small deposits of fifty dollars or less. In East Cambridge, the principal manufacturing section of the city, the deposits last year were four times as large as in the last year of License.

The anticipated injury to local trade has not been experienced, although Boston with all its stores is only a bridge-length away. Two years ago two hundred and fifty seven merchants, in all departments of business, signed a public appeal declaring that No-license had benefited the material interests of the city, and expressing a hope for its continuance.

As to the effect upon the public order: the Chief of Police and the three police captains agree in bearing witness to the improved condition of the streets, and the falling off in drunkenness. The chief states that seventy-five per cent of the arrests for drunkenness are made on the bridges or the street cars, and are of persons who bought their liquor in Boston.

We had last June a celebration of the fiftieth

anniversary of the incorporation of Cambridge as a city. The finest feature of that celebration was not the brilliant trades display, nor the division made up of the Harvard boys, nor the parade of the Manual Training School, nor the gathering together of seven thousand school children; it was the spectacle of eighty-five thousand people keeping holiday, and from sunrise to sunset not a drunken man visible anywhere.

This is why the supplemental celebration just held seemed appropriate; as an expression of gratitude to Almighty God, and as a testimony to a world of what may be done in suppressing the saloon evil, even in cities of considerable population, when the movement in that direction is characterized by resolute purpose and a sane, lifted common sense.—*The Independent*.

SELECTED.

### Asking in His Name.

Jesus says over and over again to his disciples, "Whosoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do;" "If ye shall ask me anything in my name, that will I do;" "If ye shall ask anything of the Father, He will give it you in my name;" "In that day ye shall ask in my name: and I say not unto you, that I will pray the Father for you; for the Father himself loveth you, because ye have loved me, and have believed that I came forth from the Father." What does all this mean? What is it to ask in the name of Jesus? Is it, as many Christians seem to believe, to conclude a prayer with the set formula, "All which we ask in the name of Jesus?" Or is it something more than this?

The "name" in primitive thought stands for the person bearing that name; it is, in a sense, he person himself; while in our modern and Western thought a "name" is often deemed little more than a label attached to a person, in order to distinguish him from other persons. To know another's name, to have a right to bear that name, to speak and act in that name, is, in primitive thought, to be a sharer of that person's life,—by birth, by marriage, or by covenant adoption,—and so to be, in a peculiar sense, representative of that person. A son bearing his father's name stands for that father, and rightly expects to be received with the respect due to his father. A member of a family or of a tribe is recognized as worthy of the position and honor due to that tribe or family. A soldier of a commander, or a servant of a ruler, coming with a message from his master, does not stand merely on his personal worth, but in the reputation of him whom he represents. Hence to ask, or to come, in the name of another, is, as an Oriental would understand it, and as the Bible would state it, to be a representative of the one whose name is thus borne.

So, in this matter of coming in the name of Jesus, and of asking in the name of Jesus, it is not the saying over that name, but the representing of that which that name represents, which brings a petitioner within the scope of his specific promises of Jesus. There were those in the days of the apostles who thought, as many Christians now seem to think, that the saving power from God was a result of saying over the name of Jesus, as if it were a magical formula. And persons of this sort "took upon them to name over them which had the evil spirits the name of the Lord Jesus, saying, I adjure you by Jesus, whom Paul preacheth." But being thus adjured, in one instance, "the evil spirit answered, and said unto them, Jesus I know, and Paul I know; but who are ye?"

and harm came not to the evil spirit, but to those who took the name of Jesus. On the other hand, those who had the spirit of Jesus, and were sharers in his nature, lived, and acted, and spoke, and thought, in his name, and had acceptance with, and power from God continually. And those who were thus in his name, were loved for his name, or were hated for his name, by those about them. So it is to-day with all who live in the name of Jesus.—S. S. Times.

FILTHY RAGS must be torn into bits, ground to a pulpy mass, acted upon by various chemicals and washed many times before they are converted into the pure white paper which is so useful to man; how much paper-making resembles the Divine discipline, consisting of trials, temptations, and tribulations, through which sin-dyed souls must pass ere they are fit to join that company clad in robes washed white in the blood of the Lamb.—*Herald of Truth*.

### Items.

—A part of the proceedings of our late Yearly Meeting and the reading of interesting memorials from our deceased friends Rebecca S. Conard and Clarkson Sheppard. They have been printed, and may be obtained at the Bookstore, No. 204 Arch Street, Philadelphia; price, five cents each. We would encourage our readers to procure copies for their own use, and to hand to others to whom they might be useful.

The general or circular epistle adopted at our Yearly Meeting, has also been printed, and copies will be given, at the same place, to those who may apply for it. Copies have been sent to London Yearly Meeting, and to the meeting whose annual sessions are held at Fifteenth and Race Sts., Philadelphia. It was read therein, and it is believed was kindly received by many. The committee who have charge of its distribution propose sending it to all the other bodies under the name of Friends, in season for their annual sessions; and also to make arrangements for a liberal distribution to private persons, as way may seem to open.

*Yorkshire Quarterly Meeting, England.*—The *London Friend* states that this body has forty-one meetings and two thousand five hundred and eighty-five members. At the meeting held on the twenty-eighth of Fourth Month, a proposition was introduced from the women's meeting to discontinue the answering of the Queries, excepting to report whether meetings for worship were regularly held. The proposition was adopted, and directed to be forwarded to London (we suppose to the Yearly Meeting). This change seems to us an additional step in the direction in which our English brethren have been moving for some time, i. e., of substituting attention to outside matters for the examination of their own spiritual condition, which in former days was a prominent part of the concern and business of their meetings. We fear the effect of such changes will not be for the good of the Society.

—The Governor of the British possessions in Western Africa, known as the Niger territories, has issued a decree abolishing slavery in those vast domains, on and after the nineteenth day of the Sixth Month, 1897.

## THE FRIEND.

SIXTH MONTH 5, 1897.

There was, perhaps, no error which the early members of the Society of Friends more earnestly opposed than that delusion which leads men to believe that they can be saved through the merits and sufferings of the Blessed Son of God, our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, without experiencing the cleansing work of his Spirit in the heart. They rejected the doctrine, that

the all-wise and unchangeable God would consider any as holy who were not practically made so by the eternal working of his power; or that He would impute any righteousness to them other or further than He had first clothed them with, through their submission and co-operation with his own Divine Grace. Their testimony was in accordance with that of the Apostle: "But ye are washed, ye are sanctified, ye are justified, in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God."

George Fox, in his reply to Philip Tavevner, says: "So far as a man is sanctified, so far is he justified, and no further; for the same that sanctifies a man justifies him; for the same that is his sanctification, is his justification, and his wisdom, and his redemption; he that knows one of them, knows all; he that doth not feel one of them, feels none of them at all."

Robert Barclay, in Prop. 7, of his Apology, has this passage: "Let not any deceive themselves, so as to foster them-selves in a vain hope and confidence, that by the death and sufferings of Christ they are justified so long as sin lies at their door, iniquity prevails, and they remain yet unrenewed and unregenerate, lest that be said unto them, *I know you not*. Let that saying of Christ be remembered, 'Not every one that saith, Lord, Lord, shall enter, but he that doeth the will of my Father.' To which let these excellent sayings of the beloved disciple be added: 'Little children, let no man deceive you; he that doeth righteousness is righteous, even as he is righteous. He that committeth sin is of the devil; because if our heart condemn us, God is greater than our heart, and knoweth all things.'

Isaac Penington, in "A Salutation of Love and Good will" (Works, vol. 2, p. 352), thus counsels those to whom he was writing: "There is no way of avoiding the eternal insupportable wrath of God but by travelling out of that nature, spirit and course which it is to. Him that sowed to sin and corruption under the law, the sacrifices would not save them; nor him that sowed to sin and corruption under the Gospel, the sacrifice of Christ will not save now, but he that is saved by Christ must be sanctified and redeemed from sin and corruption by Him; which Christ worketh by his principle of life sown in the heart."

The main bent of the ministry and writings of these Divinely enlightened men was to turn the attention of the people to the *practical* work of salvation, by close attention, obedience to, and co-operation with the Light or Spirit of Christ in the heart, as God's gift for man's salvation, through which redemption was to be experienced from the power of sin and participation known in the forgiveness of past iniquities through the merits of the Saviour.

They were accused by many of want of faith in the atoning efficacy of the offering of our Saviour for the sins of mankind; but this charge their writings abundantly refute. Of the multitude of extracts that might be produced from our ancient writings, showing the sincerity of their belief in this doctrine, it may be sufficient here to quote the following from Isaac Penington.

"God himself, who knew what virtue was in the inward, yet hath pleased to make use of the outward; and who may contradict or slight his wisdom and counsel therein. Glorious was the appearance and manifestation of his Son in the flesh; precious his subjugation and holy obedi-

ence to his Father; his giving himself up to death for sinners was of great esteem in his eye! It was a spotless sacrifice of great value, and *effortful* for the remission of sins; and I do acknowledge humbly unto the Lord the remission of my sins thereby, and bless the Lord for it; even for giving up his Son to death for us all, and giving all that believe in his name and power to partake of remission through Him (Winks, vol. 3, p. 380).

We believe there is need of caution at the present day, that none may be led into error through dwelling on certain aspects of truth, and neglecting other views equally sound and essential. The attention of people may be directed to the atoning sacrifice of our Saviour as the ground of our acceptance with God; and this may be so presented to their view, that they may gradually be persuaded, that nothing more is needed to secure their salvation than to believe in the truth of the Scripture records respecting it, and to apply it to themselves by an act of their own imagination. Others, seeing the insecure ground on which such are building, may exalt the testimony to the *practical* nature of redemption by the work of Grace in the heart, and yet undervalue the atonement of our Saviour. In such cases we believe there is a want of that faith which accepts the Divine revelations in simple acquiescence; these persons are apt to lean to their own understanding and reason, and to place their dependence in measure on the deductions of their own mental powers. To these the caution of I. Penington is very applicable—"God himself, who knew what virtue was in the inward, yet hath pleased to make use of the outward; and who may contradict or slight his wisdom and counsel therein?"

Much of the controversy among Christian professors on subjects of doctrine arises from the indulgence in speculative notions about religious truth, which are not the plain testimony of Scripture, or the result of living experience of the work of God in the soul. However satisfactory these may be to their inventor, they carry insufficient evidence of their truth to the minds of others; and may be as far astray from any true conception of the reality, as the speculations of a blind man as to the nature of light fall short of the vivid effect of a beautiful landscape on a healthy eye. Some who have indulged in such speculations on mysterious points have involved themselves in a labyrinth of error, and gone farther and farther astray, till finally they have denied the truth of doctrines that in better days they believed and cherished. Seeking to be wise above what is written, they have become darkened in their imaginations.

We greatly desire for the members of our beloved Society that they may be preserved from all the snares of the devil, and opening their hearts in simple and faithful obedience to the Light of Christ which shines therein, they may be led in the way of salvation from one degree of religious experience to another; that they may abound in faith, love, humility and every grace; their dependence being placed not on anything they can do of themselves, but on the work of Christ in their hearts, and on his offering without them.

#### SUMMARY OF EVENTS.

UNITED STATES.—The sub-committee of the United States Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, which has been investigating, in connection with the Alaskan boundary treaty, the question raised at the last meeting of the full committee as to the effect of accepting Mt. St. Elias as a part of the boundary marked by the 141st meridian, has practically completed its work.

The committee is of the opinion, after the inquiry, that the provision in regard to Mt. St. Elias is not a serious matter, but, as a precautionary measure, they will recommend that the treaty be amended so as to declare specifically that the acceptance of the peak as a boundary mark in determining the 141st meridian shall not be construed as a concession of any territory which the United States may claim under its purchase from Russia along the sea-coast. It is believed that this amendment will have the effect of preserving all the rights of this country and at the same time retaining the mountain as a landmark, which is very desirable.

On the 31st ult., Judge Simonton, of the U. S. Circuit Court, at Charleston, has filed a decision in the case of the Vandercook Company against the State of South Carolina, restraining the State from preventing the sale of liquors brought into the State. This decision, if sustained on appeal, it is claimed, will have the effect of rendering nugatory the State Dispensary law.

The Governor of South Carolina has appointed Congressman John L. McLaurin to be United States Senator to succeed the late Senator Earle.

The President of the United States, after Dakota Supreme Court, has handed down an opinion sustaining the legality of the amendment repealing prohibition in that State.

A few goldfish were placed in a creek in Forest Lawn Cemetery, Buffalo, several years ago, and now the Niagara River, into which the creek empties, is infested with the fish.

Buffalo, Cal., the aged Chief of the Quapaws, died of pneumonia on the 26th ult., at the Quapaw Agency, in the Northern part of Indian Territory. He was the last of the Quapaw chiefs.

A slight earthquake occurred on the afternoon of the 31st ult., the vibration lasting about five minutes, and extending from the north to the south. It was felt from Washington, D. C., south to Georgia and Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky and Tennessee. South-western Pennsylvania was also slightly shaken.

A Santa Fe despatch says that Rio Grande flood waters have inundated a part of the town of S. Corcor, including the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe R. R. yards, and scores of farms and orchards are under from two to three feet of water. The damage will be many thousands of dollars to the fruit trees and crops. About 2,500 persons were driven from their homes in El Paso, Texas, by last week's rise in the Rio Grande. The most serious effect of the flood, however, is the shifting of the course of the river, by which it is reported that 500 blocks of the city will be transferred to the Mexican side.

Deaths in this city last week were 428, being 15 more than the previous week, and 2 more than the corresponding week of last year. Of the foregoing, 205 were males and 223 females; 43 died of heart disease; 32 of pneumonia; 39 of consumption; 26 of influenza; 15 of convulsions; 16 of cholera; 16 of typhoid fever; 15 of cancer; 14 of apoplexy; 15 of indigestion; 15 of the brain; 13 of scarlet fever; 11 of old age; 10 of inflammation of the stomach and bowels; 9 of Bright's disease, and 9 from casualties.

MARKETS, &c.—U. S.—5c, 36 & 38; 4s, reg, 111 & 111 1/2; coupon, 112 & 113; new 4s, reg, 123 & 124; 5s, 131 & 132; currency 9s, 304 & 310.

COTTON was quiet and steady, middling uplands being officially quoted at 5c, per pound.

FEED.—Spot hark, \$12.90 to \$13.00 per ton for winter in bulk, and \$11.00, or a \$12.00 for spring in sacks.

FLOUR.—Winter super, \$2.75 & \$2.90; do, extras, \$2.90 & \$3.25; Pennsylvania roller, clear, \$3.40 & \$4.10; do, straight, \$4.10 & \$4.25; Western winter, clear, \$3.90 & \$4.10; do, straight, \$4.10 & \$4.25; do, patent, \$4.30 & \$4.50; spring, clear, \$3.40 & \$3.65; do, straight, \$3.75 & \$4.00; do, patent, \$3.95 & \$4.15; do, favorite brands, higher. City mills, extra, \$3.25 & \$3.50; do, clear, \$4.25 & \$4.55; do, straight, \$4.35 & \$4.50; do, patent, \$4.50 & \$4.70. RYE FLOUR.—\$2.25 to \$2.50 per bush, as to quality.

GRAIN.—No. 2 red wheat, 80 & 90 c; No. 2 mixed corn, 28 & 29c.

No. 2 white oats, 25 & 26c.

BEEF CATTLE.—Extra, 5 & 5 1/2; good, 4 & 4 1/2; common, 3 & 4.

PORK.—Extra, 4 1/2; good, 3 1/2 & 4c; medium, 3 1/2 & 3c; common, 2 1/2 & 3c; lard, 3 1/2 & 3c; spring lard, \$3.00 & \$4.50.

HONEY.—Western, 51 & 55c; State, 50c.

FOREIGN.—The annual meeting of the National Fruit League in Paris on the 28th of last month, was attended by 400 delegates. The report read set forth that the leading event of the year was the elec-

tion of President McKinley, which gave great satisfaction to metallists. Premier Meline said France would support the efforts of the United States for the success of a great cause.

The Powers, including Turkey, here, it is said, as sent to the appointment of Prince Francis Joseph of Batteberg, as Governor General of Crete.

The Sultan has agreed to a renewal of the armistice for a fortnight, beginning Fifth Month 30th.

Great Britain will abandon the concert of the Powers if it is decided that the occupation of Thessaly by Turkish troops will be prolonged until Greece pay the war indemnity.

It is said Russia has informed the Sultan that it must renounce his impossible claim to annex Thessaly, and that Europe would not permit a renewal of the war with Greece.

King George II is stated, has asked Emperor Nicholas to intervene on behalf of Greece.

Austrians spent 93,205,869 florins on tobacco in all forms last year. The most popular form was "dram cigarettes," at a quarter of a cent each, which numbered 1,109,000,000 were sold.

The Swedish Storting's committee appointed to inquire into the proposed prohibition proposes to address King Oscar, declaring that, as Norway, for geographical reasons, is little exposed to conflict with foreign powers, it should not be difficult to conclude treaties and establish a permanent court of arbitration in the event of such conflicts. The Storting therefore asks the King to take the steps necessary to promote this object.

The Russian railway mileage at the beginning of 1897 amounted to 26,946 miles. In 1896, 1,425 miles of new railways were put into operation and 1,396 miles were completed, but not yet operated, making 3,815 miles of new construction for the year. There are also 5,325 miles of railway in course of construction by the State and private companies, and many new lines have been authorized.

The *Nevee Vremya* says that the Russian census gives a population for the empire of 127,000,000, exclusive of the Grand Duchy of Finland, which takes its own census. Some other figures have still to be added from the utmost parts of Siberia, as well as from the tribes of the steppes and the mountains of the Caucasus, and these will probably be completed by the work till the spring. The full total is expected not to be under 130,000,000.

Professor Andree, the Arctic balloonist, has left Gothenburg, for Spitzbergen, whence he will renew his attempt to reach the North Pole, or rather to pass over the icebergs. He hopes to reach Spitzbergen on the first of Sixth Month, and be ready to start on the aerial voyage by the twentieth of Sixth Month five weeks later than last year.

A prospectus has been issued for the new Japanese loan of \$21,941,916 at 6 per cent, payable in gold.

Japan, within five months after taking possession of Formosa, built two lines of railway, one fifty miles and one thirty-five miles long.

A dispatch from the City of Mexico says that a party of American capitalists have made an extensive purchase of coffee and tobacco lands in the States of Vera Cruz and Oaxaca.

#### NOTICES.

WESTWOOD BOARDING SCHOOL.—For convenience of persons coming to Westwood School, the stage will meet trains leaving Philadelphia 7.17 and 8.46 A. M. and 2.53 and 4.32 P. M. Other trains are met when requested. Stage fare on regular trips, fifteen cents on special trips, twenty-five cents each way. To reach the school by telegraph, wire West Chester Phone 85.

EDWARD G. SMELEY, *Sup't.*

WESTWOOD BOARDING SCHOOL.—Applications for the admission of pupils to the school, and letters if referred to instruction and discipline should be addressed to WILLIAM F. WICKESHAKE, *Principal*. Parents desiring to be kept advised of the progress of their communications in regard to business should be forwarded to EDWARD G. SMELEY, *Superintendent*. Address, Westwood P. O., Chester Co., Pa.

DIED, at her residence in Burlington, N. J., on the eighth of Fourth Month, 1897, ELIZA TAYLOR, in her seventy-fifth year of her age; a member of Burlington Monthly Meeting of Friends.

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# THE FRIEND.

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Richard Esterbrook.

(Continued from page 361.)

At Select Yearly Meeting on Fourth-day (Fourth Mo. 21st, 1889), Richard Esterbrook delivered a very weighty and important testimony on the true ground of religious services, which he expressed his conviction that unauthorized religious labors were at the root of its difficulties in our Society.

The true ministry and the right knowledge of divine things arose from the unfoldings of the spirit of Christ, made from time to time in the progress of our religious experience, which was a school of Christ. It came from the Lord; it was another kind of ministry and of knowledge which came from man. Much of it as the product of the intellect, as applied to a study of the Bible. It was substantially on the same basis as the ministry of other religious nominations, and there was no line of distinction that could be drawn in such a course—no stopping-point short of the establishment of schools and colleges expressly designed for the training of persons for the ministry of the Gospel. He dwelt also on the hurtful effects of permitting such ministers to go on year after year sowing mixed seed among the young, which could produce evil fruits, and referred to his preservation of the effects produced by this cause at a large meeting in England.

In a memorandum respecting Philadelphia Yearly Meeting of 1884, I find the following: To my mind the most impressive of the vocal communications was that delivered on Fourth-day morning, by our dear Friend, Richard Esterbrook, who stated that the doctrines and testimonies of Friends were not the result of an rearrangement, or human contrivance or agreement among men, but that, when our early members were convinced of the Divine character of the manifestations of the Spirit in the earth, and were turned to this as a Leader and Guide, they were by it led into the principles they adopted, and the practices which distinguished them. These revelations of the Father, through his Son, have been and ever will be, a Rock on which the Church is founded; and no man can grow in grace but as he submits himself to their guidance.

"As our younger Friends come into this obedi-

ence of faith, they will be led to walk in the footsteps of their forefathers in the Truth, and be taught the same doctrines."

1883.—Sixth Month 13th.—As I was riding to Evesham to Select Quarterly Meeting, in company with my dear friend, R. E., he spoke of a conversation he once had with John Allen, an elder of his meeting, whom he highly esteemed, but from whom he differed in judgment as to the course to be pursued in reference to the separation in Ohio Yearly Meeting. John expressed his sorrow that Richard was not fully in unity with his own Yearly Meeting (London). Richard replied in substance that a man could not change his opinions like he could his clothes. It was not a matter of choice with him, but of conviction. The views he held had grown up in him.

In our further conversation, reference was made to a member of one of the larger bodies of the Western Yearly Meetings, whose doctrinal views seemed to be sound. R. E. feared that but little help would be received from him in the controversies which are now agitating our Society. He thought no man was prepared to be of much service in the Church, until he was ready to be sacrificed for his convictions.

"CAMDEN, N. J., Twelfth Month 9th, 1897.

"My Dear Friend, Rebecca McCollin:—

"Having thee in remembrance this morning in a feeling of lively sympathy, I was much inclined to call upon thee under thy comforting influence. I have had a trying headache most of the day, so as to feel that I could not well make the attempt at this time, and thought I might send thee a few lines to assure thee of my love and my warm desire for thy encouragement in the midst of bodily infirmity and depressing effects sometimes. He whom it has been our desire above all other things to love and serve, will, I humbly yet firmly believe, continue to be with his truly dependent children, through all the dispensations He appoints for them. He will be their strength, the Lifter up of their heads, at seasons, in renewing and reviving hope, and their great salvation. The fresh sense of these things having come before me, thou wert brought near to my spirit in such a way that I felt as if drawn to send thee this little salutation. Those who are preserved alive in the Truth have much to feel, and feeling is an evidence of life, and have to share in the cup of suffering, and it is indeed a blessed and precious experience—but these provings prepare them to partake of those consolations which also abound, and the God of all grace who hath called us unto his eternal glory by Christ Jesus, after we have rightly endured and suffered, will more and more establish, strengthen and settle us, to whom be glory in the Church throughout all ages, world without end. Thy dear sister shares in my tender sympathy with her in her provings, and the continued sense of her great loss, and in love to you both.

"I remain thy affectionate friend,

"R. ESTERBROOK."

"CAMDEN, N. J., Sixth Month, 1882.

"HENRY P. HEDGECOCK.

"My Dear and Valued Friend: I send herewith a few books for thy acceptance, with the design of enabling thee to obtain a correct view of the origin of the religious Society of which I am a member, and of its distinguishing doctrines and testimonies. It has been said that a society is only valuable for that by which it is distinguishable—that being the reason for and justification of a separate organization. As respects ourselves as individuals, and our personal experience of the salvation of God through Jesus Christ, I thankfully believe that what is essential to this end will not be withheld from the sincere-hearted seeker, for the same Lord unto all is rich unto all that call upon Him—unto all that call upon Him in truth—that is, in humble sincerity, whose tender mercies are over all his works. My little intercourses with thee, dear friend, has been very pleasant to me. I can hail thee as a fellow-traveler towards the rest and the kingdom of God. May we be animated to press forward in the heavenly race, laying aside every weight, and every hindering besetment, looking for the strength which we need, unto Jesus, the Author of our faith.

"There are many trials to be met with here below, and there are many spiritual conflicts to be passed through in the Christian warfare, and tribulation worketh patience, and patience experience, and experience hope, and hope maketh not ashamed because of the love of God which is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost which is given unto us—wherefore, said the apostle, 'we glory in tribulations also.'

"Please remember me very kindly to the members of thy family, and with affectionate regard for thee, I remain thy friend and brother,

"R. ESTERBROOK."

"P. S.—I commend my son, who is now thy near neighbor, to thy kind care and oversight for his good. Good intentions may be strengthened by a kindly word sometimes—I know he has a great regard and respect for thee."

TO A YOUNG FRIEND IN THE MINISTRY.

"Second Month, 1890.

"I feel it to be a serious thing to address thee, dear Joseph, lest I might write a word which might tend in any degree to take thee from under the operation of the Divine hand, and draw away thy attention from the secret instruction of the Holy Head and High Priest of his Church. Since the short conversation we had at the close of the Quarterly Meeting at Concord, I have several times had thee in remembrance, and have felt unwilling that either by manner or expression I should have appeared as if wanting in love and tender sympathy for and with thee. I am settled in the belief that without the stripping and poverty of spirit, and the baptisms into death and suffering, we cannot have that kind of experience that qualifies us to rise in newness of life. We must descend into the depths of Jordan before we can bring up stones from thence, whereas

we can of our own experience build an altar unto the Lord and set up our Ebenezer. It is these inward trials and provings that are designed to keep us in our right places and to enable us to grow from stature to stature in the Truth. It is the design of these to keep us low and humble, by letting us see that we are nothing. Paul testified concerning himself and his brethren in the ministry. We had the sentence of death in ourselves, that we should not trust in ourselves, but in God who raiseth the dead, and this experience is a necessary part of the equipment of a soldier of Jesus Christ in every age. Thus it is to me cause of rejoicing when I behold any who are travelling on this road, and I cannot desire them to be taken out of it before the Lord's time, that they may know Him indeed, and the power of his resurrection and the fellowship of his sufferings.

"When any have been truly brought under the preparing Hand and endued with a gift for the ministry, I believe such may leave it in the hand of the Lord in humble confidence that he will supply all their needs in his own time and way, as they look to Him, and depend upon Him alone. After seasons of proving, when they have walked as in darkness and had no light, He would again arise for their help, and they would be enabled to adopt the ancient language, 'Now know I that the Lord saveth his anointed. He will hear him from his holy heaven with the saving strength of his right hand.' For want of keeping to this path, and patiently travelling on to know the Lord therein, many have run out into words and hurt themselves, and burden all who are sufficiently alive in the Truth to feel rightly.

"Live without carefulness, and the Lord will give a right issue," is a saying which applies to the ministry when rightly understood. This is the way to live and to have comfort and quiet from day to day, and to wash and anoint in our days of fasting, and to watch in our days of feasting.

"Thus, my dear friend, have I written what has presented, which I trust will tend to thy comfort and encouragement. To be of that number to whom it is given not only to believe in Christ, but also to suffer for his name, is cause indeed for rejoicing to be accounted worthy. The foundation on which these are building is a durable one, it is as safe as the everlasting hills. These rest not upon the fluctuating, uncertain opinions and sentiments of mortal men, but upon that eternal Rock upon which the true Church of Christ in all ages has been built. The inhabitants of this Rock are qualified at seasons to sing praises to the Lord for all his mercies, his faithfulness and his Truth, and they delight to wait for his arising who hath the Key of David, who openeth and no man shutteth, and when He shutteth no man can open, to whom be glory in the Church, throughout all ages, world without end.

"Thy loving friend,

R. E."

(To be continued.)

In one of the sittings of the Yearly Meeting in London, in 1869, Thomas Peirce bore the following testimony to the value of the Gospel labors of James Backhouse in Tasmania: "I was a Unitarian in faith and by profession. I was attracted to the Friends' meeting-house in Hobart Town by their loving demeanor one toward another. I heard James Backhouse preach often; I was brought unto Christ Jesus, my Lord and Saviour, through his instrumentality; but not by any argument that I could

have replied to, nor by discussion; that I was anxious for. It was by the power of the Holy Spirit accompanying the plain preaching of Christ crucified that I was convinced of my undone condition, and that I was lastingly brought to Him who had died for me on the cross; who forgave me my sins, and in whose presence there is fulness of joy."

Shortly after hearing this testimony, T. Peirce was seized with paralysis in one of the meetings, and never spoke again. His wife became a valued member of the Society of Friends.—*Taken from the Memoirs of James Backhouse.*

### Letter from Switzerland, 49.

PREES NEUCHÂTEL, 49 Corcelles.  
Fifth Month 11th, 1897.

It has been a long while that I have been writing to this address and receiving replies, so that we found ourselves wondering as we came along last evening, what sort of a place it would turn out to be. "Very pretty," every one had said who had been here, but I had never formed very definite ideas—only of one thing I was quite sure, that it was on the borders of Lake Neuchâtel, with the Jura Mountains somewhere in the background, and the Mont Blanc range in the distance, the other side of the lake. When we wakened this morning, at about five o'clock, we realized that we were quite high, and the ground was white with frost. Soon the scenery became wilder and more beautiful, and after passing the boundary between France and Switzerland, we began rapidly to descend. There were foaming cataracts and deep, narrow valleys, with quaint villages, and the mountain slopes in the highest state of cultivation. Finally, through a gap in the mountains, we saw the lake, lying far below, and a little later, when turning around the base of the mountain, we caught a first glimpse of the long, white, snow range, with the crowning summit of Mont Blanc. Not long afterwards we pulled up at the station of Aurrelerin, where we were to leave the train. We had asked the conductor beforehand, and he had said Corcelles was about ten minutes' walk from the station, so we had decided to leave our baggage and hunt up No. 49. We had not gone many steps before we saw some one coming towards us, and in a few minutes we were talking with our hostess to be. But I cannot express my surprise on finding that the Jura Mountains rise most abruptly above the lake, and that, though the little town to which we were coming may, in a sense, be said to be on the lake, it is at least five hundred feet above it. I can give no idea of the magnificence of the view spread out before and about us. The mountains, some sombre with pines, and others clothed with a bright, fresh green, the terraced vineyards; the long lake, of which neither end is visible; with a thousand varying effects of light and shade; then the dark mass of hills beyond, with the snow-clad range in the background; all this, together with the mountain air and the mass of flowers at our feet, made it seem doubtful when we would reach our destination. But we kept on climbing up a narrow path, and finally, entering into the village, we stepped in front of an old house with stone steps and a large pile of wood on either side of the front door. This was No. 49, so we entered.

We were not long in solving the mysteries of an old Swiss house. When I say, "old," I do not mean "shabby"—far from it, for nothing could be more proper, more perfectly in order than it is. But it was built about two centuries ago, and has walls nearly three feet thick and

great porcelain protuberances in the rooms, into which one puts fire through a door which opens into a great chimney which is in the passage way. These old-fashioned stoves are really very satisfactory, I believe, and I suppose give out a great deal of heat. They retain it, of course much longer than an iron stove would.

I began a very sleepy letter the other evening, and as the days pass so rapidly and are so full, letter writing has very little show. We are here very much as in a regular pension—that is to say, school—everything goes like clock work. At seven we have dejeuner, which consists of coffee or chocolate, bread, butter and preserves. Our lesson begins at nine. We are given enough work each time to keep us busy the greater part of the day. After the lesson the morning is put in between reading, studying and walking. Dinner is served at twelve after which I have a lesson of an hour or two by myself, for reading and relating what I have read. After that we take another walk. So with supper at six and retiring at nine or half past, the time goes without our knowing how or where. Of course we study nearly all the time but every little while we take a wrap and run out for the air and a look at the mountains.

They cannot imagine how magnificent they are and how the scenes change continually. From early morning till late night every moment presents a different view. The effect of the clouds and the sky, and the light upon the lake, offers opportunity for untold effects. It is only two minutes from our front door to the edge of the village, on the upper side; the path then goes on very steep to the edge of the forest. But we keep turning around every few minutes, and there can easily imagine the exclamations one might hear if they were near by. The lake looks almost like the sea. It is only the snow range on the other side that limits it and looking down from the edge of the forest where great branches interlace and form a frame as it were, the view is most enchanting. After crossing the narrow strip of wood there is a beautiful meadow, shut in on three sides by peaks. Then the forest begins again. It is here we have found a cozy nook, where we bring out books and spend an hour or two when it is warm enough. Then there are the sunsets and storm effects upon certain peaks, and the sunlight breaking through, casting a rainbow or the lake. And then the clouds! But there I won't say any more, for one cannot describe those subtle effects of nature.

Any way, there is no end of things to do, and simply limitless enjoyment. And then, best of all, the being in the centre of a quaint Swiss village and hearing good French and having excellent lessons. It is certainly enough to make one contented with life.

We have spent two afternoons at Neuchâtel. It is only ten minutes by train, so that it is not much of a journey. There is a beautiful old castle there and quaint, winding streets. But I have no enthusiasm left for even old towns. It is all spent on the mountains and the clouds and the sea.

E. S. K.

THE English do certainly pour out their money generously when a great claim is presented to them. The Mansion House Indian Famine Fund has now nearly reached the sum of £520,000 (\$2,600,000), or £5,000 (\$25,000) more than was raised during the whole course of the last famine. There is an addition to this sum, as several of the large provincial funds have been remitted to India direct.—*Selected*

### William Jackson's Visit to England.

William Jackson was a valuable and highly esteemed minister, who resided at West Grove, Chester County, Pa. Having for many years been under a religious exercise to pay a visit to Ireland and England, in 1892 he obtained the requisite minutes from his meeting, and left home to perform this service. His wife, Hannah, during his absence, resided with her aged father, on Long Island. He engaged passage on a ship from New York, bound to Liverpool, but about a month elapsed before she was ready to sail. During this interval his wife was taken sick, which, he says, "was an additional weight and dipping to my spirit, and many thoughts I had to encounter, but endeavoring to get to hat [condition of mind] of not being too anxious for the morrow, my precious heart was easier, which afforded no small comfort to me. Through the sympathy and endeared affection for her and the weaning weight that balanced across the seas, I felt as if I was torn between two, yet, upon the whole, enabled to keep [my feelings] pretty much to myself, and such freed from anxiety of future days, my precious wife having all along encouraged me hereto."

After a religious opportunity at Robert Boone's, where divers Friends were present, and wherein prayers were offered up to the Most High for reservation and support, William Jackson went on board the ship on the nineteenth of seventh Month. They had a tedious and uncomfortable passage, in which William Jackson suffered much from sea-sickness. His journal says:

"27th.—I am sometimes lying, sometimes sitting, sometimes leaning over the ship's side, sometimes walking about, but so depressed, so comfortless, that it is a very gloomy journey to me."

28th. To his wife.—"I cannot describe to thee how near and dear thou feelest to me. I think of thee not only daily, but hourly, with desires that the Lord may be with thee to comfort and support thee. Seeing we are so separated as not to be able to afford one another my assistance, we must resign ourselves to Him that gives us breath and being, and also can and will take it when and where He pleases."

"29th.—Last night, ruminating on my present situation, and how exceedingly discouraging and sinking to the spirits, as well as the body, sea-sickness is, these words of King Hezekiah came fresh into my mind, 'Thou wilt cut me off with pining sickness; from day until night thou wilt make an end of me.'

"Eighth Month 3rd.—Dull sailing, thick fog and almost a calm, yet my mind has been comforted in feeling the fresh springing up of that precious uniting love to my dear friends, relatives and precious dear wife, that I have left behind on my native shore. May the Lord be with them, who remains to be all in all to his dependent people, which I may humbly acknowledge is at the present my only refuge in his floating pilgrimage.

"We sat down to dinner. There was a cry, 'A school of porpoises!' With a harpoon the mate caught one seven feet long. It was soon dressed and some of it cooked to eat. On the banks of Newfoundland they caught many fine cod."

As might have been expected of one affected with sea-sickness, his appetite was very poor, a cup of water-gruel per day being his principal subsistence. The table was supplied with a va-

riety of dishes, but, he says, "Not quarter as good as the Johnny-cake and milk of home."

They got into port at Liverpool on the twenty-seventh of Eighth Month, where he was kindly invited to the house of James Cropper. It did him good to see the face of a Friend, and his heart filled his eyes. His wife's cordial reception, attentive, tender care and good nursing made it a comfortable retreat.

At Liverpool he met with Richard Jordan, who was about returning to America, after paying a religious visit in Great Britain. They were at meeting together on the third of Ninth Month, where, he says, "Richard was favored in testimony, and more so in prayer, that a memorable time it was to me. I feel myself warranted in saying, as Paul did in his acknowledgment, when beset both outwardly and inwardly, 'Notwithstanding, God, that comforteth those that are cast down, comforted me by the coming of Titus.' So I was comforted by the coming of dear Richard Jordan, and we were comforted together in the Lord, praised be his worthy Name."

On the seventh of Ninth Month they took an affectionate leave of each other, and William went to Warrington, ninety-eight miles. He attended several meetings in those parts, including Chesire Quarterly Meeting. Of these meetings he says, "I may, with reverence, acknowledge that, in these meetings, through the fresh springing up of life, I was enabled to labor amongst them to the relief of my own mind and to the tendering of the hearts and quickening the spirits of some others."

In the course of his visit in the North of England, he was at Leithersdale, where several Friends had been taken prisoners and confined in York Castle for refusing to pay for the support of a priest. He lodged two nights at the house of one of these prisoners, John Stanfield.

"His wife, Mary, told me she had her clothes put up twice in order to go to prison. As the estate came by her, the suit was entered in the Bishop's Court against her. But by some means they shifted it and took her husband, which she was no way rejoiced at, for she had rather gone than that her husband should."

William Jackson adds, "Friends are a plain, country-like people, and the Truth rose the highest in this meeting of any I have been at."

This account contrasts with that given of another, which, he says, "was a hard meeting, for I believe the members were but indifferent ones as to holding up the Light."

At another meeting, he had to remind some present, that it did not avail to some formerly to say, "We are Abraham's children," nor will it avail any now to set themselves forward and account on what their parents or grandparents were, without sharing of their virtues, which was not likely to be the case so long as they were enemies to the cross of Christ.

After meeting he was told by a friend, as they travelled the road together, that there were a number of the grandchildren of that worthy old friend, John Fothergill present, very dressy, fine folks, with no appearance of Friends, who came with as much assurance as if they were Elders, and placed themselves on the seat under the gallery.

He returned to Liverpool on the fourth day of Tenth Month, having attended twenty-seven meetings during this outing.

(To be continued.)

EVERY man is our neighbor who needs our compassion and help.—Exchange.

### The Tomb of Nekht.

The exquisite little tomb which has only been opened six or seven years, and the wall-paintings on the ceiling, which are in many places still as clear in design and as beautifully fresh in color as when they were put on, more than thirty centuries ago, had evidently been the delight of its future occupant during its construction and decoration.

A pious Theban gentleman of the Middle Empire, "made his soul" by making himself a costly and artistic sepulchre, just as a Western devotee of our own day makes it by building a church or endowing a religious order. One sees in a moment that Nekht must have worked lovingly at his own little "bijou residence" for eternity. It is nearly finished, but not quite; its incomplete condition meaning, it is to be feared, in this, as in other cases, that the heir was of opinion that the deceased had spent quite enough money on his hobby; that it was really sufficiently decorated to do all reasonable credit to the family, and that on the whole the tomb might be closed without calling upon the artist to add the colors to that little wall scene which he had just "blocked out" in black and white in one corner of the chamber, when the late lamented paid the debt of nature.

Unfortunately, the imperfection of the pictured record begins at the very point at which the dead man's deeply religious instincts would have made him particularly regret the failure to complete it. In this scene, Nekht and his wife are seated at a table loaded with funeral offerings, and four priestly officials are bringing up haunches of veal or beef. To have left this plain instead of colored, was a grave omission. Did Nekht suffer for it in the underworld, one wonders? Did it undo the work of those multiplied prayers in hieroglyphy, the incessant reiteration of which on the walls of Egyptian mortuary chambers, produces almost an effect of passionate appeal. Osiris and Harmachis, and Ammon and Anubis are again and again beseeched to grant favors to "the double of the temple-servant, Nekht, a free passport for the disembodied soul to the regions of the dead, a coming in and going out from the underworld, not being repulsed at its gates." It is to be hoped that there was no hitch in the arrangements.

The temple-servant, however, was evidently a cheery soul, and seems to have been not less interested in the things of this world than in those of the other. It is this which brings him so much nearer to us than all the conquering and building kings who have raised their gigantic temples, and mined the earth with their vast sepulchres all up the valley of the Nile.

Nekht has made his artists set forth scenes of his daily life; its business and its pleasures. Here we see his farm servants gathering grapes, treading them in the wine-press, and drawing off the new wine into jars. Here, again, are men ploughing and reaping; women gleaning, laborers binding up the sheaves. Nekht looks on with a complacent air of proprietorship, with the inscription above the head, "Sitting in the chamber seeth his fields, the temple-servant of Ammon, Nekht triumphant before the great God." Further on, we see the worthy citizen taking a holiday with his wife and children. They have, in fact, gone out for a day's sport, and are spearing fish from a boat, and bringing down birds with the boomerang in a papyrus. Above is the inscription, "Passeth through willow marshes with gladness, speareth fish; Nekht

triumphant." On the bank stand two of his servants—blinding sunbats, staff, boomerang, etc., and lower down is another servant bringing the game to his master. The inscription above it reads, "Rejoiceth, seeth happiness in making the chase, and in the work of the Goddess Sekhet," (the country goddess, the Ceres of the ancient Egyptians), "the temple-servant, Nekht, triumphant."

His lady, the singing priestess of Ammon, the sister of the house, Tani, saith, "Rejoice thou in the work of Sekhet and the birds which he (Nekht) sets apart for her selection." Such was the sort of diary of his simple pursuits and pleasures the Theban gentleman of the Middle Empire kept upon the walls of his tomb-chamber for perpetual remembrance. It is like a page of Pepps in stone.—*From Odis to Soudan.*

FOR "THE FRIEND."

### Hunting in the Himalayas.

The poet Cowper, in speaking of hunting, says, "Detested sport, that owes its pleasure to another's pain." A feeling of this kind leads me, in general, to avoid the books which describe the adventures of those who penetrate the most distant and inaccessible parts of the earth for the sake of killing the wild animals which naturally dwell there. I recently, however, glanced through the pages of "In and Beyond the Himalayas," a record of travelling and hunting in the high mountain country north of India and on the borders of Tibet. While it contains considerable information respecting those wild lands and their inhabitants, its perusal tended to revive the feelings of disgust at the spirit which finds keen enjoyment in the destruction of game, although, in this case, somewhat relieved by the evidence the book furnishes that its writer was not altogether insensible of the cruelty of his pursuit. But the temptation to secure the heads and horns of the wild sheep and goats and other animals that dwell among the snows and precipices of the mountains, and to preserve these as hunting trophies, seems to have been too strong to be checked by motives of humanity.

On one occasion he wounded a bear in the forest, but not so badly as to prevent it from escaping pursuit. He remarks, "I was disgusted with myself, less because I had lost the bear than because I had wounded the poor beast and allowed him to escape. No doubt he would recover from the wound, but it was an uncomfortable thought that he had been put to unnecessary pain."

When hunting wild yak, Stow killed three of these large animals, and says, "I might have continued for another fortnight, and collected a good supply of these enormous heads. But for the most exciting in the world; the climate, the ground and the surroundings the most trying. The chase of the wild dog (yak), therefore, must be classed among the severest tests of a sportsman's quality, but a bag of three good bulls quite satisfied me. I have a horror of big bags. An unconquerable disgust at my own butchery comes over me when I stand over a noble animal that has been slain by my own hand. This feeling increases with every trophy added to my collection, till it forces me to drop the pursuit of that particular game. In the present instance remorse got the better of me after the third bull. The escape of a wounded bull haunted me and made me unhappy for several days, though I spent some precious time trying to retrieve him. He crossed the

range of mountains to the north, and must have made his way to the Great Plains beyond, and died in lingering misery. May I be forgiven?"

### SELECTED. LITTLE AND MUCH.

It matters little where I was born,  
Or if my parents were rich or poor;  
Whether they shrunk at the cold world's scorn,  
Or walked in the pride of wealth secure;  
But whether I lived an honest man,  
And held my integrity firm in my clutch,  
I tell you, brother, plain as I am,  
It matters much!

It matters little how long I stay  
In a world of sorrow and sin and care;  
Whether in youth I am called away,  
Or live till my bones and pate are bare;  
But whether I do the best I can  
To soften the weight of adversity's touch  
On the faded cheek of my fellow-man,  
It matters much!

It matters little where be my grave,  
On mountain or plain or in the sea,  
By purling brook or heath stormy wave,  
It matters little or naught to me;  
But whether the angel Death comes down  
And marks my brow with his loving touch,  
As one that shall wear the victor's crown,  
It matters much!

### ONWARD.

"Have faith in God."

Comrades in Christ's unfinished work—  
His confidential friends acknowledged still—  
List we the summons which alone can kill—  
The fears that in our pathway lurk!

Still speeds the work as wears the day;  
Vague visions find fixed shape to earnest eyes,  
Which shrink not weakly from the harsh surprise  
With which at first they cloud the way.

So hath all human knowledge grown,  
While God, still hiding, the still flowing veil  
Of his own works, o'er obstacle and ail,  
On human intellect hath shone.

Still and the just shall live: his field  
Of struggle as exploit shall stretch and change,  
While hope, still led by memory, shall range  
O'er new domains half-unrevealed.

Self courts the world: but faithful souls,  
Unbound by self, in triumph work, and weld  
Anew the stuff by which shall still be held  
The craven wills which form controls.

The corn is killed in grinding: so  
The truth, to those who know it only by  
Its forms, shall seem alarmingly to die,  
And order into chaos flow.

Not so may we rest in the way:  
But dig and plant again while we consume,  
And reap rejoicing in that day of doom  
Which shall to each his wages pay.

### "HIS COMPASSIONS FAIL NOT."

[From "A Book of Poems," by JOHN W. CHADWICK.]

The farmer chides the tardy spring,  
The sun will hold its sun-dial ray,  
The days are dull and cold and gray,  
No shadow doth the maple fling.

From snow-clad peaks and icy main  
The north wind cometh wet and chill,  
And evermore the clouds distil  
The hoarded treasure of the rain.

But still, O miracle of good!  
The crocus springs, the violets peep,  
The straggling vines begin to creep,  
The dandelion gilds the sod.

The rain may fall in constant showers,  
The south wind tarry on its way;  
But through the night and through the day  
Advance the summer's fragrant hours.

And though the north wind force him back,  
The song-bird hurries from the south,  
With summer's music in his mouth,  
And sturd with songs his airy track.

What then, my soul, if thou must know  
Thy days of darkness, gloom and cold,  
If joy its ruddy beams withhold,  
And grief compels my tears to flow?

And what if, when with sorrowed form  
I praise the gods for benods past,  
There ever comes a fiercer blast,  
And darker ruin of the storm?

As tarry not the flowers of June  
For all the ill the heavens can do,  
And, to their inmost natures true,  
The birds rejoice in sweetest tune:

So, Father, shall it be with me;  
And whether winds blow foul or fair,  
Through want and woe, and toil and care,  
Still will I struggle up to thee;

That, though my winter days be long,  
And brighter skies refuse to come,  
My life no less may sweetly bloom,  
And none the less be full of song.

### Art in Christianity.

BY E. F. MARVIN.

What is the relation of art to civilization and Christianity?

1. Art is naturally materialistic and sensual in its character and influence. It employs material objects to affect the sensibilities through the eye and the ear. Form, color and sound naturally appeal to the aesthetic rather than to the moral nature. As the beautiful has a necessary connection with the true and the good so the sense of beauty is not connected with duty. Indeed, all history shows that high and complex art has commonly been used in the service of pride, worldliness and vice. Art was born in Paganism, and it reached its highest perfection there.

The Greeks declined in virtue as they progressed in art. No nation ever equalled them in the exquisite conception and execution of the beautiful, and perhaps none in the refinements and varieties of sensual pleasures and moral corruption. The most refined and cultured Roman matrons were often harlots and passionate admirers of bloody gladiatorial scenes. The "shaggy demons of the wilderness" who destroyed Rome were more moral than their civilized, cultured and refined foes.

Says Lord, the historian: "Was Leo X., wiser Pope because he delighted in pictures. Did art make the Medici of Florence more susceptible of religious impressions? Does art sanctify Dresden or Florence? Does it make modern capitals stronger or more self-sacrificing, better fitted to contend with violence, or guard against the follies which undermine a State? What are the true conservative forces of our world? Or what did Luther and Cranmer build their hope of regeneration? Art does not teach to resist temptations. It presents temptations rather. It gilds the fascinations of earth. It does not point to duties or the life to come. The sense of beauty never prompts to the discharge of any moral obligation, nor does it ever restrain from sin."

"All history," says Delitzsch, in speaking of the world culture which was born among the sons of Cain, "has shown that the refinement of civilization are always in direct relationship with forgetfulness of God." And Nitzsch says in his "System of Doctrine," that "all progress resulting from the natural faculties and powers of man augments corruption and accelerates the real ruin of race."



Complex art in dress often has a sexual relevance, and it leads to all the pride and abominations of modern fashions.

Novel writers and stage players are the leading artists of the times—and what of their general morals?

We can easily call up a multitude of poets, painters, sculptors, scientists and artists of every kind, in confirmation of Dr. Chalmers' argument upon "The slender influence of taste in morals and religion."

Ruskin makes this extraordinary statement: "One great fact first meets me. I cannot answer for the experience of others, but I never yet met with a Christian whose heart was thoroughly set upon the world to come, and, so far as human judgment could pronounce, perfect and right before God, who cared for art at all."

2. God has never encouraged, but rather discouraged, high or complex art in religious worship. Indeed, worshipping Him through the medium of material forms or artistic symbols, except so far as God especially appoints, is forbidden in the Second Commandment.

In Acts xvii: 29, Paul condemns such worship; and in I Cor. ii: he discards rhetorical art in preaching the Gospel. Paul gave but a passing glance to those creations of art among which he moved, and which have ever since been the wonder of the world.

God and his prophets never encouraged art among the Hebrews, and hence it remained far below that of surrounding nations. The Hebrews never had a theatre or an art gallery. Even the Temple and its furniture, though never costly, presented no specimens of high art which would satisfy Grecian taste. Jewish worship was simple and inartistic. Its most striking part was the slaughter of animals, presenting a scene quite repulsive to the aesthetic nature, and, even to this day, abhorrent to "refined esh."

We find nothing to encourage high art in Christian worship in the teaching or example of Christ while on earth, nor in the writings of life of the apostles. Order and decency, simplicity and spirituality, are characteristic everywhere. Stately and elegant forms, introduced to embellish worship and make it attractive, almost inevitably become "formal" by instant repetition.

3. The whole history of the Church shows that when artistic and elaborate forms and ceremonies of worship have been assumed, spirituality and power have declined. Whenever power has declined, forms have multiplied.

The simplicity and directness of apostolic worship gradually gave way for a more elaborate and showy service, to satisfy the taste and excite the sensibilities of the cultured, and to foster the superstition of the ignorant.

Thus came in the "Poisonous Honey" of Romanism, with its cathedrals, sculptures, paintings, images, processions, antiphones, vestures and gestures, all appealing to the tastes, sensibilities or superstitious nature of man, and constituting a spectacular and sensuous religion, which cannot please God or make men holy.

The reformers of the sixteenth century, regarding these complex forms invented by art ad man's device as hindrances rather than aids to spiritual worship, reformed the worship of the Church as well as the doctrine. God's eternal truth was unveiled and enthroned again. He truth directly spoken in the power of the Holy Ghost took the place of artistic forms, colors, sounds and motions, addressed to the senses.

We do not apprehend God by the aesthetic, but by the spiritual nature—hence Divine truth is addressed directly to the conscience, and the less media intervening the better. God does not want "our best in architecture and art," if it hinders our worship in "the beauty of holiness."

The higher ecclesiastical art, like "higher criticism," begins with but little Divine grace, and is soon able to get along without any at all. Even the infidel Rousseau wrote a book, showing that the revival of art and science in France resulted in a corruption of morals.

Ecclesiastical Roman dandies who would rise and writhe in agony at the misplaced accent of a poet, were filled with ecstasy at the refined and brutal cruelties of the Amphitheatre. Indeed, the practice of all kinds of vice in Paris-to-day is made one of the fine arts. Persons from all nations visit Paris for this culture.

How often we observe that as vital godliness declines in a church, "Sweet Art" comes in with all her showy attractions in architecture, classical music, elocution, dress, decorations, floral offerings, and perhaps, a tasteful liturgical service is desired to crown the display. But what sinner was ever saved by these devices!

The emotions are indeed stirred and the taste is gratified, but the worship is spurious and God bows upon it. The incense is not holy and it is kindled with "strange fire," and not fire taken from the brazen altar of sacrifice. The truth about the Divine person and the atoning work of Jesus Christ is the genuine fire with which to kindle our worship. These artists who seek to enkindle devotion otherwise are Nadabs and Abihus with strange fire. Like them, they bring in sensational preaching, operatic singing, and orchestral fiddling, instead of Christ crucified. Like Cain, they bring fruits and flowers, instead of the atoning Lamb. Away with them. Divine worship is not a fine art, employed to gratify the taste of the natural man, but a simple, grateful and spiritual exercise of the ransomed powers. The Holy Ghost does not keep us in fellowship with the Father and his Son Jesus Christ by the use of complicated machinery, but we have freedom to enter the holiest by the blood of Jesus.

Salvation is not by taste, but by grace. Let us not mistake the gratification of the aesthetic nature for spiritual worship. Continental Europe has tried ecclesiastical art long enough to test its value in spiritual things, and under the culture and sway of its Gothic cathedrals and unequalled art, it has drifted almost in a body, either to Papal superstition or blank indelicacy.

No, if our Gospel is dull and our worship is barren, it is not for lack of liturgical forms, but spiritual power. We do not want elegant, repetitious forms to gratify our taste, nor galvanic batteries to stimulate our sensibilities, but the Holy Ghost to give us life more abundantly.—*The Presbyterian.*

COMMENDABLE NON-INTERFERENCE.—A more brazen attempt was never made than that of Joseph R. Dunlop, Editor of *The Chicago Dispatch*, who was convicted of sending obscene matter through the mails and sentenced to a two-years' term, to induce President McKimley to pardon him; and the thanks of all lovers of morality are due to the President and to the Attorney General, to whom the case was referred for investigation.

The appeal was made on two grounds: That the sentence was excessive, and that Dunlop had had paralytic strokes and would be likely to die

in prison. The Attorney General responded that the sentence was not excessive; that it was more probable that the regularity of prison life would be more favorable to his health than otherwise; and that to interfere would strengthen all those classes that are engaged in promoting obscenity and licentiousness.—*Christian Advocate.*

### The Selfishness of Ill-Health.

"Unselfishness is a game that two ought—mark you, I don't say *can*, but *ought*—that two ought to play at."

The remark was called forth by a case my friend and I were discussing. It was that of a young man who for several years had been in ill-health. An acute disease had left him an invalid, not altogether hopeless or incurable, but still confined to his room, and with no immediate prospect of being able to leave it. Though it was a sad case, for his hopes of a useful life were blighted, it was not without its alleviations. Two sisters devoted themselves to him; they gave up all the pleasures of society for his sake; they lived only to anticipate his wishes; morning, noon and night saw them devising schemes for his amusement or laboring to add to his comfort; no sacrifice was too great for them to make; and the result, instead of being beneficial, was, as far as he was concerned, the reverse, for, from being a meek, patient sufferer, he was transformed into an unconscious tyrant.

"Poor Frank fancies the light hurts his eyes," said one sister, as she drew down the blind, and prepared to sit in semi-darkness. "The click of knitting-needles irritates Frank's nerves," said the other, as she hid her work aside. "Frank feels that everything bright and cheerful is mocking him," they chimed in concert, "and therefore we deny ourselves for his sake. 'Self-denial is a duty, you know.'"

It was this that called forth my friend's remark. Frank did not dream he was selfish; he never realized that any self-sacrifice was required of him, he received his sister's attentions as his right, and plumed himself on being a martyr. It was his part to receive; theirs, to give; and the result was that his misery and despondency, not to speak of his demands, increased day by day.

It is no unusual case. There is more of this unconscious self-hness in the world than appears at the first glance, and more of it, perhaps, in our own hearts than we think.

How many of us who are familiar with pain and weakness and languor can say truly that we have never exacted more attention from our friends than we need have done, that we have been always patient and considerate, willing to see and thankful to receive every little kind deed bestowed on us? I fear there are few. We are apt to take all as our right, as the proper tribute paid to our weakness and ill-health; we seldom try to realize how much others may be denying themselves for our sakes, nor at what a cost their services are sometimes rendered. We became like spoiled children—the more we get, the more we demand, and our wants, instead of diminishing, multiply day by day.

And then how many of us have a conscience void of offense in the matter of peevishness and irritability? What a deal of extra trouble do we unhesitatingly give in this matter! We are not quite so well to-day as yesterday, and therefore every one must feel the effects of it. We must not suffer and no one know it. And how

apt are we to grumble at trifles!—the opening and closing of a door, the rustle of a paper, the fall of a cinder on the hearth, the condition of the fire, the placing of a chair each is made a source of trouble to ourselves and of worry to our friends.

Have you ever observed how much more patient the sick are in a hospital than they are at home, how submissive they become—how grateful they are for all that is done for them? At home they question and find fault and tyrannize over their friends; but they never do so with strangers. Peevishness seems to vanish when they leave the family circle; they grow quiescent and contented. Why should we treat those near and dear to us with less consideration than we do strangers? why should we lay on them burdens which we would never ask outsiders to bear, and demand sacrifices which are as unnecessary as they are selfish?

There are sacrifices which we have no right to accept, even when they are offered voluntarily. "Oh that one would give me drink of the water of the well at Bethlehem, that is at the gate." Yet when the brave men burst through the hosts of the Philistines, and brought back the water, David would not drink it. Why? Because it has cost too much. They had risked their lives to get it. "Shall I drink the blood of these men who have put their lives in jeopardy?"

I think there is a lesson for an invalid in this. Some things that are offered to you cost too much. If they are the price of another's health or another's happiness, or another's usefulness, they cost too much. Refuse to accept them; rather bear your burden alone. And does it ever strike you how much you may be the poorer by accepting these sacrifices? You may get what you long for, it is true, but even in the getting of it you will find it has lost its sweetness. One of a family who was deaf said, "Don't speak so much to each other; it irritates me to know that you are speaking when I cannot hear what you say." And so, out of sympathy with the afflicted one, lips were closed, and smiles checked, and silence reigned. She got her wish, but the shadow that rested on the family circle was more depressing to her than the sight of gayety which she could not join. Better to witness joy that you cannot take part in than to see no joy at all.

Oh, the shadows that even the best and the brightest, and the most hopeful among us cast, shadows often thrown unconsciously, the shadow caused by a look, a frown, a painful tone! We don't mean it, perhaps, but the result is the same as if we did; the cheerful are depressed by it, the hopeful cast down. Instead of gladness in our dwelling there is gloom. And what can be said of those miserable people who would banish every pleasure which they cannot enjoy, and vainly lay the burden of their own pain and weakness on every one beside them? They have their reward; the burden comes back doubly weighted to their own shoulders, and stays there.

What a blessing it would be, not only to the weak, the suffering, the invalid, but to the whole of the little world in which they are placed, if they would but take to heart some such counsel as this:

Do not foster and pet and magnify your complaints; they will only take deeper root by such treatment. And don't let your self-sacrificing friends make too much of you. Take your own proper part in the game of usefulness, try and find out by experience the blessedness of consideration for others, and, instead of always receiving benefits, try and give.

What can you give, you will say, as you hold up your thin, nerveless fingers—what can you do for any one? Give love instead of always claiming it, give joy instead of trying to take it away, keep back the murmur that will cause pain to your friends, cultivate a gentle, resigned, patient spirit; fill your sick-chamber with the light that comes from inward peace. "He who imparts light to another," as Dr. Trench says, "has not less light, but walks henceforth in the light of two torches instead of one." And it is the same with happiness; strive to make those beside you happy, and you will find how greatly your own happiness is increased.—A. K. H. *Forbes in The Sunday Magazine.*

#### Natural History, Science, etc.

*The Hill Crow of India and the Snow Cock.*—A pair of them always attended our camp, and followed us when we went off on our shooting excursions. I do not think they were the same pair, however. I fancy a pair locate themselves permanently in each valley. After we had left our breakfasting places, they invariably came down to them and made a thorough search for crumbs, etc. They were extremely cautious and cunning. I tried several times to tempt them down with pieces of chapati, thrown to some distance. They would hover a few yards over the bread, or sit on a tree close by, eyeing it intently, but never attempting to seize the morsels while I remained on the spot; but as soon as we left they flew down, and had cleared away all the crumbs before we had gone many yards. They were present at almost every stalk I attempted, and, I am sure, were as much pleased with good shots as I was myself. On the other hand, I dresary I often heard their expressions of disgust at my failures. They were most amusing in their habits, which I watched closely for hours together, when lying idle on the hill-side. This must have been the pairing season, for conjugal affection has been highly cultivated among hill crows. When the female was any distance off from her lord, he would take up his position on the thick branch of a tree and begin a series of calls with every modulation of which his jarring voice was capable: first it was a wheedling caw of affection, accompanied by a gentle rustle of the wings; soon it changed into a querulous complaint of neglect. If this did not fetch her, he lost his temper, and with a loud caw of rage, ordered her up. At this last stage he became most energetic; his head went down at every utterance, and his tail worked like a lever. All this meant that he wanted his head scratched. When the wife did turn up, she proceeded at once to rub his skull all over with her beak—an endearment which sent the old fellow into ecstasies, every feather in his body quivering with enjoyment; then he would launch himself in the air and, sailing in wide circles, scan the hilly slopes from side to side; then, with wings at an acute angle, he would flutter across the valley and back again, uttering self-satisfied cries. This, I suppose, to excite the admiration of his partner. The female was less demonstrative. She seemed always intent on household cares, and toid had evidently sobered her. She reminded me of the women of the country, whose whole life seemed one long drudgery. If these intelligent birds could be trained to mark down game, the sportsman would be saved many a weary trudge, and have many more chances of making a bag than he has now.

Up at five A. M. and off to the ridge again, along which I went towards the head of the valley,

carefully searching both the Hānt and Bagtoun ridges. It was a splendid morning; a bracing cold breeze swept along the open downs, which were carpeted with flowers, especially a yellow kind like the marigold; they were so plentiful and grew so thickly that I crushed a dozen of them at every step. I enjoyed this morning's walk exceedingly, though we saw nothing. The beauty of the scene so impressed me that a bear had he come in sight, might have been allowed to pass. Such surroundings are not conducive to bloodthirsty thoughts. Suddenly we walked nearly over a hen rūn-chākrō, the hen of the snow-cock and her brood of six chickens nestling among the flowers. The chicks were fluffy and half the size of my fist, but they could run. They ran a few yards, crouched and disappeared among the flowers. The mother, too, ran, but limped and fluttered along in such helpless fashion that Jamāla, the breakfast coolie, bolted after her with outstretched hand, expecting to catch her at every step, but she kept just beyond his reach, and, after a run of a hundred yards Jamāla came up panting and looking very foolish—for the hen mother was now following him. Her stratagem, however, was unsuccessful, for our party was still standing a few yards from her brood. A finer illustration of maternal love overcoming natural timidity could not be imagined. The hen came within five yards and circled around us with drooping wings and ruffled feathers, and limping, the very picture of decrepitude, inviting capture by a display of utter helplessness. Jamāla this time was not taken in, and we all stood motionless in sympathetic admiration, my companions exclaiming "Subhan Allah! Subhan Allah!" (Praise to God! Praise to God!) When these manoeuvres failed to move us, the hen settled on the ground, raked up a cloud of dust, fluttered her wings, and clucked for her chicks to come under protection; but by this time the chickens had run farther down the hillside, and were out of hearing. We left her still calling for them.—*In and Beyond the Himalayas.*

TOBACCO is an unclean master. A clean mouth, sweet breath, untainted clothes, apart from being free from stale odor are hard things for a habitual smoker to manage. This point need no elaboration. But if a proof is wanted, I only ask a glance at the floor of the smokers' side of a ferry or the smoking car of a train and a sniff of the atmosphere after a few minutes of the crowd's unrestrained enjoyment of the weed, and—what is quite as significant—a note of the contrast in appearance between the men who crowd these places, and those who seek cleaner floors and purer air.

It is an unhealthy master. It corrupts the sense of taste, injures the stomach, deadens the sensibilities, causes cancers and heart troubles. I can count half a dozen personal friends at this moment who know, on physicians' authority, that further continuance of smoking mean shortened days, perhaps sudden death. Only one or two, however, have been strong enough to give it up.

It is an almost immoral master. Not in itself a necessary evil, it nevertheless promotes certain associations and leads in certain directions to other habits which are unhealthy to the moral nature. Do you know a liquor soaker who is not fond of tobacco? Did you ever see a bar room or prize-fighting or gambling crowd or rough gang of any kind that was not smoking, and chewing? To paraphrase a famous remark of Horace Greeley: "All tobacco users are no

orse thieves, but all horse thieves are tobacco-ers. A lad who has learned to handle a gar with grace has made a first-class start on road that has more than one bad stopping place. If you think that is not so, let me ask you whether, if you were an employer and wanted a young man for a position of trust and authority, you would select the one with a cigar in his mouth, or the one who had decided not use it.

It is a hard master. It is more powerful than our judgment and will combined. The old ble, "I can stop any time I want to," is disproved by the earnest attempts of many a strong an.

It is a costly master. Two seven-cent cigars day only will in thirty years cost four thousand two hundred and sixty-nine dollars, compounding annually at six per cent. I have figures of the calculation before me. Most smokers spend twice that on themselves and iends.—*Christian Advocate.*

**A Children's Friend.**

Born of humble origin at Clayhills, Tunstall, affordshire, in 1831, the boy, Smith, worked 7 his father's side at the early age of seven ars, and was accustomed to carry forty pounds clay on his head, scarcely without intermissions, for thirteen hours daily, at a wage of twelve pence per day, not infrequently standing by the lns all night. The lad by and by attended a ght school and an improvement society, and frequently, by sheer endeavor, rose above the tellectual level of his associates as one—

"Who breaks his birth's invidious bar,  
And grasps the skirts of happy chance,  
And breaths the blows of circumstance,  
And grapples with his evil star."

At eighteen years of age he joined the Methodist Church, and afterwards became a Sunday-school teacher—a plow of service to which he pht his hand upwards of forty-five years. Previous to arriving at his thirtieth year, he undertk the reclamation of the children in the brick-flds, whose awful misery he had escaped, and t the help of whom he never rested until he ld brought them out of the house of bondage.

In this lay the foundation of his joy. Toward te young his heart overflowed with affection. It is narrated that in early manhood he was t the habit of apparently fixing his eyes upon ce beyond and above him, and, on being ken to task by his parents and others, for gng "about gazing into the sky or at the ars," he at first acknowledged that he thought l did it from the vacancy of mind; but later, ven he was stirred with religious thoughts, he d that he used to go along in the same way, generally repeating to himself, or half aloud, "ord, thy work—teach me to do thy work." E the period came when it seemed to be spoken t him, "The children—that is your work." lly possessed of that conviction, George Smith owed nothing to divert his attention from the "hildren of Ismael" and their needs.

Embarking on his humane mission in 1859, t utterances of George Smith could not wholly ss unnoticed. In season and out of season l expatiated on the degradation, immorality, iorance and suffering of children engaged in t brick and tile industry, showing that boys ad girls, not more than six years of age, worked tgether from six in the morning until seven in te evening, and sometimes throughout the night. It unnaturally these poor little ones, receiving vey of curses and blows from the men under vey they worked, because they were not quick

enough in their movements, were made prematurely old or disabled. Instead of sympathly being given to their would-be deliverer, he met with fierce industrial opposition, despite which he toiled unflinchingly for eleven years, when at length friends rallied to his side. The opportunity of reading a paper upon the subject before the Social Science Congress at Newcastle, in 1870, aroused public interest; and the same year he issued an eloquent and impassioned appeal, the first of similar unpretending booklets, entitled, "The Cry of the Children from the Brick-yards of England." In the following year he formulated a number of suggestions as a basis for legislation, and the government of the day passed an act providing for the inspection of brick-yards, and the regulation of juvenile and female labor in this connection, by which some thirty thousand children, and all girls under sixteen, left the brick-fields and tile-yards to attend school.

The reforming head of George Smith was next directed to alleviating the lot of those water nomads known as the children on the canal boats. By close observation, he became familiar with every phase of existence among the population on the canals and navigable rivers of England, and found that old and young of both sexes were huddled together in filthy cabins, uneducated and depraved. Contributing an article to the *Fortnightly Review*, in 1873, G. Smith computed that of the one hundred thousand men, women and children afloat upon English rivers and canals, ninety-five per cent. could neither read nor write, ninety per cent. were drunkards and sixty per cent. living as men and wives unmarried. The canal children had slipped through the Education Act of 1870, as its framers could take no notice of houses that were here to-day and gone to-morrow. Six years' toil were rewarded by the passing of the Canal-Boats Bill, in 1877, for the registration of boats; and in 1884 a further law was adopted compelling the canal children to go to school in whatever district they might be. By its operation from thirty thousand to forty thousand children were brought within the scope of the Education and Sanitary Acts. Smith was indelictable in visiting the canals to inquire into the workings of the act, and any remissness was promptly reported. On one of his lonely winter tramps by the sides of the ice-bound canals, he would have been frozen to death but for the providential approach of a sagacious sheep-dog. In the course of the last few years the condition of boatmen and their families has materially improved.

With characteristic energy George Smith began, in 1879, another agitation for the education and social improvement of the children of the gypsies and travelling showmen. Though shocking disclosures of the deplorable ignorance, overcrowding and promiscuous sleeping of the fifty thousand children and young people representing some twenty thousand families living in England in tents and on wheels, were made, when the M-able Dwellings Bill was introduced into Parliament, in 1885, it was nevertheless rejected. For ten more years heroic exertions were put forth to save the children concerned, by a parliamentary enactment, from the worst consequences of their nomadic habits; but in vain George Smith endeavored to crown the edifice of his useful and honored life. Otherwise he would have died the happiest man in England. Doubtless the stars in their courses, as represented by the opposition which fought against him, cannot fight forever, and it has been pleas-

antly suggested that a line should be left on George Smith's tombstone to record the ultimate success of the measure.

This friend of a young suffering humanity had, however, a happy end. When confined to the house, and then to his bed during the last week or two, he used to say, "It is like Sunday," or "It is always Sunday now." It was, in truth, a short Sunday for the long work-day of the life of one whose privations, toil, and weariness for the objects of his compassion were scarcely known by the world at large.

His funeral was of ideal simplicity. The spectators who saw his remains borne from "The Cabin" to the churchyard at Crick, near Rugby, will not easily forget the scene. Nothing so touching had ever probably occurred under the shadows of the old church before. Hardly a child, it is related, belonging to the village could have been absent.—*James Johnson in S. S. Times.*

**Items.**

—At the London Meeting for Sufferings, held on the seventh of Fifth Month, reports of the several standing committees were presented. The Peace Committee dwelt upon the value of the recent arbitration negotiations between England and the United States in arousing attention throughout the civilized world to the question of international war and peace.

The Anti-Slavery Committee spoke of Zanzibar and Pemba in Eastern Africa, and the proposition referred to the Yearly Meeting of establishing there an industrial mission.

The Committee on Armenian Relief had expected nearly fourteen thousand pounds out of about fifteen thousand pounds entrusted to them. They pointed out that there is still great need of help to that sorely distressed people.

An address to the Queen on the completion of her sixty years of sovereignty was adopted.

The membership of London Yearly Meeting was reported as sixteen thousand six hundred and seventy-four, an increase during the year 1896 of two hundred.

An arrangement had been made with the Hoadley Brothers to maintain a depot for the exhibition and sale of Friends' literature in London.

*Dublin Yearly Meeting.*—A minute from Cork Monthly Meeting called attention to the difference between the disciplines of London and Dublin Yearly Meetings in regard to the marriage of first cousins, which is permitted by the former and not by the latter. After some discussion and the expression of divergent opinions, a minute was finally made declining to make any change.

Due to total abstinence from the use of intoxicating drinks, it was thought some progress had been made. Friends were warned against becoming mixed with the trade by purchasing shares in breweries and distilleries.

A proposal to change the place of holding the Yearly Meeting from Dublin, evoked considerable discussion, and was finally referred to the Quarterly Meetings for their consideration. The whole number of members in Ireland was stated to be two thousand six hundred.

We have received a circular from the "Sunday Breakfast Association" in Twelfth street below Vine. During the past six months 583 meetings were held with a total attendance of 69,729, of which 43,296 received a charitable meal; in addition to this 24,010 meals were served in the Industrial Rescue House.

The meetings held at the police station houses and trolley car depots were especially interesting to these men, who are so very much deprived of religious privileges. While the meetings at Point Breeze on Saturdays drew many a bright gleam of sunshine and hope over the waves of the long voyages of these men to China, Japan and Australia.

The children's meetings held every third day at night all winter have been very largely attended, sometimes as many as six hundred present.

The work of the sewing school and kindergarten

on Seventh-day afternoons has resulted in much good for these little girls; many of these are taught the art of sewing and making their own garments; after which they are presented to them, and they are also taught economic, moral habits and religious truths.

**Inhumanity in Syria.**—In Syria the ancient belief that insanity is due to the possession by a demon spirit and that it leads to much cruelty in the treatment of this afflicted class. This has led to the inauguration of an effort to establish a suitable asylum for such patients, where they may have the benefit of modern methods of cure. T. Waldmeier, who lived many years as a missionary in that country, has latterly been travelling over Europe and America, endeavoring to raise the funds necessary to erect suitable buildings for this purpose at the foot of Mt. Lebanon.

**London Yearly Meeting on Ministry and Oversight.**—In the account contained of this meeting in the *London Friend*, it is stated that a letter was received from Richard M. Thomas, of Baltimore, informing that he was still unable through breakdown in health, to undertake the visit to Denmark and Norway, for which certificates were granted him last year. The date of his return to America was not fixed, but it was not thought that he would be able to accomplish much further service on that side of the Atlantic.

In the reports from the Quarterly Meetings of Ministry and Oversight, references were made to imparting to their members "more organized religious instruction," and the need for the "best intellect" of their membership to be consecrated to the service of the Gospel. These statements are calculated to awaken a fear lest the attention of English Friends should be too much turned, in the exercise of the ministry, to the exciting words of nature, to the "demonstration of the power" of the "spirit and power" which accompany the anointing of the spirit.

**VICTORIA'S LARGE FAMILY.**—Queen Victoria has now seven living descendants. Seven of these are sons and daughters, thirty-three are grandchildren, and thirty are great-grandchildren.

#### SUMMARY OF EVENTS.

**UNITED STATES.**—In the U. S. Senate, a steady progress has been made in the Tariff bill. It is believed the sugar schedule will pass with slight changes in the House bill.

The comparative statement of the Government receipts and expenditures during Fifth Month shows that the totals receipts were \$20,757,399, and the expenditures \$29,009,259, leaving the surplus for the month \$8,888,131. The statement for Fifth Month, 1897, showed a deficit of \$4,782,875.

The monthly statement of the United States public debt shows that the debt, less cash in the Treasury, at the close of business on Fifth Month 29th, 1897, was \$299,654,462, a decrease for the month of \$1,500,000, which is principally accounted for by an increase of over \$2,000,000 in cash in the Treasury.

W. J. Calhoun, who was specially commissioned by President McKinley to make an examination into the Ruiz case in Cuba, and in which he will add verbally to his report upon that case his observations upon the state of affairs in Cuba, was expected to reach Washington on the 8th inst. It is learned upon the best information that Calhoun has prepared no formal document, and that the major portion of his report will be in the nature of a personal communication to the President. It is understood that Calhoun will commend the ability and faithfulness of Consul General Lee and the great promptness and vigor with which he has looked after the rights of American citizens. It is believed he will endorse General Lee's report upon the Ruiz case, which has been forwarded to the President, and in which, in a most emphatic language, presents his judgment that Ruiz was murdered in prison after having been excommunicated from communication with the American Consul for 315 hours in violation of international agreement.

The report of the Spanish representative supports the claim of the Spanish authorities, that Ruiz died of natural causes, but admits his long incarceration without opportunity to communicate with the authorities of our Government.

During the past year the lump sum of \$14,225 was received by the United States Government for the "Centennial Fund," the largest amount ever received.

According to *Ullman's Wochenschrift*, the British Consul at Chicago reports that, in the West, German goods are driving out English manufactures, particularly in the importation of cement, chemicals, oil, pottery, glass and mirrors, cutlery, colors, gins, picture-frames, etc.

The formal opening of the Commercial Museums in this city on the 1st inst. bids fair to be the most important event that has occurred in this city for nearly a quarter of a century. Nothing from a business point of view, it is said, at all compares with it, except the Centennial Exhibition, which was admitted to be the greatest and most important made of any event of the century. The members of the advisory Board, representing the leading commercial bodies of every large city in the Union, were generally present, as were the representatives of similar bodies from all the leading cities of the Central and South American States. The views of the foreign delegates on these matters were ordered to get before the trade, Museums should be supplemented with steamship lines, and local banks with long credit. The Uruguayan delegate objected to the proposed tariff on wool and hides.

The American Medical Association held its 30th annual meeting in this city last week. The proceedings were of many interests and of great value.

The Los Angeles papers say that in the Fourth Month the heaviest consignment of ostrich plumes ever sent from California was sent to Paris. The industry is no longer an experiment in the long Pacific State. Already the business has an investment of \$200,000, which is likely to be augmented by a third during the coming season. The sales of plumes this year from the ostrich farms at Fallbrook, Colorado, Anaheim, Pasadena, Pomona and Santa Monica total up to \$100,000. The percentage of profit on the amount invested is large enough to make the business profitable.

Chas. J. Green, who died in Boston on the 6th inst., is alleged to have been 115 years old. She was born a slave in Virginia and went to Boston in 1854.

An earthquake shock was felt in the vicinity of Decatur, Iowa, on First-day morning.

A severe earthquake shock occurred at Helena, Butte, and other points in Montana on Seventh-day last.

We are informed that the circular Epistle issued by our late Yearly Meeting, has been read in each of two bodies bearing the name of "The Yearly Meeting of Friends of New York."

Deaths in this city last week were 367, being 61 less than the previous week, and 13 more than the corresponding week of last year. Of the foregoing, 138 were males and 169 females; 42 died of pneumonia; 39 of consumption; 27 of heart disease; 23 of diphtheria; 15 of convulsions; 14 of cancer; 13 of apoplexy; 12 of old age; 11 of Bright's disease; 10 from casualties; 9 of typhoid fever, and 9 of inflammation of the stomach and bowels.

FOREX.—Wheat, 25, 9s, 4s, 9s, 4s, reg. 110 a 110 1/2; coupon, 112 1/2 a 113; 2s, 9s, 4s, reg. 123 1/2 a 124 1/2; 5s, 113 1/2 a 114; currency 6s, 101 a 104.

COTTON was weak, and a little quiet. Reduced 1/2c. per pound to 7 1/2c. for middling uplands.

RICE.—Spot bar, \$12 00 a \$12 50 per ton for winter in bulk; and \$11 00 a \$11 50 for spring in sacks.

EXTRA.—Wheat extra, 54 a 55c; good, 44 a 50c; medium, 34 a 41c; common, 24 a 31c; 3s, 44 a 50c; 5s, 44 a 50c; do., straight, \$1 10 a \$1 20; Western winter, clear, \$3 85 a \$4 00; do., do., straight, \$1 10 a \$1 20; do., patent, \$1 25 a \$1 50; spring, clear, \$3 35 a \$3 60; do., straight, \$3 65 a \$3 85; do., patent, \$3 85 a \$4 10; do., favorite brands, higher. City mills, extra, \$3 10 a \$3 40; do., patent, \$3 40 a \$3 60; straight, \$3 25 a \$3 40; do., patent, \$1 40 a \$1 60. RYE FLOUR.—\$2 25 a \$2 40 per barrel, as to quality.

GRAIN.—No. 2 red wheat, 77 1/2 a 78c. No. 2 mixed color, 28 a 28 1/2c.

No. 2 white oats, 25 a 25c. CORN.—Wheat extra, 54 a 55c; good, 44 a 50c; medium, 34 a 41c; common, 24 a 31c; 3s, 44 a 50c; 5s, 44 a 50c; do., straight, \$1 10 a \$1 20; Western winter, clear, \$3 85 a \$4 00; do., do., straight, \$1 10 a \$1 20; do., patent, \$1 25 a \$1 50; spring, clear, \$3 35 a \$3 60; do., straight, \$3 65 a \$3 85; do., patent, \$3 85 a \$4 10; do., favorite brands, higher. City mills, extra, \$3 10 a \$3 40; do., patent, \$3 40 a \$3 60; straight, \$3 25 a \$3 40; do., patent, \$1 40 a \$1 60. RYE FLOUR.—\$2 25 a \$2 40 per barrel, as to quality.

FOREIGN.—The Bank of England continues silver in circulation in its vaults since 1698. Premier Camacho's Spain has been constituted in ministerial power by the Queen Regent, and the Cabinet will remain in office, with personal and pol-

icy unchanged. All the Powers consulted by the Queen advised the recall of Captain General Veyle from Cuba, but she declined to continue him and so of the other appointees in office. Great excitement prevails. The peril of the situation, so far from being considered by the Conservatives' retention in office, is considered to be only just beginning.

Armed Bulgarian bands have crossed the frontier near Kassova, and Turkey has sent a large force of troops there.

Mount Vesuvius is in eruption. An area of 200 yards long by 500 wide is covered with lava, and it is dangerous to approach within 400 yards of the principal crater.

Nowhere in Europe are landed estates so vast as in Russia. The statistics which are furnished by the will of the late Count Malteff, of czar's estates, who bequeathed to his heirs, in addition to other property, not less than twenty-nine mines, fifteen of which are of the first importance. They afford employment to more than 60,000 workmen. The only person in Russia whose mining properties exceed those of the Malteff estate is Elin Daniloff.

The Japanese loan of 43,000,000 yen, equivalent to about \$21,947,916, at 5 per cent, and payable in gold the issue price of which is 101 1/2, has been subscribed in London several times over within an hour.

It is estimated that more than eighty tons of diamonds have been unearthed in the South African field during the last few years. These represent a total value of £35,000,000.

The Australian Legislature has sanctioned the building of an aqueduct which will cost \$12,500,000 and will supply the Coolgardie gold mines with 5,000,000 gallons of water daily.

#### NOTICES.

**PERSONS GOING BOARDING SCHOOL.**—For convenience of persons coming to Philadelphia, the regular meeting trains leaving Philadelphia 7:17 and 8:45 A. M. and 2:53 and 4:32 P. M. Other trains are met with requested. Leave far on regular trips, fifteen cents on special trips, twenty-five cents each way. To reach the school by telegraph, wire West Chester Phone 8.

EDWARD G. SMEDLEY, Sup't.

**WESTWOLD BOARDING SCHOOL.**—Applications for the admission of pupils to the school, and letters in regard to instruction and discipline should be addressed to WILLIAM F. WICKERSHAM, Principal. Payments on account of board and tuition, and communications in regard to business should be forwarded to EDWARD G. SMEDLEY, Superintendent. Address, Westwold P. O., Chester Co., Pa.

**WANTED.**—Companion, mother's help, or governess, by young woman Friend. Several years' experience. Address,

"M," office of THE FRIEND.

**BOARDING.**—At a farm in Chester Co. (Friends), a few boarders would find a beautifully situated and thoroughly convenient home for the summer.

Address "B," office of THE FRIEND.

**MARRIED.** in Salsbury Meeting, at Christina, Pa. Fourth-day, Fourth Mo. 14th, 1897, ROBERT HENK RUSSELL, of Colorado Springs, Col., and ANNA PEARLIN SMITH, of Parkersburg, Pa.

**DIED.** on the fourteenth of Fifth Month, 1897, a the residence of his son-in-law, Morriss Smith, ISAAC YERSON, in the eighty-eighth year of his age. He had been an active witness from cancer in one eye with great patience. He was a lifelong and consistent member of the Society of Friends. He had resided within the limits and been a member of Springville Monthly Meeting in Linn Co., Iowa, from its first existence. He leaves neither brother nor sister, and his children and friends have cause to believe that he has been gathered to a shock of corn fully ripe, into the heavenly garner.

—, at her residence near Danville, Ind., Fifth Month 10th, 1897, LARINA E. CARTER, wife of John Carter, aged thirty-eight years, six months and nine days. She was a member of Mill Creek Monthly Meeting. She was conscious until she was near the close of her life, and after taking leave of her family said, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."

WILLIAM H. PILLE'S SONS, PRINTERS,  
No. 42 Walnut Street.

# THE FRIEND.

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MOORESTOWN, BURLINGTON Co., N. J.

Entered as second-class matter at Philadelphia P. O.

Richard Esterbrook.

(Continued from page 30.)

PLAINFIELD, Eighth Month 8th, 1856.

"The low condition of our meetings in every age at the present time, is cause for great arching of heart. I have been considering the state of things mentioned by Jeremiah in the fourteenth chapter, as describing our exercise in some measure—and the fourth verse may illustrate and express the feelings of some. The ploughmen were ashamed, they covered their heads.' A very low time is a time of secular temptation to look about for expedients and remedies, and to seek to bring about a better state of things by artificial processes—not considering that none of the vanities of the entiles can cause the rain of Heaven to descend. But alas we have prophets that deny falsely, and we have a great variety—many shades of feeling and sentiment among even us." These things are causes of great eakness."

Referring to a recently published letter, R. says:

PLAINFIELD, Eighth Month 9th, 1856.

"It would seem as if London Yearly Meeting was in possession of some especial spiritual power and authority over the family of Yearly feelings, and that there was a sort of consolation among those who should come in for a share of her blessing and protection. To my mind at day is departed altogether and that her *ret duty* is to herself, and *that work* is not to be effected by a conference—although if one are rightly conduced, and some of the *congress* were truly anointed to see her situation, and point it out clearly and plainly in the authority of Truth, it might be the beginning of better day."

PLAINFIELD, Eighth Month 10th, 1856.

"The duties of the office [of Elder] are not performed by a mere quickness of perception to detect unsoundness. The great and principal qualification is the quickened sense as to the root and spring of ministry and its harmony with the true exercise of the day or time. I had been deeply impressed with the view of an increase of harmonious exercise in our meetings ll over."

PLAINFIELD, Ninth Month 8th, 1856.

"Yesterday attended our Monthly Meeting,

and in the afternoon the Select Meeting, now much reduced in number. The both meetings were times of comfort and encouragement to me, and I trust also to others—being a season of favors unexpected made it perhaps the more refreshing; 'When He cometh He maketh the parched ground a pool of water, and the dry land springs of water.' The Lord is with his Church still, and 'Wisdom is justified of all her children.' So my dear Friend, Joseph Walton, need not be afraid of —

"If the Lord, the Head of the Church, is singly looked unto, and humbly and sincerely trusted in, He will give judgment to them that sit in judgment and strength to those that turn the battle to the gate—and the praise and glory of all are his due, of whom is the ability for every good word and work. I feel very much better mentally, and have a grateful, thankful feeling covering my spirit."

PLAINFIELD, Ninth Month 21st, 1856.

"Some of our dear Friends in younger life than some of us will have to be more open and stand out—*step in* and fill up the ranks—show on which side they are decidedly, or they will not be able to stand. I want to see an increase of the number of those who give evidence that they really share in the 'afflictions of Joseph.'"

CAMDEN, Twelfth Month 5th, 1856.

"There is a letter of J. T. Dorland which evinces that he is greatly disturbed about the members of our Society going into the water, and yet he has been the paid pastor of the congregation at Brooklyn for two or three years I expect."

"It is just these extreme measures as to the ordinances that disturb this class of Friends. For those who go so far it is easy to see can claim the name no longer with any decency."

"Previous to having any information as to the death of our late dear Friend, Henry W. Wills, I had made an appointment for a person to come over sixty miles to see me on the day of the interment. I regretted not being in a position to be present with his family and friends on that occasion. He was an honest-hearted Friend, one whom I loved and valued very much, and feel his loss."

CAMDEN, First Month 29th, 1857.

"A ministry exercised as a matter of course, whose time is always ready, is totally inconsistent with our true testimony to the Headship of Christ in the Church, and such a ministry must of necessity land the Society on another foundation and break it up into fragments."

"No Society such as ours can prosper by a total laying aside that which alone makes it of any value."

"William Cooper has our tender sympathy. He was so dependent. He had recently lost his wife. In the midst of our conflicts and trials, and the weakness and impotence of man, there is a place of safety, a tower to flee to, a refuge from the storms of life.  
"The Name of the Lord is a strong tower,

the righteous runneth into it and is safe. There is no other I am persuaded."

CAMDEN, Sixth Month 29th, 1857.

"Almost ever since our Meeting for Sufferings was held, my mind has reverted again and again, with a feeling of much anxiety, to what appears to me to be an increasing disposition to draw the Meeting for Sufferings into a course of action in regard to a variety of outside subjects, that, if much encouraged, will, I fear, bring about a great change in its character and in the end weaken its influence. I should be glad for Friends to give way to apprehension (well founded apprehension) of religious duty, to call upon the mayor, or other persons in authority, and relieve their minds to them in Christian concern and love, without bringing such subjects to the notice of the Meeting for Sufferings, unless for some very special object, and under the pressure of a true religious concern. That great evils exist, yea, that they abound all around us, needs no argument, but to occupy the attention of the Meeting for Sufferings with recital of what we have noticed, etc., is, I think, undesirable, unless as I have remarked, in some especial and unusual case, and under such a degree of religious concern as to constitute it a religious obligation to yield to it. If this ground is not kept to, and felt to be essential to our preservation, we are certainly already in much danger. Let any Friend who feels called upon to do it, go and see the mayor, etc., without using the machinery of the Society too often."

"I regard the primary duties of the Meeting for Sufferings to consist in a lively interest in watching over the interests of our Society, the cause of Truth, which I understand to mean the principles of religion held by us as a Society, to keep them pure and unspotted, and not to become an association for the promotion of moral reform in every direction that this man or that man may point to."

"It is no part of our business to encourage a restless activity, that has a life that may be felt by what it is doing. It is a part of our duty to endeavor to be in such a frame of mind as to recognize what appears to have a right origin. I have just been reading over the list of the divers committees to Meetings for Suffering, with fresh interest and confirmation of my concern. The Meeting has of late years been greatly bereft of 'fathers,' although we may have some who are called instructors, and the reticence of many is such that I believe we do not always get at the true inward feeling of several.  
"I felt as if I wanted some one to open my mind, etc., a little for relief." Seeing eye to eye, and fellow feeling are at a low ebb I fear."

The subject alluded to in this letter was the introduction into the Meeting for Sufferings of some remarks on the existence of many evils in the community; and the propriety of endeavoring to strengthen the hands of the Mayor of Philadelphia in efforts to abate them.

CAMDEN, Tenth Month 22nd, 1857.

"I have read thy essay on the late confer-

ence' proceedings with much interest and satisfaction—presuming that the views expressed by the *Christian Worker* are correct, such as they are warranted in putting forth. The 'declaration' put out seemed to me a weak document—laboriously accomplishing nothing. I have parted with the last copy I had, so that I cannot quote from it, but there is a passage in it which inculcates that we may and should appropriate to ourselves some of the promises held out in the Scriptures. The precious promises so recorded are offered to the comfort and help of states, through the power of the Holy Spirit, where and as He pleaseth, and thus the salvation and strength of the righteous is of the Lord only.

"To speak my own conviction as to the result of the whole, it looks to me as totally 'insignificant' and worthless.

"Maneuvering and subtlety are all out of place, as well as whitewashing and covering over and hiding, and throwing people off the scent, or blinding them with dust—all this I cannot bear, and could not be harnessed up to it. To return to thy essay, I like it much and am glad it has been written."

This letter refers to the Conference held at Richmond, Indiana, at which deputations from London and Dublin Yearly Meetings were present.

In a letter bearing date Seventh Month 10th, 1886, our beloved Friend expresses his views in regard to epistolary correspondence between Yearly Meetings, and mentions his "apprehension that correspondence might soon take the shape of admonition on small matters which would soon cease to be edifying. There seems with some a total incapacity to make due allowances for the influence of surrounding circumstances of various kinds, and to draw lines for conduct and make religion to consist in walking up to it. This was never the religion of the Society of Friends. While I have no fellowship or unity with those who would break down the hedges, I am concerned that men or women should refrain from laying on burdens and marking out the precise path for others, believing that in a general way it is a mistake, and is like tying fruit on a tree instead of waiting for it to grow in its proper season. These have long been settled views with me, longer than the average length of a generation.

"With regard to correspondence in a general way, and its results, I am free to confess I am shy of it. I think it likely the comfortable, easy unity may be better maintained by a Christian independency, than by a close embarrassing partnership, involving the responsibility of dissent or approval of every act of the partners to the compact. The experiences and observations of the last ten years, have not tended in the direction of changing my views or abating my fears. The Society can only be kept together in unity and grow by the same principles upon which it was gathered from the 'Lo here's' and 'Lo there's,' and grew by the same, and it will be ever so. The wisdom of man, whichever way it tends, either to right hand or to left hand, will avail nothing."

(To be continued.)

OBEDIENCE.—They who hearken to the Lord and walk in the way of his commandments, go on from strength to strength; their peace and hope increase like a river, which, from small beginnings, runs broader and deeper, till it falls into the ocean.

## Letter from Switzerland.

PREES NEUCHÂTEL, 40 Corcelles.  
Fifth Month 20th, 1897.

I will answer your letters together, which I have just read. I spent the entire afternoon stretched out under a pine tree on the mountain side, with a view of indescribable beauty spread out before us. M. was with me, of course, stretched out on her shawl, and we both had as usual a pile of books with us, from which we occasionally read aloud, but I put in nearly two hours sleeping.

We had planned for a trip into the mountains this afternoon and to leave immediately after dinner, but a thunder storm came up directly over the peaks where we were going, so we postponed it for another day. It was simply magnificent from our perch under the pine tree to look out across the lake far, far below us, and watch the dark cloud masses rolling up around some of the peaks, while others were lighted up by the sun. It is simply beautiful as a dream here, and we feel so perfectly at home. Everything is so simple and plain as it can be, but they are such kind-hearted pleasant people. The daughter and mother live alone, the former gives the lessons and the latter looks after the house. The daughter is an extremely cultivated, educated woman, very bright and entertaining, so that we enjoy the time passed indoors as well as out. She is very kind, introducing us to her friends, and taking us with her wherever we care to accompany her. She speaks English and German equally well as French, but a fine is imposed upon any person wilfully resorting to their mother tongue. We have a good deal of amusement over this sometimes, as there is a German lady and a young English and a young German girl at the table as well, and only three French, so the temptation is strong sometimes when we want to tell an appropriate story or something of the kind.

It is perfectly astonishing to us to notice how the Swiss peasants differ from those of Germany and France, (the latter we came very little in contact with.) They are so much more self-respecting and so much better educated, and the women are not so imposed upon. So far we have seen no women working in the fields or carrying heavy loads. They probably do it to some extent but far less than in other countries. It is of course the result of the liberty that Switzerland has enjoyed for so many centuries.

We are looking forward to a delightful time in Geneva, when we are ready to go down there for a week. It has been the refuge of the persecuted of all countries for ages, and I am sure some of the spirit of those old heroes must linger about the city yet.

But I was going to speak about the terrible catastrophe in Paris, which occurred while we were there. It was indeed a most dreadful thing and I avoided speaking of it, not thinking it necessary to distress you, but since you read the account in the paper I am very glad to relate what I know. The whole city of Paris was in mourning one night almost say, and for nearly a week all the better class of places of amusement were closed. It happened that the same evening before we knew of the event (it occurred in the afternoon) we took the imperial of the omnibus for a ride down the Boulevards to see them illuminated, and were surprised to see the Grand Opera and other places like that all dark. But we soon learned the cause. One of the friends of M. Hommey who often visited at the house, told us a great many

heart-rending stories, as she lives in the fashionable part of the Champs Elysées, in the centre of the wealth and nobility of Paris, and it was of course the very wealthiest and noblest families that carried on the fair. This person of whom I spoke has a pension for young girls mostly English. She said that a friend had brought tickets that very day, inviting her to bring some of her girls with her. Some slight thing intervened so they did not go, and was thus saved.

You of course understand from the paper how the fire originated, and that the building being of wood, lightly built, and completely lined with light cheesecloth, there was no hope for the inmates. What made it worse was that it was in a part of the city where there were very few passers by, and then the fire started on the side where there was the greatest chance of escape. In fifteen minutes from the moment the fire started the entire conflagration was over and the terrible work done. There were five corpses for which there was no demand, or a least were totally unrecognizable. They were interred at Père Lachaise, the funeral service being held in Notre Dame. Of course a tremendous concourse of people assembled in the cathedral, and the Abbé (I cannot recall his name, but he is endowed with remarkable oratorical powers), took occasion to deliver a very daring sermon, which was published in all the newspapers and created quite a sensation, it seems. He boldly attacked the political leaders calling the catastrophe a judgment that had been permitted to come upon them. Saying that it had been the innocent who had suffered. Of course he spoke from his Catholic standpoint and I suppose had special reference to the attitude of the present government toward the church.

As to the possibility of our having been present, in of course might have been, and yet I did not feel in any way that it was an escape for us, for we had not even heard of it; and yet a few days afterwards, M. H. told us, she scarcely trusted herself to mention the circumstances of the fire in any way, that perhaps two days before a friend had called, bringing her tickets for this bazaar, but she was out at the time so did not have the opportunity of offering to take us there. The tickets, however, were for general admission, and had no reference to this day. There being no possibility of deriving any good from it, we instinctively shrank from visiting the scene of horror.

E. S. K.

The battleship *Iowa*, the last of the premium-built battleships of the navy, made an average of seventeen knots an hour over the regular government course, off the Massachusetts coast, in the four hours' speed trial required by the government under the contract. Her builders, the Cramps of Philadelphia, thus won the bonus of \$200,000 offered under the contract. The *Iowa* "is to-day the acknowledged queen of the navy, if not the most formidable battleship afloat." The bonus given to the Cramps for building this death-dealing monster was exactly the same in amount as the sum voted by Congress to assist in relieving the thousands of flood-stricken families in the lower Mississippi districts! Two hundred thousand dollars is considered a large and generous sum when given to a really humane and Christian object, but when given as an extra inducement to make a superior instrument of death it is a mere nothing.—*Advocate of Peace.*

**William Jackson's Visit to England.**

(Continued from page 371.)

William Jackson's next draft was to Ireland, at the weather being very stormy, several days lapsed before there was an opportunity to cross. In the afternoon of the seventeenth of Tenth Month, he went on board the vessel, and the ship moved off with a fair and gentle wind, but it proved a hard passage. A storm came on and drove them to the northward. They were detained so long that their provisions were early exhausted. Of his own feelings, William says, "As it had been a time of deep searching with me, and examining of every step, and querying why should I have such trials at sea, yet could not find wherein I could have turned therewith with the same degree of clearness, therefore, though hard to bear, my mind was made comfortably quiet under it; and as I talked the deck to and fro with my mind reared, ruminating on our present situation, the eclaration of the Royal Psalmist sprang up in my remembrance, "I was once young, and now am old; yet have I never seen the righteous forsaken nor his seed begging bread." After voyage of eight days they arrived at Dublin. In his journey through Ireland, he found many of the meetings very small and weak, at Lurgan Quarterly Meeting, held on the 15th and seventh of the Twelfth Month, he met with Mary Naflet, a ministering Friend on the Island of Guernsey, who at one time was in this country on a religious visit. Of its meeting he says, "It has been a time of heart-felt pain and exercise, there being scarce a father among them, and the young men that were strong, not being such as had sufficiently overcome the wicked one, so that it was ying work for some that were there to keep anything of tolerable order."

In enumerating the different meetings he attended in quick succession, he mentions more than once lodging at the house of that valuable minister, John Conran. The damp climate of Ireland did not agree with his delicate constitution, so that he became quite unwell. He says, "The days were now at the shortest, the sun not shining until twenty-three minutes after eight o'clock. In the morning the air being extremely ardened by a thick fog, and a very hard frost, I had an appearance like I had never seen before, as white as if covered with a light snow, and the air as if it was darkened with a ery fine shower, yet could not be seen to fall on the ground. So it continued for several days and nights, and then came on a hard storm of wind and rain. In this time of frost it was so exceedingly chilly and cold, to step but just at the door. I thought it was more striking than our coldest northwest wind in America."

When at Grange, he lodged with "old Thomas Green," who was as a father to him, "and is daughter that kept his house, was affectionate, kind and attentive in nursing me, though she was one of those that were led off by the acifer spirit that has fallen upon the Society in this part. Many are quite gone off, and isolated Friends and their meetings, and some their part of the way—attending meetings for worship but not for discipline. She was one of his description. I had two or more solid opportunities of conversation with her on the occasion, and it appeared to do away that shyness a great measure that seems to be sucked in by them, and her love towards us seemed to be increased; but, oh, I had scarce any hope of anything from it durable. The defection of

heart is such that they are harder to be reclaimed than if they had never known the way of truth."

The separation in Ireland, of which William Jackson speaks, is frequently referred to in the letters and journals of Friends who lived at that time; but the Friend who prepares this narrative for publication does not know of any connected and detailed account of it. But he believes the points at issue referred probably to the Divinity and offices of the Saviour, and to the authority of the Holy Scriptures.

The MSS. account from which this narrative is drawn, speaks of many more meetings held in Ireland, but does not follow William Jackson in his further labors in England and Scotland, or during his return voyage to America, which he reached in safety, and where he continued to reside for many years.

FOR "THE FRIEND."

**An Excursion to Ancoara.**

There exists in Philadelphia and the parts of the country adjacent to it, an association of students of natural history, known as the Delaware Valley Association, which occasionally makes excursions to points of interest. On the twenty-ninth of Fifth Month, the place selected for examination was Ancoara, on the railroad between Philadelphia and Atlantic City, on the borders of the Pine districts, where Cedar Swamps, Cranberry bogs and sandy uplands combined to furnish good exploring ground. The day was cool and pleasant, and more than one hundred of those interested in the study of natural history, gathered at the Ancoara house in the morning. After some general remarks on the characteristics of the Pine barren region, the company were divided into two sections, which set out in different directions, under the guidance of some who were familiar with the lay of the land.

The party was in good spirits, cheerful and sociable, ready to be pleased, and their attention was from time to time excited by meeting with fresh objects of interest, especially in the Cranberry bog to which we were led. The Cranberry vine (*Vaccinium macrocarpon*), is itself a peculiar plant. Its native home is a bog or swamp, in the slush of which the slender vines run for several feet, sending up numerous short upright stems, which bear the flowers and fruit. The pretty flowers, of a pale rose color, had not yet appeared. The leaves are small and evergreen and thickly set on the stems. In the cultivation of the cranberry, it is essential to have a supply of water, with which when desired, the bog can be flooded, so as to kill out grass and weeds, and prevent the depredations of insects.

Scattered here and there over the surface of the bog were deep green leaves, smooth and of a velvety appearance, lance-shaped and six or eight inches in length, and all springing directly from the root, without the intervention of a stem. This foliage was so unlike in its appearance to any other that grew there, as to at once attract the notice of the observer. The flowers were of a golden yellow color, crowded on the end of a stem of a foot or more in length; from this is derived its common name, Golden Club (*Ossifraga aquatica*). It is also called "Never Wet," because water runs off from the leaves without wetting them. The seeds and rootstalk are said to be edible when their acrid properties are removed by boiling.

Another plant that seemed to awaken still more enthusiasm among our women excursion-

ists was the curious Side Saddle flower or Pitcher Plant (*Sarracenia purpurea*). The leaves come directly from the root. They are pitcher-shaped, curved, and with a broad wing. The internal hollow is surmounted with a hood, the inner face of which is clothed with stiff bristles pointing downward. The cup is usually part full of water, which contains a multitude of drowned insects. Indeed these leaves are regular fly-traps. An insect that lights on the inside of the hood is almost certain to descend into the interior. The bristles with which the hood is lined, while permitting the descent of the victim, render escape difficult, thus exemplifying the truth of Virgil's assertion—*Faciès desecro Accenti* (it is easy to go down to destruction).

The plants were finely in bloom, and the large dark purple flowers were very attractive to our party, numbers of whom carried home with them specimens.

Another curious family of insect-eating plants that grew in the low, sandy grounds of the pine barrens is the Sun-dew (*Drosera*). We found three species of them, the Round-leaved, the Long-leaved, and the Thread-leaved. These leaves are all clothed with reddish gland-bearing bristles, which exude drops of a clear glutinous fluid, glistening like dew-drops, whence the common name "Sun-dew." These glands form an effective apparatus for entrapping gnats and other small insects. When such an one alights on the leaves, it is held by the glutinous fluid, and in a short time the hair it has touched bends inward, and the adjacent hairs also fold inward, so that soon the insect is firmly fastened. Its presence probably stimulates the glands to pour out additional secretions, which destroy its life. Then the glands absorb its juices—so that these plants feed not only on the sap drawn from the earth, but also on the animals they destroy. In the middle of summer, one can scarcely find a plant which does not show on its leaves one or more insects which have thus contributed to support this carnivorous little plant. It was too early in the season to find the flowers, which are a purple rose-color in *Drosera filiformis*, and white in the other two species.

The Cranberry bog furnished us with still another genus of carnivorous plants—the Bladderwort (*Utricularia*). Of this we found two species—the Greater Bladderwort (*Utricularia vulgaris*), has its stem immersed in the water, and crowded with thread-like leaves. These bear numerous little bladders which are filled with air and float the plant at the time of floating, so that the flowers can open in the air. After the season of blossoming, the bladders become filled with water, and the plant descends to ripen its seeds at the bottom.

The quiet waters in which these plants grow abound in minute animalcule, called Entomostraca, which form the principal food of young fishes. These have the power of motion, and their activity and voracity often lead to their destruction when living among utricularia. The little bladders of these have lids which open upwards. The minute Cyclops presses on the lid, which sinks before it. The animal enters and the lid flies back to its place, and the poor Cyclops is left a prisoner and soon dies. Dr. Macfarlane told us that on coming home after a long walk, he threw some utricularia he had collected in a basin of water, which contained numerous animalcule. On examining it a few days afterwards, he found these had nearly all disappeared, having been devoured by the plants.

We found also another species *Utricularia subulata*, a delicate little plant, which had yellow

low flowers supported on simple, thread-like stems, and mostly without leaves.

Several of our party were much pleased to see *Andromeda* in bloom. They had long been familiar with the deep green, spiny leaves, but had not before met with the loose clusters of small flowers found along the bases of the young branches and in the axils of the leaves.

In the low grounds we saw many specimens of the stagger-bush (*Andromeda maritima*). The flowers are pitcher-shaped, like many of the Whortleberry family and allied genera, are white and larger than in most similar plants, and are quite beautiful. The leaves are said to be poisonous to young animals, and the honey collected from the blossoms by bees is said to be more or less poisonous.

Another common and pretty species of the Heath family was the *Luzula racemosa*, in which the white flowers hung in long, one-sided racemes at the end of the branchlets.

(To be concluded.)

#### SELECTED.

### Revelations from God in Dreams.

My friend, a retired sea-captain and a Christian, tells me that one night, while on the sea, he dreamed that a ship's crew were in great suffering. Waking up from his dream, he put about the ship, tacked in different directions, surprised everybody on the vessel—they thought he was going crazy—sailed on in another direction hour after hour, and for many hours, until he came to the perishing crew and rescued them, and brought them to New York. Who conducted that dream? The God of the sea.

In 1695, a vessel went out from Spithead for West India, and ran against the ledge of rocks called the Caskets. The vessel went down, but the crew clambered up on the Caskets, to die of thirst or starvation, as they supposed. But there was a ship bound for Southampton that had the captain's son on board. This lad twice in one night dreamed that there was a crew of sailors dying on the Caskets. He told his father of his dream. The vessel came down by the Caskets in time to find and rescue those two dying men. Who conducted that dream? The God of the rocks, the God of the sea.

God has often appeared in dreams to rescue and comfort. You have known people—perhaps it is something I state in your own experience—you have seen people go to sleep with bereavements inconsolable, and they awakened in perfect resignation because of what they had seen in slumber. Dr. Crannage, one of the most remarkable men I ever met—remarkable for benevolence and great philanthropies—at Wellington, England, showed me a house where the Lord had appeared in a wonderful dream to a poor woman. The woman was rheumatic, sick, poor to the last point of destitution. She was waited on and cared for by another poor woman, her only attendant. Word came to her one day that this poor woman had died, and the invalid of whom I am speaking lay helplessly upon the couch, wondering what would become of her. In that mood she fell asleep. In her sleep she said the Angel of the Lord appeared, and took her into the open air, and pointed in one direction, and there were mountains of bread, and pointed in another direction, and there were mountains of butter, and in another direction, and there were mountains of all kinds of worldly supply. The Angel of the Lord said to her: "Woman, all these mountains belong to your Father, and do you think that He will let you, his child, hunger and die?" Dr. Crannage told me, by some Divine impulse he went into that

destitute home, saw the suffering there, and administered unto it, caring for her all the way through. Do you tell me that that dream was woven out of earthly anxieties? Was that the phantasmagoria of a diseased brain? No; it was an all-sympathetic God addressing a poor woman through a dream.

Furthermore, I have to say, that there are people in this house who were converted to God through a dream. John Newton, the fame of whose pious fills all Christendom, while a profligate sailor on shipboard, in his dream, thought that a being approached him and gave him a very beautiful ring, and put it upon his finger, and said to him: "As long as you wear that ring, you will be prospered; if you lose that ring you will be ruined." In the same dream another personage appeared, and by a strange infatuation persuaded John Newton to throw that ring overboard, and it sank into the sea. Then the mountains in sight were full of fire, and the air was lurid with consuming wrath. While John Newton was repenting of his folly in having thrown overboard the treasure, another personage came through the dream, and told John Newton he would plunge into the sea and bring the ring up if he desired it. He plunged into the sea and brought it up, and said to John Newton: "Here is that gem, but I think I will keep it for you, lest you lose it again;" and John Newton consented, and all the fire went out from the mountains, and all the signs of lurid wrath disappeared from the air; and John Newton said that he saw in his dream that that valuable gem was his soul, and that the being who persuaded him to throw it overboard was Satan, and that the one who plunged in and restored that gem, keeping it for him, was Christ. And that dream makes one of the most wonderful chapters in the life of that most wonderful man.

John Hardock, while on shipboard, dreamed one night that the day of judgment had come, and that the roll of the ship's crew was called except his own name, and that these people, this crew, were all banished; and in his dream he asked the reader why his own name was omitted, and he was told it was to give him more opportunity for repentance. He woke up a different man. He became illustrious for Christian attainment.—*T. De Witt Talmage.*

**NO SMOKERS.**—Ager's paper mill, in Lyonsdale, N. Y., has been running twenty-eight years without fire or accidents. Considering the chronic habit of paper mills to fires, explosions, and the killing or maiming of employees, this is a remarkable record. It may perhaps be accounted for by the following sentence in a note from the proprietors: *No smokers or intemperate men are employed.* The danger of employing drinking men in any business is well understood, but there is not so much stress placed upon smoking. Yet there is no doubt that many a costly paper mill has been burned by a half-lighted match thrown carelessly away, or by sparks from a cigar or pipe falling among the combustible material that fills and composes these establishments. It may seem rather hard to refuse to employ a competent man simply because he sometimes smokes a pipe, but that habit certainly involves danger in the business of paper making. At all events the most stringent rules may be duly enforced against smoking by anybody—employees or employers—on or about the premises at any time. Prevention is considerably preferable to conflagration.—*Western Paper Trade.*

### THE THINNING RANKS.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

The day grows lonelier; the air is chillier than it used to be.  
We hear about us everywhere  
The haunting chords of memory.  
Dear faces once that made our joy  
Have vanished from the sweet home land;  
Dear tasks that were our loved employ  
Have dropped from out our loosened hand.

Favorite names in childhood given  
None call us by, save those in heaven.  
We cannot talk with later friends  
Of those old times to which love lends  
Such mystic beauty and soft regard;  
We would not, if we could, forget  
The sweetness of the bygone hours,  
So priceless are love's faded flowers;  
But lonelier grows the waning day,  
And much we miss upon the way,  
Our comrades who have heard the call  
That soon or late must summon all.

Ah, well! the day grows lonelier here.  
Thank God, it doth not yet appear  
What thrill of perfect bliss awaits  
Those who pass on within the gates.  
O, dear ones who have left my side,  
And passed beyond the swelling tide,  
I know that you will meet me when  
I too shall leave these ranks of men  
And find the glorious company  
Of saints from sin forever free,  
Of angels who do always see  
The face of Christ, and ever stand  
Serene and strong at God's right hand.

The day grows lonelier, the air  
Hath waded in, O' glad and cold,  
But woe in, O' strangled, O' rare.  
What love comes from the hills of gold!  
Dear crowding faces gathered there,  
Dear blessed tasks that wait our hand,  
What joy, what pleasure shall we share,  
Safe anchored in the one home-land!

Close up, O comrades, close the ranks;  
Press onward, waste no fleeting hour!  
Beyond the outworks, lo! the banks  
Of that full tide where life hath power,  
And Satan lieth underfoot,  
And sin is killed, even at the root,  
Close up, close fast the waverer line,  
Ye who are led by One divine.  
The day grows lonelier apace,  
But heaven shall be our resting place.

—*The Congregationalist.*

**THE WILDERNESS EVER ENCRACING.**—While the late Dr. Joseph Henderson McCarty was delivering a lecture in Saginaw, Mich., three young bears were caught by boys, or else one bear was caught by three boys, in a street of that young city. They had wandered in from the surrounding forests, but this did not excite special wonder at the time; the fact is that nature, like the sea, is ever struggling to regain its lost ascendancy.

On Long Island, within a short distance from large cities, towns and splendid estates, wild deer have multiplied so rapidly during the closed season as to become a veritable pest. They are eating up the crops of the people and destroying plants and shrubs and flowers.

The same thing has happened in another part of the country, with respect to more dangerous animals. It has not been very long since in Maine the bounty was removed, or greatly diminished, for killing bears, and as they increased so rapidly as to become dangerous to life, the bounty had to be restored.

It has been computed by a naturalist that one hundred and twenty years would be sufficient to cover this whole continent as thickly with forests as it was when the first discoverers arrived.—*Christian Advocate.*



FOR "THE FRIEND."

[The following is the copy of a letter written by Abel Thomas to Thomas and Mary Wister, of the city of Philadelphia, dated Tenth Month 1st, 813]:

*Beloved Friends, Thomas and Mary Wister:*—I am at this time at Providence, at Moses Brown's in good health, and have been so since I left your house, and may inform you that I have had a prosperous journey so far, and have almost labored through all the meetings belonging to this Yearly Meeting. In a few days it is likely I shall travel towards New York State, taking in my way Pomfret and Kenford, towards New Melford and Oblong, taking in the meetings of Friends on towards Denlay and Vergburg, and to return back again to Graulville, Queensbury, and down the west side of the river to Saratoga, and there turn west to meeting of Friends at Farmington, and back gain to Saratoga, and down the river to Marlborough and the meetings thereaway to Cornwall, New Windsor, and then across the river o New York and then return home to my family.

Although I have had a prosperous journey, I have had a rough one, on which I have been almost ready to faint often, but He whom you love more than all below, did interfere and did make hard things easy and bitter things sweet, because He did know that I loved Him and often did manifest to me beyond imagination or shadow of doubting that He did love me because He did know that I was doing all I could to please Him, and I do feel myself well satisfied, richly paid for the little services He required of me. It is not very likely I have accomplished much more than half my visits set before me last spring was a year. I let no one know, not my wife, the extent of my visit until I was, as it were, raised up from the dead in your city, where my Master let me know that He would go with me, which He hath fulfilled to this day, which is consolation great to me, inasmuch that I feel no desire or inclination for to go home to see my dear wife and children. I have so far followed out the path that was pointed out to me more than one year past without coming to my knowledge, either the right or the left, and I do see the path as clear before me opened as in the beginning, and it is my greatest pleasure to walk in it without seeing any ways daunted at what might befall this body in a cold, freezing winter. My friends, wherever my lot is cast, both young and old, how a great deal of respect to me.

From what is above written concerning my wife and children, do not judge that I esteem lightly. I cannot judge that there is any husband amongst men that have more near and dear affection to woman than I do feel for her, and also my children; but this I will mention, from certain knowledge that I do love my Master more than wife or children, house or and or any created thing in this lone world, when He is pleased to hide his face from me or the increase of my love to Him, my wife and children are but little account to me, neither all the world, the glories and pleasures thereof.

My esteemed friend Moses Brown and his son-in-law, William Almey, has purchased a new and convenient carriage for me to ride in, to take home to be my own.

My little horse, well harnessed anew, wherein I can shut myself up from the rain and from the snow. The little horse is very tractable in me, and I find it easier for him than carrying me on his back, and much more so for me; a

four wheeled carriage, not easily over-cast—a new invention, not long in fashion. I never saw the like in our country.

I do desire one of you to write to my wife and let her know that I do intend to write to her when I come to the Hudson or North River. It may be four weeks. Tell her that I intend to supply myself with winter clothes, a cloth jacket, and low flannel shirts, I have wherewith so to do. I expect that my wife will be at the Yearly Meeting at Baltimore, and if this come into your hands in time you may likely send it by some Friend of your city attending that meeting, if not, direct it to care of William Railey, where she makes her home.

I may say in sincerity I am united in love to you and to your children, more than I can find words to express. I often feel you near to my heart. Tell my great little friend Thomas Stewardson that I do love him and wish him all good.

And, dear Thomas, one thing more I desire thee to oblige in, and that is if any of my people inquire where I am and what I am about, so long from home, tell them the old pedlar is moving about, all weather, from house to house and from one meeting to another, frequently offering his goods upon public sale, and although he had but a very small pack when he left home, it was so unaccountably heavy that he could not walk straight under it, but that as he continued trading he hath parted with a great quantity of goods, and also it must appear admirable that he cannot perceive that his pack is in the least diminished, but considerable more goes in it, that he judges himself that he has as good an assortment of goods as almost any in his occupation, although not so flashy, have to wear as well. Whether it is the profit from the sale of his goods, or whether he has grown stronger, that he must leave, only repeat a saying he hath heard, "Money makes the mare go." However his pack being much larger and fuller of goods, he says he can carry it along with ease and walk straight up without grieving or being in the least weary. And as the old pedlar does know most certainly the goods is not his own, but a living profit is allowed him in the sale of the goods, he is anxious to make what he can for himself; but the poor pedlar is sometimes disappointed in the sale of his goods. Master will not suffer him to carry the key of his pack when he comes to the market among his customers, he must there wait until his Master gives him the key, and he sometimes stays long, and sometimes he comes not at all; the poor pedlar is then very low, seeing his customers out of patience, having all the disappointments on him—why did he call us here to buy and would not offer his goods on sale. Truly, from the reasoning of men it is provoking, truly. The poor pedlar cannot help it. He is so little, so unlearned, so ignorant, that it is not worth while for him to attempt to make a temporary key that he might open his pack when he pleases. I did not understand that the pedlar was any wise likely to murmur or be uneasy that he undertook such a long journey, for I heard him say in a solemn frame of mind that his yoke was easy and his burden light, and in strict obedience to his Master's pointings he never was happier in his life, more clear and distinctly understanding his voice.

Seemed as if I had been and am in conversation with you in a good deal of love and freedom, and hardly know how to close. The old pedlar has found out the reason that his little pack was so unaccountably heavy that he could hardly

live under it, which is this: his Master told him last spring was a year he should make ready to go out a long journey peddling, and there hath never been in the least one tittle of his views diminished or added. He wanted to know whether he might take the Jerseys last winter, which he found freedom so to do, and on his return found that he had made considerable profit to himself from the sale of the goods he dealt away.

When he came home he was easy and happy that he was once more at home with his little family—they were so near to him, that he did not know how to leave them again; and more so his wife, whom he was so nearly united to, when the Lord's hand was so heavy upon him, he so wanted to be excused he soon fell into a train of reasoning by and from which his Master was offended, and as it were spoken to him in or with a sound language.

And as it was admissible to me my endeared wife, that I did love more than all in the world, soon became withered in my view that I saw little more comeliness in her than in any other woman, and now the poor pedlar's troubles began. He thought he had offended his Master, so that He hid his face from him and that he could find Him nowhere, yet he could see the way clear where He had marked-out for him to travel in. With a woe sounding in his ears frequently, the poor pedlar was almost distracted. He had to bring his case before the judges for some encouragement; but there were so many ifs and ands, would not express unity without addition of human strength, according to custom. Then the poor, weak pedlar added greatly to the weight of his little pack in offering to speak in his own defence, which he ought not have done; he ought to have left that to his Master without meddling with it; although he did know at that time that it was his Master's will that he should go on this great visit. And thus self was the cause of the poor pedlar's little pack being so very heavy.

I do not know whether this writing can be read properly, there is so many misses in it. I could have added much more concerning the kind entertainment I had in thy agreeable family, united to me in love, and my walking so under thy wing to meetings amongst a crowd; and them I hardly conceive I shall ever see more.

I must conclude with a great deal of love. Tell my little smart boy that the old Friend is travelling about, and has not since been home; and that he remembers his love to him and wishes him to be a good boy.

ABEL THOMAS.

AN EXAMPLE FOR THE PRESENT MOMENT.—The bloody theme of war came up for consideration, and I was summoned by the voice of God to decide whether I would stand for or against it. I saw that it was a vast system of manslaughter, even in its most excusable form,—unfraternal, savage, and barbarous; anti-Christian, irrational, and full of monstrous evils. I saw that it was based on the assumed rightfulness of resisting evil with evil, and overcoming deadly force with deadly force, which Christ, both with precept and example, unqualifiedly forbade his disciples to do even towards their worst enemies. He had laid his great regenerative axe at the root of this upas-tree, and it must be destroyed trunk and branches. I was fully convinced of this, and took my stand accordingly. Starting from the Divine fundamental principle of pure, universal goodwill, of

absolute love, I felt bound to go with that principle wherever it carried me, for all that it dictated, against all that it condemned.

"I did not allow myself to be sophisticated into any excuse for defensive war, or resorts to so-called justifiable force in extreme cases, but committed myself to total abstinence from all war, preparations for war, glorifications of war, and organic action involving any resorts whatever to deadly force against my fellow-men. I would neither fight, vote, pray, nor give any approval of any custom, practice or act, which contravened the law of perfect love toward God, toward my fellow moral agents, or the universal highest good."—*Adin Ballou.*

### The Epistle to All Bearing the Name of Friends.

Probably many of our readers will remember that Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, in the Fourth Month last, addressed an epistle to all bodies bearing the name of Friends, without reference to any question of organization. The object was renewably to call attention to the fundamental principles of our Society, and to strengthen the hands of those who were concerned that their fellow-members might rally to the support of those principles. It was addressed to meetings and the members composing them, and its proper distribution was referred to a committee.

At a meeting of this committee held soon after the Yearly Meeting, arrangements were made for the preparation of printed copies to be signed by the Clerk of the Yearly Meeting and forwarded to the various bodies designed to be reached, and it was also decided to print ten thousand copies for distribution among their members.

Another meeting of the Committee was held on the fourth of Sixth Month, at which report was made that copies had been forwarded to the Yearly Meeting which convenes at Fifteenth and Race Streets, in Philadelphia, to London and to the several bodies in the State of New York, and in short to all those bodies whose meetings occur before the close of the Sixth Month. It had been read, and so far as appeared, kindly received, in the meeting at Fifteenth and Race Streets, and in that in New York, of which James Wood acted as Clerk, the only meetings from which information has as yet been received.

The Friend to whom had been referred the distribution among the members of the body meeting at Fifth and Race Streets, reported that he had been much assisted by the kindness of two of its members; one of whom had endorsed about twelve hundred envelopes addressed to members of their different Monthly Meetings in the City of Philadelphia; and the other had given information enabling him to reach the members generally belonging to their country meetings. This work had nearly been completed, including in all the distribution of about two thousand seven hundred copies of the Epistle.

The Recording Clerk of London Yearly Meeting had sent for five hundred copies, but the distribution within its limits and in the South Pacific was yet incomplete.

Our own members who are desirous of possessing a copy of this document can be supplied by applying at the Book Store, 304 Arch St., Philadelphia.

God has many voices with which to speak to those who will listen.

### The Abolition of Slavery in Zanzibar and Pemba.

The *London Friend* of twenty-first ult., contains a letter from F. W. Fox, from which the following is taken:

"The proclamation of the Decree for the immediate abolition of the legal status of slavery, made by H. R. H. the Sultan at the Palace, on Fourth Month 6th, may be said figuratively speaking, to have converted the two islands of Zanzibar and Pemba from a land of bondage into a land of liberty. This great social and economic revolution, which will prove the death-blow to East African Slavery, has been carried out so far amidst every outward sign of perfect peace and good order.

In order that its perfect announcement should be made as far as possible simultaneously to all the Arabs in the two islands, it was arranged that fifty representative Arab Sheikhs, heads of the various tribes in the island of Pemba, as well as sixty or seventy leading Arabs of the island of Zanzibar, should be summoned to appear on Third-day last before the Sultan, so as to hear the edict read. The Sultan and Sir Lloyd Mathews also gave instructions that its provisions should be read and explained to groups of these Arabs the day preceding the official proclamation at the palace, so that they might clearly understand their meaning and scope.

The Sultan first invited to the palace his brother and other members of the Sultan's family, and had the clauses read to them. Then he received the fifty Pemba Arabs, and subsequently the Zanzibar Arabs. Sir Lloyd Mathews was also present with the Sultan at the reading of the decree to these several groups of Arabs, and he was greatly pleased with the excellent and wise advice the Sultan then gave his Arab subjects, to the effect, that on returning to their respective shambas, or plantations, they should adopt a conciliatory and kind attitude towards their slaves, so that by means of mutual concessions, the present relations between employer and employee should be as little as possible disturbed. In addition to the measures taken to inform the Arabs, Hardinge, the Consul General, and Sir Lloyd Mathews, had the Decree posted up at all the official residences of the Walis (or governors) in the three districts into which the island of Zanzibar is sub-divided, and in the two sub-divisions of the island of Pemba.

The news of the official proclamation of the new slave trade regulations rapidly spread during Third-day morning throughout the town of Zanzibar, but no disturbances ensued. The Indian shop-keepers, were, however, seized with a panic, and closed all their shops in the afternoon, as they anticipated there would be some riots during the afternoon and evening. Sir Lloyd Mathews took the precaution of stationing soldiers in various parts of the town, and Hardinge made arrangements to land a few marines if necessary; but everywhere the day passed off perfectly quiet.

The Arabs, who, owing to exaggerated rumors previously spread by German, French and other residents, had been led to expect their slaves would be forcibly taken away from them, were agreeably surprised to find when the Decree was explained to them that its terms and conditions were so moderate, and that it would be still possible, by kind and judicious treatment, to retain their employees on their plantations. I am told the Arab masters will now

probably offer their slaves larger plots of land to cultivate and crop on their own account during three days of the week, in return for a few day's service for their masters on the shamba. If some such arrangement as this can be made it may be hoped that the cultivation of the shambas will still continue to be carried on much as at present, only under conditions of improved relations between employers and employees.

Although a week has elapsed since the promulgation of the Decree, the authorities in Zanzibar have not heard up to the present time that any slaves have applied for their freedom though undoubtedly when some of the more courageous and intelligent have taken the necessary steps to obtain their certificates of liberation, numbers of slaves will then follow their example.

Yours very sincerely,  
FRANCIS WILLIAM FOX.

ZANZIBAR, Fourth Mo. 13th, 1851.

### The Insidious Influence of the Soil on Health.

Much attention has been given of late to domestic sanitation. The average modern house has better drainage than the millionaire's mansion of twenty years ago. In most cities plumbing must be executed under official supervision and the public health has been greatly benefited in consequence.

Not enough thought, however, has been given to the insidious influence of the soil upon health. Dr. Bowditch, of Boston, and Dr. Buchanann of England, by their simultaneous investigation, showed the important relations which ground moisture bears to consumption, and I am inclined to think that the health of the community is more effected by the sanitary state of the soil than by all other influences. This is particularly true of New York, where there is so much made land, and where the soil in many places is made damp by old water courses and polluted by the leakage from gas, water and steam pipes. Wherever the earth is turned up to lay sewers or water mains, there is an unmistakable odor of illuminating gas, and the ground everywhere is more or less contaminated. It is well known that illuminating gas will pass through frozen ground and crevices in rock for a long distance, and so will cesspool air. Neither foundation walls nor cement flooring are a barrier to damp or foul air, while their entrance is accelerated by the suction of stoves and open fireplaces. The well-known experiments of Pettenclofer and Professor Doremus may be referred to in this connection.

The mortality charts of the health board show a close relation between the prevalence of certain diseases and the condition of the soil. In low-lying or saturated sections, typhoid, diphtheria, malarial fever, and other diseases find a permanent home. If Mauhatan Island could be thoroughly drained, consumption would undoubtedly diminish.

Our over-heated houses are like gigantic cupping-houses, and any impurities in the soil will inevitably be diffused throughout dwellings. In Bombay the plague has flourished most in houses with floors saturated with dripping faucets and drainage. Horse plants die if placed in a water-logged soil, and human habitations, like their occupants, should not have wet feet.

In testing a suburban residence with the smoke test recently, I discovered that cesspool air was being forced back into the house through minute crevices in the soil from quite a distance. In a large apartment house the emanations from surface water in the cellar, heated by an adja-

ent boiler, rose through the casing around a ste pipe into a bed-room on the tenth floor, and caused malaria among the inmates. When the opening was plastered up the attacks ceased.

Many like cases indicate that more attention should be given to the effects of such conditions on health. I should be glad to obtain from our readers further evidence to corroborate these observations.—*Charles F. Wingate in Medical Recorder.*

### Natural History, Science, etc.

**Flying Foxes.**—This is the name given in the East Indies to a large species of bat, which feeds on fruit. S. J. Stone in his journeys in the Himalayas, says they commit great devastations during the nights, cannot be kept off the trees when the fruit is ripening. They robably destroy more than fifty per cent. of the crop.

These pests come every evening in thousands, and remain in the gardens during the night, and return before morning to their retreats in the upper parts of the Rangra district—at least fifty miles in a direct line of flight.

Human ingenuity has not yet invented means of protecting the fruit from them. It is well known that flying-foxes travel enormous distances in search of food, and this is a case in point: Sterndale, in his *Mammalia of India*, p. 9, says that these bats are exceedingly strong on the wing. One of these animals boarded a steamer he was on when it was more than a hundred miles from land. Their depredations seriously effect the planters' profits. If nothing can be done to prevent them, the flying-foxes may, in the end, ruin the industry entirely.

**THE ENAMEL FLOWER.**—At our young people's meeting lately, one of our friends spoke of temptations and discouragements to which men are specially subject. It seemed almost impossible to keep pure in the whirl of usefulness.

"It brings to my mind," said he, "an incident which a friend told me a short time ago. While travelling among the coal mines of Pennsylvania he noticed how very dingy the towns appeared. The coal dust seemed to blacken buildings, trees, shrubs—everything. But as he and a foreman were walking near the mines he noticed a beautiful white flower. Its petals ere as pure as if it were blooming in a daisy eld.

"What care the owner of this plant must take of it," said A, "to keep it so free from dust and dirt."

"See here," said the foreman, and, taking up a handful of coal dust, threw it over the flower. It immediately ran off, and left the flower as sinless as before.

"It has an enamel," the foreman explained, "which prevents any dust from clinging to it. I think it must have been created for just such place."

"I have often thought of this white flower," continued our friend. "If we are covered by an enamel which Jesus will give to all who ask Him, even his own blood, we need not fear that the press of business or contact with a sinful world will stain our hearts or lives."—*Intelligencer.*

In the autumn of 1825, a musical festival as held in the Minster at York, England. James Backhouse, under a great concern lest, an account of its being under the semblance of religion, any well-disposed people should be

ensured by it, issued an address of warning in which he says: "Seeing that God is a spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth," according to the declaration of Christ, the question arises, What is there in all this pomp and parade? Is the mind rendered more sensible of its fallen and lost state? Are the audience humbled into a sense of their own inability to do anything of themselves, to save themselves from under the dominion of sin? Is their faith strengthened in dependence upon the help that is in Christ alone? Is it not rather the case that the mind being drawn into a sort of solemn admiration of these sounds which the imagination represents as having the semblance of Heavenly sounds, runs into danger of bowing to a fancied image of things above?

"If we consider the musical festival as an amusement, we must even tremble for those who run into it; who thus amuse themselves with the most solemn subjects connected with the Divine Being, and with man's salvation, and who encourage the performers, many of whom are selected from theatres and other places of vain amusement, to take the name of the Most High into their mouths for their amusement. How will such stand before Him in the day of judgment, who has commanded, 'Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain, for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.'"—*Taken from the Memoir of James Backhouse.*

FROM "THE BRITISH FRIEND."

### London Yearly Meeting.

The Yearly Meeting opened in joint session of men and women Friends for the first time in its history. There was a very large attendance, the lower part of the house being quite filled, and a great number of seats in the gallery, women Friends largely preponderating.

The Clerk suggested that as in time past we should have half-an-hour or more of quiet, reverential worship, broken, if it seemed right, by brief and solemn offerings of prayer, but not by any long offerings in exhortation.

Epistles from American Yearly Meetings, which are sent jointly, were read.

Samuel Alexander took exception to the phrase in one epistle, "the finished work of Christ in our souls." If the work were finished, there was nothing more for us to do. But was it so?

A Committee was appointed to prepare an epistle or epistles in reply.

A letter had also been received from the Clerk to Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, acknowledging the receipt of the brotherly epistle of last year from London Yearly Meeting, and stating that it had been read, but adding that way had not seemed open at the time to re-open correspondence. A letter, signed by several leading Friends of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, had come to hand, enclosing a general Epistle intended to set forth anew in their purity the principles and practices of the Society of Friends. This was read later.

The Epistle from Philadelphia to all who bear the name of Friends was read; the document was a long and weighty statement of the principles and practices of the Society, put with dignity and force.

J. B. Braithwaite warmly commended the document.

A Friend thought that other Non-conformists also testified to the Headship of Christ in His Church.

J. B. Braithwaite deprecated minute criticism.

John Armitage, Thomas Hodgkin, J. S. Fry, and Charles Brady were thankful that we could in general agree with and value this Epistle.

Two Epistles from the Conservative bodies in Canada and New England were read. They pointed out with great earnestness the extent of the lapses which had caused the necessity for separation.

John William Graham wished to speak on behalf of the body of Friends separated from us in 1827, and from whom we had heard practically nothing for two generations, except through the reports and opinions of those from whom they separated—he alluded to what was sometimes called the "Hicksite" body of Friends. It was his privilege last summer to attend many of their meetings and to mingle among them socially, and he should not be doing his duty if he did not endeavor to lay before the meeting the impressions that he received. There was for all practical purposes, so far as his observation went, no cause for hesitation between us and them on the question of the divinity of the Lord Jesus, his historic character, or his living presence with us now. It would be fair to add that it was not the practice of this body to deal in a disciplinary way with members or ministers on doctrinal points. They cultivated variety, and there was amongst them every variety of doctrine, so that both extremes of doctrinal view found expression in their meetings. He should be glad further if the meeting could feel it right to send a letter to those Friends on the same basis as those recently written to the Conservative bodies in America. It need not interfere with our ordinary correspondence, or commit us to anything, but might be simply a letter of brotherly love and kindness, reaching across two generations of miserable alienation, a step towards bringing together brothers who should not be separated, who were more one in spirit than we had any conception of.

Benjamin O'Brien thought it would be well if the matter could be looked at and something drawn up. He had visited a meeting of these Friends in Philadelphia, and he saw nothing in it that London Yearly Meeting could take exception to. He wished that something could be drawn up.

J. B. Braithwaite hoped nothing of the kind would be done. The ground of separation in 1828 was on points of fundamental doctrine, and London Yearly Meeting was not prepared to give them up. Some of them must remember what their fathers had suffered in this respect, and he trusted that the meeting would stand fast in the liberty wherein Christ had made them free. The opening up of correspondence would mean reciprocity of visits, and they knew the uneasiness that was caused in this country by a visit of one of these Friends a few years ago. He trusted the meeting would not drift into a position that might be totally misunderstood. These things were no stranger to his mind; he had known them since he was young, and he had a very decided judgment that we must not go back on these points, but press forward in steadfast allegiance to Christ, in whom it pleased the Father that all fulness should dwell.

Charles Brady, while recognizing the value and interest of what John William Graham had said, did not think the time was yet for the Yearly Meeting to take any official step in the direction suggested.

Joseph Storr's Fry concurred, while not doubting the truth of what they had been told as to

the personal character of these people, but the great question was that of fundamental truth, and from his own knowledge of the writings of Elias Hicks, he believed that what separated them from us was much more vital than anything that separated us from any other Friends there. He would not defend all the acts of discipline that led to the separation, and he recognized that even at that time many who followed Elias Hicks did so without a full appreciation of the points at issue, so that there might still be a great diversity of opinion amongst them. But that would not justify the Yearly Meeting in ignoring fundamental differences.

A testimony to the late Isaac Sharp called forth some affectionate reminiscences of his character and services.

Considerable discussion arose as to the best course to be taken with reference to the large number of persons not members who attend the meetings of Friends. The fact that reception into membership gave them at once equal power in conducting the business of the Society, necessarily rendered Friends cautious about their admission. Finally a committee was requested to collect facts and opinions, and summarize them for the use of the meeting.

The idea was advanced that evening meetings should be used for reading the Scriptures and commenting upon them, so that they might be made especially meetings for religious instruction. An increase of vocal prayer was urged. The tendency of these sentiments evidently was to destroy the character of the evening meetings as meetings for Divine worship, in which the attention of those present is fixed on the presence of Christ, who by His Spirit is the true teacher of his people.

The report of the Home Mission Committee showed an expenditure of £3,400 and the maintenance of workers.

(To be continued.)

An effort is making in Florida to remove the Seminoles from the lands which they now occupy, to an island in the Everglades, to be made an old-time reservation for them. This would be a wrong which we are sure President McKinley and Secretary Bliss would not allow. The Seminoles ought to receive titles to the lands which they now occupy, and to be protected from all encroachments of the whites. Some rich men may not like it; but a new crime against the Seminoles, driving them off from the lands which they have long cultivated, would be a disgrace that could not be purchased profitably by the convenience of a few magnates. — *The Independent.*

#### SUMMARY OF EVENTS.

UNITED STATES.—W. J. Calhoun, the Special Commissioner sent to Cuba by President McKinley, arrived in Washington on the 8th inst. and had a talk with the President. He is in a satisfactory situation in Cuba and the conclusion reached by him, which has not as yet been made public.

The State Department has two distinct reports bearing on the Ruiz case: one was made by Consul General Lee and the other is a joint production, signed by Consul General Lee and Dr. Congesta, the Spanish Consul at Philadelphia, who with General Lee constituted a Special Commission to investigate the conditions surrounding the death of Dr. Ruiz. This report is a mere statement of facts that are not subject to controversy. Failing to agree upon a statement of the causes which led to Ruiz's death, the Commissioners signed a document at this point, and then, by a separate agreement, made supplementary reports to their own Governments, in which they set out statements that they could not agree to include in the original report.

It is reported that a treaty for the annexation of Hawaii to the United States will be sent to the Senate

soon after the return of the President from the South, which he is now visiting.

It is reported from New York, *Herald*, says that the experiment tried there a year ago of electing women to fill all the city offices has proved a complete success, the city business being conducted by them in a careful, economical and efficient manner.

The Indiana Supreme Court has decided that the three-cent street car fare, which relates to Indianapolis only, is constitutional. The United States Court recently declared the law unconstitutional and injunctions were granted by Judge Shewalter against its enforcement. The State will insist on three-cent fares, unless the street-car company secures an injunction pending an appeal to the United States Supreme Court. A crisis in the history of the Reformed Episcopal Church was reached at the session held in New York on the 11th inst., of the General Council, when action was taken on the subject of vestments. The situation was regarded by Bishop Fallows as so serious that he is quoted as having said, "It seems to be the beginning of the end." The causes of the trouble was a difference on the subject of vestments, a majority of the Council voting practically to do away with the use of the surplice and to substitute therefor the use of the black gown. A vote in favor of liberty in the use of the vestments resulted in 26 yeas to 58 nays.

It is reported from Chattanooga that an English sparrow is the cause of the trouble with the mines and lands in East Tennessee and Southern Kentucky, along the Cincinnati Southern Railroad.

Professor Alvin G. Clark, the famous telescope lens manufacturer, died at his home in Cambridge, Mass., on the 9th inst., as the result of a stroke of apoplexy.

It is said that since the remarkably cold winter of 1892-4, there are many parts of the South Carolina in which the blue bird, once so plentiful, has become totally extinct.

Deaths in this city last week were 383, being 16 less than the previous week, and 21 less than the corresponding week of last year. Of the foregoing, 208 were males and 175 females; 44 died of consumption; 37 of cholera; 28 of diphtheria; 25 of scarlet fever; 16 of inflammation of the stomach and bowels; 15 of inflammation of the brain; 14 of nephritis; 13 from casualties; 12 of apoplexy; 12 of convulsions; 12 of scarlet fever; 10 of bronchitis; 10 of measles; 10 of old age; 10 of marasmus; 10 of cancer; 10 of cholera infantum; 9 of Bright's disease, and 9 of inanition.

MARKETS.—Wheat, 2 7/8; 96 a 98; 43 cent; 1104; 11 1/2; coupon, 112 1/2; 113; new 4's, 124 1/2; 125; 5's, 113 1/2 a 114; currency 6's, 101 a 104.

COTTON.—Official quotation for middling uplands was unchanged at 7 1/2c per pound.

FEED.—Spot bar, \$11.50 to \$12.00 per ton for winter in bulk, and \$10.75 to \$12.25 for spring, in sacks.

FLOUR.—Winter super, \$2.75; \$2.90; do, extras, \$3.00; \$3.25; Pennsylvania roller, clear, \$3.85 a \$4.00; do, do, straight, \$4.05 a \$4.15; Western winter, clear, \$3.85 a \$4.00; do, do, straight, \$4.05 a \$4.15; do, do, patent, \$4.20 a \$4.40; spring, clear, \$3.40 a \$3.70; do, straight, \$3.80 a \$4.00; do, patent, \$4.00 a \$4.15; 42's, \$4.00; do, clear, \$4.15 a \$4.25; do, straight, \$4.25 a \$4.40; do, patent, \$4.40 a \$4.60. RYE FLOUR.—\$2.25 a \$2.40 per bbl. as to quality.

GRAIN.—No. 2 red wheat, 75 a 75 1/2c.

No. 2 mixed corn, 29 a 29 1/2c.

No. 2 white oats, 25 1/2 a 26c.

BEEF CATTLE.—Extra, 5 1/2 a 5 1/4c; good, 4 1/2 a 5c; medium, 4 1/4 a 4 1/2c; common, 4 1/4c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS.—Extra, 4 1/4 a 4 1/2c; good, 3 1/2 a 4c; medium, 3 1/4 a 3 1/2c; common, 2 3/4 a 3c; fall lambs, 3 1/2 a 5 1/2c; spring lambs, 4 1/2 a 5c.

HOGS.—Western, 5 1/2 a 5 1/2c; State, 4 1/2 a 5c.

FOREIGN.—The *Western Mail* reports that a brig back from the Arctic regions members of the Lock-on-Harmsworth expedition, who have now spent three winters in the settlement, Elmwood, near Cape Flora.

Sir George Nares describes the Polar Basin as a "locked-up bay continuing out of the narrowed Atlantic channel, with a water current which sets constantly pouring into it between Spitzbergen and Norway, and a cold, icy one, as constantly running out between Spitzbergen and Greenland and also through the narrow straits between Greenland and America; the first conveying an enormous source of heat toward the latter, the latter causing the intense cold of Canada and that on the east side of Greenland and North America."

An attempt was made upon the life of President Faure, of France, on the 13th inst. As the carriage in which he was riding to the races was passing

a thicket in the Bois de Boulogne, a bomb was exploded. Two arrests were made by the police. One of the prisoners is supposed to be insane.

Despatches from Verona announce that a terrible cyclone, accompanied by hail, devastated the Valle di Caprino, on the evening of the 9th inst. All the crops, including the mulberry crop, were destroyed, and causing a great loss of silk worms.

Many of the Greeks who went to Greece from this and other countries to fight against the Turks, are in a pitiable condition. Not only is the Government unable to make any use of their service, but in the present disturbed condition of the country they can get nothing to do, and they are in actual want.

The Powers show no signs of yielding to the Turkish demands for the annexation of Thessaly, abolition of the capitulations in the case of Greek subjects in the Ottoman Empire or an exorbitant indemnity.

The Sultan has appealed to the Czar and Emperor William to support his claim to annex Thessaly to the Ottoman Empire.

The Governor of Volo has issued a proclamation that the property of refugees who do not return to Thessaly with their families within a fortnight, will be confiscated by the Ottoman Government.

A special from Funchal, Island of Madeira, off the west coast of Morocco, says that on the arrival there on the 10th inst. of the brig St. George, which had taken the Table Bay (Cape Town) on the 6th inst. 2nd for Southampton, it was announced that Barney Barnato the South Africa "diamond king," who was among the passengers, had committed suicide by jumping overboard. His body was recovered.

The population of New South Wales last year was 37,040, a gain of about 200,000 in one year.

The new South Wales is to have an entirely new set of stamps by way of participating in the Queen Victoria celebrations.

In Mexico City "first class American butter, made by an expert," is advertised at 50 and 55 cents per pound, at wholesale and retail, respectively.

It is reported from the City of Mexico that a new volcano has broken out about two-thirds of a mile from Tehuantepec. In the seismic disturbance incidental to the opening of the volcano, the village of Misticuilla was destroyed.

#### NOTICES.

WESTTOWN BOARDING SCHOOL.—For convenience of persons coming to Westtown School, the stage will meet trains leaving Philadelphia 7.17 and 8.46 A. M. and 2.53 and 4.32 P. M. Other trains are met where requested. Stage fare on regular trips, fifteen cents on special trips, twenty-five cents each way. To reach the school by telegraph, wire West Chester, Phone 8.

EDWARD G. SMEDLEY, Super.

WESTTOWN BOARDING SCHOOL.—Applications for the admission of pupils to the school, and letters of regard to instruction and discipline should be addressed to WILLIAM F. WICKERSHAM, Principal.

Payments on account of board and tuition, and communications in regard to business should be forwarded to EDWARD G. SMEDLEY, Superintendent. Address, WESTTOWN P. O., Chester Co., Pa.

WANTED.—Companion, mother's help, or governess, by young woman Friend. Several years' experience. Address,

"M," office of THE FRIEND.

BOARDING.—At a firm in Chester Co., (Friends a few boarders would find a beautifully situated and thoroughly convenient home for the summer.

Address "R," office of THE FRIEND.

A YOUNG Friend wishes a position as companion to an elderly or invalid Friend. Address "L," office of THE FRIEND.

PERSONS desiring to assist in the erection of the proposed asylum for the insane in Syria, may send their contributions to ASA N. WING,

409 Chestnut St., Phila.

MARRIED at Friends' Meeting-house, on Chestnut Street, West Chester, Pa., on the eighteenth of FEBRUARY, 1891, JOHN WAY, of Philadelphia, and LYDI ANNETTE GREENE, of the former place.

DIED in Philadelphia, Fourth Month 25th, 1891, SARAH K. POWELL, aged seventy-three years; a member and overseer of Burlington Monthly and Ranoco Particular Meeting of Friends.

# THE FRIEND.

A Religious and Literary Journal.

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MOORESTOWN, BURLINGTON CO., N. J.

Entered as second-class matter at Philadelphia P. O.

Richard Esterbrook.

(Continued from page 375.)

CAMDEN, First Month 23rd, 1888.

"As regards the general subject of the ministry, I have been much impressed of late with the importance of it: the essential importance of our testimony in this matter being fully maintained, and to this end that our principles be on time to time brought to view, and the responsibilities and duties of meetings in connection with it. I was last evening particularly impressed with the account of Deborah Bell, the fifth volume of Friends' Library. Her husband's testimony concerning her, on this subject, and her own remarks and care to keep clear the leading of Christ. I read also William's remarks describing our testimony.

"It would be a comfort to me to see John's testimony published in THE FRIEND, and that of William Penn also, at some other time. If this ground is departed from weakness must of necessity follow in every other branch of our testimony. Our Monthly Meetings are weak, and it requires religious and spiritual judgment and discernment to give a testimony that is worth anything or could be of any value. I thought I would mention this, if it should unite in the view, some space might be, I think, very properly occupied in THE FRIEND by such extracts as I have referred to, to counteract the drift of our times, and to encourage young and old to know their own standing in this matter, for it is not a matter of doubt or uncertainty, or to be determined solely by the absence of erroneous doctrine. "We are undoubtedly passing through a low season, and our hope must be in the Lord alone, to change the dispensations and not anything at the wisest of men can effect by human wisdom; and is He not calling us to a more entire and complete dependence upon himself, who the Lord of the tribe of Judah, who always and who hath still, the key of David, and when He openeth we are opened, and when He shutteth we must be shut, and no man can open us in the least degree swerve from this, we are on the way back again, and leading into confusion, and out of the unity of the one Spirit which is the bond of peace.

"The importance of the subject cannot be overstated, but how does it show the importance

of knowing on the other hand the true ground of ministry. A Methodist minister once said to me, in substance, Well, if your views as to ministry are true, I should think every thing expressed under the leading of the Holy Spirit would be worth hearing. A striking and worthy conclusion."

As somewhat connected in substance with this letter, we here introduce some remarks of our dear Friend of a general character:

"I have often been impressed with the belief that one of the causes of the difficulties we experience is a want of a clear and due appreciation on the part of many of our members of the design and purpose of the blessed Head of the Church in raising up the Society of Friends and committing to it the precious testimony of Truth as a sacred trust, to be held up in the sight of other professors of the Christian name as an occupation of advanced ground to which all might be invited to a more excellent way. I fully believe the language of our Holy Redeemer may be applied to those whose spiritual eyes have been anointed to see into the glorious mystery of godliness, as many in our Society have seen and tasted it.

"Many prophets and righteous men have desired to see the things that ye see and have not seen them, and to hear the things that ye hear and have not heard them, and again, 'Blessed are your eyes, for they see, and your ears, for they hear.' This defect of perception as to our calling, has, I believe, had a tendency, through other causes, to produce a restlessness which has led into views of religious truth and sincere though mistaken apprehensions of duty, not compatible with the doctrine which lies at the very basis of Quakerism, the vital doctrine of the government of Christ in the Church, as an actual and practical experience wherever He is truly known."

CAMDEN, First Month 25th, 1888.

[This letter refers to an essay sent to R. Esterbrook for examination, which was called forth by a pamphlet, written by one in membership with Friends, and which contained some objectionable passages. After some other remarks, R. E. goes on to say:]

"But after all, these men do not effect so much harm to the cause as those do, who, professing adherence to our principles, do not give evidence of waiting for sufficient clearness of Divine direction, and so imagination and memory come to be put for Gospel ministry, and accepted as such, largely owing to the low standard of spiritual growth. Our Monthly Meetings and our Quarterly Meetings cannot be stronger than the members of them in a general way are. Hence the weakness we see and feel. With these views I confess to be more concerned (a great deal more) for our own preservation, and that the ministry among ourselves, at our meetings and at funerals and marriages, should give unmistakable evidence that it proceeds from the spring of Divine life. This is the most important concern we have,

and the credit of our profession in regard to ministry is at stake upon this very thing, and the testimony itself held up to criticism."

On the twenty-second of Second Month, 1888, as we were riding in the cars, Richard Esterbrook mentioned that he was at Salem Quarterly Meeting, held at Woodbury on the sixteenth instant. He rose to speak, but in about a minute and a quarter the subject closed up, and he sat down. Late in the meeting Edward Sharpless, who had been visiting the meetings in Salem Quarter, arose with the expression, "Why is thy countenance sad, seeing thou art not sick," etc., and delivered a very plain and close communication.

The next day, while at Morris Cope's, R. Esterbrook related an anecdote of a Methodist, who resided in the same town with himself, in Cornwall. He hired a horse and carriage to a Calvinist clergyman, who had an appointment to preach at a place several miles distant. The horse was not able to travel rapidly, and so much time was consumed on the journey, that when the place was reached the congregation had dispersed, and the services could not be held. The clergyman was very much disappointed, and on his return complained to the owner of the horse for giving him an animal of so little ability, that he had been unable to meet his appointment. The Methodist in his reply made this allusion to the Presbyterian doctrine of his customer, "You ought not to complain, for it was ordained six thousand years ago that you should not get there in time."

Twelfth Month 10th, 1884.—In conversing about Catherine Phillips, of Redruth, an eminent minister of Cornwall, Richard Esterbrook spoke of a young man whom he knew well, who on one occasion visited at her house. A religious opportunity occurred in which C. P. delivered this short sermon, "Young men, try to be nothing and then thou wilt be something, and something useful."

PLAISFIELD, Eighth Month 9th, 1888.

"I received a letter from Debbie Cope this morning, giving some information as to the condition of our beloved Friend, Morris Cope. It seems as if it might indicate the nearing of the end. But we do not know. It has affected my mind with a feeling of sadness. Our beloved Friend has been and is a bright example in holy fortitude and humble resignation and confidence in Divine mercy.

"When a more general awakening and a true hunger and thirst after an experience of real experimental religion takes place, we may expect a revival. 'Behold, the days come, saith the Lord, that the plowman shall overtake the reaper, and the treader of grapes him that soweth seed, and the mountains shall drop sweet wine and all the hills shall melt.'"

"And I shall bring again the captivity of my people of Israel, and they shall build the waste cities and inhabit them, and they shall plant vineyards and drink the wine thereof; they shall also make gardens and eat the fruit

of them. And I will plant them upon their land, and they shall no more be pulled up out of their land which I have given them, saith the Lord thy God.

"The Lord alone will be exalted in that day, and the idols utterly abolished."

[This letter manifests the lively concern which our dear Friend felt for the maintenance in their purity and fullness of our views in regard to the ministry of Gospel. A subject to which he often refers.]

"BRIDGE HAMPTON, L. I.,  
"Eighth Month, 20th, 1889.

"In reply to an enquiry, our Saviour said, 'The times and seasons the Father has put in his own power,' and it is not for mortals to know or determine anything but what He sees meet to reveal, and to Him, the only wise and Omnipotent, all may be safely left, and to watch against the tendency in the human mind to engage in its own 'willings and runnings' is an important part of our duty, as well as to be found ready and resigned, and run the way of the Lord's commandments when He shall be pleased to 'enlarge our hearts.' Send forth thy Light and thy Truth; let them lead me and bring me to thy holy hill and to thy tabernacle. Hence the alone true Leadership, and not any imitation or repetitions of the best sayings or doings of others. The husbandman that rightly laboreth must be first a partaker of the fruits—must have the experience in himself. We want more evidence of this, for I have long been persuaded we may come to be regarded as even Quaker preachers without this which is essential for any one. It is not what we remember in meeting, but what is really opened by Him who hath the key of David. I long that this concern may increase among us, and that an eye that is too much closed may be more fully opened to perceive the extreme necessity of it.

"Paul said to Timothy, 'The Lord give thee understanding in all things.' The understanding must come from Him. This is a going to principles, and to their root; and when the need first of it is truly felt and the experience of it our own, it will be a good day with all such."

"BRIDGE HAMPTON, L. I.,  
"Eighth Month 22nd, 1889.

"I have within a week received a letter from a friend of the name of Caroline Tweedy, about my own age. Her mother, Ann Tweedy, was a very acceptable minister in the Society, and her father, William Tweedy, in the station of an elder—a prince of a man. Caroline is now in poor health, and the letter was written by her niece at her request. In the course of it she says, 'My aunt feels very much alone in the Society of Friends; things have so altered, and there is so much that she has little sympathy with. Sarah Alfred Fox is the last in this neighborhood at all of the same tone of thought.' This used to be the neighborhood within the compass of which, in my younger days, there was a body of solid Friends not often surpassed. I believe this is a sample of the condition of things generally; and the whole situation of Friends in London Yearly Meeting, should be a warning to us in our Yearly Meeting to watch against the very self-same spirit which would soon lead many forward into activities undertaken in the will and wisdom of man, in which self is at the bottom, and is the leader under whatever garb or guise he may assume. I am often pained and discouraged at the seeming unwillingness to look at this subject as if

there were the least cause for uneasiness or anxiety.

"I saw the early workings of this spirit in my own country fifty years ago. The fruits of it are the same everywhere. The language of Truth is one language. There is one body and one spirit, even as ye are called in one hope of your calling. One Lord, one faith and one baptism."

(To be continued.)

THE FAST OF THE RAMADAM.—During the fast of the Ramadama, which all Mohammedans in Algeria appear to keep religiously, the man who smokes or puts food into his mouth between sunrise and sunset, is regarded by his fellows as a traitor to his religion. As an old historian puts it, "No good Moslem will touch food so long as he is able to distinguish a black from a white thread." In every town and city where there is a garrison a sunset gun is fired during Ramadama as a signal that the fast is over for the day. We had watched the scene that ensued in the squares of different towns with curiosity, but in none was it so pronounced as at Constantine.

As the sunset hour approached the square near the theatre became filled with Arabs, who lounged or walked about, or sat on the stone steps of the buildings in attitudes that only the Arab knows how to take. The vendors of bread, greasy batter-cakes and *gallette* moved about, showing their articles to the passive public, which was patiently awaiting the signal to eat. Others were engaged in frying fish at portable stands, and as we passed a lively sputter of fat in the pan was heard.

At last the gun was fired, when the crowd closed in upon the provision merchants, and in a twinkling buyer and seller were busily engaged in devouring fish and grease-cakes, as if eating was the one occupation of life. How the Arab fish-man cooks his fish, eats himself, sells to dozens of hungry customers and makes the right change all at the same time, is a mystery, yet it is doubtful if he loses a sou. This scene, like the Arab market, is animated, but never boisterous. Later on, when eating is over, liquor and absinthe have produced their physiological effect, and they are ensconced on the stone seats of their cafés, drinking "coffee Arab," their conviviality becomes sometimes disagreeably audible as far as the European hotels.

"LET US HAVE PEACE."—Of all the beneficent measures of President Grant's Administration, such as the measures of reconstruction, of amendments to the Constitution, of finance, of improvement of the working classes, of the just treatment of the Indians, of the elevation of the Freedmen, of the promotion of education, and of the concessions he compelled foreign powers to make, yet in the interests of universal peace, in the ultimate recognition of the brotherhood of nations, and in the advancement of Christian civilization in the earth, Grant esteemed the treaty of Washington as the crowning glory of his Administration, not to be estimated by millions of dollars. But it was his hope and prophecy that all international disputes would some day be adjusted by peaceful arbitration, and "nations shall learn war no more." He was wont to say to me: "I have a dream that fills me with hope and peace, that the time will come when there will be a Supreme Court of the world, with its chief justice and associate justices before whose bar nations shall stand for the adjudication of these international questions which are now set-

ted by the sword on the field of carnage." And when that good day comes, over that Supreme Tribunal will be Grant's immortal words, "Let us have peace."—*Bishop Newman in The Independent.*

FOR "THE FRIEND."

### Reminiscences of Samuel Bettle.

It was occasionally the privilege of the writer to spend a few hours in the company of this experienced and eminent minister of the Gospel at his own home, and to listen to his instructive conversation relating to subjects of general interest, and also to those connected with our religious Society, of which from almost his early youth he had been a deeply concerned member.

In the latter part of his life he was near-sighted so that in walking the streets he with difficulty recognized his acquaintances. This, with a habitual gravity of manner, made him appear reserved and difficult of access, yet when among congenial friends or in his own home he was ready to communicate in conversation many of the interesting observations and accounts with which his mind was stored. I recall the chaste feeling in his company which is at times witnessed in the presence of the humble minded Christian even when words may not be spoken.

His residence from early childhood had been in a house located on the west side of Third Street below Market, and it was in this house he died in 1861, aged eighty-six years, just previous to the occurrence of the Yearly Meeting in the Fourth Month; and when the events attending the breaking out of the war of the rebellion were filling the citizens of Philadelphia as of other large cities, with apprehension an excitement.

It was from this home, as he informed the writer, that he had frequently seen George Washington, when as President of the United States he lived in this city, pass along Third Street, on his way to what is called "Christ Church," on Second Street above Market, to mingle with small company of aged men and women ever morning for devotional exercises. He was a Samuel Bettle stated, "the most dignified looking man" he ever saw. Benjamin Franklin's this time lived on the north side of Chestnut Street above Third, the rear of which was I sight from the yard of Samuel Bettle's residence who frequently saw Franklin and his wife seated in a porch attached to their house.

Many of the public men of his day became more or less known to him either personally or by reputation, during his visits with other Friends to those in authority; and his observations upon their character were often very interesting.

The Congress of the United States sat during the years 1791 to 1800 in the building on the S. E. corner of Sixth and Chestnut Streets. In this building events took place which have had an important bearing upon the history of our country. Among these to which Samuel Bettle referred was the action of Congress upon the treaty with England negotiated by John Jay on the part of the United States, and generally known by his name.

The ratification of this treaty had been strongly opposed by a large party, who were in active sympathy with France, then at war with England. The Senate however approved it, and was proclaimed Third Month 3rd, 1796, yet in order to make it effective the House of Representatives was required to provide money.

If the money was not voted, said one party there would be war with England. If said party

ther party, the money is voted there will be war with France. The matter had been debated for some weeks when on the twenty-eighth of Fourth Month, a vote was taken in the Committee of the Whole after an impressive speech ad been made in its favor by Fisher Ames on adopting a resolution to appropriate money to carry the treaty into effect. It proved to be a tie vote. The casting vote of the chairman alone decided the matter, which probably involved the question of peace or war. A war with England was averted, and the popular excitement in favor of France calmed down.

Great was the sympathy with France at this time; and also with French infidelity, and an image representing the goddess of reason was placed by Samuel Bettle, to have been dragged through the streets of Philadelphia by a deluded crowd in imitation of some of the acts of the cited populace of Paris, during the period of the French Revolution.\*

Samuel Bettle stated the interesting fact that the gallery for visitors in the chamber where the Representatives met was a public notice that persons entering it were expected to remove their hats, excepting members of the Society of Friends. In commenting upon this he expressed his regret that the influence of the Society of Friends in this city, once so numerous, and so declined that such a consideration of their well known scruples as was implied by his notice, could no longer be expected, and mentioned the separation of 1827, as one great cause of the lessening of this influence. In connection with this subject it may be remarked that he was often heard to remark that separations in our religious Society were not a remedy for its troubles. He was Clerk of the Yearly Meeting when that of 1827 took place and passed through peculiar and great trials in connection with the sorrowful events attending it. John Smith, who was afterward a leader among those who left the Society at this time, was the Assistant Clerk of the Yearly Meeting, and a strong personal friendship existed between them.

In the exercises attending Friends of Philadelphia Meeting in consequence of the division of New England in 1846, the judgment of

\*The assistance which France had given during the revolutionary war to this country, and the sympathy which we felt with the attempt to establish a republic here, facilitated the introduction of that form of infidelity which during the French Revolution came so widely diffused, and which there produced such blasting effects. The prevalence of sceptical views in this country at that time is a matter of history. A striking Friend wrote: "The view which the rising generation at that time attempted to establish, was crushed by the general prevalence of *deism*, which was it is but another name for crime and depravity." John Adams, the second President of the United States declared: "The most precious interests of the United States are still held in jeopardy by the hostile signs and insidious acts of a foreign nation [France], as well as by the dissensions among them of those principles subversive of all the foundations of all religions, moral and social obligations, that have produced incalculable mischief and misery in other countries."

It is probable that the widespread influence of these principles in the community had an effect among other non members of the Society of Friends, and prepared the way for the reception by many, of those sceptical views which were promulgated by Elias Hicks as early as 1805.

Stephen Grellet, then living in New York, records in 1808, his "deep and painful trials" on account of the advocacy by Elias Hicks at that time of "sentiments" which were repugnant to Christian faith, tending to lessen the authority of the Holy Scriptures, to undervalue the sacred offices of our holy and blessed Redeemer, and to promote a disregard for the right observance of the First day of the week."

Samuel Bettle was well known to be in favor of that course which the Yearly Meeting pursued, of declining to officially recognize either body to the exclusion of the other, and also of placing before each body a statement prepared by the Meeting for Sufferings of the events which had led to it, and comments thereon, with the expression of its concern that, in the love of the Truth, such steps should be taken as would heal the differences, and restore that unity which should exist between them. This statement, presented to each meeting, claiming the name of New England Yearly Meeting of Friends, was afterwards published by the Friends of the smaller body. In reference to the division in New England Yearly Meeting he once observed, "We cannot expect the breach to be healed in the lifetime of those who made it, but if *Truth prevails* it will be done in their children's time."

After the separation among Friends of Ohio had taken place in 1854, and all the Yearly Meetings but that of Philadelphia had officially recognized that body of which Jonathan Binns had acted as Clerk, as the true Yearly Meeting of Ohio, the subject of continuing an annual interchange of epistles with other bodies, caused a great diversity of views in Philadelphia Yearly Meeting.

Under these circumstances Samuel Bettle was clear in his judgment that it would be proper to discontinue correspondence with all other Yearly Meetings, and in a private conversation with Morris Cope in 1856 expressed his conviction "that if Philadelphia Yearly Meeting shall fail to maintain its integrity in the Truth independently of any other bodies claiming the name of Friends, it will not be very long until there will be no Yearly Meeting of Friends in existence."

In 1793, during one of the visitations of yellow fever to Phila, Samuel Bettle was attacked with it, lying apparently unconscious, and for some hours it was thought he was dead. A coffin was brought to the house in readiness for the interment, which then took place a few hours after death had occurred, yet from some appearances of suspended animation, it was thought safest to defer the last necessary preparations: during which period of waiting on the part of the family he revived. His father shortly afterwards was taken with this dread disease, and was buried in the coffin obtained for the son. During the period in which Samuel Bettle lay in a trance-like state he was aware of much that was passing around him, though unable to move or to speak. His mind at this time was engaged in a solemn consideration of the invisible world, and what was unfolded to his spiritual vision at this time, was of such a solemn character that he rarely was known to allude to it.

Whether this event was at the beginning of that course of religious dedication and usefulness which characterized his subsequent life or not, is not probably known, but he was while quite young introduced into important services in the church, indicating that his friends had great confidence in his spiritual discernment and religious stability.

In 1808, he was one of four Friends appointed by the Meeting for Sufferings to present a Memorial to the Legislature then sitting at Lancaster. An account of a series of remarkable incidents connected with this visit, prepared by our late friend Nathan Kite, has been printed in *THE FRIEND*, vol. xxxviii, p. 121, one of which only may be mentioned here. Upon their return homewards, in the conveyance in

which they were making the journey, a period of silence had taken place, when Thomas Scattergood, a minister of the Gospel whom Samuel Bettle highly valued, turned to him, and laying his hand upon his shoulder, addressed him with these words "Young man, why dost thou not yield to the requisition of the Lord? Why dost thou not preach?" In narrating this circumstance to the writer, Samuel Bettle intimated that he had long been under an apprehension that such a surrender was called for from him, and this unexpected address was a powerful confirmation of it, and that it was of Divine requiring. "It was to me" he said, "like the laying on of hands."

During the last century and the early part of this, it was customary for Friends to acquaint those who attended their meetings on First-day if certain of their members had forfeited their right of membership in the Society, with this fact and the reasons for it, by having the testimony of disownment issued on the occasion publicly read at the close of the meeting. In order to spare the feelings of the individual or his family, a notice of the intention to read it, was usually privately sent to him, so that he might, if he so preferred, be absent from the meeting at the time. On one occasion, Samuel Bettle stated, such a notice was sent to one who had formerly been widely known as a member, on a First-day morning, who putting the notice in his pocket, and without informing his family, went as usual to his accustomed place of worship. When the Friend appointed for the purpose rose to read the testimony, he rose also, and continued standing until the information it contained was given to the meeting, thus publicly, and we may believe with humility, acknowledging "I am the man."

A person, a stranger to Friends, attended Arch Street Meeting on one occasion when Samuel Bettle appeared in the ministry. The stranger was at a loss to understand the silent manner of worship of Friends, and also the truths which were delivered by Samuel, and after reflecting upon them, he thought he would call upon him in the hope that something might occur which would explain the matters then weighing upon his mind.

He went to the door of his residence, rang the bell, and to his surprise it was opened by Samuel Bettle himself. As soon as he saw him an awe overspread his mind, and without much remark he was invited in. They took seats and silence ensued. Shortly afterwards Samuel Bettle began to speak with the language "Keep silence before me, O islands, and let the people renew their strength," and went on to deliver the doctrines of the Gospel upon the very points in relation to which the stranger had felt difficulties, to his great surprise and satisfaction. When he had finished, the stranger exclaimed "I am a convinced man." (G. J. S.)

SELECTED.

"Seventh Month, 1834.—For a number of years past it has been my lot to warn Friends, and particularly in the Yearly Meeting in London, against a spirit of subtlety that would draw us from an attention to the inward manifestation of our blessed Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ, for I have long seen that some of those most prominent and influential characters among us never have been altogether of the Lord's own forming, either as Friends or as ministers of Christ—and many, very many, have embraced something short of Him who remains to be the fulness, and are sitting on the surface of things, building on the sand, highly extolling in words

the "One Offering," which, indeed, is to be appreciated with feelings of adoration and heartfelt gratitude, but these know not of what they speak, while they preach up a literal faith in Christ crucified, and endeavor to bring people from a pure dependence on the leadings and unfoldings of the Spirit of Christ, or the inward and heartfelt power and coming of Christ within, the hope of glory. Divers ministers of our Society are sliding, and others are already gone, from that which first called them to the preparation, and then did really bring them into the sacred office. Much of this is to be traced to their adopting the views and sentiments of those mentioned above, who never wholly left their own works, but have sought to bring all things to the test of *reason*, instead of to that "Spirit which searcheth all things, even the deep things of God."—*Extract from a Letter written by Sarah Lynes Grubb.*

Selected for "THE FRIEND."

### Some of the Last Expressions of Debby T. Howell.

"My heart is bound to our religious Society, and I now say, with my dying breath, that I believe ancient Quakerism is unadulterated Christianity. Many are trying to change our doctrines and testimonies, to make the way easier and broader, so as to evade the cross; but it is pride, pride, pride, that is at the bottom of it all!"

"She said that, during the past year, she had passed through much anguish of spirit for allowing herself to be somewhat caught with these new views; that after hearing and reading much that was expressed upon the proposed changes, she became perplexed and unsettled in her mind, particularly on the subject of silent meetings, and for a time they became inkome to her. She had not told any one of her exercise, but had begged the Lord, by night and by day, to help her out of her difficulties, and He had given her to see it was all a delusion, adding, 'And I repeat, it is all a delusion of the enemy of souls.'"

"She then remarked that, for some time before she ceased going out to meetings, she had rejoiced in some of our silent meetings, when her blessed Saviour had come into her heart, and she had supped with Him in a holy communion, where there was nothing to divert her from it; and that He had, in marvellous loving kindness, continued to do so, at times, throughout all her sickness, and said, 'I now repeat it again, with dying lips, that I believe old-fashioned Quakerism is unadulterated Christianity. It is a good religion to die by.' She then clasped her hands together, and after lying still for some minutes, said, 'What wonderful, loving kindness to such a poor, unworthy worm as I am, to have an assurance granted me that my peace is made, that I am prepared to die. I can but marvel at myself. I feel as if I only wanted wings to fly to my blessed rest, but am entirely willing to wait the Lord's time. My spirit is prepared to sing the song of the redeemed.'"

"She died on the twenty-ninth of Ninth Month, 1857, aged forty-three years."

The marvellous and rapidly increasing commerce of the great lakes may well excite the astonishment of those who are not familiar with it, and greatly exceeds that of our country upon the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. The past season some 3,400 vessels plied the waters of the lakes, with an aggregate of over 1,200,000 tons register, and transported over 40,000,000 tons

of freight. Five times as many vessels pass through St. Mary's canal at the outlet of Lake Superior as pass through the Suez Canal in Egypt.—*The Presbyterian.*

For "THE FRIEND."

### THOUGHTS ON LEAVING HOME.

The parting words were low and sadly spoken,  
Reluctantly I turned my eyes to you;  
The dearest lies on earth were being broken—  
Too sad almost for e'en a tear to flow.

As on I sped, my steps no more delaying,  
Dim in the distance homely pictures grew;  
Now far away my thoughts go homeward straying,  
But only memory brings all back to view.

O, land of hills and vales with charms beguiling,  
Thy woods, thy peaceful waters, azure skies!  
Above all these my prairie home is smiling—  
That hallowed spot "bound by a thousand ties."

Oh, what to me all earth's delightful places,  
When torn from all the world I've loved before;  
I wait in vain the cherished forms and faces,  
The dear sweet voices greet my ear no more.

Can it be true no one will come to meet me,  
Who cheered my life since earliest breath I drew;  
New friends may softly speak and kindly treat me,  
But will they e'er replace the tried and true.

Softly now night's silvery orb is burning—  
Ah! does it too look down on those I love?  
And do they feel a nameless, heart sick yearning,  
And breathe a sigh, then wait my name above?

The tears adorn my cheeks are slowly creeping,  
Relieving not my aching heart or brow;  
Oh have I heard of sorrow's tearful weeping,  
But never guessed its meaning until now.

And this it is the world is ever calling,  
And bidding us to leave the parent nest,  
Yes, thus the blooming rose is ever falling,  
To sadden both our own and parents' breast.

Uncertain time some change is ever bringing,  
Before we meet there may be joy or gloom;  
For some dear one a wedding bell be ringing—  
Another lonely laid within the tomb.

In days ago my heart was lightly lifted  
'Mid fondly cherished dreams of by and by;  
Alas! how soon upon the wide world drifted,  
To find all vain; now for the past I sigh.

And yet, O blessed One, Thy love portraying,  
A wondrous lesson in it all I see;  
Each fading flower, each earthy gem decaying  
Is but a call to nearer come to Thee.

To Thee as of old I now commend me,  
To Thee I flee from every earthly strife;  
When all else fall Thou ever dost defend me—  
Thou hast the words of everlasting life.

O, leave me not, but let Thy strong arm guide me,  
E'er let Thy lamp light to my footsteps be,  
And may I cease to long for things denied me,  
But calmly leave the future all with Thee.

J. B.

### A SHORT SERMON.

ALICE CARY.

Children who read my lay,  
This much I have to say:  
Each day and every day  
Do what is right!  
Right things in great and small;  
Then, though the sky should fall,  
Sun, moon, and stars, and all,  
You shall have light.

This further would I say:  
Be you tempted as you may,  
Each day and every day,  
Speak what is true!  
True things in great and small;  
Then, though the stars should fall,  
Sun, stars, and moon, and all,  
Heaven would show through.

Figs, as you see and know,  
Do not of thistles grow;  
And though the blossoms blow  
White on the tree,  
Grapes never, never yet  
On the limbs of thorns were set;  
So if you good would get,  
Good you must be.

Life's journey through and through,  
Speaking what is just and true,  
Doing what is right to you  
Unto one and all,  
When you work and when you play,  
Each day and every day;  
Then peace shall glad your way,  
Though the sky should fall!

### An Excursion to Ancora.

(Concluded from page 389.)

Our botanical collections were not confined to the plants interesting from their peculiarities of growth or habits, but many of the women and girls were loaded with bunches of showy flowers, such as the beautiful Laurel (*Kalmia latifolia*), and the narrow-leaved species, Sheep Laurel (*Kalmia angustifolia*), and the Lupine (*Lupinus perennis*), with its bright blue flowers. Some added that curious member of the Liliaceae, Turkey Beard (*Xerophyllum setifolium*), to their treasures. From the centre of a mass of narrow, grass-like radical leaves, a stem shoots up two or three feet high, thickly clothed with needle-shaped leaves, and crowned with a large raceme of showy white flowers.

On the dry uplands we met with several species of *Catchfly* (*Silene* and *Lychnis*), so called because there are spaces on the stems covered with sticky material which might hinder the progress of an insect ascending it. Darwin suggests that in the lapse of ages the plant has developed this material as a protection from the assaults of insects that might otherwise injure the seed-pods. Whether the Author of the Universe originally created this plant with this defensive armor or whether He subsequently enabled it to secrete it on certain parts of the stem, it is in either case equally his work—for the laws of nature are only the expression of his sovereign will.

Near the railroad depot grew in abundance a native species of Toad Flax (*Linaria Canadensis*), differing much in appearance from the "Butter and Eggs" introduced from Europe. It has slender stems, with small blue flowers at the top. Near by grew also a small species of Evening Primrose (*Oenothera sinuata*), wild leaves sinuately toothed. It is common enough in the sandy soils of New Jersey, but it is not found in Chester County—an illustration of the well known fact, that the nature of the soil has great influence on the growth of plants, so that some species thrive only in such peculiar situations that they are greatly limited in number and in the range of country they occupy.

On the dwarf oaks which abounded we found many galls, the result of insect punctures, and they were very curious and interesting specimens.

We encountered a snake of three or four feet in length, which the most learned of our party decided to be a Pine snake. It disappeared so rapidly into its hole that I did not get a glimpse of it.

Others of the party came across the nest of a Quail with fourteen eggs. They were careful not to touch the eggs or otherwise disturb the nest, for fear the parent birds would desert it.

In the afternoon, we convened again at the Ancora house, and while seated on the porch and under the trees partook of a comfortable meal. This was followed by a series of short



addresses from these presents, on the geology of Southern New Jersey, its peculiar plants, on diatoms, etc. Some of these were both interesting and instructive, especially that on the history of diatoms.

The diatoms belong to a low order of vegetable formation, allied to the Algae. They may be likened to a pill box, consisting of two valves, and having one cavity or cell. One of the most striking peculiarities of these plants is, that the box and its lid are largely composed of siliceous substances, so that the forms of the species are preserved intact in fossil deposits. About eight thousand species have been described, of which perhaps two thousand are found in America. The markings are often very beautiful and curious. These plants are mostly microscopical in size, and require microscopes of a high magnifying power to show distinctly their markings. There are few objects more interesting than a collection of diatom slides properly prepared.

In some the valves merely rest against each other, edge on edge, forming a line of junction along which the valves readily separate. In life, the diatom has an external membrane and an internal one. Diatoms are found both in salt and fresh water, and also on the surface of damp rocks and walls, garden paths, flower-pots, etc. They may generally be obtained in great numbers by allowing waters in which they exist, to stand for a few hours, and then pouring off all but the more muddy part at the bottom. They may often be seen to move a little in the water or slime in which they exist, and this was at one time regarded as evidence of their animal nature, but it is now believed to be owing to their imbibing and emitting fluids in the processes of their vegetable life. As a general rule the motions of diatoms are simply backwards and forwards; at other times they are a slow rolling from side to side.

In some of the genera the diatom increases by being divided or cut in two, as the name implies. New valves are formed on the inside of each of the old valves, so that two plants exist where there was only one before. They also multiply by simple division and in other ways. Dr. Hooker found them in such numbers in the Antarctic Ocean as to give an ochreous brown color to its surface, as far as the eye could reach, and to the icebergs floating in it; whilst a submarine deposit is in process of formation, composed of their silicious shields.

Fossil diatoms have been observed in the strata of every age. Lewis Wolman, in his remarks on the strata of Southern New Jersey, pointed out several strata composed in part of diatoms, as shown by the borings for deep wells at various points near the sea-coast. Some of them were of considerable thickness. Minute as these plants are they have been among the more important sources of the strata which now exist. Tripoli stone consists entirely of their silicious plates. One deposit of this material in Bohemia is two miles in length, and averages twenty-eight feet in thickness. Another at Bilin forms the upper layer of a hill, and is fourteen feet thick, yet the individuals are so small that forty-one billion exist in every cubic inch of the stone. The city of Richmond, Virginia, is built on a stratum of diatomaceous earth eighteen feet thick.

In a paper read before the Natural History Society of Edinburgh, it was stated, as the result of recent investigations, that in the deep green waters of the Arctic Sea, described by Scoresby, the discoloration is caused by immense multi-

tudes of a minute diatom. These diatoms accumulate under the floes of ice. It was found that the brown, slimy masses adhering to the under surface of the ice were almost wholly composed of diatoms. The heat developed by these masses of diatomaceous hollows the ice into honeycombed chambers, rendering it so fragile (or as the whalers term it, rotten), as to be easily crushed. So this microscopic dot helps to render the Arctic Ocean navigable, by breaking up the floes. The food of the right whale consists almost wholly of minute animals which swarm in these discolored portions of the ocean. In their stomachs were found the remains of this diatom, proving that they fed on it. So in this strange cycle of being the whale is dependent on the diatom for its existence, one of the largest of animals on a planet so minute that hundreds must be massed together before they can be visible to the naked eye.

The scientist to whom had been allotted the subject of insects had very few minutes left to expatiate on this immense subject, so that he limited himself almost entirely to a dragon fly he had met with during the day, and which in his researches in Pennsylvania he had never seen there. It was a somewhat curious fact that the river Delaware should divide the region it inhabits from that in which it cannot exist. In its larval state, the dragon-fly inhabits the water and feeds on other insects; and it may be that the bogs and streams of the pine barren region are better adapted for the growth of its prey than the rivulets in the geuicic regions of Philadelphia and Chester Counties.

When the addresses were all finished, an order was given for a prompt march to the cars, and this was promptly obeyed, and we were soon en route to Camden.

By general consent it was decided that we had spent a pleasant and instructive day.

J. W.

FOR "THE FRIEND."

### Letter of Samuel Fothergill.

"The contents of thine respecting Cornelius Cayley, and the copy of his application to Friends of Leeds Meeting, have been much in my thoughts. I have hitherto been a stranger to the person and his case. I read, some years ago, many of the journals of those exercised in endeavoring to promote the revival of Christianity, but there appeared to me so much of the nature of those things that the day of the Lord should come upon, so fully described—Isaiah ii: 10, to the end of the chapter, that I declined the search, in hope that the winning power of Truth would separate the wheat from the chaff, in minds pure, upright and sincere; and that the Power which prepared the eyes of the man blind from his birth, by spitting on the clay, and finishes his marvellous work by sending him to 'the pool of Siloam,' or to the Sont, for washing might, in the same line, and by the efficacy of the word of his mouth—which is as a two-edged sword, and whose entrance giveth light and life—have led them into that which is within the veil and impenetrable to the eyes, which have only been anointed with the spittle on their earth; and for this my soul hath often been baptized in humble, fervent prayer.

"The person under immediate notice claims and hath my sympathy; I believe him joined to all the living, through the quickening virtue of the life-giving word, and I earnestly pray for his complete formation, as a vessel meet for the Master's use. Yet a secret and painful jealousy affects me, that patience hath not had its

perfect work, to lead him into all the unutterable depths of the Lord's preparing day, nor all the idols cast to the moles and to the bats; my jealousy arise from the activity of distinguished self, which loves the splendid, pleasant picture, an easy purchase, in comparison of the deep-hidden pearl of substantial truth. We sorrowfully know that we have amongst us traditional formalists, having a name only, by outward inheritance; yet there remains a worm, Jacob, the feeble yet faithful wrestler with God amongst us, whose life is hid with Christ in God, and who, through the virtue of the sacred unction, have not an absolute need of man's teaching, but are gathered in spirit into the Lord's mountain, where the Lord, of his own make, unto all his people a feast of fat things, and where He destroys the face of the covering, and the veil that is spread over all nations. But the formalists amongst us are in the same life, with all the family under the veil, and the face of the covering, and not having on the garment of needlework, wrought in a course of experience, have not a right to this feast on the Lord's mountain, but feed on perishable husks; and a superficial ministry, of the same birth, and moving on the same ground, feeds itself with the like food, fills its belly with the east wind, and empties its chilling qualities on the superficial dependents on human help.

"The testimony given us as a people, in various branches, hath been a stone of stumbling and a rock of offence, to many who have wished for our crown, without our cross, and have overlooked and despised the peculiarity of our testimony, or the testimony of the Lord by and through us. The language, fashion, and customs of the world, though by many esteemed indifferent, are not so to us, but are a part of the growth, the underwood of the lofty Lebanon, which the day of the Lord is to come upon, as well as upon the tall cedars, and when that day comes it will burn as an oven indiscriminately, with prevailing heat, and leave them neither root nor branch. All who have entered into fellowship with us, through the baptism of Christ, the true door of entrance, have, not from imitation, but clear conviction, found this compliance their indispensable duty. We might have many preachers break in upon us, were we at liberty to admit them upon the partial foundation of general speculative truths, without their coming to the unity of the Spirit, which unites faithfulness to the Lord's statutes and testimonies to us and by us to the world. How far the person in question may have seen into this testimony I know not, but this I know—many of those called Methodists, their preachers especially, rather content than approve this peculiar dispensation, which, the longer I live, the more clearly I see to be from heaven, against that spirit which rules in all carnality, whether notorious in obvious evil, more concealed in the walks of normality, or more refined and fallacious in the outward court of the temple.

"I cannot well omit a passage in C. C.'s letter, expressing that 'the Lie begins to send up fresh sap into my dead earth, and the blind in me begins to see, the deaf to hear, and the dumb to speak.' I believe this is really the truth, and a strong description of an infantile state, a resurrection from being buried in a baptism of death, into a new life, and yet scarcely grown up into a capacity of preaching the everlasting Gospel of salvation. The forty days retreat into the desert, previous to the ministry of the Holy Jesus, seems to me not fully accomplished.

"I feel much for C. C. I love him. I wish

to give him the right hand of fellowship in the Lord Jesus; his spirit is near my life; and oh, that he may endure the Lord's preparing day; that he may come out of Egypt clear and un-mixed with any of those things which veil the beauty of the Lord's workmanship. I hope Friends will be tender towards him, yet, for his own sake and the testimony's, firm and steady, for this will be beneficial to him, if he ever come in at the right door. I recommend Friends concerned, and this person, to a deep inward attention to the great Minister of the Sanctuary, that in his counsel and wisdom all may move, and the precious unity of the one Eternal Spirit may be known to run to the nethermost skirts of their garments.

"I am thy affectionate friend, in deep travail for Zion's beauty, that none who love her may fail of the salvation within her gates.

SAMUEL FOTHERGILL."

FROM "THE AUSTRALIAN FRIEND."

During the past few years the principles of the Society of Friends have received exposition from almost every standpoint, sometimes in detail, sometimes briefly summarized; and, in addition to these expositions, there have been writers to justify the continuance of our religious body, and writers to proclaim its mission for the needs of the present generation, or to make known "the message of Quakerism for the world of to-day." Is this fertility of exposition a prelude to these principles taking greater hold upon mankind at large, or does it betoken a tendency in our members to theorize rather than to be living witnesses of the truths thus expounded? "By their fruits ye shall know them," said Jesus Christ: it is experience which must give the answer to our question.

But what strikes one as an essential quality of a religion which shall largely influence the people of the coming generation (if one may judge by the tendencies which are manifested in our own) is such a constitution as shall be both its justification, and the manifestation of its purpose—a constitution so plain that men shall need no instruction to understand it, and yet be unable to discover any relaxing of its demands. It is this quality in religion which revelation has all along been leading men up to, as there have been learners able to receive it. Even in the times of the Jewish monarchy the Holy Spirit influenced the men most open to its leadings to declare that to "fear God and keep his commandments" is "the whole duty of man"; that God's requiring is "to do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly" with Him; to declare also that this requirement should, in the ages to come, be made so plain that even an ignorant man, without place in a civilized community, would be in no danger of making a mistake concerning it.

It was a religion having this quality in a marked degree that George Fox and some of his fellow-workers preached, and made manifest through the formation of religious communities in divers places. But the principles which they inculcated have sometimes become so systematized that these plain preachers would scarcely recognize them. Therefore we, their successors of to-day, should seriously consider who are real followers of George Fox and his friends. Surely the true following is not in the seeking for precedents in their modes of procedure, and in the setting up of a form of doctrine based upon their writings, but in the placing of ourselves at the view-point whence they looked upon human life and duty—in realizing that

the kingdom of God is even now being established, and in making it our sole aim to act as loyal subjects in this kingdom. Throughout the writings and throughout the utterances of these early confessors, there seems to run the refrain that an Authority is set up which is understandable by all, and to which all must be obedient. It is the message to those who are out of the way, to those who are in distress of mind, to those engaged in the affairs of daily life, and to those to whom has been given a service for their fellows.

And they, who thus proclaimed that men were seeking without what they would find within, were careful to declare that they were preaching "no new Gospel," seeing that the Authority to which they bore witness—the Light in men's consciences, the Word in the heart—was the same Divine Leader who had been manifested in human form; and therefore men who now disregard the One are in the same category with those who, in a former age, crucified the other; whilst they who now sorrow for sin, which the Light makes manifest, and who follow the Divine Light as the accepted Ruler of their lives, are one with those who, enlightened by Divine suffering because of man's sin, mourned "Him whom they had pierced," and afterwards rose "with Him in newness of life." Thus the government of the Holy Spirit was declared to be the same "kingdom of heaven" which Jesus Christ had preached and into which the first disciples had entered with the "Anointed" of God as their King.

It was this simple announcement of an Authority to which every human being is called upon to bow—of an ordered state of life into which men are invited to enter,—which sufficed for justification whenever these misunderstood people appeared in conflict with the religion of man's tradition. In worshipping God differently from the received method, they acted from the same guiding principle—they were still from their own thoughts and ways that the mind of God might be manifested to them and speak through them. Many, indeed, who had been teachers in other denominations and who had therefore been accustomed in their public worship to read the Holy Scriptures and to sing hymns, acted when they entered upon the new order of things as Wm. Penn did in respect to his sword. Yet these gradually discovered that the exact words of former revelations were not necessary in order to deliver a message to-day, and that sometimes the endeavor to give the exact words of a former exhortation might hinder the speaker or his fellows from ministering to a present need. They also felt that the expressing of words in sounds pleasing to the ear might in reality turn the mind away from the true Instructor, and that the real harmony to be sought was the bringing of all present into a holy fellowship. (It may be here remarked that the early Friends, though feeling that meetings for Divine Worship were a public manifestation of dependence upon God, and that reliance upon anything written or printed contravened this, were nevertheless themselves frequent in reading, and diligent in meditating upon, God's revelations to men of former ages, and were careful to exhort their fellow-members to be in the practice of reading these sacred writings to children and to others under their care.) The abuse of religious rites and observances was, in the first place, also undefended by a labored apology or search for precedent in the action of the Apostles. The reformers simply acted upon the conviction that the time had

come when the antitype of circumcision or of baptism must be manifested to be a real entrance into a new state where "all things are of God" (Gal. vi: 15; I. Pet. iii: 21), and when the antitype of a common meal should be shown to be a communion in assimilation of Christ's character, a communion of "righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Spirit" (Rom. xiv: 17 R. V.). Similarly they were not careful to reconcile with the accepted ideas of professing Christians their refusal to bear arms, but confessed that they "lived in the virtue of that life and power that took away the occasion of all wars." They were content to be "living epistles" amongst the men of their generation—witnesses of a condition of righteousness between man and his fellow-man which should ultimately be the prevailing condition amongst mankind at large.

Throughout all their actions there was, amongst the deeper-spirited of the early Friends, a simple-hearted adherence to the one testimony that God's Kingdom had come into their hearts, and that the duty was laid upon them to "let their lives preach" it to the world, so that God might work through them upon others; that thus God's creative Spirit might act in them, and in all his obedient servants, until all mankind should become fashioned according to the gracious design which He had for humanity when, letting the first light shine upon the earth, He gave the earnest of his gifts of life and order and beauty.

Such a religion whose central idea is that of submission to righteous government, is the kind needed to fit in with the present regulation of affairs, seeing that almost every transaction between man and man, from youth upwards, has its system of government:—the game of cricket, and other recreations, all kinds of friendly societies, every corporation for the transaction of business, every association for ridding the country of insect and plant pests, every association for the eradication of social evils, and every society for the improvement of human affairs or for mutual help. So ramified is this decentralized method of government that the central authority is becoming more and more occupied in directing these sub-systems of order-keeping; and therefore a religion, if it be one to last, must claim all these as parts of its working—must claim that all administrators of order are God's ministers (Rom. xiii: 6), and thus give the inference that so-called reformers greatly err when they try to oppose every kind of government, and that the true reformer is he who seeks rather to purify the methods of administering men's affairs. These thoughts lead us to understand that man is in his perfect condition when the Divine will is done in him and by him and through him; and that this is the condition in mankind by which the knowledge of God (relation to Him in love and service) is to spread until it covers the earth; for He is a God of order and of peace.

Let us take heed lest we, who, as messengers to the world, began well, lose sight of the conception with which we set out. Most of the reasons for the maintenance of our testimonies put forth by the expounders of Friends' principles, though good in themselves, are often so separated from the main one that a demand has arisen for a systematic teaching of what we are expected to believe. This surely is evidence that we are getting into a religion which is not one in which an ignorant wayfarer will not err.

THE glories of the world always lose their charms when Jesus is spiritually enjoyed.

### Natural History, Science, etc.

—A new and most destructive beetle, called the gold-tail, has made its appearance in Somerville, Mass., where it is extremely destructive, and it may be possible to exterminate it before it spreads over the country. Massachusetts deserves great praise for its effort in localizing or destroying the gypsy moth; and we are glad that the discovery of this new pest has been made before it is too late to exterminate it.—*The Independent*.

**A Volcanic Bubble.**—F. S. Bortain, of Puebla, writes as follows: "It may be of interest to some of the readers of the *Herald* who visit Puebla to know of one of the less visited attractions in the vicinity of the City of the Angels. I refer to the Coxcomate. It is about twenty minutes distant from Puebla over the street car line to Cholula. Any street car conductor can point out to the curiosity seeker. It is to the right of the car line about five hundred yards distant. "It looks from the car window to be a pile of white stones or a well bleached haystack, but upon closer inspection proves to be a tumulus of white calcareous stone, evidently of water formation, about fifty feet in height and one hundred feet in diameter at the base. The form is that of a truncated cone. At the apex is an elliptical hinged opening, about twenty-five feet along the minor and fifty feet along the major axis. It is a bell shaped cavity and lined with ferns of various descriptions. I should judge the depth to be at least one hundred feet, and at the bottom, so far as visible, the opening must be sixty feet in diameter. In the bottom on one side we so see some gorgeous ferns and on the other side a pool of water.

"Tradition says that the ancient Aztecs were accustomed to worship here the genius of the pot, and occasionally threw in a live victim to appease his subterranean majesty. It is also said that a few victims of the inquisition were brown down here to reflect upon the controverted points of doctrine. At all events, it is a most singular freak of nature, as it is in the middle of a level plain, or rather a barley field. I look to have been some volcanic bubble, of which the Mexican upland is so full, and is well worth a visit on the part of the curious.

"Although I have inquired among my Mexican friends, I have found no one who could tell me the meaning of the name Coxcomate."—*Mexican Herald*.

**Algerian Dogs.**—Soon after leaving Oran, opportunities of verifying the truth of the captain's statement about dogs began to present themselves, and long before our Algerian tour was finished we were thoroughly convinced that the acts, in this instance at least, had been correctly stated. As we passed farm-houses and native habitations, the dogs would rush out at us, sometimes singly, sometimes in twos and threes, barking furiously, snapping and showing their teeth in a most threatening manner. These dogs are shaggy, gaunt, wolfish-looking beasts, with long, sharp noses and glaring eyes. They are to be suspicious of strangers, and are rendered more savage by being half-starved. The most ferocious are kept chained or shut up during the day, but it is never safe to approach a house unless armed with a stout cane. What would have happened to us had we not been provided with steel-cored whips it is not difficult to predict. To say the least, we should peevishly have become candidates for the Pas-

teur treatment. To increase the efficiency of these, we had taken the precaution to fasten good-sized shot on the snappers. This worked well on the dogs, but was detrimental to the whips, as the weight of the shot under constant use caused the snappers to break off. The idea then occurred to us to provide the lower end of the whips with six wire-barbs, similar to those used on barbed-fence wire, each projecting three-eighths of an inch. One blow, with the whip thus armed, was usually sufficient. The barking would change instantly into a short, sharp yelp, and the dog would shrink off conquered. The sudden transition from an attitude of confident attack to one of ignominious defeat was most amusing.

Later on, between Algiers and Constantine, as we were passing an Arab village a little off the road, one evening, after dark, we were startled by a tremendous barking. Of a sudden, at least fifty dogs broke out in full chorus and barked as if they would tear everything around them to pieces. Whether we were the cause of the deafening din we did not know, nor did we know whether they were chained, but the prospect of being attacked in the dark by these howling fiends was not reassuring. They did not molest us, and we once more breathed freely as the sounds grew fainter behind us.

### Room at the Top.

BY ARCHER BROWN.

Every boy who has any stuff in him wants to succeed. By success he means high position, big salary or income, reputation, influence, power. Seldom is the higher success that results from lofty character, irrespective of wealth or fame, taken into account. So, for this concluding paper, I will deal with pure worldly success, the kind that men are recklessly struggling for the world over.

If the average boy approaching manhood were to analyze his ambition and define his goal twenty years ahead, it would be the presidency of a bank or great corporation, the head of a rich firm, the foremost place in the chosen profession of law, medicine, or the ministry, a seat in Congress, or perhaps the mayoralty of his town.

And here comes the surprising and encouraging truth that these great prizes of a life are not hard for a well equipped man to attain. The competition for them is not severe. Indeed, strange as it may seem, the big place is usually hunting for the man. There is room at the top. The bottom is crowded with those struggling fiercely for the small prizes. The top has ample elbow room for the few who are up there.

To explain a little. Every corporation or firm that employs men knows how hard it is to find just the right material for responsible positions. It is easy enough to fill the routine places; but brains and character are not essential; and commence to look for a man above the ordinary, and the trouble begins. One man available is honest, industrious, faithful, but lacks a trained mind. Another is capable, energetic, hard working, but there is a shadow of doubt about his moral strength under temptation. Another is honest, bright, true, but lacks industry or the power of application. Still another seems to possess every needed thing, but is without health and endurance. And so on through the list. It is next to impossible to find one who combines in himself the necessary qualities for a high and responsible position, unless there is mixed up with them some shortcoming or failure. The well-rounded man, morally, intellectu-

ally, physically, is a prize in the business world, and these controlling great interests are grabbing for him. He commands the highest pay while he serves others, and in due time you find him at the head of his own great interests.

Now turn from the top downward. With each descending step in the scale the number of those competing for place increases in geometrical ratio, until at the very bottom you find the greatest crowd of all. The lower the pay, the more menial the work, the greater is the scramble for it. For example, take a great manufacturing corporation. Its president dies or retires. The salary is perhaps twenty-five thousand dollars a year. The directors begin the search for a successor, and if they find two or three broad, able and forceful men from whom to make a selection and who have not already better positions, they will be fortunate. But suppose the vacancy is that of assistant bookkeeper or bill-clerk at a forty dollars-a-month. A hundred men—yes, a thousand, if it is in a great city—can be had in a day's time. And the twenty-five thousand dollar man is cheaper than the forty dollars a month man. I was told the other day of a vice president of a great corporation in New York who had by a timely, sagacious stroke made his company six hundred thousand dollars in a single year. It was enough to pay his salary of thirty thousand dollars a year for twenty years in advance. The president of the Pennsylvania Railroad died recently, leaving a fifty thousand dollar position to be filled. There was no scramble for the office. One man was available who had mounted every successive round of the ladder, but he practically had no competitors. I know a man who started as a poor German boy in the night schools of a Western city, working step by step through the mechanical departments of a large manufacturing business, proving himself master in each place, until the management of a great enterprise came to him unsought at twenty-five thousand dollars a year. I know a railroad president, who, coming from a small town in Maine, by sheer force of brains and character reached a commanding position. To one high office was added another, until his combined salaries equal that of the President of the United States.

Let us ask a few questions. Is it natural brilliancy or luck that puts one man so far ahead of his fellows? It is neither. Analyze the character of the men in the highest places. You will find they attained it their positions by preparation, mental, moral, physical, technical; brains well trained, energy well directed, work well sustained. Study the steps in the character of Gladstone, of Benjamin Harrison, of Carnegie, of Rockefeller, of Wanamaker, of P. D. Armour, of M. E. Loggins, and prove the statement.

Are the qualities of success attainable by a man of ordinary natural abilities? Unquestionably, yes. First the character; then the preparation; then the opportunity. The latter comes to most men sooner or later, but rare is the man who is ready to seize it. U. S. Grant as a boy in Ohio built his character. At West Point and in the Mexican war he made his preparation. In the Civil war he found his opportunity. Here are a few of the essential qualities which will win against all the powers of so-called ill-luck:

1. Absolute, unswerving integrity. Is that unattainable?
2. Brains, mental grasp. Given a fair mind, what is that but education and discipline?
3. Energy and force of character. That is a question of exercise of will to overcome laziness and love of ease.

4. Capacity for work, executive power, the ability to bring things to pass. This is the product of industry by system or method. It is energy conserved and well directed. It is the art of making every stroke count.

5. Personal manners, engaging address. What is this but the result of close, unselfish adherence to the rules for making a gentleman?

All these qualifications are not easy, it is true, but they are not impossible. It is really your own choosing whether you will be among the richly rewarded few at the top or the hungry multitude at the bottom.—*Christian Advocate.*

#### SUMMARY OF EVENTS.

UNITED STATES.—President McKinley has sent a personal letter to Queen Victoria, which was delivered to her on the 21st instant by William Reid, Special Envoy. To Her Majesty, Victoria, Queen of Great Britain and Ireland and Empress of India.—Great and Good Friend.—In the name and on behalf of the people of the United States I present their sincere felicitations upon the sixtieth anniversary of your Majesty's accession to the throne of Great Britain."

On the 16th inst. the President of the U. S. sent to the Senate, with an accompanying message, a treaty for the annexation of Hawaii to the United States. The treaty was signed by the Secretary of State and special envoys from Hawaii. In the main it follows the lines of the treaty negotiated at the end of the Harrison administration, and which was recalled from the Senate by Grover Cleveland. There is a strong minority in the Senate who will oppose consideration of the treaty at the present session.

The Japanese Minister has filed with the Secretary of State a formal statement of the position of his Government with respect to the proposed annexation of the Hawaiian Islands by the United States.

President McKinley, it is stated, has determined to revive the abandoned treaty of general arbitration between the United States and Great Britain, a new treaty having been drafted to serve as the basis of negotiations. In this draft there are none of the points which caused the failure of the Olden treaty. The treaty is not to be submitted to the Senate before next Twelfth M-nth.

President McKinley has nominated Stewart L. Woodford, of New York, to be Minister to Spain. It is announced that his selection was influenced by the fact that he agreed to go to his post immediately upon confirmation, something very much desired by the President, and also to remain there throughout the present administration.

The director of the mint has issued a statement showing that \$53,088,000 of gold and \$76,609,236 of silver were produced in the United States last year, the silver being estimated at its coinage value. There was an increase of \$7,475,000 in the gold and \$4,018,000 in the silver production over the previous year.

A committee of the San Francisco Grand Jury has submitted a report in which attention is called to the growing use of opium in that city. The committee suggests that more stringent measures should be adopted to abate the evil.

W. C. Callahan, a San Francisco millionaire, has been sentenced to twenty-four hours' imprisonment, having been convicted the second time of spitting in street cars. The Superior Court affirmed the judgment.

A fruit company in California is said to have adopted an interesting method of drying potatoes, by which they are greatly lightened, so as to be more available for transportation. By the drying process four-fifths of the weight is removed, without lessening the nutritious value of the potato or diminishing its excellence as to flavor when cooked. It is reported that the company engaged in this business will soon have ready for market nearly a million bushels of dried potatoes, the original weight of which was about five million pounds.

According to advices from Tacoma more tea is now on the Pacific Coast than ever before at one time. The importers have made large purchases in China and Japan for immediate delivery, and are having it packed in boxes, the only superior to enter it before long into the market. It is said that 1,000 tons have already been landed, and 12,000,000 pounds are on the way.

During the visit of the business men from Central and South America to Lynn, Mass., last week, they saw a pair of women's shoes made in 14 minutes and

14 seconds. During the process fifty odd pieces of leather passed through 85 pairs of hands.

A despatch received on the 21st instant from San Francisco says that the reports regarding the earthquake shows that it was quite severe at Salinas, Monterey County. At Gilroy the earthquake did much damage. Numerous chimneys were toppled over, house walls cracked, every plate-glass store window shattered, and there was a general wreckage of bridges and buildings in Los Angeles and vicinity, and out of their homes in terror. In some houses blinds were wrenched from the hangings, and an unusual scene of petty destruction is presented in nearly every house and store in town."

Deaths in this city last week were 394, being 11 more than the previous week, and 20 less than the corresponding week of the last year. The following were males and 178 females: 45 died of consumption; 31 of pneumonia; 25 of heart disease; 19 of cancer; 15 of cholera infantum; 15 of convulsions; 14 of inflammation of the stomach and bowels; 14 of inflammation of the brain; 11 of nephritis; 11 of inanition; 10 of mania; 10 of old age, and 9 of bronchitis.

Markets, &c.—U. S. 2's, 99 1/4; 4's, reg. 111 1/4; 111; coupon, 113 1/4; 113; new 4's, 125 1/2; 123 1/2; 5's, 113 1/4; 114; currency 6's, 101 1/4.

COTTON was firm and advanced 1/2c per pound to 8 1/2c for middling uplands.

FEED.—Spot bar, \$11.50 to \$12.00 per ton for winter in bulk; and \$12.00 to \$12.50 for spring in sacks. FLOUR.—Winter super, \$2.75 to \$2.90; extras, \$3.00 to \$3.25; Pennsylvania roller, clear, \$3.75 to \$3.90; do., straight, \$3.90 to \$4.10; Western winter, clear, \$3.75 to \$3.90; do., do., straight, \$3.90 to \$4.10; do., do., patent, \$4.15 to \$4.35; spring, clear, \$3.40 to \$3.65; do., straight, \$3.75 to \$3.90; do., patent, \$4.00 to \$4.15; favorite brands, higher. City mills, extra, \$3.10 to \$3.40; do., clear, \$4.00 to \$4.15; do., straight, \$3.75 to \$4.25; do., patent, \$4.25 to \$4.50. RYE FLOUR.—\$2.25 to \$2.40 per bushel, as to quality.

GRAIN.—No. 2 red wheat, 71 1/2 to 72c. No. 2 mixed corn, 29 to 29 1/2c.

No. 2 white oats, 25 1/2 to 26c.

BEEF CATTLE.—Aberdeen, 4 1/2 to 5 good, 4 1/4 to 4 1/2c; medium, 4 1/4 to 4 1/2c; common, 4 1/4 to 4 1/2c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS.—Extra, 4 1/4 to 4 1/2c; good, 3 1/4 to 3 1/2c; medium, 3 1/4 to 3 1/2c; common, 2 1/4 to 3c; fall lambs, 3 1/4 to 3 1/2c; spring lambs, 4 1/4 to 6c.

HOGS.—Western, 5 1/2 to 5 3/4c; State, 4 1/2c.

The celebration of Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee will be held on the 20th inst. Thanksgiving services were held in St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey and in places of worship throughout the United Kingdom and in nearly every large city of Europe. The Queen and members of the royal family attended the services at St. George's Chapel, Windsor.

On Sunday, Queen Victoria went from Windsor to London. In the afternoon she received the royal Envoys at Buckingham Palace. After entertaining ninety of her most distinguished guests at dinner the Queen received the diplomatic corps.

The State Council of Switzerland has declared in favor of the State acquiring the railroads.

The London Times says: "Foreign matches, in future, instead of being supplied to us from Sweden, will apparently come all the way from Japan. The competition of the Orientals has already, it is said, destroyed the European match trade in India, China and Hong Kong, and will soon assert itself in the United States. After supplying their own markets, the Orientals are able to send 2,500,000,000 boxes to the rest of the world, leaving us taking most of the surplus output. Osaka, where an American syndicate has purchased one of the numerous factories engaged in the manufacture, produced last year 100,000,000 dozen boxes of matches, giving the thousands of children, who earn a few pence per day in the work."

Almost the whole of the Province of Assam has been devastated by the earthquake of the 12th inst. The ruin is appalling. The courts, treasuries, jails and hospitals have collapsed. The crops are mostly ruined, and it is difficult to see any prospect of success. It is difficult, as numbers of the ruins have been completely demolished. Earthquake shocks still continue to be felt in the Province of Assam and much alarm is felt, especially as renewed shocks are reported from various places in Bengal. Heavy rains are immediately ensuing, and damage already done. At Shillong everything has been destroyed. At Assam life is heavy. At Goalpara a tidal wave destroyed all the buildings, and the neighboring country is covered with fissures, which are spouting mud and sand.

The loss of life was also heavy at this place. Several of the shaken districts have not been heard from. On the 20th it was announced that 6000 lives had been lost in the Province.

Dr. E. C. Stirling, F. R. S. announces that he has discovered in the dry basin of a South Australian lake remains of an extinct bird, which in life measured 12 feet in height. The bird seems to have been without wings, and therefore is likely to have possessed many of the habits of the ostrich. The skull measures 1 foot 2 inches. It is probable that it lived in marshy places and fed on herbage. There is only one prehistoric bird known to history which has something the same appearance as this unknown Australian specimen. The bird probably afforded food to the natives of New Zealand, as is possibly also true of the Australian.

A despatch received from the city of Oaxaca, on the 21st inst., says: "The continued earthquake shocks and heavy rains have seriously interrupted telegraph communication with the Isthmus of Tehuantepec during the last three days. Advices were received here last night that the official commission sent to the city of Tehuantepec by President Diaz to investigate the reported formation of a volcano and the extent of the earthquake damages has arrived at its destination and found the condition of affairs much worse than it had expected."

"The town of Tehuantepec contains about 15,000 inhabitants and is completely destroyed so far as houses and public buildings are concerned. The town is now in ruins. There were a number of costly buildings in town. The people are living in tents and the open air on the outskirts of the place."

"The earthquake shocks continue to be felt at frequent intervals and the people are terrified. The heavy smoke and other indications of an active volcano to the west of Tehuantepec are longer visible."

President Faure of France has consented to act as arbitrator in the frontier dispute between Costa Rica and Colombia.

The treaty of Annapolis, made in Ninth Month 1895, provided for the union of the countries of Central America in a confederation, to be known as the Greater Republic of Central America. The treaty was carefully considered and on Ninth Month 15th, 1896, the treaty was ratified by San Salvador, Honduras and Nicaragua. The entry of Guatemala and Costa Rica in the latter consents, which is doubtful, completes the alliance.

The object of the confederation is the amicable settlement of all matters of foreign relations affecting the individual countries. Government is by a Diet of Deputies, elected every three years, and meeting at one capital after another. Where arbitration is resorted to preference is to be given to the United States as the deciding Power.

The confederation was recognized by President Cleveland on Twelfth Month 23rd last.

#### NOTICES.

WESTWOOD BOARDING SCHOOL.—For convenience of persons coming to Westwood School, the stage will meet trains leaving Philadelphia 7:47 and 8:40 A. M. and 2:53 and 4:32 P. M. Other trains are met with request. Stage fare on regular trips, fifteen cent on special trips, twenty-five cents each way. To reach the school by telegraph, wire West Chester Phone 81 EDWARD G. SMEDLEY, Sup't.

WESTWOOD BOARDING SCHOOL.—Applications for the admission of pupils to the school, and letters in regard to instruction and discipline should be addressed to WILLIAM F. WICKERSHAM, Principal.

Payments on account of board and tuition, an acknowledgment in regard to business should be forwarded to EDWARD G. SMEDLEY, Superintendent. Address, Westwood P. O., Chester Co., Pa.

PERSONS desiring to assist in the erection of this proposed asylum for the insane in Syria, may send their contributions to ASA S. WYCK, 409 Chestnut St., Phila.

FRIENDS SELECT SCHOOL will re-open Ninth Mo. 20th. For printed circular or other information, at address J. HENRY BARTLETT, Sup't, 140 N. Sixteenth Street.

A YOUNG woman Friend wishes a position as teacher in a family or private school for next fall and winter. Some experience. "L," Box 54, Tohockenham, Chester County, Pa.

WILLIAM H. PILE'S SONS, PRINTERS, No. 422 Walnut Street.

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Richard Esterbrook.

(Continued from page 284.)

"CAMDEN, Third Month 21st, 1890.

"I think the little piece in THE FRIEND, over the signature of Thomas Evans, is a gem, and I greatly desire it may have close attention, for the kind of experience he points out is essential to a right preparation of heart. More evidence of this is greatly needed. If there is nothing in it, then there is nothing to justify us; it is here that the watchmen on our walls ought to stand, for it is through the avenue of an easy, plausible ministry that most of the trials of the Society have come. The manner may be agreeable and the matter good, but both may be without the needful stamp of right authority. I am often grieved from the apprehension I have long had, that there is a great lack of the mind and experience that T. Evans so clearly describes. It is not religious activity that is needed, but that deep and weighty travail for the arising of that life, without which all is as nothing. I long to see our young men enter by his door into their ministry, and not climb up by any other way or process, or be stimulated by unskilful hands to their own lasting injury and the grief of all who are capable of true discernment. I am persuaded that this is the concern that our friends in the station of elders ought to be engaged in above every other thing, and it will be so if they are ever rightly qualified for what is required of them.

"If I have any correct feeling, there is a loud call within the limits of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting for more of this watchful care, and to guard against a disposition to force things along, to make a show of life. If the servants of God in old time had not stood still in Jordan, they could never have brought up stones of memorial from thence, and it is as needful now as it was then, if ever we are true testimony bearers. Now, dear friend, I want thee to feel this matter thyself, and not throw it aside, but consider it weightily.

"We ought to be as one man in this concern, and will be if things are right with us. No office or offices, no rank or station in the Church in which we may find ourselves give any qualification or authority. The authority is in a renewed sense of Divine life, and is held

in deep humility and a sense of our own weakness. I do not desire any reply to this letter—it is not needed. I want thee to consider it carefully."

[The article here alluded to is on page 277 of the sixty-third volume of THE FRIEND, and is as follows:]

"Let it ever be borne in mind that religion is an inward work, a work of the heart, and not of the head; and that to live and walk in the Spirit with Christ, comprehends its essence.

"There may be a great danger of turning from this inward work, which is crucifying to self, and attended with many humiliations and mortifications, and substituting for it the more easy routine of specious religious activity, and thus suffering great loss, becoming lean and dwarfish, in a spiritual sense, instead of growing in grace and daily waiting on the Lord, and inwardly watching against sin, so as to be perfecting holiness in his fear.

"There is room in the Church for the exercise of every gift which the Holy Head sees meet to dispense to his servants, and there is no shortness or stinting on his part. What is wanting is humble submission to those fiery baptisms which purify the soul, and prepare it for the reception of the Lord's gifts.

"When these baptisms are patiently endured until the times are fulfilled, and the period for being shown unto Israel is fully come, then a man's gift maketh room for him, whatever that gift may be, and a door of usefulness in the Church is opened to him, under the leading and government of the great Giver, who will always help every obedient servant to occupy the gift profitably and acceptably in his fear.

"THOMAS EVANS."

[A letter dated Fourth Month, 29th, 1890, refers to an article, then recently published in THE FRIEND, which, criticized, in a "captious and unfair" manner, some of the statements put forth by Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, in "A Brief Narrative" of its position. The letter says:]

"I have not a copy of the 'Brief Narrative' by me, but I believe it was designed to show what were the underlying causes that brought about the position that Philadelphia Yearly Meeting holds itself in. It was undoubtedly caused by its efforts and concern to maintain its testimony to the ancient principles and testimony of our Society.

"This fact should, I think, be re-asserted, in reply to the mischievous essay I have referred to. During the conflict with the South, twenty-five to thirty years ago, it was often asserted by persons in England, 'Oh, it is a war for supremacy, etc., etc. Slavery has nothing to do with it.' And thus it was sought to awaken the interest of the British public in the contest. I remember Harriet Beecher Stowe remarked, in reply to this, 'Although slavery may not be the form of the war, it is the fuel of it,' for the question of slavery is at the bottom of the whole

struggle. I need not say more, perhaps. I hope thou wilt gather my meaning. I do not like to have the accuracy of a document like the 'Brief Narrative'—prepared under a righteous concern—impugned and its truthfulness called in question."

[In THE FRIEND of Fifth Month 17th, 1890, there was published an editorial article commenting on that in THE FRIEND, to which the previous letter alluded. This says:]

"The 'Brief Narrative' clearly points out that the difficulties and want of unity which existed in the Society of Friends arose out of departures from its original principles; and it thus shows the underlying causes which brought about the position in which Philadelphia Yearly Meeting found itself. It may be truly said that, whatever other considerations became mingled with the efforts of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, the foundation of its peculiar position was the effort to uphold the doctrines and testimonies of the Society of Friends.

"The writer of the article in THE FRIEND states that a member of the Binns' Body in Ohio was present and spoke in the Select Yearly Meeting in Philadelphia in 1888. We do not see what bearing this fact has on the general question of the position of that Yearly Meeting. Such persons have for years occasionally been in attendance and have repeatedly been admonished of the incoherency of so attending, but the fact that they have not been forcibly ejected or prevented from entering the meeting-room is a very weak foundation for the assumption that the Yearly Meeting has ceased to regard the Binns' Body as one outside of the organizations which it recognizes as co-ordinate branches of the Society of Friends.

Before publishing it I submitted it to my valued friend, R. Esterbrook, who expressed his approval in a letter, which says, 'I have no unity with Sanballat and Tobiah.'

"CAMDEN, Fifth Month 27th, 1890.

"The enclosed letter was written by a near connection of George Sharpless, who read it to me and others on First-day last, being at his house to dinner, M. Cope also there. It affected me and tendered my spirit, and it was not easy to avoid tears. It furnishes evidence of the kind of concern that existed in that day, and of the ground upon which those stood who went forth as ambassadors for Christ, travelled in the work of the ministry, not on the mere missionary principle and because they as-ert that they have consecrated themselves to the Lord's service, and thus rob Him of his prerogative to choose, prepare and qualify his own instruments. I see it is quite easy to drift into this wide departure. The steps are few and easily taken. When pecuniary compensation is connected with it the evil is more apparent. None are the Lord's messengers but those whom He himself puts forth, and every one of these depends wholly upon Him, both in going and coming. Nothing can add to this or be deducted from it

that can make any difference to the value of this Divine foundation."

[The letter alluded to may be found on page 355, volume 63, OF THE FRIEND.]

"CAMBES, Sixth Month 1st, 1890.

"The correspondent was at Western Quarterly Meeting, and I think what took place there had the effect to convince nine out of ten of those who were present as to the religious standing of the man, irrespective of any reference to the doctrines advanced. Any Friend who asserts that he preaches because he has in some *time past consecrated himself to the service of Christ shows at once where he stands, and that he is an intruder into the work of the ministry.*

It is the prerogative of Christ alone to call and qualify and prepare vessels for use in his house. There are several that travel about and to whom staying at home becomes irksome, that have no better foundation than inclination, and are, to my mind, *doing great harm.* One or two that I could name have natural sagacity and can carry themselves more plausibly, but are none the less, perhaps more, mischievous. They produce among ourselves a want of harmony, and this leads to the policy of silence in regard to them, and secret countenance and assistance is given, and these things shut up or diminish the openness and freedom which I regard as one of the great blessings of religious association.

J. H. Fothergill, in his journal, relates that, on his return from a visit to this country, he resumed the occupation of farming, believing it best for ministers in our Society to have occupation, that they might not be in danger of a disposition to be too easily drawn into religious service without the sense of the clear requiring of our everlasting High Priest. I verily believe the want of occupation at home, and not caring to have it, has been a snare to several, and the lack of spiritual discernment has made it an easy thing to obtain paper credentials.

"This talk about a well-balanced and a 'round Gospel' is almost invariably heard from those who are in heart gone from our testimony or were never there. *I have no doubt of it.* I thought of Andrew Johnson, soon after Lincoln's death, when Johnson stood better than was afterwards the case, at a time when a class of persons called 'Copperheads' were often heard invoking the protection of the 'Constitution' for Rebels. 'Show me a man,' said he, 'who prates about the Constitution, and I will show you a traitor at heart.' I write from memory. But there is a point and lesson in it. My heart is often made sad and I grieve heavily, because of the sense I think I have of the state of things among us."

(To be continued.)

A COURTIER'S RETORT.—One may be excused for feeling a little joy when the man who goes out of his way to make a rude remark in order to show his wit receives a rebuke that is as courteous as it is effective.

The retort given by a certain learned scientist must have been more amusing to the on-lookers than to the learned gentleman's antagonist.

It happened at dinner that one of the guests began to deride philosophy and went on rudely to express the opinion that philosophy was but another way of spelling fool.

"What is your opinion, professor?" he asked. "Is there much distance between them?"

"The professor, with a polite bow to his borish vis-à-vis, responded gravely. "Some times only the width of a table."—*Christian Instructor.*

## Letter from Switzerland.

PRÉS NEUFCHÂTEL, 49 Corvèles.  
Fifth Month 30th, 1897.

This is First-day morning—I was up the first one in the house and spent an hour in the forest, to get the mountain air and the view across the lake, at the same time I committed to memory a poem which I have to recite to-morrow. I have just returned but no one but the maid seems to be stirring so I have a little time before breakfast still. Yesterday was the most perfect day we have had here, for three weeks the Alps have been half or entirely hidden with dense clouds. They kept saying when I exclaimed at the beauty of a peak that now and then showed itself—but just wait until you see the whole range." I felt it was beautiful enough and did not care for anything more, but yesterday morning when I had seated myself at the desk in the study room, putting in the minutes before the breakfast bell rang, the young girl who assists in the family and who by the way is from Zurich and who speaks at present a mixture of French and German came to the door and said excitedly, "Mademoiselle kommen Sie, on voit toutes les Alpes." I made such a spring that I nearly overturned the table and chairs in my hurry to get to the dining room from whose windows the view is superb, and oh, what a view! I was simply wild to rush off up the mountain for the still far finer view from the edge of the forest, but I did not know my lesson, so was forced to possess myself in patience. But when we were through at nine there was nothing else to do and we spent the greater part of the day up there watching the changing effects. Nothing could be lovelier, there is a long line of foothills in front of the Alps that are now only slightly covered with snow and which hide all except the highest peaks of that part directly in front of us, but they slope down at each end so as to allow a full view of Mt. Blanc at the one and the Jungfrau at the other end. Oh, they are so white, so white, and yesterday the sky and lake were the most intense blue, so that the mountains stood out with absolute distinctness and we could see great glaciers on their sides. All day the cloud and light effects kept changing, but it was in the evening that they showed up in all their glory, we spent nearly two hours watching them after tea, back of us was the glowing sky with our own mountains dark against it, all about us the woods, in front sloping steeply down to the meadows and vineyards, with the roofs of houses clustered together in the midst of the foliage, at our feet the enchanting lake and beyond the Alps, what could be finer? Constantly the colors deepened and the lake which was a perfect mirror, reflected them and the soft colors of the sky.

The Jungfrau was completely lighted up with scarcely a sign of shadow and from pure white she became rose and finally took on an almost purple glow, then the shadows crept up and finally only the highest tip remained of a rose hue. When all the rest of the range had grown pale again, Mt. Blanc, that had before seemed to be almost in shadow, suddenly became a mass of rose light, it seemed as if he were conscious of his kingly rights and wished to shine alone. But the lake, never was there anything so lovely, everyone says that it is the only lake in Switzerland that has such wonderful changes and reflects the colors as it does. It is really the lake that gives such life, such exquisite variety, such charm to the whole landscape. This morning the scene was entirely

changed though equally lovely in its way. The atmosphere was no longer perfectly clear, but it hazy hung over all the foothills connecting the lake with the hoary peaks, which looked dreamy and far away. One could not be more conveniently situated than we are here, for seeing everything, and railroad travel spite of the difficult engineering is ridiculously cheap, the return ticket from here to Geneva is 9 francs (we always go third class of course for day trips) and to Interlaken and back it is about the same. We will see at least these two places. But not only the Alps can be so well visited from here, but the Juras in our immediate vicinity enclose marvellous valleys, gorges and streams.

Sixth Month, 1st.—Yesterday we had dinner at half past eleven to allow us a long afternoon for the climb of one of the peaks a little to the right and back of us. It was a two hours and a half steady climb to a little hotel near the summit of this mountain, the Tourne, and when we reached there our main sensation was that of hunger, we had come prepared for the heat, as we went in and had a most delicious lunch with the freshest butter and cream for which we paid 70 centimes (16 cents) a piece, we spent nearly an hour over it and then we continued our journey to the top. It was not far, and we had mainly the high mountain meadows to cross covered with lovely flowers, those beautiful dwarf varieties that only grow in high altitudes we were not at quite 5000 ft. however and then through a little grove, I had felt like saying several times, this is certainly fine indeed, but I had expected rather more. I kept still how ever and when at what seemed the top I asked "which path now?" And was answered "the left." I advanced quietly a few steps and then gave such a cry and spring that Mademoiselle said she thought I and my parasol were going over the precipice together! In a minute we were all united and expressing with all the energy the mountain air could give us our delight over the scene spread out at our feet. But how try to describe it? We were on a rock projecting out of the side of the mountain overhanging a beautifully green and cultivated valley a thousand feet below. We could see our own village and dozens and dozens of others the city of Neuchâtel and then not only our own beautiful lake but two others beyond and then the Alps. It seemed we could sit there always just drinking it in but we were forced to leave a little before sunset in order to reach home before dark, it was a long tramp of twenty kilometers in all and one of the most beautiful we have taken.

Last week, one day, a party of eleven of us went to the gorge de l'Areuse a little river that has eaten a way through the mountains and empties in the lake a mile or so below here. It was a ten minutes ride by train to the station from which in ten minutes more one finds oneself descending into a cleft in the earth at the bottom of which, between narrow, rocky walls boils and seethes the little river, we followed a narrow path cut in the rocks some seventy feet above the river, with a railing for safety, for several hours the sun shone down into the gorge lighting up the foliage and the water. It was perfectly enchanting. The trees that here and there found footing in the rocky walls were completely covered to their topmost branches with long green moss. The humidity was so great that ferns were growing all up amongst the branches embedded simply in the moss.

It was late in the afternoon when we entered

into a picturesque little hotel, the Chalet de la Pierre, situated in a charming little valley where the mountains open out a little. We were well furnished of course, and ordered a dinner of trout, which are always on hand fresh out of the river. We were served on the broad veranda which allowed a charming view of beautiful nature around us. To reach the station which by the way was on the line that we took from Paris to Neuchâtel, we were forced to climb up the mountain side and as it was a steep down grade the train made in about fifteen minutes or less what had cost us about four hours on foot.

But there are any amount of more charming excursions at hand, for instance between four and five in the afternoon we can take the train here at Corcelles and in an hour be way up on the mountain range back of the one upon which our village is situated and then walk down or take the train as we like. The valley between the two ranges is a perfect garden spot, here are twenty-two villages there and the cultivation is perfect. Nothing could present a greater contrast than between the peasants of Germany and Switzerland. The cleanliness and perfect order of everything here is most striking and though the women work they are not slaves as they are in Germany, and there is no carrying of heavy burdens on their backs. But of course the condition of the peasants is very different here in this part of Switzerland than in the Catholic part of the country. Everyone is intelligent and educated and there is equality everywhere, one feels it in the very air. It is the freedom that makes the difference.

FOR "THE FRIEND."

### Shadow and Substance.

God still speaks in parables, if one would but earthen. Now, as in olden times, men go through the world with eyes and ears closed to the truths that God has placed around them. As it is written, "Eyes have they, but they see not; they have ears, but they hear not."

It seems that every incident in life, that very fact in nature, is a parable, if rightly understood. And what man calls substance, things having form, hardness, solidity, is but the shadow of things spiritual.

An acorn falls into the ground and sends up a stem having two leaves. As the plant grows the leaves come, in the fall frost fingers pluck them, and they are gone. The spring sees their shadows that men call leaves come out upon the branches, the autumn sees them go, as clouds come and go across the summer sky.

The tiny shoot becomes the sapling, the sapling became the monarch of the wood, the great oak fell and decayed, the longer shadow has passed away.

Every sower that goes out to sow is a repetition of our Lord's parable of the sower. Every seed sown which the rain and sunshine quicken into life, every plant reaching upward for light and heat, speaks in clear strong tones, but man's dull of hearing.

The hills and the valleys, the sunshine and the clouds, the cold, gray, damp, death-like fog and the starlit night, all are voiceful with a tongue that few men interpret.

Gold is the symbol of righteousness and purity of character; yet man loves the shadow rather than the substance.

Why is it? Has man been so long clutching at the shadow and finding his fingers empty, that he doubts if there be any substance? Or, have his eyes become so used to semi-darkness,

that the light beyond the shadow dazzles them? Does man not know that without the substance there could be no shadow?

Shadows are given not to hinder but to help man understand the substance. O, that man could learn to discern the substance by the shadow.

A few winters ago a little ground sparrow found shelter beneath a brush heap across the road from the woodpile. All that long cold winter he sang a song wonderful in its sweetness; but low, so low that one could scarcely hear it beyond the limits of the woodyard. The fiercer the blast blew, the softer came the notes, but no north wind could still the song.

Men saw a brush heap and a bird and heard a song; but the poet saw in them the shadow of a grand eternal thought, and thought is substance, and thought being substance, is ever clothed in shadow. For this is a world of shadows.

Man himself is wrapt in shadow, as in a cloud, and his hopes and aspirations struggle to take form, struggle to make themselves known beyond the shadow. For by these alone can man make his existence known to another soul. And only by following these can he hope to solve the mysteries that lay untouched around him.

If all the outer forms that surround man are shadows, can he be blamed, if he mistake the shadow for the substance?

Yes, for to all ages, to all countries and peoples have come sages, poets and prophets testifying that these things are but shadows of an enduring substance, and, that for the sake of the substance, man must delve deeper into the shadow.

That man might know the perfect gift of God, and that man might choose the substance of eternal life instead of the eternal shadow of death, the Great Substance by whom is all substance, from whom emanates the power which makes all substance enduring—took on the shadow of man; for man could not endure the glory of the substance.

For this cause also, God must of necessity reveal himself by shadow and by parable.

What excuse, then, has man? None; for God created in man an aspiration, a reaching outward and upward to things nobler and better. And the Spirit of God, also, is sent to be a guide to the spirit of man and to lead man out of the shadows of this world into that of glorious reality, where substance has superseded the shadow.

God knows what is for the best; and whatever heaven He has prepared for man is best suited to man's condition and capacity of enjoyment. Yet, if I, from my poor limited height of observation, were to choose, I would choose a heaven, where man, freed from the haunting, ever present shadow, would see the substance as it is; where man would go from height to height, from glory to glory, ever attaining unto something better, with ever a higher standard onto which to attain.

LEWIS M. HOLLINGSWORTH,  
PENNSVILLE, Morgan Co., Ohio.

**A BRAVE DEED.**—It hardly seems possible that a girl of sixteen should save nearly fifty people from a terrible death, and yet that is what Grace Bussell did. She is often called the Grace Darling of Australia, and when you have heard her story, I am sure you will say she deserves the name. Grace lived with her parents in Western Australia, and her father was one

of the first settlers near the Swan River. She used to help in many ways. She would ride twenty miles a day with the cattle, and was as much at home in the saddle as she was in the kitchen.

Before you can quite understand what a wonderful work this girl did one day, you must remember that twenty years ago the town in the new settlement in Australia were very far apart, and people had often to ride for miles to call on their next-door neighbor.

Now it happened one day in December, 1876, that a vessel was wrecked off the coast about eight miles from the Bussell's home. The steamboat sprang a leak, and not being far from land, the captain tried to steer her in. But it was of no avail. She ran aground, and there she stayed, with the water gradually flowing into her.

The life-boat which was on board the steamer was lowered, but it leaked, too, and was so difficult to manage that eight people who had ventured in it were drowned. So the rest of the crew clinging to the steamer, and wondering whether they could ever be saved. The surf ran so wildly that no one could dare to swim through it, and there was not a house or a person in sight.

But help was near, though they knew it not. The girl of sixteen was riding along with a native servant. She caught sight of the vessel in distress, and turning her horse's head toward the coast, she started at a quick gallop. When she reached the sea she urged her horse into the angry surf.

She rode boldly on till she reached the vessel. With much difficulty she took some of the children in her arms, and put them before her on the saddle. Then, with women and bigger children clinging to her dress, she started for the shore, gave those she had rescued to the care of the native, and returned once more to the wreck. So she went backward and forward for four hours, till all were safe on land, the servant having ridden to bring out the last man.

Tired and wet as the girl was, she had still something more to do. Those forty-eight people whom she had rescued must have food and protection of some sort before night came on. So Grace rode home for help, but by the time she had gone the eight miles she was so worn out herself that she fainted, and it was some time before she could tell what had happened. Her married sister started off at once with food and wraps for the shipwrecked people, and the next day they were all taken to Bussell's house.

You will agree with me that Grace well deserved the medal of the Royal Humane Society which was presented to her on January 28th, 1878.—*Oswald.*

**AMERICAN REVISERS' EDITION OF THE BIBLE.**—Since the issuing of the Revised Version of the Old and New Testaments, there have been frequent inquiries for an edition containing the preferences of the American revisers as indicated at the close of the English Revision. Such a publication is not yet allowable by the terms of the original agreement, but steps have been taken toward its preparation, and these have been mentioned at different times in these columns. A Wisconsin correspondent recently made the following inquiry:

"Please state, in Notes on Open Letters, whether the American Revision Committee have published their Bible, which, I think, it was announced they would do in 1895. I wish a new Bible, but do not wish another English one, on account of the use of pronouns, spelling and

many other things contrary to American ideas. America ought to give us the best Bible."

In order to speak by authority on this point, the inquiry was referred to Professor J. Henry Thayer, of Harvard University, secretary of the New Testament Company of American Revisers, and this is the reply:

"In reply to your inquiry of the 29th ult., I may say that many months ago a correspondence was opened by the publishing house of Thomas Nelson & Sons (Edinburgh, London and New York), looking towards the issue of an 'Americanized' edition of the Revision. It reached such a stage last midsummer, that I rather expected the surviving members of the American Revision Committee would be called together last autumn to complete the work. But I have heard nothing farther from them, and it rests with them to prosecute the correspondence. I hardly need remind you that the American Revisers are debarred in honor from issuing an edition with their authorization till after the lapse of fourteen years from the completion of the English work—that is, until 1899."

It will be remembered that the Revised New Testament was published in 1881, and the Old Testament in 1885. Dr. Schaaf said, in these columns, that the Americanized New Testament might be published in 1895, but this was not done. Professor Thayer speaks of 1899 as the time when the entire Bible may be published.—S. S. Times.

### Some Unpublished Incidents Relating to R. Jordan and Other Friends.

Richard Jordan went, in company with Samuel Smith, of Philadelphia, to England, they both being on religious service. Samuel had been there before, and was well known and warmly welcomed by a large company at a friend's house in Liverpool, on the first evening of their arrival. While Richard was entirely overlooked, being a stranger and making a rustic appearance. The friends even supposed he had come in the capacity of body servant to their friend Samuel. This slight R. felt very keenly. Sitting there, with no one deigning to converse with him, was rather dull. To add to the discomfort of his position, the company began to speak very slightly of his native State, North Carolina, and, particularly, they seemed to have a very poor opinion of a place called Rogue's Harbor, in that State it being, in their estimation, much like Nazareth, out of which no good thing could come. So, Richard's experience of his first evening in England was a very uncomfortable one. The weary evening at length came to an end, as all painful things in this world will. On retiring to their chamber, R.— attacked Samuel, saying, "Why did they treat me so? Why didn't they introduce me to the friends?"

"Well, now, Richard, thou must excuse me. I was so pleased at meeting with my old friends that I quite forgot thee. Thou must excuse me."

"This, perhaps, was something hard for him to do, but next day, being meeting-day, those who had assembled at the friend's house were much surprised on seeing the 'body-servant' go up into the gallery.

R.—, in relating the occurrence, said, "The first thing I had to say, on standing up, was, 'Friends, I dare not deny my country. I am from North Carolina, and reside at a place called Rogue's Harbor,' and he added, 'I think I never knew the stream of Gospel ministry to flow through me as it did that day.'

And doubtless they concluded, ere he closed, that something good might come even from Rogue's Harbor.

When at the house of that worthy Friend, J. G. Bevan, his host seemed pained with his ungrammatical way of speaking, and proposed the propriety of his taking some lessons, at the same time placing a grammar in his hand, which R.— meekly took, but soon laid aside. As they came out from the first meeting they attended together, J. G. B.— clapped him on the shoulder, and said, "Preach on, Richard, grammar or no grammar."

My informant, the late Amy Albertson, said that she often had occasion to call upon R.— for aid in some work of charity. This he would always give, invariably saying:

"Of a little take a little, thou art welcome therunto; Of a little leave a little, whatsoever thou mayst do."

I have often heard my father relate that, when Joseph Carrington opened in his Monthly Meeting his concern to pay a religious visit to England, the members, knowing him to be a man of weak mind, thought it would never do for him to go on such an important embassy, and yet, fearing to take the responsibility of stopping the concern, they gave him a minute, each one thinking surely the Quarterly Meeting will not hesitate to do it. Exactly so it fared in the quarter, his friends feeling, "It will not do for Joseph to go, but we cannot say aught against it, but the Select Yearly Meeting certainly will."

However, he went with full credentials, and had much very remarkable service. He it was that, while visiting the drinking-houses in Bristol, had that memorable interview with G. Withy and his mother, in which he portrayed the future career of that son, for whose welfare she was so concerned. It is related that on a certain occasion the elder, who was then accompanying him, was much surprised and pained because Joseph delivered, almost word for word, the same discourse that he had done at another place the day before. However, though strongly tempted to do so, he concluded not to speak of it to Joseph, seeing he appeared easy and comfortable. But imagine his consternation when, next day's service was a rehash of the same. This was too much, and the Friend resolved that now he would take an opportunity with him.

Not wishing, however, to take him aside in the daytime, he concluded to wait until they had retired for the night. And even then, though sure that his friend was off the track, yet, feeling weak, he resolved to defer the painful duty till morning. The elder passed an uneasy, rest-less night, and was early awake, but seeing his companion sleeping so peacefully, he could not find it in his heart to awaken him. Still, concluding that, when he did awake, he would relieve his mind. Before this occurred, however, he was called down to see a man who had been at all three of the meetings, and who, finding the secrets of his heart laid open again and again, was now come as a weeping supplicant, desiring the Friend's aid towards the restoration of peace of mind, and so, with the conviction that his friend had been rightly led, the curtain lecture never came off.

On another occasion, the Friend at whose house he was staying excused himself for being obliged to leave home, by saying he was appointed on a committee by his Monthly Meeting, in a case of difficulty between some of their members. Joseph immediately said, "I will get ready to go with thee." The Friend, knowing J.— to

be a weak man, did not wish his company, and said, "No; thou had better stay and visit with my wife. I will return as soon as practicable." But, as Joseph insisted upon going along, a horse was provided for him. They had not, however, gone far, before the horse became restive, and ended by throwing Joseph into a mud-puddle, at which his companion, inwardly rejoicing, said, "Now thou wilt have to go back. Thou cannot go on in this plight." "Oh, no," said J.—. "That was an effort of the devil to hinder my service. I shall not be turned aside by such means." So, on they went, and, through J.—'s instrumentality, a long existing difficulty, which had baffled the efforts of the Committee to reconcile, was amicably adjusted.

A worthy Friend gave me the following relation, showing how a beneficent Providence is pleased at times to work mysteriously for wise ends. A member of a well-known family in Philadelphia, who had a remarkable capacity for straightening out and settling intricate accounts, was met one day by a stranger, who said that a person had lately deceased whose affairs were in much disorder, and asked if he would not kindly attend to the settling of them, giving (I think) information where papers relating thereto might be found. The Friend excused himself as not wishing to engage in such a matter. But the stranger pressed it upon him, saying that it would be greatly to the detriment of the family if some competent person did not attend to it. As the Friend found the matter to rest upon his mind, he went, after a couple of days, to the place the stranger had indicated, where, to his surprise, he found funeral services in progress. What was his astonishment, upon entering, to find lying in the coffin the very person who had met with him two days before, and who had deceased at the very hour of his appearance. The supernatural nature of the circumstance induced the Friend to take the matter in hand, and thus a great benefit was conferred upon a worthy family.

A ministering Friend, while travelling in England, was asked by the host at whose house she was staying, how she had rested during the night. "She said, very well, only that she had been disturbed by a man entering the room, and being asked what kind of a man he appeared to be, she said she supposed he was a butler or some such employe. This increased her host's surprise, as she had no one acting in that capacity. She signifying that she should recognize the person who had entered, if seeing him again, she was at length shown portraits of some of the family ancestors, when, pointing to one, she said, "That was the man who came into my room." Then, intensely interested, she lost queried what he did. (It is to be noted that many old English houses are wainscoted, in imitation of paneling.) She said, "He went to a certain part of the room, and drew back a sliding panel." The man of the house said he knew nothing of there being any such thing there. Upon going, however, to the place she indicated, it was found to be even so, and a bundle of papers was drawn forth, placed there, doubtless, by the ancestor.

And here comes in the most remarkable part of the story, for a suit being at that very time pending involving the legal ownership of the estate, he had now evidence making good his title.

The following incident, illustrating the power of prejudice, and how difficult it is for even goodly people to become disabused, where once



they have imbibed it, was given me by the late John Stokes, who received it from J. H. Ag's own mouth. That he, Joseph, had allowed himself to indulge unkindly feeling toward a woman Friend, who at times appeared by way of ministry, "I really thought," said J.—, "that she was not fit to preach." On awakening one morning, my mind was impressed that I ought to go to a somewhat distant meeting that day. As the matter seemed clear, he awoke his wife, who said, "Well, if there has to go, it is time for thee to get ready and for me to get thy breakfast for thee." Arriving at the place, Joseph soon found his mind brought under exercise, and apprehending the proper time had come for it, he had put forth his hands to the rail to rise to his feet, when a woman Friend began to speak, using the very words which were in his mind. Joseph said that, as he sat there, the matter opened before him, exactly as if he had been on his feet, and that word for word, as it arose in his mind, so she spake it forth. And when it closed with him, she sat down. He felt perfectly relieved and had not a word to say. But as he rode home, he was led to inquire why he should have been sent and have no vocal service. He said, "I was given to see that a prejudice I had had against this woman, and believed I was sent that I might see and feel for myself, and I was bound to acknowledge that it was the Gospel she preached."

This little incident, told me by a friend, I never saw in print; that J. H.—, going into a tavern to lodge, found his mind impressed with the belief that the landlord meditated mischief, and it arose with him to say, "I intend to hold a religious meeting to-morrow." "Oh, you are a preacher, are you?" Upon which the anxiety all went off. The inference is that a preacher would not be worth molesting.

## FOR "THE FRIEND."

**A Few Remarks on the Game called "Nations."**  
I have felt concerned because some Friends' children, who I am persuaded would not indulge in playing "cards," do not object to joining in he game called "Nations." The rules of this game, I am told by some who understand the matter, are founded precisely on those of cards used in gambling, the only difference being in the terms employed; so that any one understanding "Nations," can with a little instruction play euchre.

It seems to me that there is great danger of some among our young people, more especially the boys, being tempted by unscrupulous companions to try their skill at "cards," when they find out they know how to play, through having "Nations" at their homes. It is the old story of the camel's nose being permitted to enter the nan's door.

"Abstain from all appearance of evil," is a text that contains much instruction where one is in doubt as to the lawfulness of any amusement. I believe the Enemy of souls is ever watching to lead us into sin through seemingly innocent means, pleading that we need not be so scrupulous in small matters. But oh, is it so better and wiser to be on the safe side, and deny ourselves some gratification than to try how near we can come to the line that separates the harmless from the hurtful—the edge of the precipice over which we may be carried before we are aware of our danger?

A. J. GRIMSHAW.

Sixth Month 13th, 1897.

HAPPINESS IS THE CROWN OF VIRTUE.

## THE FIRE BY THE SEA.

ALICE CARL.

There were seven fishers with nets in their hands,  
And they walked and talked by the sea-side sands,  
Yet sweet as the sweet dew-fall  
The words they spake, though they spake so low,  
Areat slow through the fog, their way;  
And we know them, one and all—  
Aye: know them and love them all.

The livelong night, till the moon went out,  
In the drowing waters they beat about;  
Beat slow through the fog, their way;  
And the sails drooped down with wringing wet,  
And no man drew but an empty net,  
And now 'twas the break of the day—  
The great glad break of the day.

"Cast your nets on the other side!"  
"Twas Jesus speaking across the tide—  
And they cast and were dragging hard;  
But that disciple whom Jesus loved  
Cried straightway out, for his heart was moved:  
"Is it our risen Lord—  
Our Master and our Lord!"

Then Simon, girding his fisher's coat,  
Went over the nets and out the boat—  
Aye: first of them all was he;  
Repeating sore the deed, his way;  
He feared no longer his heart to cast  
Like an anchor into the sea—  
Down deep in the hungry sea.

And the others, through the mists so dim,  
In little ship came after him,  
Dragging their nets through the tide;  
And when they had gotten close to the land  
They saw a fire of coals in the sand,  
And, with arms of love so wide,  
Jesus, the Crucified!

"Tis long, and long, and long ago,  
Since the rosy lights began to flow  
O'er the hills of Galilee;  
And with eager eyes and lifted hands  
The seven fishers saw on the sands  
The fire of coals by the sea—  
On the wet, wet sands by the sea.

'Tis long ago, yet faith in our souls  
Is kindled just by that fire of coals  
And a voice is a-fab'ricating the sea;  
Where Peter, girding his fisher's coat,  
Went over the net and out of the boat,  
To answer, "Lov'st thou Me?"  
Thrice over, "Lov'st thou Me?"

## THE BLIND WEAVER.

A blind boy sowed beside the loom  
And wove a fabric, strong and true,  
Beneath his firm and steady touch  
He made the busy shuttle go.  
And if the teacher passed that way  
And gave the colors, thread by thread;  
But to the boy the pattern fair  
Was all unseen—its hues were dead.

"How can you weave?" we, pitying, cried.  
The blind boy smiled, "I do my best;  
I make my fabric firm and strong,  
And one who sees does all the rest."

O, happy thought! Beside life's loom  
We blindly strive our best to do,  
And he who marks the pattern out,  
And holds the threads, will make it true,  
—Yout's Companion.

Those who believe that beer-drinking is helpful rather than harmful ought to read what the insurance doctors are saying. At a convention here lately they discussed the matter seriously and scientifically, and they held that the habit is injurious and makes persons bad risks for insurance. Dr. Rogers, of the New York Life Insurance Co., said:

"Recently I had occasion to make some study of what happens among persons engaged in the manufacture of beer, defined generally as brewers. My cases included not only the working-

men engaged in breweries, but also the proprietors of breweries. It is a curious fact that the mortality among the proprietors is about as high as among the workmen, showing that they are all given to copious libations.

"Another curious fact is that the data that I have been able to secure indicates that Urtel's point, emphasized by Dr. Bernacki, that mortality is very high at advanced ages, is very well borne out. The mortality is strikingly low among brewers in early years. Up to forty or the reatons brewers seem to be about as good risks as pretty much any-body else. After forty the mortality rises very high, and I should say that at fifty-five or sixty years of age about three brewers may be expected to die where one average person dies.

It is already clear that beer is not a temperance drink. Now, according to the doctors, it saps the vital forces, and this is an extremely weighty indictment against it.—*Late Paper.*

## FOR "THE FRIEND."

## Haddonfield Quarterly Meeting.

This body convenes in the Sixth Month in the old house at Mt. Laurel called Livesham. The building is large enough to accommodate the Quarterly Meeting with comfort. For many years after the separation of 1827, both bodies occupied the house, but the meeting of those called Hicksites became so small that they concluded to discontinue their meeting at that place, and a few years ago requested our Friends to take charge of the whole building. The number of our members has also much diminished. This has been the experience of many meetings near the city of Philadelphia, which have not the advantages of railroad facilities; while others located on railroads, as Haddonfield, Moorestown, Germantown and Media tend to increase in size at the expense of those less favorably situated. An evidence of the truth of this general proposition was manifested by the reception at the Quarterly Meeting of a request from some Friends residing at Merchantville for the establishment at that place of an indulged meeting. This was kindly received by the Quarterly Meeting, which appointed a joint committee of men and women Friends to meet with Friends at Merchantville, examine the situation of things there, and report their judgment to the next Quarterly Meeting. The committee subsequently met, divided itself into three parts, which are to attend meetings at Merchantville during the next three First-days and then meet for conference.

It is a pleasing circumstance that our members residing at that place are so much interested in the case as to be willing to make an effort to establish a meeting for their own benefit and that of their neighbors. The ultimate success of this movement will depend largely on the fervency of spirit of those interested in it. A meeting held after the manner of Friends cannot be expected to prosper unless there are a body of members who are livingly concerned to wait upon the Lord and seek communion with Him in spirit, and are willing to pass through exercise of spirit in seeking the Divine blessing. We sincerely hope this may prove to be the case in the present instance, and that a body of spiritual worshippers at Merchantville may increase in number and in spiritual weight.

The vocal exercises in the first meeting were opened with a petition to the Father of Mercies, that He would spread over the assembly and the hearts of those present, as a covering, a sense of his holy presence. This was in good

FROM "THE BRITISH FRIEND,"  
**London Yearly Meeting.**  
 (Continued from page 384.)

Second-day morning, Fifth Mo. 24th (Joint Session).—This sitting considered the proposals laid before it by the joint Committee appointed to adapt the Meeting for Sufferings to the new situation produced by the admission of women. By way of preventing the increased membership making the meeting too large for an executive body, the committee proposed that instead of the Meeting for Sufferings being open to all members of Ministry and Oversight meetings, it should be open only to ministers and elders, *ex officio*, and to elected representatives also, to the number of sixty from London and Middlesex Quarterly Meeting and of fifteen from other Quarterly Meetings. After a long discussion the proposals were adopted; it being understood that any Friend specially interested in any subject could obtain admission, and that the present arrangements would be unchanged till after the Yearly Meeting of 1898.

A proposal came up from Yorkshire Quarterly Meeting to cease answering the Query as to how meetings are attended, and confine the written answers to the mere point of whether meetings had been held. It was stated that many in the Quarterly Meeting had wished to do away with answering altogether. Some Friends in the Yearly Meeting also took this line. The insufficiency and trifling value of the present answers were very generally felt, and contrasted with the valuable triennial reports. It was pointed out that the answers at present mix up statistics and moral responsibility, and that the spectacle of elderly Friends puzzling over the choice of words was not very edifying to the young. The result of a long discussion was to adopt the suggestion from Yorkshire.

Second-day afternoon (Joint Session).—The report of the Anti-Slavery Committee of the Meeting for Sufferings was read, reporting the emancipation of the Zanzibar and Pemba slaves, with limitations, by the Sultan of Zanzibar, and recommending the carrying out of an industrial mission on the island of Pemba, to be supported by subscription among Friends. It was regretted that the effect of the proclamation was not extended to Mombasa. The emancipation of slaves in the Niger Territory was welcomed, and continued support was asked for in the crusade against slavery as still existing in the heart of Africa and elsewhere.

H. S. Newman (called on by the Clerk), said that with one hundred and forty thousand slaves set at liberty, it was necessary that there should be some Christian church to stand by them, advance their education, and raise them up in industrial pursuits, so that when they had obtained their freedom they might be able to provide their own support and be independent to a considerable extent of their former masters. On the island of Pemba, where no Christian missionaries of any kind were established, there were fifty thousand negroes. He would refer to some of the steps which the English Government had taken towards doing away with the slave trade. In 1875 the Sultan Barghash was persuaded to issue a decree abolishing the slave trade, but nearly twenty years after, it was found that there was still a continual influx of colored people who had been stolen for slaves from the mainland and brought over to cultivate the clove plantations. In 1889 and 1890, other appeals were made by the English Government, and they persuaded the Sultan to adopt a decree abolishing all slave trade in the

measure experienced. Several Friends spoke in the line of exhortation, to the comfort and help of the meeting. One revived the language of Paul when Divinely visited on his way to Damascus: "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do." This language ought to be the habitual frame of our spirits—a desire to know and to do the will of our Father in Heaven. The necessity of bearing the cross and the blessed effect of living in submission to Christ was spoken of and awakened desires in some to experience the purifying operations of that cleansing of the heart which the Lord alone can effect.

In the second meeting, the extracts from the minutes of our late Yearly Meeting were read, and properly disposed of.

Before the conclusion of the meeting a message was received from the women requesting that at the close of the meeting the shutters might be opened. This was acceded to, and we were favored with a communication from a Friend who had been exercised in spirit lest there should be introduced into our Quarterly Meeting a disposition to set aside some of the testimonies which our Society had upheld from the beginning, and which were closely connected with the doctrines we had been called upon to uphold. The language of the Psalmist was quoted, "Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth is Mount Zion, the city of the Great King." This is still applicable to the invisible and spiritual church, and a concern was expressed that our outward visible church might more and more become a branch of the invisible and spiritual one.

A Friend, in unison with the term of the language that had been expressed, quoted the language of that dignified elder, Jonathan Evans, "The cross, the operation of that power that humbles the creature in the dust, is the great object of the Enemy's hatred, at which he is ever aiming his shafts."

The meeting separated under a feeling that it had been an interesting and profitable occasion.

J. W.

FOR "THE FRIEND,"

**Lake Mohonk Conference on International Arbitration.**

The Third Lake Mohonk International Arbitration Conference was held at Lake Mohonk on the second, third and fourth of this (Sixth) month, with a large attendance of representative and influential men and women from widely separated localities and various walks of life. Lawyers, ministers of the Gospel, presidents and professors of colleges, military men, and others active in the busy affairs of life, all joining in hearty accord in promoting the reign of reason in the settlement of differences between nations, instead of war and force.

Ex-Senator George F. Edmunds of Vermont presided over the deliberations of the conference with dignity and great ability, and in an opening address he contrasted the hope of last year with the disappointment over the rejection of the Arbitration Treaty. But, he said, "there was no occasion for discouragement. Senates come and Senates go, and we shall have a Senate that will ratify a treaty representing the best thought and conscience of the nation. This is a government of public opinion, and it is for us to create a public opinion in behalf of international reason and justice which shall secure them."

There was much expression of disappointment over the rejection of the Anglo-American treaty by the Senate, yet as all great questions move

slowly, it was thought there was no cause for discouragement, as the *principle* had been firmly established, and an encouraging sign was that seven international treaties had been entered into by different nations during the past year. Much stress was laid on the importance of rousing public sentiment and training the young, that we may have a higher patriotism, which shall recognize the identity of our true national interests with the interests of mankind. We must "consecrate the people to the cause of arbitration."

The following declaration of principles was unanimously adopted with great enthusiasm:

"The civilized world may well rejoice at the unprecedented progress of the cause of international arbitration during the last year.

"We deplore the temporary check to the cause by the failure of the Senate to ratify the proposed treaty with England; but we recall the majority of the Senate in its favor, large, though less than the necessary two-thirds, and we believe that while the small minority honestly opposed it, their reasons were not such as to command permanent support. The overwhelming majority of the country should only be stimulated by this temporary failure to more zealous activity, urging our Executive to renew the treaty, with such modifications, if any, as may be approved in the light of the recent study of the subject by the Senate. Our country should also make a similar treaty with France, Germany, Austria, Belgium and Switzerland, whose Parliaments have taken action in favor of a permanent system of arbitration between civilized nations, and with all other countries which may take similar action. We look forward hopefully to the creation in some form of an international court, always open for the settlement of differences which diplomacy may fail to adjust, to which court any nation may resort.

"The thanks of this conference are tendered to ex-President Cleveland, ex-Secretary Olney and Sir Julian Pauncefote for their eminent services to the cause of international arbitration, and to President McKinley and Secretary Sherman for their hearty support of the same great cause. The outburst of public approval of this treaty proves the growing power of Christian conscience. The pulpit, the press, colleges and associations of the bar, of trade and of labor, have given almost unanimous support in behalf of the cause."

Several hundred dollars was subscribed for the circulation of the literature of the Conference, and ten thousand copies of the proceedings of the Conference will be prepared immediately. Resolutions of thanks to Mr. Smiley for his hospitality were passed and responded to by him. They proposed to fight out the cause of peace on this mountain, he said, if it took a hundred years. Senator Edmunds, acknowledging the resolutions of thanks to himself, spoke warmly and confidently of the future, believing that a nearer time than many imagine would see the establishment of international reason and peace.

A telegram was sent by the Conference to Queen Victoria congratulating her on her jubilee, and expressing the hope that peace between her land and this may continue through all coming ages.

Thou! must hold communion with God or thy soul will die. Thou must walk with God or Satan will walk with thee. Thou must grow in grace or thou wilt lose it.

islands. It became illegal to sell or buy slaves or to transfer them except by inheritance. In the same year an agreement was made by the English Government with the Sultan that every child born after the beginning of 1899 should be absolutely free. He could hardly explain to that Meeting the effect of that arrangement on those two islands. From that date the Arabs did everything they could to discontinue the birth of children, and this led not only to a great deal of infanticide, but in a large variety of cruel and immoral ways to prevent the slaves from having children. During the last seven years comparatively few children had been born to the negroes on these islands. That was a history of the efforts of the English Government up to 1896. Then the Sultan died, the owner at that time of about thirty thousand slaves. There was a contest for a few days as to who should be Sultan, but the English Government proclaimed Hamoud-bi-Mahomed.

The English Government had been getting a firm hold of the island for many years, and no doubt there had been a great improvement of late years in the condition of the slaves. When the Consuls found that manifest cruelty had been committed, the slaves were released and the masters sometimes punished. The following incident would illustrate how deeply slavery was ingrained in the minds of the population dependently of Arab proprietorship. A woman came to the Consul to complain that an Arab had stolen her, and upon this being substantiated he was released and awarded twenty rupees, half of the fine inflicted on the Arab. A little later the Consul asked her what she was going to do with the money, and she at once replied, 'To buy a young slave!' The colored people had no principle themselves against slavery, though they would much prefer freedom for themselves.

Now, to a certain extent, they had the law at their back. If a slave wanted to be free, he could go to the Valia and claim his freedom. There was a strong opinion amongst the officials in the island that the people should be kept here. But very many of the slaves when they were set free said that though willing to stop and work for a fair wage on the plantations for while, they wanted to go home to the country whence they were stolen. The Government had no right to interfere with that very natural desire. But every fair inducement might be offered them to remain; and there was no doubt that where fair wages and good treatment were offered, many of them would stay. In one case eighty or eighty out of about one hundred and fifty accepted General Mathews' request to remain on the plantations, for a fair wage and a hut and garden to each. He himself, with Theodore Burr, had visited a great many Arab chiefs, who discussed the coming emancipation with them in a perfectly open manner. They declared that they would be perfectly willing to give half the harvest of cloves as payment to the men who gathered the harvest. He did not imagine that all the slaves would at once take up their freedom; this would probably take some years.

E. Wright Brooks said the Yearly Meeting had now to consider its duty at this remarkable juncture. By political changes a great number of slaves had come under our control—though not under our flag, which by the law of the land would have freed every one beneath it. It became necessary to stir the Government and make it uncomfortable for them; and now, though the shackles had not been struck from

the slaves in the way we should have desired, the legal status of slavery had been abolished, and it became illegal to hold them. The knowledge of this did not appear to have fully reached all these poor people yet, but it would very soon do so. The people were in a condition of gross darkness, and we could only help them by going to them, by sending our representatives with the weight and the influence of the Society behind them, and its hands and its money beneath them.

The Clerk said it was quite clear that the meeting was prepared to accept the proposition. He read a minute accordingly.

The report of the Joint Peace Committee was read.

Thomas Hodgkin earnestly hoped that Friends would not be disappointed by the reception which had been given to the proposal for an Arbitration Treaty between England and America. It was one of those reverses which would probably in the end lead to a victory. Perhaps the result of the movement for arbitration between those two countries might be all the more solid and enduring because it was not in any way outrunning, but rather lagging behind, public opinion in the United States. Intelligent Americans had expressed to him their great regret at the prospect of that treaty falling to the ground.

Kufus M. Jones said that the great bulk of the people of the United States had been in favor of the Arbitration Treaty and spoke in favor of it. The petitions sent in in favor would have almost filled the Senate House. Almost all the intelligent sentiment of the United States was in favor of it. Those who labored so hard for the ratification of the Treaty saw its ultimate triumph only a little further removed.

Third day afternoon (Joint Session).—The first business was the consideration of the report of the Armenian Relief Committee.

Edmund Wright Brooks said that Friends who were present at the meeting last year when the matter took so strong a hold on the sympathies of Friends, would remember the strong appeal they had made to them on that occasion for the aid of the oppressed Armenians. They now saw in the report and the accounts that had been presented to them the results of that appeal. He desired to say with regard to what had appeared in the public prints that it had not exceeded, and that it would have been impossible for it to exceed the truth as to what had taken place. The report they had just heard said that the suffering and the misery were incalculable; and that was true. It had amounted very nearly to the destruction of an ancient Christian race, solely because they were like ourselves, professors of the Christian faith and followers of the Lord Jesus Christ. Could our Society have done otherwise than rise to the occasion with sympathy and liberal help. It was almost without precedent that an occasion of this kind should be so long drawn out, that during twelve months a Committee should have been asking the Society for money, and that the Society should almost daily have been handing money to it. For something like nine months scarcely a single post had been delivered that had not conveyed one or many contributions from the Society towards this fund. It might be thought that the time had come when this great effort should be relaxed or laid down; but one of the chief objects of his speaking that day was to say that this ought not to be so. Although during the summer the suffering would be less, yet when the severity of another winter season approached, the Committee earnestly hoped that

the Society would not become weary of well-doing, but that it would again be ready to extend its practical sympathy and liberal help. From various parts of Asia—Turkey, and over the border into Persia, came most distressing accounts of the sufferings of the people. Large numbers of Armenians and Nestorians, whom the Turks classed together, were making their way over the border into Persia, and Dr. Cockran had written a letter giving most satisfactory accounts of their condition. There were what seemed to be satisfactory channels for their relief.

The Clerk read a minute in which attention was called to the continued and severe suffering in Armenia, and commending the matter to the renewed liberality of Friends and the care of the Meeting for Sufferings.

## Items.

*Meeting of the Indian Committee.*—At the meeting of this body, held Sixth Month 15th, several subjects of an interesting nature were considered.

A Friend who had recently visited the school at Tunica, reported that it was going on well, and had its full complement of forty-five scholars, but there were eighty-five applications on the list waiting for admittance to the benefits of the training received at this Institution. If a separate school building was erected, an addition of about ten might be made to the number of scholars at a comparatively slight cost. This suggestion led to considerable discussion. Attention was called to the increase of expenditure which always accompanies enlargements of families or families, and we were reminded that while it was very practicable to build up a large school, yet it might be attended with a loss or diminution of that good influence we are now exerting. The final issue was the appointment of a committee of men and women Friends to examine carefully the subject and make report to a future meeting.

Under a feeling of religious concern, one of the women members of the Committee had drawn up a loving epistle to their Seneca sisters, containing good counsel, affectionately conveyed. It was an acceptable offering, and it was concluded to have it printed, signed by all the female members of the Committee, and distributed among the Seneca families.

The Seneca Oil Company, an association whose headquarters are at Salamanca, had leased the oil rights on about forty-five hundred acres of the northeastern part of the reservation, and had paid four thousand dollars, which was one of the stipulations of the lease, and this money had been divided among the Indians individually. Future payments will be in the nature of royalties and depend on the productiveness of the wells that may be opened.

*Philadelphia Meeting for Sufferings.*—At the meeting of this body, held Sixth Month 18th, among other business, was an application from Garden City Monthly Meeting, Kansas, forwarded by the Trustees of the Charles-on-estate, for aid in erecting a meeting-house. The Trustees favored granting an appropriation of five hundred dollars. The case had been before them several times, and much care had been taken to investigate the matter. It appeared that the prominent members of that meeting did not favor departures from the ancient practices of Friends, as to their manner of holding meetings for worship, and the Monthly Meeting had refused to sanction the pastoral system. The Meeting for Sufferings in all the great asked for.

Ethel B. Gilford was present as a member for the first time, having been appointed one of its representatives by Philadelphia Quarterly Meeting, in place of our friend William U. Ditzler, deceased.

A committee appointed at a previous meeting to examine a work prepared by one of our members, entitled, '*Friends Disfranchising the Hebrons and Descendants of the Society of Friends*,' reported that after having fully studied the work, and in recommending its publication. The meeting accepted their report, and a minute was made accepting the

book from its author and referring it to the Book Committee for publication.

The meeting was brought under exercise by the information, that a bill legalizing betting on horse races had been introduced into the Legislature of Pennsylvania. The Committee to watch Legislative proceedings was requested to attend to the subject.

The United Presbyterian lately had these timely remarks upon "Money for Self, but None for God;" "The times are very hard. We hear it on every side. Business men tell us that sales are greatly reduced, that collections are more difficult than ever before, and that the outlook is very discouraging. At the same time the theatres are well patronized, the saloons are not lacking in customers, political parades go on as usual before the election, multitudes go on special trains to see or hear their candidates, the excursion trains to summer resorts were full, "Sunday" excursions are crowded. There is money in plenty to waste, but for good purposes it is difficult to find. There is something wrong. There is a wrong of which God takes note, and for which He will send retribution. God's providence is inexorable, and all his dues are collected in some way, but alas, for us in the day of collection!"

SUMMARY OF EVENTS.

UNITED STATES.—The Tariff Bill is making steady progress in the Senate, and it is believed, will pass on a Fifth-day next week.

The State Department has practically completed its reply to the Japanese protest against the Hawaiian annexation treaty, but has not yet delivered it. The reply is understood to be dignified in tone, a strong legal defence of our position, which, without in any sense abating our claims, still does not differ from support them by much citation of precedent and international law.

During the American Revolution an English magazine published an estimate of the future population of the North American colonies. Placing the population then at 2,000,000, and assuming that it would double itself every twenty years, the writer then estimated that in 1890 the number would have increased to 64,000,000. This may be taken as a most remarkable prediction, inasmuch as the census of 1890 fixes the total population at 62,222,250.

The steam-ship *Glendole*, one of the finest on the Chinese coast, arrived at San Francisco last week with 4,700 tons of tea, of which 2,700 will be sent overland. This is the largest consignment of tea which has been received there for many years.

A great reservoir which is about to be built in the Nashua River Basin to supply Boston and its suburbs with water will entail the practical obliteration of the city of Nashua, which is the only one of the area proposed to be used for reservoir purposes. West Boston is a factory town, giving employment to several hundreds of operatives in various cotton mills.

The famous steer Jumbo, of Wichita, Kan., which had attained the weight of 5,000 pounds, was killed the other day and will be mounted for exhibition purposes.

Fighting the high water during the recent flood cost the city of New Orleans \$11,000,000, which was much less than was expected.

Deaths in this city last week were 428, being 34 more than the previous week, and 70 less than the corresponding week of last year. Of the foregoing, 209 were males and 222 females; 34 died of pneumonia; 33 of consumption; 33 of heart disease; 32 of diphtheria; 29 of marasmus; 25 of convulsions; 22 of cholera infantum; 15 of old age; 15 of cancer; 14 of apoplexy; 11 of inflammation of the brain; 11 of scarlet fever; 10 of influenza; 10 of nephritis; 9 of inflammation of the stomach and bowels, and 9 of infection.

March, 46.—U. S. 2's, 96 1/2 @ 98; 4's, reg., 111 1/4 @ 111; coupon, 114 1/4 @ 115; 6's, reg., 125 1/2 @ 125 1/2; 5's, 111 1/4 @ 111; currency 6's, 101 1/4 @ 101.

Wheat—Spring wheat, 21 1/2 to 21 1/4 per ton for winter in bulk, and 21 0/10 to 21 0/10 for spring in sacks.

Flour.—Winter super, 27 1/2 to 28 0/0; extra, \$3.00 to \$3.25; Pennsylvania roller, clear, 37 1/2 to \$3.90; do, do, straight, 35 0/10 to \$4.00; Western winter, clear, 37 1/2 to 38 0/0; do, do, straight, 35 0/10 to \$4.00; do, do, patent, 41 1/4 to \$4.30; spring, clear, 37 1/2 to \$3.95; do, do, favorite brands, higher. City mill, extra, 38 1/2 to 40; do, clear, 44 0/0 to 44 1/2; do, straight, 44 1/2 to 44 1/2; do, patent, 44 1/2 to 44 1/2. RYE FLOUR.—22 1/2 to 24 0/0 per bbl. as to quality.

GRAIN.—No. 2 red wheat, 75 to 76 c. No. 2 mixed, 60 to 62 1/2 c. No. 3, 57 1/2 to 59 c. Oats, 20 to 21 c. BEEF CATTLE.—Extra, 5 1/4 to 5 1/2; good, 4 1/4 to 5 c.; medium, 4 1/4 to 4 1/2; c. 4 1/4. SHEEP AND LAMBS.—Extra, 4 1/4 to 4 1/2; good, 3 1/4 to 4 c.; medium, 3 1/4 to 3 c.; common, 2 1/4 to 3 c.; fall lambs, 3 1/4 to 4 c.; spring lambs, 4 1/2 to 5 c. HOGS.—Western, 5 1/4 to 5 1/2; and other sorts, 5 to 5 1/2; State, 4 c.

FOREIGN.—The Jubilee procession in London on the 22nd ult. was practically in three sections, colonial, military and royal. The Queen was in a landau drawn by eight cream colored horses, and she had an escort of thirty British and foreign princes. She received a ovation on her arrival. The Queen and her escort continued to participate in the several events connected with the Jubilee to which she had been assigned. It is stated that henceforth for whatever span of life may be left to her, Queen Victoria will confine herself to such work for the state as can be done at Windsor, Balmoral or Osborne. All those official functions, such as the celebration of the opening of new halls, hospitals and the like, which bring the sovereign face to face with the people, will now be relegated to the Prince and Princess of Wales.

When Victoria was crowned Queen of England, over 20,000 gallons of wine were consumed by the people of London at the coronation festivities. Now, at the celebration of the Jubilee, the Queen's committee in charge of the arrangements has "courteously declined to accept five pipes of port wine offered by wine merchants."

The London Graphic's Washington correspondent represents President McKinley as saying on the Cuban question, "I anticipate no departure from the policy of non-interference. We have no reason to interfere in a quarrel between Spain and her colonies. Our interests are not sufficiently jeopardized to warrant other than diplomatic interference."

The Russian turret ironclad *Gangot* ran upon a reef near Transud on the 25th ult., during a storm, and sank almost immediately. The crew is reported saved.

The Hungarian crop prospects are very unpromising. The yield of wheat and rye will be much below the average.

The town of Kolomea, in Galicia, has been flooded by the rising of the river Pruth. A bridge was swept away while a train was crossing it, and it is believed that many persons were drowned.

There have been several engagements between Musselmans and Christians in Crete and many were killed on both sides.

Germany has refused to support the Sultan in his efforts to retuin the Suez.

Messians in Tehran, Persia, have attacked the Jewish quarters of the city, and threaten to exterminate the Jews unless they embrace Moharismianism.

It is reported that the Dhanis expedition to the headwaters of the Nile has been massacred. Baron Dhanis last year enlisted 6,000 men in the Congo Free State to take part in a secret expedition. It was the general impression that this force was intended to act in conjunction with the Anglo-Egyptian expedition up the Nile and take the Mahdists between two fires and eventually complete the reconquest of the Soudan.

Another European party has been massacred in New Guinea in Taharan, Persia, have attacked the Jewish quarters of the city, and threaten to exterminate the Jews unless they embrace Moharismianism.

The Spanish Government has signed a contract for a 6 per cent loan of \$8,000,000, to meet the expenses of the war in the Philippine Islands.

Heavy rains are falling in the interior of Cuba.

Tourists are beginning to talk of the Arctic regions as a summer resort. One who penetrated Spitzbergen last year says that the temperature on a clear day in Seventh Month, is about like that of an English spring, but more frequently the mid-summer weather is cold and winter clothing including park jackets, is worn with fur. The interior of Spitzbergen, though but little explored, is to be brought within ten days of London.

It is stated that there are 1,000,000 blind people in the world, or one to every 1500 inhabitants. Latest reports show 23,000 blind persons in England, or 870 for each million in population. Russia and Egypt are the countries where the blind constitute the largest proportion, in Russia on account of the lack of experienced medical attention, and in Egypt because of ophthalmia due to irritation caused by movement of the sand by the wind. There are nearly 200,000 blind persons in European Russia, the larger number being in Finland and the northern provinces. This is ascribed to the flat country and imperfect ventilation in huts and the peasantry. Though more than half of the blind population of Europe is found in Russia, there are only twenty-five asylums for the blind in the Empire, one-tenth of the total number in Europe.

Twenty-six miners have been killed by a fall of rock in the Labor Mines, in the province of Atacama, Chile.

A despatch of Sixth Month 24th, from Tegucigalpa, Honduras, states that a treaty for the provisional union of the five republics of Central America has been signed at Guatemala.

Canadian and Italian asbestos will find a serious competitor in the United States, recently discovered in the Cape Colony, since the South African product is less than half as heavy and furnishes fibres considerably finer and longer than any other.

NOTICES.

WESTOWN BOARDING SCHOOL.—For convenience of persons coming to Westown School, the stage will meet trains leaving Philadelphia 7.17 and 8.40 A. M. and 2.53 and 4.32 P. M. Other trains are met when requested. Stage fare on regular trips, fifteen cents on special trips, twenty-five cents each way. To reach the school by telegraph, wire West Chester, Phone 85 EDWARD G. SMEDLEY, Sup't.

WESTOWN BOARDING SCHOOL.—Applications for the admission of pupils to the school, and letters in regard to instruction and discipline should be addressed to WILLIAM F. WEAVER, *Principal*. Payments on account of board and tuition, and communications in regard to business should be forwarded to EDWARD G. SMEDLEY, *Superintendent*. Address, Westown P. O., Chester Co., Pa.

FRIENDS SELECT SCHOOL will re-open Ninth Mo 20th. For printed circular or other information, address J. HENRY BARTLEY, *Sup't*, 140 N. Sixteenth Street

A YOUNG woman Friend wishes a position as teacher in a family or private school for next fall and winter. Some experience. "L," Box 54, Tockenhamton, Chester County, Pa.

PERSONS desiring to assist in the erection of the proposed asylum for the insane in Syria, may send their contributions to ASA S. WINO, 400 Chestnut St., Phila.

WANTED, situation as attendant, travelling companion or nursery governess by experienced Friend. Address "M," Office of THE FRIEND.

BARCLAY HOME.—The Managers inform that there are now vacant in "The Barclay Home," two large rooms with sitting and sleeping porch under a transient board can be comfortably accommodated reasonable rates. The house is situated in a pleasant part of the borough and with its commodious porch and ample grounds is a desirable residence.

Those wishing to avail themselves of its privilege will please make early application to THE BARCLAY HOME, 326 N. Walnut St., West Chester, Pa.

DIED, Fourth Month 26th, 1897, MARY K. JACKSON in the thirty-second year of her age; a member of the Monthly Meeting of Friends of Philadelphia for the Northern District. This dear young Friend had no birthright in our religious Society, but was convinced of its principles while attending a school under the direction of Friends; and being obedient to the Divine manifestation was made willing to bow her neck to the yoke of Him, who said, "Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me;" and so we believe found it rest which He promised, as was evident by the calmness with which she received the intimation that her life was nearly run, although she but looked toward recovery.

WILLIAM H. PILES' SONS, PRINTERS, No. 422 Walnut Street.

# THE FRIEND.

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Richard Esterbrook.

(Continued from page 391.)

PLAINFIELD, Seventh Month 6th, 1890.

"Thy kind note came to hand this morning, and the drafts of an editorial, which I have looked over, and design to keep it a little longer. I cordially approve of the preparation of an editorial on the subject. It is of great importance that it be very carefully prepared. Our testimony of plainness of dress and habits and the plain language must be read to rest upon their original foundation, connected with the work of true spiritual religion, as distinguished from an intellectual Christianity only. It is a striking fact, that I believe it is safe to state that all of the members of our Society who have ever attained to true religious experience, have been led to take up the cross of Christ, and to follow his guidance into these very things. They have known what it is to become as clay in the hands of the potter, and to experience the turning and overturning of the Divine hand upon them. And they have been made, in this way, vessels of honor, fitted and prepared for the Master's use. And He has dispensed upon such, gifts for service which cannot be obtained in any other way.

"I also believe it to be true that, if faithfulness and obedience had not kept pace with the knowledge of the Divine will immediately made manifest, that the work, the vessel, would have been marred upon the wheel, and would never have been fitted for the Master's use, but thrown aside. Whatever there is without this preparation of heart by the Spirit, is of the flesh and of the will of man, and not in the will of God. I have no doubt it is safe to assert all this in humble confidence and holy certainty.

"The revelation of Christ to every soul by the Father is the rock and foundation upon which Christ will build his Church. This seems to me to cover the whole ground. All the schools and colleges will never help it forward in the least. It comes not that way. I long that this Truth could be established and more and more prevail, that this pure and saving knowledge of God and of Christ might prevail and cover the earth, as the waters cover the sea. This is that knowledge of God and of Christ which is life eternal.

"I had a letter from Debbie Cope this morn-

ing, giving a report of dear Morris Cope's condition, which appears to be considered as critical. He seems to be in a sweet state of mind. I love him dearly.

"I enclose a check for ten dollars, as a little contribution for our beloved friend, D. H. I hope a sum of twenty dollars at least will be raised and sent. I am very desirous that his latter days may be rendered comfortable. It does not take much money to help such, whose habits are so simple."

PLAINFIELD, Seventh Month 30th, 1890.

"Thy kind note received, inclosing one from C. H., which I have read with much comfort. I like the tone of it very much. I enclose my check for twenty-five dollars, which I shall be glad for thee to send to him, with a message of my love and sympathy. It is a trying accident, as well as being attended with expense of medical and other care, which I feel glad to help out a little."

[The above refers to a Friend who had met with a serious accident. I. E. — was a liberal man, and often sent me checks for the relief of suffering cases. Indeed, I do not remember ever applying to him in vain.]

"William Penn, writing to Dr. Tillotson, says, 'There are two things I abhor in religion. One is submission upon authority, without conviction.' I write from memory. This was a kind of key-note, and ran through the whole.

"I have long been enamored with this view of things. It is this that makes strong characters. It was also a saying of William Penn, 'If Truth cannot prevail with her own weapons, all others will fail her.' Keeping upon such ground, we are safe, I believe, and there is no other, indeed, worth striving for. Let us, then, dear friend, be encouraged and keep to our strong-holds.

"After reading thy editorial in connection with 'Water Baptism,' I feel as if I would encourage thee to write another, not upon the meaning, one way or another, of a 'Greek word,' which may help to show the kind of baptism that was practised in early days. But this, its incongruity with a spiritual dispensation, and that it was to decrease and cease—as belonging to a typical and shadowy time which was to be done away in Christ, and that it is no Gospel ordinance, was never commanded by Christ; although, for a time, practised in condescension. But practice is not institution.

"W. D. H. has some excellent remarks on this subject. I venture to suggest this subject for thy consideration. I think it might be profitable. I think the report of a committee of the Yearly Meeting previous—the one before 1882 is my impression, but the year of its appointments I do not recall. I was a member of it, and I remember the drift of the paragraph I referred to well. I think it would help to show the connection, the absolute necessity of a due preparation of the heart before the reception of spiritual gifts. I desire not to burden thee. I like

thy remarks as to dear Morris Cope, who is a noble character, a Christian nobleman, made of sterling stuff. Such men are like the 'stars in their courses,' as mentioned by D. Borah."

PLAINFIELD, Seventh Month 26th, 1890.

"I have no doubt it is the new rock of religion, whose foundation is in the heart, that has led to the comfortable dismissal of the doctrine of the true cross of Christ, which the apostle declared was what he had learned to glory in, by which he was crucified unto the world, and which brings forth the new creature; not by a conformity outwardly wrought by inclination or imitation, but inwardly in the course of obedience to Divine requiring through the Holy Spirit. It is in this way ONLY, and not by any outward prescription what-ever, that the blessed change is wrought in a man, and he brings forth the fruits of the Spirit, which are by Jesus Christ to the praise and glory of God. The members of our Society must be brought back to this foundation for their religion, and for all their religious activities, before the 'shout of a king' will ever be heard again in our camp as in days that I have known. It is not in man to give himself a concern to promote the kingdom of Christ on earth, and to labor for the good of others in his own time and will.

"There is, I believe, a sad departure in this respect from our proper foundation. It has become popular to be active in works by which a show of zeal is made, but it is not of the Lord. Those who feel this and see it, cannot be other than mourners in Zion, and their hearts long upon the willows. I feel sure this must be the case with many at the present day everywhere.

"By the rivers of Babylon there we sat down; yea, we wept when we remembered Zion." I encourage the hope that thou will be able to 'read me,' as the words are sometimes used, for I have penned these lines in a feeling of tenderness and brokenness of spirit.

"It is the law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus that sets free from the law of sin and of death. As the members of our Society stand on this foundation, no weapon formed against them can prosper. Nothing can hurt or destroy in this Holy Mountain, and those who are truly united in this bond will be one another's happiness and joy in the Lord."

CAMDEN, Tenth Month 4th, 1890.

"I left home on Fourth-day evening, intending to goto Christians on Contesville, to attend the funeral of Walker Moore, but the way did not seem quite open to carry it out, and I attended Fallowfield Meeting, and returned to Contesville to dine. After that was over we drove—A. Gibbons and I—to London Grove, and sat about two hours with dear Morris Cope. He was sitting up in his chair, seemed feeble and worn, and was in pain with rheumatism in his arms. He thought the damp weather was the cause of it. He was quietly calm and cheerful, and at times evinced that he was still Morris Cope by some characteristic remarks. We did not observe any aberration of mind, nor much deficit

of memory. He was pleased to say, when we took leave, that our company had made him feel better. It is both instructive and humbling to observe the fading character of all human qualifications, and what the finest of men are soon reduced to. It would be very encouraging to see some in younger life giving promise of coming up in strength of character and good judgment. It is the Lord that must confer these gifts, for every good gift and every perfect gift is of and from Him. In whom and as many as are found in Him, the Father is well pleased. The will and wisdom of men must be laid in the dust, that the Lord alone may be exalted. How sweet and savory are the memoranda of dear Abigail Hutchinson. They are instructive and edifying.

(To be continued.)

FOR "THE FRIEND,"

### Some Rarely Observed Bird Visitors and Bird Habits in Burlington County, N. J.

[The paper from which the following is extracted was prepared and read before the Moorestown Natural History Society, by Thomas J. Beans, who, while closely occupied with his duties as a tiller of the soil, has throughout his life been an interested observer of nature.—W. E.]

It is the purpose this evening to speak only of a few of the rarer bird visitors, and of a few rarely noted habits, or at least rarely recorded incidents in bird life within our county.

In the year 1858 the Delaware tribe of Indians were located on the very choicest lands in Kansas, under their chief, "Tanganoxie," with whom I dined in that year. But though larger game was more plentiful among the original forests, it is said to be true that singing birds are comparatively scarce in such wild regions. St. Pierre, of France, writes: "It is very remarkable that all over the globe they discover an instinct that attracts them to the habitations of men. If there be a single bird in the forest, all the singing birds of the vicinity come and settle around it. Nay, they are not to be found except in places which are inhabited. I have travelled more than six hundred leagues through the forests of Russia, but never met with small birds except in the neighborhood of villages. When we perceived the sparrows fluttering about, we concluded we must be near some inhabited place. In this we were never once deceived."

As Burlington County has its ocean shore front, its pine barrens, its tide water borders, and its inland with clear streams, each district furnishing congenial homes for the characteristic modes of differing species of birds, it follows that we are likely to have a greater number as well as a greater variety of birds, than similar areas with more uniformity of surface and soil.

Among the rare birds I have met with in our county was one shot by a boy about two miles from Moorestown, and brought to me for identification by my friend, the late Dr. S. C. Thornton. It was an entire stranger. Its length was ten inches; the whole head, neck and breast glossy black, the rest of the plumage russet brown, a white spot at the base of primaries; tail, black with white tip; abdomen, white; bill and legs, yellow. Reference to descriptions in American ornithology furnished no clue to its identity. But after a long search among the collections of the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences, I found it belonged to the Starling family, was a specimen of *Aeridotheres tristis*, *Syn.*

*Gracula*—common name, "Myna." Throughout India and Burmah it is the commonest of country birds, affects towns, villages and men's habitations, rather than jungles, roosts in particular trees, and keeps up noisy, chattering concert. At sunrise disperses in groups of three or four to fields, follows cattle, picking up disturbed grasshoppers, grain or fruit. A few stay about houses watching for fragments of cooked rice; walks nodding his head; flight strong and direct. Has a great variety of notes, some pleasing and musical, others harsh; is a household bird; builds in nooks, under eaves or in pots hung out by the natives; nests four or five eggs and several broods a year. It is frequently caged and domesticated, following master as a dog. It is a good imitator and soon learns words and sentences. It was taken to Mauritius from India to destroy grasshoppers and is there naturalized. It is most likely that the specimen found by Dr. Thornton escaped from a cage, as I have not been able to learn of any being imported for introduction.

Between the years 1859 and 1863 I sent several ducks to Dr. Brown and Mr. White for the Burlington County Lyceum of Natural History collection. Among them was a "ruddy duck," which was killed by me when crossing the Delaware River at mouth of Raucocas in a skiff, during a wild storm, at some personal risk. Its mate I did not get. It was the only specimen I saw there during a six year's residence. It is met with along the shore, and we read also along inland rivers. Its red plumage gives it a unique and attractive appearance.

Adjacent to my residence at junction of Delaware and Raucocas Rivers was a marsh, that at high water was covered to within thirty yards of the house, and that at low water was exposed for two or three hundred yards. This, with large contiguous areas, was in season covered with a rank growth of aquatic plants, and was a favorite haunt and feeding ground of aquatic birds. The location and environment of this home gave opportunity for learning something of the relation of man to migratory wild fowl, especially the Mallard duck. "We kept there a flock of domestic ducks, selecting those whose plumage resembled that of the Mallard and the Dusky duck. When wild ducks were migrating southward in autumn, individuals and sometimes several, but never flocks, would feed and associate with our domestic ducks, sit on shore with them during the day and frequently pass by the house back to the barn, and there spend the night with them. Some would allow the family to pass by without showing fear; others would rise, but alight again when they found their companions did not accompany them. This would be a frequent occurrence during autumn, but never in the spring when their movement was northward. The conjecture was that the autumn familiars were young birds, who in their flight from their birthplaces in the far north wilderness had never encountered or learned to fear the form and face of man. But in their migrations and winter residence in the South, abundant opportunity would be given to make man's acquaintance to those passing northward in the spring. Further confirmation of this view was found in the fact that many of the confiding autumn visitors were not fully grown although fully plumaged. Arguing that fear of man is acquired, not instinctive.

While residing at above spoken of home, we had in season numerous but rarely visible neighbors, the Rail Birds. Their favorite food is the delicious grain of the wild rice or reed, the *Zi-*

*zania aquatica*, gathering the harvest after it has fallen from the plant to the ground, and not, as does the reed bird, from the stalk. When the tide is out they feed and walk among the dense matted growth where we can scarcely force our hand, perhaps in hundreds, and we may walk by or through their residence and not suspect their presence. When the tide rises or falls, they keep at its surface, clinging to the foliage. But even then they rarely reveal themselves by flight, save where men in boats passing near compel exposure. This habit of concealment and reluctant flight is well known, as also that there are several waves of migratory movement during the autumn. But little mention is made of their rising so freely in the evening or at night. Flushed during the day, they fly slowly, with pendant legs, and alight soon. Yet this hesitating and brief flight in day time is not from incapacity for long and bolder adventure on wing, but because it is its purpose not to rise at all in the day time, to secure safety by hiding and running through the matted reeds, for which its color and conformation of body is so well adapted. Yet I have seen them in emergency during high winds make flight as wild and well sustained as the weird English snipe. They have been known to alight upon vessels one hundred miles from land. The late John Krier told me he had frequently heard their voices high in the air as they moved over the city in their migratory flight. They show most intelligent discrimination in adapting their conduct to the requirements of successful avoidance of their enemies. The marsh spoken of above was lowest at its southern extremity, one-half mile below our home, and boats in quest of rail birds would begin there and work up as tide allowed. As this occurred day after day the rail birds seemed to learn the significance of the reports of guns, for some would rise, hundreds of yards from the advancing boats, and fly to shelter of shrubbery near the house and adjacent thickets, thus affording an opportunity for observation, to a motionless critic. Their peculiarities of attitude and movement and concealment could be carefully studied. Their habit of concealment by diving and taking position beneath the water, with bill above the surface, alongside of a plant, is well known. But I was permitted to see one of their exploits that I have never read of or heard reported by others.

About the year 1860 I saw a rail bird among some docks which grew along the river's edge, outside of the reed limit. It was a quiet day, the water clear and about two or three feet deep. I walked out to it, but when I came near I saw it dive and swim readily through the water six or eight inches below the surface, using its wings for propelling, but of course with much more restraint and less extension than in flying. The water was so clear and calm, the conditions for observation so favorable, and the revelation so unique, that I followed leisurely and critically for a long time. If I passed it would rise near enough to the surface to lift its bill above it, by the side of a concealing dock, to breathe. At my approach, it would start again to swim beneath the surface, as unhesitatingly and skillfully as though it were not an emergency expedient, or an acquisition, but came of heredity. But there is danger that a single incident may indicate an individual, not a class act. There is, no doubt, distinct individuality throughout all animate nature.

These specimens of American Crossbill (*Loxia curvirostris*), I secured when feeding among the pine cones in a grove near the mouth of Ran-

FOR "THE FRIEND."

coas, in the year 1865. They mainly reside farther north, and are seen most frequently during severe winters, in our county. They are not conspicuous in voice, manner or plumage, and as you see, can only feed on seed of pine cones, readily. They may be distinguished by their quite peculiar note when feeding or flying across open spaces, or by the flutter of the rudders severed by the feeding birds from the seeds pried out from the pine cones. Regarding its peculiar bill conformation, Wilson, the great ornithologist, writes: "Its deviation from the common form, instead of being a defect or monstrosity, is a striking proof of the wisdom, and kind, superintending care of the Great Creator."

Another Crossbill, the White-winged (*Loxia Lincolntera*), is somewhat smaller and more rare. Wither Stone and his compeers of the Delaware Valley Ornithological Club, in their valuable "Birds of Eastern Pennsylvania and New Jersey," record of this bird: "One was observed February 2nd, 1884, at Wynewood, Pa. In bill formation they are unique among our American birds and in northern Europe. We have all heard the mythical story that its bill was distorted and its plumage ensanguined in efforts to remove the cruel nails that fastened our Saviour to the cross, and that the family has been honored with the perpetuated evidence of its ancestral sympathy."

The Mocking Bird (*Mimus Polyglottus*), is, Mr. Stone says, a very rare summer resident, and mentions the breeding of a pair near Englewood, N. J., in 1884, and one secured by himself at Cape May on Aug. 27th, 1891. I heard of a pair near Hainesport, in our county, many years ago, and there must have been something very noticeable in their personality, for their visit is a well preserved traditional event. During a residence of thirty-eight years in Burlington County I have heard of or seen but one pair, and these bred near us about the year 1869. They arrived in the night and attracted much attention by loud, constant and vivacious song, as they moved from tree to tree, and frequently alighted on the buildings. Its imitations of other birds were nearly perfect, and were often interjected when its own song was in mid-career without breaking the swift current of melody. This unusual outburst of vocalization, so elate and jubilant, startled poultry and stilled the songs of the birds whose homes were near us. This continued for several days, so that while the novelty and brilliancy of the incessant song attracted our admiration and wonder, we at length came to wish for a change to the more quiet and sweeter music of our resident birds, whose concerted harmony without rivalry was more enduringly agreeable than the rapturous solos of this opera singer among birds, conscious of his exceeding superiority and seeming to seek recognition and applause, and permit no rival near the throne.

But this is not said in contravention of his supreme merit as a songster among American birds. The ecstatic outburst of music that announced the arrival of our mocking bird so attracted our attention that employment and conversation gave place to breathless wonder and admiration. Every modulation of voice seemed possible to him, from mellow, flute like tones to those bold, strong and exhilarant, while interspersed were imitations that exceeded the originals in effect, because following and preceding others so suddenly variant, and all the while, he himself, elastic and winged, was never at rest, but tossed by ecstasy with such an abandon of his vol-

can, that there was as much of vivacity in his movements as in his song. The nightingale of America, some call him.

On our warm soils with water and swamps adjacent, the Song Thrush (*Harpopygus rufus*), finds a favorite haunt. Our home is about one-quarter of a mile from the Ramocas, and is surrounded by trees. The lane and roadsides are bordered by them, many of which are tall. Though the Song Thrush nests on the ground and spends most of his time near it, it is when perched on the topmost boughs of the tall trees that the thrushes in early spring and during the mating season, in numbers, treat us to their sweetest minstrelsy. However many there may be, their notes and merit are distinctly individual. We often recognize birds whose vocalization is of surpassing excellence. We had never been favored with more entrancing bird-music than during the season in which the mocking bird above spoken of visited us, and among them all was one, we thought prominent in arbor, and sweetness of tone, and in exquisite modulation.

As we have already said, for several days the mocking bird, the glorious singer, had the stage all to himself, his energetic and various melody occupying the air, as if our own sweet bird choir had consented to be mere listeners. But there came a morning that exceeded all in interest. Two of the tallest trees not far from the house are on either side of the lane. On the topmost bough of one was the mocking bird. On the other, the song thrush perched at even height, not more than fifty feet away, evidently to challenge for the supremacy he had so long held, and that had so audaciously been usurped by another. Never was rivalry and effort to excel more manifest. The mocking bird did not change position, as his usage was, nor did he introduce imitations of songs as other birds, but with prudent husbandry of all his resources seemed to concentrate every faculty and endowment in a display of the utmost reach of his native power of song—of his own song. There was in the thrush's voice something of gravity, a business like earnestness, a tone of anxiety, and it was vibrant with emotion. It was especially harmonious, even when it rose to its highest pitch, and sometimes would fall in cadence by gradations as imperceptible as those of the closing light of day, while its lower notes were sweet beyond all compare, bringing to mind the "Prisoner of Chillon," word, "The sweetest song ear ever heard." But the stranger's effort, confident, clear, various and thrilling, was a wild torrent of music, that overrode and overwhelmed the sweet stream of melody of the thrush, and he flew away and came back no more.

Wilson, writing in 1808 of the great numbers of mocking birds then throughout the South, has this, "but on the second of March, in the neighborhood of Savannah, numbers of them are heard on every hand, vying in song with each other, and with the brown thrush, making whole woods vocal with their melody." The pair of mocking birds near by nested in a cedar tree, but they were robbed of their young, four in number. They reared another family of four, and these shared the same sad fate. Soon after this the parent birds disappeared, and I have not seen or heard of any in a state of nature in Burlington County, since. The young birds taken from the nest were caged and sold, but none that I traced were good singers—did not inherit the parents' genius.

(To be continued.)

The time of year is now at hand, when many are arranging to leave their business and domestic duties for a few days or weeks, and stopping out of the daily routine of life, are preparing to seek in the country or at the seaside, a change of atmosphere and surroundings. To many, who are closely engaged in life's duties throughout the year, the summer outing is a pleasant anticipation, meaning to them a relaxation from the daily cares of life and a recuperation to body and mind, that is certainly laudable and often very expedient. But with these changed conditions come other responsibilities, that we must not overlook, and the concern of the writer is, that those of us who have liberty and opportunity to indulge in change of scenery and association may be found honestly endeavoring to let our light so shine before men, that the honor and glory may rebound to Him whom we profess to serve. I apprehend that it is not difficult for some who are concerned to lead consistent lives, to adopt the distinguishing peculiarities of our beloved Society, when surrounded by the strengthening influence of home training and kindred spirits; but oftentimes when entirely surrounded by strangers, who, we may be led to believe, know nothing of our testimonies and principles, and who, we may also think, would not understand or appreciate them, how the tempter does come in and endeavor to persuade us that in this instance at least a passive stand will answer, that a clear and decided stand will be more appropriate at some other time. How he will try to induce us to frame our language in such a way that while we do not openly violate our testimony to plainness of speech, yet our conversation is such that it does not proclaim clearly and unmistakably that we are Friends. How he will lead us to believe (if we listen to his persuasive reasoning) that this, or that distinguishing part of our dress may be laid aside while amongst these strangers, for they do not know us, and cannot miss that to which they have not been accustomed. How assiduously he will work to make us believe that this or that or some other testimony, however small, is not necessary here, because it would probably be misunderstood and our motives misjudged thereby. Beloved Friends, if we listen to this line of reasoning and yield compliance thereto, are we not hiding the lighted candle as under a bushel? are we not darkening the spiritual eye and dimming its lustre? and "if the light that is in us be darkness, how great is that darkness." Let us "stand fast in the liberty where-with Christ hath made us free, and be not again entangled with the yoke of bondage." Many times when we have little reason to think so, we are being closely watched by the critical eye of the worldly-minded, who are scrutinizing our every action to see if it comports with the profession we make, and if through unwatchfulness or unfaithfulness, we are the cause of stumbling any of these, how much greater is our responsibility.

And if we desire a measure of respect and esteem from those with whom we mingle, will they not honor us far more, if we are conscientiously concerned to openly profess and stand by our convictions as to right or wrong, and even should our associates disagree with our views, will they not respect us the more for courteously declining to participate in those things which we cannot conscientiously endorse, especially if we state our reasons so declining? And will they not be apt to think lightly of a religious profession, that will admit of

taking up or laying down as best suits our convenience? So my dear Friends, and especially you of my own age, towards whom my heart frequently goes out in tender sympathy, may it be our righteous concern to stand firmly for our convictions, and *not* endeavor to shun the cross, in the vain hope that by so doing we shall enjoy ourselves the more; but may we often that the returning day, seek that help and power, which will enable us, both at home and abroad, to live to his honor and glory; that strength which will enable us to take up the cross to our own wills and inclinations, and which alone can bring us into true happiness. May we remember that we are members of a religious Society that lifts up a very high standard before the world, and that through an inconsistency on our part as individuals, a shade of discredit is frequently reflected on the collective body.

So, whilst we are endeavoring to build up the body and the mind, enjoying the pleasure of a vacation, let us not be unmindful of our souls' needs, and if we feel an uneasiness or a secret doubt in regard to anything, which, in the eyes of others may be entirely lawful, let us be willing to give our conscience the advantage of the doubt, believing that the Lord knoweth the conflicts of each heart and that for every sacrifice we lay on his altar, He will repay us with an abundant measure of that peace and satisfaction, which the world knows nothing of, and which it can neither give nor take away.

WM. C. COWPERTHWAITTE,

HADDONSFIELD, N. J.

Sixth Month 25th, 1897.

### Letter from Switzerland.

PREs NEUFCHATEL, 49 Corcelles.

Sixth Month 20th, 1897.

I have brought my writing tablet up into the forest just above the village in order to write to you. The "bise" or east wind is blowing from across the lake, bringing with it freshness and clear weather as well as the delicious odor of the pines. I have spread a shawl on the green grass under the trees, below are the vineyards interspersed with villages and then comes the lake, both ends lost in the distance with the Alps beyond. No sound reaches me but the singing of the birds—the murmur of the wind among the pine branches and the occasional sound of some workmen in the fields around. Everything that one sees or hears seems the very personification of peace, contentment and prosperity. The lake this morning is a most exquisite light green blue, so restful to the eye, and the mountains that I see off to the right between the tree trunks, are dark and pine covered. The Canton of Neuchâtel belonged formerly to France—after the fall of Napoleon it went over into the hands of the Prussians, and finally the middle of the century they joined the Swiss republic. Even the poorest peasant speaks a correct French—there is no "patois" here as among the peasants of France. The accent of the younger generations, who are all excellently educated, is not very different from that of Paris, though one hears a decided difference among some of the older people. At Geneva the accent is not quite so good as here and elsewhere in Switzerland one hears for the most part a very decided mixture of accent and languages, especially among the common people. Wherever one goes all public announcements are made in the three languages—French, German and Italian,

for instance on the postal cards one sees always "Carte postale, Post karte, Carlolina postale," and in the cars the rules are printed in three columns, side by side in the three languages. At Berne all addresses are also given in French, German and Italian.

I find this part of Switzerland especially delightful because it is out of the direct line of travel and being less magnificent, attracts much smaller throngs.

We find prices everywhere very reasonable, much more so than at Geneva, especially when it comes to little articles sold as souvenirs, the wood-carvings, etc. Neuchâtel is quite a little city and has a beautiful old castle, that is the old ramparts completely overgrown with ivy, are fascinating, but the castle itself is now used for "hotel de ville" or city hall. The city has also beautiful promenades along the lake, and no end of charming old streets and towers and fountains that date many centuries back. The other evening we walked over and back; it was too hot to go during the day so we waited until after "gouter" (which is the name for the light evening meal). It is a most beautiful walk of about an hour, with lovely views and quaint old walls along the road on every hand, in fact these walls are quite a feature of the landscape. There are no fences but walls everywhere separating the vineyards and on either side of the roads or paths leading from one place to another. They all seem already to have stood for many centuries, and will certainly last many more. They are built as firmly as the rocks themselves, and being covered with lichens and ferns and little plants of various kinds, are very artistic. There is one narrow path that descends very abruptly from Cormandrecche, the little village joining Corcelles (you must know the villages are scattered over these mountain sides like flowers in a meadow, where one comes to another "clocher" the tower of a church having bells, one knows oneself to be in another town), between high walls that suddenly descend under the immense gateway of an old chateau, and you find yourself on emerging on the other side to be in Auvener, another delightful little village on the border of the lake.

We are quite favored with means of transportation here. The station at Corcelles is on a line that ascends very rapidly, crossing the Jura mountains and coming into France far to the north of the eastern boundary of Switzerland. The station at Auvener is a little farther down the slope and there join the two main lines coming into Neuchâtel, the one direct from Paris and the other from Lausanne and Geneva. Besides this, at the foot of the mountain, running along the boarder of the lake, is another railroad which serves all the little villages on the peninsula that juts out into the lake a little way below us. Then there is a little steamboat that makes the tour of the lake.

Yesterday we visited a most beautiful waterfall, "les chutes de la Doubs" (pronounced doo), a little river forming part of the boundary between France and Switzerland. We left the little station Corcelles at half past eleven in the morning, following the steep grade into "le val de Ruz." The valley of which I spoke once before as having twenty-two villages in it, then plunged into the mountains on the other side of the valley and came out in about fifteen minutes at the Chaux-de-fonds, a little city where the greater part of the watches and clocks sold in Switzerland are made. We had to change cars a little farther on, taking then

a narrow gauge road to a village called Berretts, high up on the mountain on the Swiss side of the Doubs. Here we descended a winding road leading to the board of the river, or rather lake; for a distance of several miles there is a deep wide basin enclosed by high rocky walls where the water is placid as in a lake. We had been told we were to take a boat here, but I thought only of course of a conventional steamer; imagine my delight when I found we were to be taken in a quaint old row boat up to the falls. We were five in company and the boat large enough to hold ten or more was most awkwardly made, at least not after the models of those contrived for speed, but no matter, it was all the better for that, and the old woman who rowed us had muscle enough to take us comfortably along. Oh, it was beautiful as a dream! Again and again the walls seemed to close in and we could see no possible way of going farther, but soon the bend would show itself, and there would be another moment of doubt as to where the next turn would open up. There were numerous fine echoes along the river, and at one point our oarswoman rowed us into a little cove, and I tapped with a stick of wood upon the side of the boat, the dull sound of which came back reverberated from the rocky walls like the noise of a cannon. Of course we all tried our voices pitched at various notes, but the dull sound of the wood produced the most startling effect. While we were there the husband of our oarswoman came up with another boat full of voyagers and he repeated with even better results than what we had attempted in our boat. In a little over a half hour our course was at an end, the walls narrowed in and the placid lake became a raging torrent. We landed on the French side, and taking a narrow path were in five minutes standing five hundred feet above and directly in front of the magnificent fall. There is a vast body of water crowded into a narrow space, and the fall is about seventy feet. The spray mounted far above where we stood, falling like a gentle rain about us, or rather a mist. The sun illuminated the whole, forming a rainbow in the gorge. Afterwards we descended to the sides of the stream and sat upon a huge rock projecting over the cataract just before it falls, it is even more impressive from this point of view. Then we returned to our woman who still was waiting to receive us.

Afternoon.—At this point it occurred to me to see what time it was. The morning had slipped so quickly that I was amazed to find it five minutes of twelve. I hastily gathered my things together and started rapidly down the road, for in this mountain air one never wishes to miss the mid-day meal, or in fact a meal of any kind. As soon as this important daily task was finished M. and I started up again, she to take a "sommell" to the murmurs of the pines and I to finish my letter.

The lake has now changed to an intense blue and though there is not a cloud in the sky there is a heavy haze along the horizon that entirely hides the mountains except the tips of the highest peaks that are entirely white and look like bits of clouds motionless in the sky. But I must return to my trip of yesterday. I was going to say our woman rowed us to the Swiss side and there we ordered "un diêr de truites" that is to say of trout. We spent the half hour that would intervene before we could be served, in following the path that leads to the view of the falls from this side. We concluded that this was the finest view of all. We came



back with "ne faim de loup," loup means wolf, but that is the equivalent expression, and by the way no more elegant but equally suggestive, for our, "hungry as bears." The trout were delicious and we had an excellent salad and "pommes de terre frides," (fried potatoes) all of which we did justice. It was served for us on the border of the river under a canopy formed by trimming a certain kind of tree so that the branches reach out in all directions forming an excellent shelter.

When we were through we entered our boat and were rowed back to the foot of the mountain which we were forced to climb before reaching the station. As we left the train at Corcelles the moon was illuminating with a golden reflection, the beautiful lake, it was a charming walk up to the house, but the mountain air had made us all very sleepy and glad to "turn in."

I seem to be fated not to finish my letter up to the mountains, as soon as I settled myself to write after dinner and started to take up my pen I discovered that the necessary article had dropped out on my way up—there was no help or it I was forced to descend and borrow one at the house—after writing a little while I succeeded in very adroitly turning over my ink well, so that I concluded the best thing to do would be to follow M's example and "faire un omelet" under the tree.

To-morrow we are going off on a long excursion with a literary society from Corcelles. The train leaves soon after six in the morning. We are anticipating much pleasure from the long day in the mountains, and since we will eat nothing but good French, it will also be very profitable. Nothing interests me so much as coming in contact with the people in whatever place I am. The reason that I feel so perfectly at home here is, that one sees absolutely nothing depressing, no matter where one goes.

There seems to be no real poverty anywhere in this part of Switzerland, and one sees so overworked women carrying heavy burdens on their backs, but though the life is simple the greatest comfort seems to reign. Every one in the village owns their house and some land; the education given at the public schools is excellent, and every child is forced to attend. As a counterpart to this side of the picture there are almost no very wealthy people. We

save three or four very charming old chateaux still inhabited by the old nobility in the neighborhood, one of them has a charming park and he family seem to keep themselves a little part, but for the most part there is very slight distinction of classes, less even than in America, because there is no wealthy class. One has all sorts of modern conveniences here in the way of telegraph, telephone, etc. To have water served in the houses is no difficult matter as the mountains form a perpetual reservoir. On all the treats in all the villages there are interesting old fountains with great stone basins where the crystal-clear water runs all the year. Just above our house is a very large one, and every evening all the cattle and horses of the village are driven there to be watered. A little farther down is another fountain with two large stone basins and here one may see women at all hours of the day rinsing their clothes.

In all its aspects I am perfectly charmed with Corcelles and am only sorry that it is not possible to spend the entire summer here.

E. S. K.

A LITTLE WHILE.

"Blessed are they who hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled."

Oh, for the peace which floweth as a river,  
Making life's desert places bloom and smile.

Oh, for a faith to grasp heaven's bright "forever,"  
 Amid the shadows of earth's "little while."

"A little while," for patient vigil keeping,  
To face the storm, to wrestle with the strong;  
"A little while," to sow the seed of truth sowing,  
Then bind the sheaves and sing the harvest song.

A little while to wear the robe of sadness,  
To toil with weary step through erring ways;  
Then to put forth the fragrant oil of gladness,  
And clasp the grille of the robe of praise.

"A little while," amid shadow and illusion,  
To strive by faith love's mysteries to spell;  
Then read each dark enigma's clear solution,  
Then hail Light's verdict, He doeth all things well.

"A little while," the earthen pitcher taking,  
To wasside walk, from far-off fountains fed;  
Then the parched lip, its thirst forever slaking,  
Beside the fullness of the Fountain Head.

"A little while," to keep the oil from failing;  
"A little while," faith's flickering lamp to trim.  
And then the Bridegroom's coming foot-step halting,  
To haste to meet Him with the bridal hymn.

And He who is at once both Gift and Giver,  
The future Glory and the present smile,  
With the bright promise of the glad "forever,"  
Will light the shadows of the "little while."

Footwear in Relation to Catarrh.

"It is the special development of the great toe that enables man to stand erect and balance himself with greater ease. The farther the great toe is spread from the little one the greater pressure is given to the individual, because more leverage is gained. The construction of the pointed-toe shoe is calculated to destroy the leverage of the foot, converging the little and the great toes to a point. In the natural foot the great toe should continue in a straight line from the heel.

"The insane vanity of the wearers of shoes, combined with the ignorance of the shoemaker, have caused to be made a style of shoes that must result in great and lasting damage to our race. The so-called elegant shoes have produced a painful picture of misery, inducing alteration and paralysis of the small muscles of the foot, which has resulted in the loss of the proper elastic step in the walk of many individuals. Compression of the blood-vessels of the foot retards the circulation and prevents the full development of the bones and muscles of the foot, leg, thigh, and pelvis. The stalwart race of yore is being rapidly transformed into a race of spindleshanks since our people have become slaves of fashion.

"Tight and ill-fitting shoes cause depression of spirits, headaches, heartaches, fainting, general fatigue, bad humor, and loss of serenity."

"A radical reform in footwear is necessary to secure well-shaped feet, and the nature of the material of which the shoe is made is of the highest hygienic importance. The proper shoe has a broad, low heel and flexible upper and sole. Unyielding canvas lining in shoes prevents the leather from stretching, and interferes with the suppleness and elasticity of the foot. I am glad to say that dealers have assured me that the pointed-toe shoe is rapidly being displaced by the round, full-toe shoe."

"Sleeplessness from cold feet leads to the use of hot bricks and hot iron to the feet at night, while the cause of the insomnia, viz., compression of the blood-vessels of the feet by tight

shoes, had fitting stockings, and tight garters, receives no attention.

"Compression of the feet during cold weather is a prolific source of frost-bites and chilblains. Frost-bites are scarcely seen among Arctic travelers and the Eskimo, because they wear round stockings and seal-skin boots having a layer of dried grass or straw in the bottom.

"Washing the feet frequently does not make them tender, as many people erroneously believe. It really promotes nutrition and the general health, and prevents the formation of corns, ingrowing toe-nails, and callosities. Sir Astley Cooper, the father of surgery, who passed thirty years without contracting a cold, attributed this immunity to the daily habit of bathing his feet and entire body, not with warm but cold water. The best time to bathe the feet is just before going to bed. Water is the cheapest and best deodorant for the feet. Even the most delicate may perform the Dunkard act with benefit and safety by first using warm water, which may be gradually cooled by the addition of cold water. Ointments and lotions so much in vogue for the preservation of the feet need only be mentioned to be condemned. Proper shoes and stockings and rigid cleanliness are the safeguards.

"Unsuitable footwear is a menace to the proper development of our race. It causes chilling of the surface of the body in cold weather, and the excretory function of the skin is stopped. Extra work is thrown upon the mucous membrane of the upper respiratory passages, causing congestion and infiltration of it. No wonder about eighty per cent of our American people are afflicted with catarrh, our national disease!"

"Constant chilling of the feet and the surface of the body facilitates the formation of an excess of uric and lactic acid in the blood, inducing the rheumatic and other diseases. . . . Wet feet have been the initial step in the causation of more sickness and deaths than any other agent known to us. The old adage, "Keep the feet warm and the head cool," is the great safeguard of health. Thorough bathing and brisk rubbing of the skin from one to several times a week are essential for the prevention and cure of catarrh. In many cases under my observation, even after the footwear has been properly reformed, it requires a long course of treatment consisting of local applications, sprays, cauterization, and operative measures to cure catarrh."

—J. B. McCasoy in the *Physio-Gymnastic Journal*.

Reminiscences.

*Jacob Abertson's Reminiscences of a Visit Paid by William Flannan Plymouth.*

At our meeting that day, William sat in solemn silence, but evidently under much exercise of mind from eleven o'clock till nearly one, when he arose, with his hat in his hand, saying, "I do not like to preach for nothing, and when I do preach, I expect to be paid for it. I have felt the prevalence in this meeting of a spirit hard to be reached, and I would much rather undertake to cut down one of the loftiest cedars of Lebanon, or one of the sturdiest oaks of Bashan than to contend with this lofty and self-righteous spirit." Then he sat down, soon after which the meeting broke up. I remarked that one of our neighbors, who was not a Friend, put his hand into his pocket, with a frightened look, as if to see whether he had any money with him, when William said he expected to be paid for his preaching, evidently not understanding what was the nature of the pay of which William spoke. William dined that day at my

father's, and, as there were quite a number of Friends present, he claimed their sympathy and asked their advice, saying his way appeared to be closed up. To the first many of them freely responded, but none appeared willing to offer any other advice than this, "That it would be safest to lie by till more light was vouchsafed."

William said, "If I must lie by, I would prefer returning to Philadelphia for that purpose." And J. continued Jacob, was directed to bring out the Friends' horses. But when I returned to the house, I found Friends sitting in solemn silence, which William soon broke by asking if there was not a meeting of Friends within ten or twelve miles, in that direction, pointing toward Providence, which was one of the branches of our Monthly Meeting of Gwynedd. He was told there was. "Then," said he, that is the place to which I must now go." John Jacobs and Father Livezey accompanied him.

Some time after I heard the former give an account of that meeting at Providence, in which William was again much shut up for a time, but at length arose, saying, "The friends, there is a spirit among you which has the eye of an eagle, and which strikes with the beak of a hawk, and you are disposed to carry your neighbor's faults in the fore-end of your wallets, while you are very careful to stow away your own in the hinder-end." He then went on in such a powerful testimony on the subject of self-righteousness as to bow the hearts of the people in a very remarkable manner, and John said, "I never shed more tears in any meeting in my life than I did in that one."

At Richland, William found his way again closed up, but, after a time of secret conflict, he pointed in a certain direction, and asked whether there was not a family of Friends living that way, and when he was queried of how far he supposed it to be, he said about five or six miles. One of the Friends said there was a family of members who lived at about that distance, and he supposed it was in that direction, but as they had to make several turns in getting there, he could not be certain of the course if lay from them. This Friend took William to the place, and said afterward that, at every turn of the road, he would ask William which way they should go, and that he invariably chose the right one, to his guide's great admiration.

William was made instrumental here in bringing up the woman Friend of the house out of the very pit of despondency, in which she had been so long immured that she had not been at a meeting for several years. This woman soon after came forth in the ministry, to the satisfaction of Friends, and "I," said Jacob, "remember hearing her in testimony not long after."

This account was given by J. A. — to my father at Yearly Meeting time, 1854.

#### *David Cope's Account of His First Seeing James Simpson.*

When David was young he attended Western Quarter on a certain occasion, and sat in the back part of the meeting. At the head of the gallery he saw a very tall man, having a strange appearance, with a black cap on his head, and other peculiarities which arrested David's attention. "Sometime he would put his head between his knees, then straighten up and look keenly all around. After a long time David distinctly heard him say, "Time is passing, and nothing doing" soon after which a woman arose and spoke for a time. "She did not say much," quoth David, "but what she did say

was very good." After she sat down, the tall man arose and taught by similes. He spoke of the various parts of a watch. Though all might be rightly put together, except the mainspring, were this wanting, the whole would be useless. He then commented on this. Then the different parts of a ship were brought into view. "More than I knew anything about," said the honest narrator. "If all these were perfect, if there was no compass, the vessel would not arrive at the desired haven, and even had they a compass, and could not see the sun to take an observation, they could not steer rightly." He commented on this. The farmer was then treated of. "He might prepare the ground and sow the seed. It might grow nicely, but, if there were no fence, it would be trodden down. Were there a fence, and the grain ripened and was even threshed, if the chaff was not separated from the wheat the miller would not grind it, and so there would be no bread." This also was commented on. "I wondered," said David, who it could be, for I never heard a Friend preach so before. But I had to conclude, whoever he was, he spoke the truth and it came with authority. I never heard such a sermon."

On one occasion James had been unusually long in one of his low spots, so much so as not to have been at meeting for a long time. Ezra Comfort, visiting him, found him below hope. Ezra spoke very seriously on the occasion. At perhaps the next meeting James was much enlarged in testimony, and told Ezra that, after he had gone, he set to lighting a candle and sweeping his house, till he found the lost piece of silver, and then had to call his friends and his neighbors to come and rejoice with him.

On one occasion, while travelling in Virginia, James, upon entering a town, found his mind drawn to hold a meeting with the people whom he found thronging out from the court-house, and so he inquired of some of them whether they were willing to give him an opportunity, to which they agreed, when some one among them remarked that a man had held a meeting there lately, but that, "as we did not like what he said to us, we dragged him through the mill-race." This announcement greatly alarmed James, who was constitutionally timid. Yet, feeling he must have the meeting, and being desirous to secure himself from harm as much as might be, he asked if they would drag him through the mill-race if they did not like what he should say. "No; you are a gentleman. We won't drag you through the mill-race." But, wishing to provide against all contingencies, he further queried, "If I should have a meeting, and not say anything at all, will you drag me through the mill-race then?" They assured him they would not, and so the meeting was appointed, and, to James' great relief, in a part of the town remote from the dreaded mill-race. James was much favored among them, speaking against slavery and other matters trying to their natural feelings, yet there was no disposition to harm him. On the contrary, they crowded about him, desiring to have more such meetings. Now, although my friend T. H. W. — may judge that such exhibitions of natural weakness as James at times manifested had better fall into oblivion, yet, with all deference to his judgment, they appear to me only the more to exhibit the power of that grace whereby he was what he was.

Filled by his Master, wondrously he shone,  
His emptied vessel scarce could stand alone,  
When favored most, left in the weakest spot,  
Showing his fullness of himself was not.

As to what T. H. W. — says of manifestations that "the treasure is in an earthen vessel," being likely to raise doubts in the minds of hearers concerning other communications, I am reminded of what a Friend, long since deceased, and who was a member of the same meeting as James, told me regarding this very point. She said that a young man, being sent to his home on a matter of business, was so tried by James' behavior that, coming back, he said, "Well, it is no use for James to preach to me any more, detailing what had occurred. But he was forced to confess the next time James spoke, "that it was just as good as ever."

The importance of a suitable connexion in marriage is illustrated in an account given me by an old woman in Ohio concerning her sister. As the family history is interesting, I will begin by saying that her father—an English boy—was apprenticed to a shoemaker, a member, though an unworthy one. He was unmarried and had no housekeeper, and was so penurious as to allow his boys little more than enough food to support life. The lad was so conscientious that, although suffering the continual pangs of hunger, and knowing where there was food within his reach, he never, she said, at any time took anything by stealth. The master also required them to work in a room so cold that drawing the waxed ends caused their hands to crack open, thus causing great pain. Their clothing, doubtless, was scant also, but there being a lime-kiln near by, they used to run down there and get a good warming before they crawled into their beds. After a while the man having obtained the services of a housekeeper she would give the boys something between meals. When he had a family growing up around him, her father came to America, and settled near Nine Partners, N. Y., where lived that great minister, Daniel Haviland, who took much interest in the family, telling them prophetically that way would be made for them to live comfortably. On the evening of their arrival at their new home, my friend said, a boy came driving a cow and carrying a bucket to milk her in, and telling them never to ask any questions as to where they came from.

On their being about to move to Ohio, D. H. — came to visit them, and speaking particularly to a daughter, Jane, told her that she would have many suitors in this new country she was going to, and that, if she was careful to seek her right direction in the matter, she might be joined to one who would not only make her happy in this life, but be a means toward rendering her glorious in that which was to come.

Jane was a talented girl. I have seen a duplicate of a map she drew for E. Robson, when on a religious visit to this country, locating all the meetings within the limits of Ohio Yearly Meeting. It is sorrowful to consider how few there are now, in comparison to the number then. As a specimen of off-hand drawing I have never seen this map equalled. Her sister said that among those who visited Jane was one who they all thought D. H.'s communication pointed to, and who subsequently was Clerk of Ohio Yearly Meeting. But he did not please her fancy. She married one who led her an uncom-  
fortable, wandering life, and was far from being a help toward anything good. As a widow she lived and died with her sister, near my residence, and as I give no name, perhaps it is a breach of charity to say, that on her death there was no apparent sign of religious thoroughness. As our worthy Friend, T. Shillito, used to say,

By other's harms may I be warned.

Our late friend, C. Sheppard, gave me a striking incident occurring in Maine. A ministering Friend had appointed a public meeting, and lodged at the house of a person of much influence in the community, it being at a time when such excitement prevailed in regard to the Northeast boundary question between England and America. Her host said to her, "Madam, I would like you to let me look over the sermon you have prepared for to-morrow, that I may strike out any passages calculated to foster this excitement. She informing him that she had to sermon prepared, "Well, then," said he, "I will take my seat opposite to you, and if I find your remarks tending that way, I will make a sign, and you must immediately change your discourse." As they were about to go to the meeting, he said, "One thing more. We dine at twelve o'clock, and, as I am a very punctual man, you must close in time for us to get home by that hour. He took his seat, as he had proposed, but gave no sign of uneasiness. The meeting also held till long after the hour named, and when some or other made a remark to him about his late dinner, "Oh," he said, "I would not have cared whether I got any dinner at all, if he only would have kept on preaching."

FOR "THE FRIEND."

### Canada Yearly Meeting.

Canada Yearly Meeting convened on the twentieth of Sixth Mo. last. The Meeting of Ministers and Elders, and the Representative Meeting, being held the previous day. The former was a favored meeting, being baptized into a spirit of prayer and supplication for continued blessings, and wisdom to know, and strength to follow the guidance of the Shepherd of Israel. We walked together in a union of a travail of spirit, whilst the Interpreter of the Divine will, unfolded some of the mysteries of the Kingdom for our contemplation.

On Sixth-day the general meeting of Friends commenced by a period devoted to worship, when in a silent, solemn assembly, we were permitted as brethren to gather at the Master's table, and partake of the bread that cometh down from heaven. The places of some dear aged pilgrims, who had long been wont to sit with us, we now find vacant, for their Lord whom they so faithfully served, has, we believe, recently called them to sit higher with Him. Their memory yet in fragrance, remains to us, and the echo of their language still resounds in our ears, "follow us, as we follow Christ." We were cheered by the presence of beloved sisters, and a brother from Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, and a young Friend from New England. One of the former, acceptably exercised her gift in the ministry on various occasions to our comfort and instruction.

We received epistles from all the other Yearly Meetings in correspondence with us, also one from Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, addressed "to Friends in general," with two others from beloved Friends who felt constrained in the love of Christ to address us. These were all read, and proved very acceptable, and to our edification.

John Morland, one of the Assistant Clerks to London Yearly Meeting, kindly acknowledged our last year's epistle to that meeting, in reply to theirs, stating that it had been received and read amongst them, but from other sources we learned, that no further action was taken in the matter. It is devoutly to be hoped that London Yearly Meeting may see for her-

self in the light of Truth, in what an anomalous position she has placed herself, by her line of action with regard to other Yearly Meetings, and that she may, by obedience to the pointings of Divine grace, receive wisdom to attain to a more honorable position in Israel; for many of us are fully persuaded, did she know, as we do, the inflated character of many of the reports received by her, and the feeble claim which many of her sister meetings have at all to be called "Friends," she would more seriously consider her stepping-stones, and ponder her position. The travail of our soul went forth on her behalf, that He who planted her a choice vine, may yet be pleased to appoint her eyes that she may see her mis-steppings, and turn from those who have led her astray, and that He may call both sons and daughters from among her children, and fill them with the power of his spirit, that they may uphold the banner of Truth in her midst; and may the dew of her youth yet return, and sweet incense be offered on pure altars.

Our meetings for Divine worship held on First-day, were largely attended by the public, and were both held in fitting solemnity. That on First-day evening was unusually large. There was apparent an openness to receive the Truth, and close attention was given to the Word spoken.

In considering the answers to the Queries, among the deficiencies noticed was that of some of our members not attending *all* our meetings for worship and discipline. It was remarked that "if we are truly members of the church, which is Christ's body, we have the life of the body, which is his spirit, and if we so live we shall have a hunger and thirst after spiritual food and drink, that we may partake and grow in the Truth. Where then could we better come to satisfy our hunger, than where the Lord by his promise, is there, to spread a table of good things, wherever the two or the three are met together in his name. When the poor and needy seek water, and there is none, and their tongue faileth for thirst, I, the Lord, will hear them, I, the God of Israel, will not forsake them. I will open rivers in high places, and fountains in the midst of the valleys. I will make the wilderness a pool of water, and the dry land springs of water." (Is. xli: 17-18.) And truly God was faithful to his promise, and, satisfied our poor with bread, and slaked the thirsty soul. Nor do I ever remember attending a like gathering where all things were conducted in sweeter harmony, or where less was spoken out of the life, abundantly evidencing to us that the Great Head of the Church is still mindful to bless us, and to baptize us into the unity of the Spirit, which is the bond of Christ's people, the seal of brotherhood in Him.

Friends' hearts were opened toward each other, which they proved by their liberality in subscribing privately amongst themselves the greater part of the remaining debt incurred by their consent to liquidate a quiet- deed-claim on the Meeting-house; and this they did, not but that they felt assured their just claim could not be contested in law, but for peace's sake. For in faith and in doctrine we stand where we long had stood, where our fathers stood, and where we believe our early Friends stood and that, with the Truth. For we are not of those whose are given to change. We deeply feel our needs and our nothingness, but by faith we have proved the grace and exceeding bounty of our Lord, toward us, all unworthy as we are, of the least of his many unmerited favors.

And we have been led to believe and by faith we see that it is in this our day, when through worldly prosperity temptations abound, when the world is so intent in the pursuit of pleasures, and a hasting to be rich, and when they frame a religion to suit their carnal inclinations, that it there be found amongst those who are the called of God, individual faithfulness, like to that of Abraham, who, acting in obedience to that call, withdrew from the spirit and manners of the world around him, then would there be an arising of Truth in its power and a gathering together around the standard of Truth, for such must needs be, ere the kingdoms of this world become that of God, and of his Christ, Zion's walls must be rebuilt, not by man acting in his own will, neither by might nor by the power or wisdom of man, but by the power of the spirit of the Lord. And it is only as Zion's children become willing to submit to Christ's yoke on their own will and way, that they will be fitted to become soldiers of the cross, going forth to victory, led by, and in the power of, the Lamb.

Canada Friends concluded this interesting occasion, by a meeting for worship on Thursday, Sixth Month 22nd, known as Jubilee day, in commemoration of the Sixtieth Anniversary of Queen Victoria's Coronation; and the difference was very marked between those who, by idle pomp and folly, demonstrated their joy, and that of Friends quietly adoring Him by whom "Kings reign and Princes decree justice," for obedience to his law, is that righteousness which exalteth a nation, and draws down a blessing on both prince and people. His canopy over us had been from sitting to sitting, one of love, and we separated in the same love, the fruit of Christ's spirit in us, that which is the badge of true discipleship, and the substance of our fellowship.

A CANADA FRIEND.

## THE FRIEND.

SEVENTH MONTH 10, 1897.

We have received a pamphlet, written by George D. Dowd-ont, M. D., describing the low state of medical knowledge and practice in many heathen countries, and the unnecessary sufferings of humanity arising from this condition; and urging the need of increasing the number of medical missionaries. It states that in Africa sickness and disease are almost universally attributed by the natives to witchcraft, and this belief necessarily prevents the use of rational means for healing them; and leads to the murder of many innocent persons, accused of bewitching others. A similar superstition prevails among the Indians on the western coast of America.

The pamphlet describes many cases of suffering in various parts of the heathen world, arising from the general ignorance of proper medical and surgical treatment. Its object is to awaken attention to the importance of sending out persons properly trained to act as medical missionaries in the dark parts of the earth.

We have received a circular of the Philadelphia African League, an association organized to promote the welfare of Africa, and especially to endeavor to counteract some of the evils of slavery. Its proposed plan of action is to acquire a body of fertile land, by concessions from European countries, and by purchase from the natives, and establish there Christian set-

tements from which slavery and other evils are to be excluded. The company has selected for a field of operations the high table land in the interior of Southern Africa, lying between Benguela and Lake Nyassa. The circular states that the League is fitting out a party which is to start for Africa about the first of Seventh Month. It asks for help from the public, and requests that contributions should be sent to its treasurer, Thomas L. James (ex Postmaster General, at the United Charities Building, Twenty-second Street and Fourth Avenue, New York.)

SUMMARY OF EVENTS.

UNITED STATES.—The monthly comparative statement of the Government receipts and expenditures which during the sixth Month the receipts from all sources amounted to \$365,844,708, and the expenditures, \$222,934,604, leaving a surplus for the month of \$138,650,014. The monthly statement of the public debt shows that at the close of business, Sixth Month 30th, the debt, less cash in the Treasury, amounted to \$2,050,476,476. It is noted in addition to the duties which is accounted for by a corresponding increase in the amount of cash on hand.

The retaliatory clause in the Tariff bill adopted by the United States Senate provides that whenever any country bestows an export bounty on any article, then upon the importation of such article into the United States there shall be levied in addition to the duties provided by the act an additional duty equal to the amount of the bounty. The reciprocity clause adopted empowers the President, with the advice and consent of the Senate, to make reciprocity treaties, giving 20 per cent. reduction in duties on de-designated articles, or placing articles on the free list.

The Treasury Department has issued 493 warrants, representing \$1,085,156, in payment of the bounty on sugar produced in the United States for the year 1894, for which appropriation was made during the present session of Congress.

According to Post-office Department estimates, this country is now next year of candidates stamps to the value of 167,000, of new issues for the periodical stamp, \$42,000, and of postage due stamps, 21,668,000. Of the ordinary stamps two and one-half billions are of the 2-cent denomination and 5,000,000 are of the 10-cent special delivery series.

The Allen Line steamer *Siberia*, Captain Main, which sailed in New York City on the 4th instant from Glasgow and Liverpool by way of St. John's, N. F., and Halifax, passed twenty big icebergs when she was 180 miles from St. John's. The temperature was very low when the vessel was at the latter place.

Prof. C. H. Hitchcock, of Dartmouth, who will accompany Perry in his coming expedition, will make a thorough study of the geology of Greenland.

A de-patch of Sixth Month 30th, from Columbus, Ohio, says: "The Democratic State Convention here to-day was one of the most memorable political occasions in the history of Ohio. It was a convention of unanimity on principles and of differences on men, especially those who were candidates for places on the State ticket. In the contests for delegates it was also a convention of endurance, as the delegates took no recess, and were in session continuously from 10 A. M. to almost that hour at night. It was a free silver convention throughout. Every candidate whose name was presented was announced as orthodox in silver doctrine as the cardinal principle for his favorable consideration. While there were some differences of opinion about adopting the anti-trust and the Cuban resolutions, there was not a dissenting voice in the convention to the declaration for the free and unlimited coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1, without the restriction of a maximum."

Ex-Governor Harrison has written a letter commending the movement to keep liquor out of the resident portion of Indianapolis.

Prosecutions are expected to begin soon under the new Massachusetts law which forbids the wearing of the feathers of a wild and un-mesticated bird. Every offender will be fined \$10 and the prosecuting witness will be paid a reward of 25.

Over fourteen thousand crates of strawberries have been shipped from Vineland, N. J., to the New York and New England markets during six weeks, the crop this season being the largest known in this section for years. It is estimated that the fruit will yield the farmer on an average \$1 per acre, clear of picking and transportation charges.

The Atlantic City (Reading Railway), is running a 60-minute schedule (50 minutes from Camden), or 55 1/2 miles (exclusive of ferrage), in 50 minutes—said to be the fastest schedule, for the distance, in the world.

The circular Epistle from Philadelphia Yearly Meeting was held and announced in New England Yearly Meeting of Friends, held at Westerly, R. I. A courteous acknowledgment was ordered to be sent to our Yearly Meeting.

Deaths in this city last week were 491, being 63 more than the previous week, and 31 less than the corresponding week of the year 1896. Of the 491, 236 were males and 255 females—146 were under one year of age; 58 died of cholera infantum; 40 of consumption; 39 of pneumonia; 32 of heart disease; 25 of diphtheria; 23 of convulsions; 20 of inflammation of the stomach and bowels; 20 of marasmus; 18 of old age; 17 of inflammation of the brain; 12 of cancer; 12 of leprosy; 11 of nephritis; 11 of apoplexy; 9 of paralysis; 9 of bronchitis, and 9 from casualties.

Markets, &c.—U. S. 2's, 96 1/4 at 98; 4's, reg., 111 1/2 at 112; coupon, 112 at 112 1/2; new 5's, 125 at 125 1/2; 5's, 114 1/4 at 115; currency 6's, 101 1/4 at 104 1/2.

COTTON was quiet and nominally quoted at 8 1/2c per pound for middling uplands.

FLOUR.—Winter super, \$2 75 to \$2 90; do., extras, \$3 00 to \$3 25; Pennsylvania roller, clear, \$3 75 to \$3 90; do., straight, \$3 90 to \$4 00; Western winter, clear, \$3 75 to \$3 90; do., do., straight, \$3 95 to \$4 10; do., do., do., \$4 10 to \$4 40; do., do., do., \$4 50 to \$4 75; do., do., do., \$5 80 to \$4 90; do., do., do., \$4 00 to \$4 15; do., favorite brands, higher. City mills, extra, \$3 10 to \$3 40; do., clear, \$4 00 to \$4 15; do., straight, \$4 15 to \$4 25; do., pat., \$4 25 to \$4 50. RYE FLOUR.—\$2 25 to \$2 35 per bush, as to quality.

BEEF CATTLE.—Extra, 5 a 5 1/2c; good, 4 1/4 to 4 5/2c; medium, 4 1/2c; common, 4 1/4 to 4 1/2c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS.—Wool, 1 1/2c; good, 3 1/4 to 4c; medium, 3 1/2 to 3 3/4c; common, 2 a 3c; fall lambs, none here; spring lambs, 4 a 6c.

HOGS.—Western, 5 1/2 a 5 3/4c; State, 4 1/2 a 5c.

FOREIGN.—Twenty years ago England had 11,616 male and 14,300 female school teachers. Last year there were 12,200 male and only 29,270 male teachers. At Barcelona, Spain, on the 2d inst. the sea rose and fell a yard every ten minutes for several hours. The same phenomenon occurred at the time of the earthquake which destroyed Krakatoa, a volcanic island in the Straits of Sunda, in 1883.

A despatch to the *Standard* from Berlin says that a terrible storm of rain, sleet and hail on the 8th and 9th inst., the 1st inst., throughout South Germany. Hailstones as large as hens' eggs fell and everything was beaten to the ground. Crops, vines and trees and whole orchards were destroyed; thousands of hares and partridges, with other game, were killed and great damage was done to property and to roofs. The losses are estimated at many millions of marks.

For the first time in history a general census has been taken of the population of the Russian Empire, which is shown to number 129,211,113, of which total 64,616,280 are males and 64,594,833 females. United States Consul General Karal at St. Petersburg, who presents the figures to our State Department, says that the population of Russia has increased 20 per cent. Russia has doubled, and during the last twelve years it has increased 20 per cent. To take this census the Russian Government employed an army of 150,000 persons, and its completion in three months is regarded as a great achievement in view of the vast expanse of territory to be covered and the illiteracy of the population.

A despatch to the London *Daily Mail* from Braila, the principal port of Roumania, says that 20,000 inhabitants of Galatz, in Moldavia, on the left bank of the Danube, between the confluences of the Zerth and Pruth with that river, are homeless, as a result of recent floods. Most of these destitute folk are camped in the streets, where they are fed by the military. The Roumanian gubloats are busy rescuing families still in danger. It is estimated that no fewer than 100 persons have been drowned, though the authorities are reticent on the subject, from fear of the consequences to be feared if precautions earlier which might have averted the disaster had been taken.

There was a battle on the 20th inst., between 400 Greek raiders and detachment of Ottoman troops near Motrovo. The Greeks had 120 killed and 80 were taken prisoners.

The Vienna correspondent of the *Daily Chronicle* says: "Emperor Nicholas has again written to the Sultan

urging him to accelerate the peace negotiations by renouncing demands with which it is impossible for Greece to comply. As a result of this letter the Sultan has virtually accepted the terms of the Powers, leaving only details to be settled.

The steamer *Aden*, from Yokohama for London, in search of which the Indian Government steamer *Mayo* left Aden a few days ago, was totally lost off the island of Socotra on Sixth Month 9th. The *Mayo* rescued 95 of the *Aden's* passenger and 36 of the crew, but 25 passengers and 53 of the crew were drowned or missing.

It is stated that from 600 to 1000 persons were killed during the recent riots in the vicinity of Calcutta. The British flag has been hoisted on Russell, Belona and Stuart Islands, belonging to the Solomon group.

An exchange says that "almost within the Arctic Circle in the north latitude 65 to 70 degrees, Iceland with its population of 70,000, is warmed on the west coast by the Gulf Stream, and can raise fair hay crops and sparse root crops. About 65 per cent. of the population are occupied in rearing sheep and cattle, which are largely consumed at home, the first-wool being sent to the Continent. The Icelandic Sheep are not shorn, but in early summer the fleeces loosen on the animal, and the loose wool is easily detached; most of the surplus goes to England."

NOTICES.

BARCLAY HOME.—The Managers inform that there are now vacant in "The Barclay Home" two large rooms, where Friends desiring either permanent or transient board can be comfortably accommodated at reasonable rates. The house is situated in a pleasant part of the borough and with its commodious porches and ample grounds is a desirable residence.

Those wishing to avail themselves of its privileges will please make early application.

THE BARCLAY HOME, 325 N. Walnut St., West Chester, Pa.

WESTTOWN BOARDING SCHOOL.—For convenience of persons coming to Westtown School, the stage will meet trains leaving Philadelphia 7 17 and 8 40 a. m., and 2 53 and 4 32 p. m. Other trains are met when requested. Stage fare on regular trips, fifteen cents, on special trips, twenty-five cents each way. To reach the school by telegraph, wire West Chester Phone 85.

EDWARD G. SMEDLEY, Sup't.

WESTTOWN BOARDING SCHOOL.—Applications for the admission of pupils to the school, and letters in regard to instruction and discipline should be addressed to WILLIAM F. WICKERSHAM, Principal.

Payments on account of board and tuition, and communications in regard to business should be forwarded to EDWARD G. SMEDLEY, Superintendent. Address, Westtown P. O., Chester Co., Pa.

PERSONS desiring to assist in the erection of the proposed asylum for the insane in Syria, may send their contributions to ASA S. COGG, 400 Chestnut St., Phila.

FRIENDS SELECT SCHOOL will re-open Ninth Mo. 20th. For printed circular or other information, address J. HENRY BARTELT, Sup't., 340 N. Sixteenth Street.

DEPT. at his residence in Media on the nineteenth of Third Month, 1897, GEORGE R. MCCLURE, in the eighty-sixth year of his age; a member of Media Particular and Chester Monthly Meeting, Pa. He joined the Society of Friends in early manhood from a firm belief in its doctrines and testimonies. He expressed his adherence to its principles by his active and repeating the words, "I am the resurrection and the life."

—, Fifth Month 17th, 1897, at his home near Poplar Ridge, Cayuga County, New York, GILBERT WEAVER, aged seventy-six. This dear Friend was justly esteemed from early life to old age for his faith and his devotion to the principles and interests of our Society. He had a gift in the industry, not in many words, but truly acceptable to his friends. We feel rather to rejoice on his account that he was spared further suffering, believing the language to be applicable, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord now henceforth; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them."

# THE FRIEND.

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Richard Esterbrook.

(Continued from page 402.)

CAMDEN, Third Month 2nd, 1894.

In remarking on an essay submitted to R. E.'s examination, he says, "The writer has left his essay somewhat defective. I think it does not describe the course of religious experience as it is only to be known—which might have been done in half the number of words, and the doctrine of redemption through and by Christ more satisfactorily set forth. In this long essay it does not seem to me to be fully set forth. It is too much as if these great mysteries were to be known intellectually, whereas they are unfolded and opened from time to time, not to the wise and prudent, but to the true born children of our Heavenly Father, who are begotten by Him—for which it is declared the Holy Redeemer himself rejoiced in spirit, and said, 'I thank thee, O, Father, Lord of heaven and earth.' This latter view needs to be insisted upon, more than all the rest of it, if I have any correct views of the need of our times."

"CAMDEN, N. J., Third Month 9th, 1894.

"By recent report from London Grove I learn that our beloved friend—I may say in truth, my beloved friend, Morris Cope, appears to be declining. Didst thou hear that lately Debbie being about to leave the house to attend a funeral, he looked at her and said, 'Give my love to all the Friends and tell them I am here, safe in the arms of Best Wisdom.' It was very much like him in the form of expression, and to my taste was very sweet and precious."

[This letter refers to an editorial prepared in response to some inquiries as to the underlying causes of the separation of 1827.]

"CAMDEN, Tenth Month 29th, 1894.

"It is difficult to imagine how any subject of that kind could be introduced more guardedly and carefully to avoid offence, and I do not think the editorial will hurt any right or fair minded Hicksite. I have thought it might be useful for some of them who may read it to have the cause—the 'underlying cause,' presented to them in that way, to see as in a glass what manner of men they are in a sense."

"CAMDEN, Twelfth Month 21st, 1894.

"I think Yearly Meetings under a proper

concern may issue advices, and here their authority ends on such questions.

"I would not give one farthing for any temperance, or any honesty, or any chastity that rested upon such a foundation as the mere fear of being detected. I have gone over this ground till I am tired, again and again, for I cannot bear to see the plainest principles of church government and true Gospel liberty in which I have been trained from my youth, set at nought or ignored."

"PLAINFIELD, Eighth Month 12th, 1892.

"Thy kind letter was read yesterday, and thy expressions of sympathy [in the loss of a son] with us, with the sympathy of thy dear wife and cousin, grateful. We are suffering very much—no mortal tongue can express what we feel—in this sense 'every man shall bear his own burden,' for no one can fully understand another's case—and though it may be said, as some do, that grief is common, 'makes not mine the less,' there is One who can help us and enable us to say, 'Thy will be done.' This state we are also to learn is 'a gift from above,' and not at our command."

"By a letter from D. E. Cope I learn that dear M. Cope left an address to be read in the Quarterly Meeting after his removal. It is intended to be read at the next with the shutters raised. Thou may have heard of this, however, it has been quite interesting to me."

"CAMDEN, Eleventh Month 11th, 1892.

"The meetings of the Committee on the Discipline that I have attended have been agreeably conducted, and leave upon my own mind a quiet satisfaction as I return to Camden. I thought there was a precious feeling to day in the silence before the business began."

This letter refers to a committee on the revision of the discipline of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, appointed in 1892. The changes proposed by the Committee were not very numerous, nor were they in general of a very important or fundamental character. Some provisions that had been adopted to meet difficulties of a temporary nature, were dropped. The Yearly Meeting adopted the report of the Committee.

"CAMDEN, Eleventh Month 16th, 1892.

"I enjoy freedom of intercourse and open exchange of views on matters which concern our 'common cause,' and have been accustomed to it for nearly sixty years. I wish there were more of it among Friends here—the absence of it is often painful to me to a degree not easily expressed. To the lack of it is in large measure to be attributed the 'many shades' of sentiment that are to be painfully observed among us—so much so that it was remarked lately that ten Friends could hardly be brought together and not discover 'snags here and there.' It was not so when I came here, I think, to anything like the extent it is to be felt and observed now. This is very discouraging."

"In the early days of the Society, Meetings for Discipline were more select, and consisted

for the most part of concerned Friends. They are now of too popular a character to render them safe bodies to legislate without previous, careful, serious, weighty deliberation."

"CAMDEN, Eleventh Month 21st, 1892.

"I have just received thy kind note and the two cuttings from the *Review*. I have read them with careful interest. I am glad to know that [the Editor] is become so sensible of the condition of things, but I do not unite with his views as to the causes or remedies. The members of a Yearly Meeting must first get upon the only true foundation, not only believing in the doctrine of Christ, but also become regenerated and baptized by Him into one body and made from living experience to drink of that one Spirit, before a concern is ever likely to be laid upon [them] for the spread of the Redeemer's kingdom. Such a concern for the welfare of others is not a natural but a spiritual thing. Religious activity, although professedly upon Quaker lines, would only bring about the same fruits that we see now in the Society. We must be content to stand still before we can be prepared to see the salvation of God, either as individuals or a church."

"The Society will never be helped by a Bible class nor by First-day schools, with such ideas underneath them, nothing but a spurious Christianity and a spurious ministry can come of them. So on the whole I come to the painful and sorrowful conclusion that Philadelphia Yearly meeting is not likely to be helped by the *Review* or its editor."

[In THE FRIEND of Eighth Month 19th, 1893, there was published an editorial article expressing uneasiness with the tendency to establish the truth of religious doctrines by intellectual study, and advancing the idea that the effect of such a course on those engaged in it is unfavorable to their advancement in true spiritual Christianity because it withdraws their attention from the only true source of Divine knowledge. A letter from R. E., dated Eighth Month 19th, 1893, thus refers to it:]

"I think thy editorial in THE FRIEND this week, which I have read with much satisfaction, will be a comfort to many. It is a testimony in the right direction. I hope we have still many among us who will heartily respond to it and whose faith may be helped by it. If our Society should slide away from this foundation, we must fail as a people to answer the end for which we have an existence."

"That there is a strong current running in the direction of a substitution of a religion of the head and a round of religious activities and philanthropic efforts, there is no doubt at all. The younger class are caught with it and hold in admiration those who countenance and give it their support. There is our great danger."

"These considerations are very exercising to me. We have now no unlauded Morris Cope to put an army to flight, and few that seem at all qualified and equipped as warriors in the church."

"CAMDEN, Second Month 5th, 1894.

"Our honored friend Thomas Story said once (or wrote) that he had never seen anything so improper or unreasonable but that it would have its advocates, aides, abettors or apologists. So there may be said to be very little that is new. When a man begins the apologetic strain he is virtually gone. If he has nothing to say and adopts the neutral policy to hide himself he is also virtually gone. John Bright once uttered a paradox when he said, 'I do not like a neutral man; he is always on the wrong side.' All these quotations contain sentiments, the fruit of close observation and are very safe rules for judging. I am an octogenarian witness and free subscriber to all of them."

"I said in Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, twenty-five years ago, I expect, that a valuable Friend in England said to me, 'A day is approaching when the true principles of our religious Society will have to be contended for over again, not outside in the religious world, but inside, among our own people.' That day is upon us."

(To be continued.)

### Stories of the Light-House Service.

"Gustav Kobbe writes a paper on "Heroism in the Light-house Service," for the *Century* magazine. He says: "Several of the violent storms that have whirled over Matineus Rock have tried the fortitude of the little band of faithful watchers upon it. One of these watchers, Abby Burgess, has become famous in our light-house annals, not only for long service, but also for bravery displayed on various occasions. Her father was keeper of the rock from 1853 to 1861. In January, 1856, when she was seventeen years old, he left her in charge of the lights while he crossed to Matineus Island. His wife was an invalid, his son was away on a cruise, and his other four children were little girls. The following day it began to 'breeze up;' the wind increased to a gale, and soon developed into a storm almost as furious as that which carried away the tower on Minot's Ledge in 1851. Before long the seas were sweeping over the rock. Down among the boulders was a chicken-coop which Abby feared might be carried away. On a lonely ocean outpost like Matineus Rock a chicken is regarded with affectionate interest, and Abby, solicitous for the safety of the inmates of the little coop, waited her chance, and when the seas fell off a little, rushed knee-deep through the swirling water, and rescued all but one of the chickens. She had hardly closed the door of the dwelling behind her when a sea, breaking over the rock, brought down the old cobble-stone house with a crash. While the storm was at its height the waves threatened the granite dwelling, so that the family had to take refuge in the towers for safety; and here they remained, with no sound to greet them from without but the roaring of the wind around the lanterns, and no sight but the sea sheeting over the rock. Yet through it all the lamps were trimmed and lighted. Even after the storm had abated, the reach between the rock and Matineus Island was so rough that Captain Burgess could not return until four weeks later."

The writer quotes the following letter, written to a friend by — Grant, who lived for many years on White Head, off the Maine Coast: "Sometimes I think the time is not far distant when I shall climb these light-house stairs no more. It has almost seemed to me that the light was part of myself. When we had care of the old lamp-oil lamps on Matineus Rock,

they were more difficult to tend than these lamps are and sometimes they would not burn so well when first lighted, especially in cold weather when the oil got cool. Then, some nights, I could not sleep a wink all night, though I knew the keeper himself was watching. And many nights I have watched the lights my part of the night, and then could not sleep the rest of the night, thinking nervously what might happen should the light fail.

"In all these years I always put the lamps in order in the morning, and lit them at sunset. These old lamps—as they were when my father lived on Matineus Rock—are so thoroughly impressed on my memory that even now I often dream of them. There were fourteen lamps and fourteen reflectors. When I dream of them it always seems to me that I have been away a long while, and I am trying to get back in time to light the lamps. Then I am half way between Matineus and White Head, and hurrying toward the rock to light the lamps there before sunset. Sometimes I walk on the water, sometimes I am in a boat, and sometimes I seem going in the air—I must always see the lights burning in both places before I wake. I always go through the same scenes in cleaning the lamps and lighting them, and I feel a great deal more worried in my dreams than when I am awake.

"I wonder if the care of the lighthouse, will follow my soul after it has left this worn-out body! If I ever have a gravestone, I would like it to be in the form of a light-house or beacon."—*Friends' Intelligencer*.

FOR "THE FRIEND."

### Letter from Switzerland.

PRES NEUFCHÂTEL, 49 Corcelles,  
Sixth Month, 20th, 1897.

The time is drawing alarmingly near when I shall not be able any more to run up the hill to get the view down into the valley and across to the mountains on the other side of the lake. Oh, they have been beautiful these last few days—it has rained in showers all the time—but the cloud effects have been superb, and even the whole range, entirely exposed, has not the charm of a rent in the rolling cloud-masses and a ray of sun-light piercing through, illuminating a snowy peak, making it seem to shine almost by its own light.

My friends went off the middle of the week on their way to Italy, by way of Interlachen and Lucerne. It was not much of a temptation, though the Alps are so near for me this time, I am too much interested in my studies to care to have any distraction, and we have numberless charming walks around Corcelles, but they keep sending such delightful accounts of what they have seen, and last evening one of our fellow pensionnaires came back, (she had accompanied the others that far) with such glowing descriptions, that I feel quite stirred up, and shall be glad when I am back here, with leisure, to take in the Alps too.

Last evening, a few minutes before supper, my teacher, the one from whom I take extra lessons, came in to ask me if I cared to accompany her on an hour and a half walk to the little city of Bondary. There are two lines of railroad that go there, but as the evening was a charming one, we both preferred the walk. She had some business to attend to with her brother, who lives there. I can give no idea of how delightful a walk it was—all the time between quaint old walls—across village after village, all with their fountains of stone and

water always running, and the children singing their "rounds," the same sort of games one finds amongst all children, of all nations and of all ages. I caught this pretty little refrain:

"Sur le pont d'Avignon  
Tout le monde y passe."

(Over the bridge of Avignon  
All the world passes.)

The rest I did not get, but I know it is an old song, dating back to the fourteenth century, at the time when Avignon was the seat of papacy for nearly seven years.

And then the old chateaux, with their walls and towers, old houses of ancient nobility, with the coat of arms carved above the door, and all the while the bracing mountain air, the green meadows, and the dark Juras to the right. We crossed several times the crystal-clear little river l'Areuse, that we followed up its gorge, the other week, where it had eaten its way through the mountains on its way to the lake.

I know of nothing more charming than to put in a quiet industrious day, and then without any other of preparation, start off into the mountains. It is only in this way one gets the best that is to be had from sight-seeing. If one sets out to make a business of "doing everything," one might as well stay at home, for all the pleasure one gets, and far better, if one has passed the stage of finding pleasure in being able to say "oh, yes I've been there."

The whole of yesterday afternoon we spent at Neuchâtel. I had some purchases to make, several books for my teaching, etc. I regretted not being able to find any bouquins along the border of the lake, as I could have, along the Seine, but one can't find modern literature and books like that, even at the bouquinsists at Paris, so I had to content myself and pay regular prices.

One day last week I went on a delightful excursion with nearly fifty men and women of Corcelles and vicinity. I enjoyed it not only for what I saw of the country, but also the coming in contact with so many typical Swiss. I found them delightfully cordial, well bred, and intelligent. We took the train at Avenier, a little after six in the morning, and by eight, had left the train at a little station high up and not far from the French border, among the Juras, the town Moitier, I think it is called, is very old and beautifully situated in the "Val de Travers." Rousseau used to pass a good deal of time there—by the way, speaking of great men—Boudry, where I was last evening, is the birthplace of the terrible Murat, of the French Revolution, but I take much more interest in an old house, and a magnificent avenue of trees on the Tourne, the mountain that we climbed several weeks ago, where lived a friend of Agassiz, and where that great man was wont to spend days at a time, and loved particularly to walk up and down the avenue.

To return to our trip, after crossing the valley and ascending for some time, we came to the edge of the forest, turning a little to one side to visit the ruins of an old convent, and then continuing up and around, coming finally into a deep cool gorge, called in the "patois" of the country, *Porieta Raisse*, where the rocks were covered with moss, lichens and ferns, and dripping with water on every side, while a small, but tremendously active little stream came tumbling down between. The ascent is very steep and most of the way steps are hewn out of the rock or else a framework of logs made fast to the side and suspended over the chasm, enables one to pass from one ledge to

another. At one part of the gorge there was a widening out, a regular place for camping out, here a halt was made for "dèjeuner." We had brought along with us enough to last until the afternoon, as we would pass no place where we could get lunch. If the Jura mountains were in Germany the case would be different, for a German must drink at least once every hour, and as he never comes to realize that water was intended to quench thirst, he must have coffee or tea, or syrup, or lemonade, if he does not drink beer, which he usually does of course, and, as he is generally too heavy himself to carry much along, he sees to it that all these things are provided, along all possible courses that he may happen to take, and there is no one on the face of the earth that enjoys so much going off for a day's or a half-day's outing as he.

Well, this is a digression, as soon as we had lunched sufficiently, we started on up the gorge. It was delightful to watch the crowd coming up—the path was so narrow only one could pass at a time—winding in and out among the rocks, but more than that, to hear them, for they were all in a singing mood, singing their beautiful Swiss melodies. At last we emerged into sunlight again, finding ourselves on a high plateau of simply rolling pasture land, and for about five hours we continued to wander over them—I say wander—for there was no definite path, and we were constantly going to one side for flowers. It was a perfect carpet of flowers, of every hue and kind, great fields of narcissus and "boutons d'or" (bottons of gold), the latter a kind of ranunculus, very large, of which, the rich golden petals overlap, forming a ball. Numberless varieties of orchids and exquisite gentians, of a blue most intense, beside countless others. About one o'clock we stopped at a chalet, hoping to be able to get some coffee or milk, but there was only an old man and a small boy there, simply to tend the herds of cattle that graze in the mountains, and could do nothing for us, so we had to content ourselves with water for beverage, and we ate the remainder of our lunch under some trees near the chalet, after which we continued our march. At last we began again to ascend, always simply the smooth mountain slopes covered with flowers and grass. The view grew more and more beautiful as we ascended, all around us the Juras and to the right, far off in the distance the lake of Neuchâtel, and the Alps beyond that looked vastly higher now, that we were ourselves so high. At last our further progress was prevented by a sudden dropping away of the mountain, which formed an enormous amphitheater, with walls as precipitous as those of any cañon I ever saw, and about 2000 feet in height. This mountain is known by the name of "Creux du van," creux meaning hole, and van is a sort of semi-circular basket with one side a sieve, which is used in separating the chaff from the grain. From the top of this Creux du van, one looks down into the valley of l'Areuse, which forms the commencement of the gorge of which I have spoken in the former letter. After regarding as long as we wished down into the chasm, we continued our way to a chalet, at some distance to one side, one of the men of the party, who had stationed himself to help the women over a high stone wall, said laughingly, as he realized he had not the time to aid me: "Mais les Anglaises sont terribles, elles vont partout!" (but the English ladies are terrible, they go over everything!) to which I promptly responded, "C'est vrai, et les Américaines sont encore pire!" (that

is true, and the Americans are still worse). I resent on all occasions being taken for an English person.

I was extremely curious to enter one of the chalets and find out how the inmates lived, the one to which we now came, offered an excellent opportunity. These chalets are large constructions, with room for cattle, hay and people all under one roof. The people who inhabit them are generally, simply those who have charge of the flocks and herds, and seldom their owners. In the winter they live in the valleys, but as the spring comes they advance up the mountains, following from one level to another, as the pastures become green.

We saw only one chalet with a straw roof, that was quite low down on the mountain side, where straw is easier to procure than wood, but the law now, no longer permits the use of straw, on account of fires, so that this artistic feature is disappearing from the Swiss mountains. The windows to the buildings are very small and few in number—the most of the light entering by the large door in front. The first thing one sees after passing the threshold, and getting somewhat used to the semi-darkness, is an immense black chimney place, with an enormous brass pot, bright and shining, suspended on a chain. This is where the cheese is made, the delicious Swiss cheese, which is, by the way, much better here than it is when brought over, at least I have never tasted any like it. The milk is turned fresh into the boiler, heated, and the necessary ingredients added; then the whey separates, and the rest is turned into the forns. The peculiar taste of the Swiss cheese is due to the taste given to the milk, by the plants the cows graze on—the different cantons produce the same kind of cheese—that is, prepared in the same way, but with quite a different aroma.

Through the open door at the back of the entry-way, one looked into the stable, and several gentle faced cows were gazing mildly down upon us. There were some fifty there under cover, and several horses. There was a ladder leading up into the hay lofts, which were open, so that one threw the hay down upon the entry floor and carried it then into the stables. I climbed up, of course, to see around better, and discovered two or three rooms partitioned off, where the family sleeps.

Hanging along the rafters just over one's head, on entering, were the immense bells, which are put upon the leaders of the herds, as they journey from one pasturing ground to another. Some of them were of iron, beaten thin, and fully a foot long and as much in diameter, though they were not round but flat. Others were of bell metal. At my request, a small boy went up and set them all ringing for my amusement. Each has a different tone, so that one can recognize each cow, and some are very musical. To the right, seemed to be the living room of the family, and to the left, the dairy, which was by the way, scrupulously clean.

After reposing awhile and refreshing ourselves, it was proposed to have some sports upon the green, of course I was very happy to join, as I am a fairly good runner. Towards evening, that is, about six o'clock, we started down the mountain, following for the most part, a zigzag path that winds along the steep slopes of the eastern side of the Creux du van, I found, however, a slide, used for timber, that was much more interesting, and I brought me down in about a sixth the time it would have taken to follow the path.

At the foot of the mountain, dinner had been

already ordered in a little hotel, very pleasantly situated. We were all quite ready for a warm meal. After it was over, we betook ourselves to the station, at some little distance farther up the valley. It was nearly midnight, when a large crowd, half drunken with sleep, got out of the cars at Auvenerin. I don't remember how I managed to scramble up the steep slope from the station to the house, but it was not fatiguing, only sleepiness that made the way difficult, for in this delightful mountain air, one can walk indefinitely without getting tired.

E. S. K.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE LAST SICKNESS AND DEATH OF DOUGLAS P. BROWNING, DAUGHTER OF OTHINEL AND ENICE FOSTER, OF SOUTH-KINGSTON MONTHLY MEETING OF FRIENDS, OF WHICH SHE WAS A MEMBER.

She was taken severely ill with diphtheria on the twelfth of Eighth Month, 1862; the disease eventually taking the form of croup; and she expired at a quarter to eight o'clock, P. M., of the eighteenth of the same month, in the thirty-fifth year of her age.

On the sixteenth, the disease having extended to the distant parts of the throat, her physician so informed her, to which she replied, "Then she supposed there was no help for it," but he assured her that it was not necessarily hopeless if it did not continue to extend, etc. Other physicians were now called, but before their arrival she spoke as she had done on several previous occasions, of her apprehensions that "her time was short," but she said "she had no desire to live on her own account," etc. But the hope was earnestly expressed by the family that she would be willing to live for the good of others, as also to be fully prepared and ready for the awful change herself, etc. "I am willing," she said, but after remaining quiet awhile, raised herself up in a sitting posture and exclaimed in her clear, natural, distinct voice, though she had been unable to speak much above a whisper most of the time, and part of it had used a slate: "My views," she said, "will be realized, and I have but a little time longer to stay with you." Many expressions of sorrow being made by the family at this sudden and painful prospect of parting with one to whom they were all so strongly attached, and looking to for comfort and support in their now declining years, "I know it all very well," she said, "and have had a hard struggle to give you all up, even all of my friends, who were so near and dear to me," and spoke especially to her father, of her strong love and attachment to him, with the hope that he might never be allowed to want for anything that would add to his comfort; and "May thee, dear father," she said, "soon, soon meet me in that realm of rest where parting and sorrow are unknown, and where I believe there is a mansion prepared for thee." And then turning to her husband, said, "But this, oh, this is the trial to part from thee: I know this will be a blow to you all, and I have prayed, oh, how fervently, that you may be supported." And then broke forth in the most earnest expressions of prayer to God in her *suis misert*, through his adorable mercy, be blotted out, even though they were like mountains before her; and though she had fallen so far short of what she ought to have been, and had never done any good, yet she craved that in great mercy, just an entrance within the gates, and only the lowest seat, and that in the passage through the dark valley: oh, that his presence might be

with her, so that its dark waters might not overwhelm her head." She also mentioned later every member of the family, and of their families also; adding, "How glad I should have been to have seen them all again, and tell them all, all to meet me in heaven, all of our large family gathered there; what a glorious, glorious meeting that will be. Give my love to them all, and kiss them all for me," and again, "To remember her love to all her dear nephews and nieces; give my love to them all and tell them they were always dear to me, but never half so dear as now. Tell sister Lydia, how much I counted on a visit from her; and say to dear brother Stephen how much pleasure I had anticipated from his expected visit, and how I have indulged the vain hope of sometime visiting him in his own home, and how much I feel for him, far separated from all his friends and the Society of which he is a member. "But tell, Oh, tell him to remember the God of his fathers, and not to allow his mind to be too much absorbed by worldly things as I have done, and put off the preparation for a time like this; and to bring up his children in the fear of the Lord," etc., and quoted a passage of Scripture which had impressed her mind as applicable to him, but which was not retained. There were two passages however which had been much on her mind of late and a great comfort to her, viz:

"Stand still and see the salvation of the Lord," and the other, "They that trust in the Lord shall not be confounded." She said she regretted not having read the Scriptures more, and if we would read them more how much more comfort they would be to us, and if her life was spared it would be to live a very different one," "You all know," she said, "or if you do not know it was, that the cross of the plain dress, and plain language, was almost more than I could bear, but the cross must be taken up and borne whatever is required, or however trifling to others it may appear to be." "I am aware that much of my life must have appeared light and trifling to others, and it was a great deal too much so, but there have been times when my whole heart was given to the work." "Oh, that my head were waters and mine eyes fountains of tears," said the Lord's prophet, "That I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughters of my people." "I have ever been a firm believer in immediate Divine revelation, but never more so than now, and this is not my own strength, nor are these my own words." "No, dear father, thou can bear me witness that my natural tongue could never have uttered these things, No, no, but I called upon the Lord, and He hath strengthened me out of Zion; without this strength I should have been bound here with you in sorrow and pain but He hath wafted my soul above the earth and earthly things."

"Give my love to all my friends everywhere." "Oh, I feel such love that I could embrace the whole world. But perhaps this dispensation is for your good. Oh! may it prove so," and then after a little time, said, "Oh! pray for me; I feel that I stand in need of all your prayers." On something being done for her, she said, "I have no pain and am perfectly quiet," but soon after said, "I do not feel that full assurance of acceptance which I should wish; Oh! may it be granted before all is over," and soon after said, "Oh! it is possible that I can be forgiven, and if it is so may not some sign be given that it is so," and then after a little quiet, she said, "Yes, I believe it will be so, and you will have to raise your hands and say, It is enough." She

then gave some messages to absent friends, and also some counsel and advice to some present, and to her dear husband, to go to no unnecessary expense on account of her funeral, but to let all be in a plain way as Friends would wish, and said she was thankful in having none to leave without a mother's care. She gave away all her personal effects sufficiently plain to be understood, though saying she would have been glad to particularize more, but that "Time is too precious now." On several of the neighboring women coming in who had friends enlisted for the war, she said, on looking around upon them, "Oh! my friends; how my mind has been with you in your affliction, those of you who have had to part with near and dear friends, who have gone perhaps to a death on the battle field or even something worse, Oh! put your trust and confidence in God, and may He sustain you." At this time she was apprehensive of being near the close, but afterwards revived up again and said that when all was quiet and she waiting for the change, she seemed to hear it said to her, that the time might be lengthened out, if she would be faithful; not on her own account, but for the good of others, and said that at first she thought it to be a buffeting of the enemy, but it remained with her until night; yet she did not dare trust herself to go back to the world and its temptations, after what she had experienced." She now had many sinking spells, and suffered much, though without complaint or murmuring; saying at one time it seemed as though she had suffered many deaths, but the Lord had helped her through all." And at another time of distress, said to her husband: "Can thee hold me to suffer so?" And then inquired of her father and the particular friend, P. F., whom she had sent for to be with her in her last moments, if they thought there was a possibility of her acceptance. On the latter's assurance that she felt nothing in her way, replied, "Neither do I anything at all." But a little time previously she had exclaimed, "Oh! that book, where each word and thought of mine have been recorded; how shall I answer that?"

On the last day she was delicious, at times, and near the close appeared to have a hard struggle with death, though the great calmness with which she had been so much favored, continued measurably with her, and we feel abundantly warranted in the precious belief that through great mercy she was enabled to triumph at last. After a few words of exhortation from the friend alluded to, but not directed to her particularly, some inquiry was made after her full and free acceptance of the Divine Will in her case, she said, "If we can say 'it is an ordinance of Almighty God, and we are satisfied, is not that enough?'"

To her husband she said, "Thou knows to go to the fountain head, but what does it avail to go there, if we do not stay there?" And soon after said, "I am nearing a happy realm;" and on inquiry if all was now bright and pleasant before her, said, "Yes, Yes, Yes!" Her father asked if she was going to meet a little sister whom she had never seen; and replied, "Oh, yes; and my long distressed and suffering mother, who has long been waiting to sing with me the songs of salvation on the banks of deliverance. What a glorious meeting that will be!" and then most earnestly entreated her husband to "Come with me! There can come if thee will, and why will thee not come?"

She lay very low, in a suffering condition for eighteen days with pneumonia.

But if thee goes off to that dreadful war, thee will have to be in one place and I in another. How can we bear that? Oh, come then, where I am, and meet me there!" After this, a few words of supplication, not remembered, and she breathed shorter and shorter, to the last; and thus passed quietly away on the eighteenth of the Eighth Month, 1862, in the thirty-fifth year of her age.

"Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world."

"Blessed indeed are they whose transgressions have been forgiven, and whose sins are blotted out."

G. F.

FOR "THE FRIEND."  
**RELIGION.**

Religion leads to do and say  
The kindest thing the kindest way,  
To follow truth, whate'er it be,  
Be nothing but sincerity;

Deal with the whole world truthfully,  
Extend to mankind charity  
For all temptations he hath had,  
And weigh the good against the bad.

A Christian always should forgive  
A sinner who would rightly live,  
When he forgiveth doth implore;  
Should say, as Christ, "Go sin no more,

"For of thy sins thou dost repent,  
Thy life for good may now be spent.  
God will forgive and so will I,  
As to do better, thou wilt try."

Religion is the golden rule,  
Which we should practice in life's school  
"Be not all doctrine or all creed,  
Eat giving love to those who need,

A kind and sympathetic heart;  
In joy and sorrow to take part.  
If each obey his inward light,  
And do as conscience says is right,

The world will then not go far wrong,  
For God will guide us all day long;  
He'll tell each soul its duty here;  
We need but disobeying fear.

Were we religious we should know  
One path were not for all to go,  
Each has his individual light,  
To show what work for him is right.

Then let us trust the Father knows  
Just how that each one's pathway goes,  
Let us not rashly interere,  
Commending those who do not hear

Or see their way as we would guide—  
Their inward voice we have not tried,  
And our deity duty cannot see—  
Each soul and God can judge be.

Oh, let us not self-righteous be,  
Believing all should see as we;  
The human race God understand,  
Gave each the right to do most good.

MARIA SUEPARD LIPPINCOTT.  
MOORESTOWN, N. J.

The best thing with which to make a noise is a vessel full of emptiness. Fill a barrel with flour and you destroy its sounding properties. Fill a drum with sand and you can pound as much as you please without disturbing the neighbors. The noisiest Christians often are the least grace in them. The noisiest preachers are often empty of real truth. The most godly preacher that ever walked the earth was a quiet speaker. His voice was not heard in the streets among the noisy crowds. Some times people made a noise around him. Only on one occasion do we remember his lifting up his voice. He stood and cried: "If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink."—*Selected.*

ERROR is dangerous, it cannot be harmless.



## Some Rarely Observed Bird Visitors and Bird Habits in Burlington County, N. J.

(concluded from page 405.)

This bird, the Migratory Quail (*Coturnix Coturnix*), perhaps the rarest of Burlington County's bird visitors, was wing-tipped and secured by a neighbor in one of our grass fields in June, 1877, and presented to us. For several weeks its peculiar cry was heard. I copy from notes made at the time, "Jersey habitat in grass fields; cry frequent, three quick notes faintly united, that did not seem loud when near by, yet to be heard distinctly two hundred yards away—sound difficult to follow because seeming to come from various directions. Its cry was so peculiar that it attracted much attention among persons in its vicinity during the day and also at night, occasionally. There was something of anxiety in its tone, as if seeking or expecting a reply. Its stopping place was in a grass field of ours, and an adjoining one of a neighbor's, without clover, and timothy about blossoming. Its strange voice and stranger habits, excited the curiosity of those near by. It was difficult to flush—made a direct, rapid, short flight, only a few feet from the ground. If we went to the place of alighting, or to where we heard its voice, we could not find it there, indicating a running habit, or ventriquoist powers. Finally, one of our neighbors wing-tipped it, and presented it to us. We kept it caged perhaps two years, and at its death one of our family mounted it. It was a long while before I could identify it, as I examined only lists of American birds, and consulted only American ornithology. It was always an interesting object to our friends, and many were the conjectures and decisions in regard to its personality. The majority decided that it was a sport from American quail—many that it was cross-bred. Baffled so long in my search among books and country friends, I at last set apart a rainy day when I could not farm, and devoted it to a search among the great collection of the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences, where I at length found the representatives of his family, marked *Pedix Coturnix*. With this family name I sought in works of American ornithology to learn something of his family history, but in vain.

At length we chanced to see his portrait in a German illustrated work, with an appended history. Thus guided, I found its person and habits described by many of the English ornithologists as being a migratory visitor, spending the summer in Europe, the winter, south of the Mediterranean, in Asia and Africa. Why was our specimen in Burlington Co., N. J.? I searched diligently more than a year for a reply. Then it chanced that a visiting relative brought for our children's pleasure an illustrated paper, in which was this item—that an importation of migratory quail had been made by some gentlemen in Vermont, who were connected with Rutland County Bank, Vt. I wrote a letter of inquiry to the President of that institution, and received a reply. I subsequently read in a public journal of such quail having been seen in North Carolina, and after, that a number of them had alighted on a vessel far out to sea.

In changing from their European summer home to their African winter one, they must cross the Mediterranean Sea. In their passage they take advantage of the projecting peninsulas of Italy and Greece, and the intervening islands, yet great numbers are drowned and washed ashore. Our Vermont birds, making

their characteristic longward migratory movement, would reach Long Island Sound, the Atlantic front and the Gulf of Mexico. If in imitation of the ancestral crossing of the Mediterranean Sea they should essay to cross the above named waters, their fate would be like that of Landul's stately ship:

"We only know from England she sailed ar'er the ocean,  
We only know to England she ne'er returned again."

I found in the London edition, 1822-84, of Garret's "British Birds," vol. three, page one hundred and twenty-five, this reference to the above effort of the gentlemen of Vermont to introduce the Migratory Quail into the United States, "Large numbers have been turned out in America, especially in the State of Vermont, where, in 1877, a flourishing stock of six thousand birds had been secured."

The specimen before us during its caged life in our family was exceedingly shy and sensitive, as was to be expected of a bird so anxious for concealment in a state of nature. But after sharing our home for a few months, it showed for the members of the family this much of the recognition and partiality of friendship. When a stranger entered the room and approached, it appeared restless and irritated, and if he stood close to its cage it would show what seemed like anger, by erecting all its feathers, during which erection the peculiarity of their pencilling gave them a rounded appearance, like the quills of the porcupine. One member of the family, when she came down to the room in the mornings, would go to the cage and talk to the bird in confiding tones, as if assured there was a reciprocation of good feeling. It soon seemed to enjoy this, standing very quietly, with head bent to one side as if intent and soothed, and its manner always showed that this member of the family was its favorite. During mating season it was very excitable, and had three sharp loud notes, as startling as the crack of a whip, followed by a deep bass note like the guttural voice of the largest frog. They abound in Asia from India to Siberia. In China the natives carry them about in winter to keep their hands warm.

It is a far cry from Burlington Co., N. J., year 1897 A. D. to the peninsula of Arabia, year 1490 B. C., nearly 3,400 years of time, and more than that miles of land and ocean intervening.

When the Jews were removing from Egypt to Palestine, at a time and in a district without adequate food supplies, at an encampment in the peninsula of Arabia, not far from the Red Sea, this incident is narrated: "And there went forth a wind from the Lord and brought quail from the sea, and let them fall by the camp as it were a day's journey on this side, and as it were a day's journey on the other side, round about the camp, as if were two cubits high upon the face of the earth, and it came to pass at even the quails came up and covered the camp."

Can we identify the bird that was so considerable and opportune a factor in this incident of nearly three thousand four hundred years? Some authors name the Sand Grouse (*Pterocles alchata*). This bird, though abundant in the East, does not make long flights, though it has powerful wings, never is seen fatigued by migration, and is at all times a tenant of the wilderness, far from water. The claim of others is not satisfying. Does the family of our rare Burlington County visitor furnish proofs of claim to the position—sea-crossing ability, almost inconceivable numbers, availability for "spreading abroad" or drying, with other cir-

cumstantial proof, giving fair evidence that in this particular instance no noticeable change in habits has taken place during more than three thousand years?

First—Our bird still frequents the district the incident occurred in, and there the traditional etymology of the Arabs makes its name "Saliva" (to be fat—round form); the Hebrew makes it "Selav"—most suggestively similar. The narrative says, "Two cubits high upon the face of the earth." Once it was thought "two cubits" applied to depth of deposits. Now to altitude of arrival, the flight of our bird is always low, swift and direct, is two cubits still. But most vital to a decision is adequate sea-crossing ability, numbers, arrival at even, and adaptation to "spreading abroad" or drying for human food.

Pliny, the Roman naturalist, who wrote in the first century of the Christian era has: "Quails always arrive before the cranes. They are small birds, and when they come to us are terrestrial in their habits, rather than birds of flight. Their appearance is not unattended with danger to sailors when they draw near to land, for they often alight on the sails, *invariably by night*, and swamp the vessels."

Says a French naturalist, "This species is probably the most productive of all winged creatures, and it could not well be otherwise, or it would be unable to withstand the war of extermination declared by human beings and birds of prey." A prodigious number of victims the simple crossing of the Mediterranean cost the species." In certain islands of the archipelago men and women have no other occupation for two months than collecting the quails showered on them from heaven, picking, cleaning, salting and packing them away in casks for transportation to principal markets of the Levant. The catchers, two weeks in advance, select and number their ground to avoid disputes." Another French author, Pellouët: "I wait when it arrives at shore of sea, flies only at night. It leaves the lands where it has passed the day about the dusk of evening and settles again at the dawn of morning. In transit they often weary, and alight on vessels or fall into the sea. I saw bouts come in with ten or twelve sharks. They were opened before me, and there was not one which had not eight to twelve quails in its body. The birds starting from the Crimea about seven P. M., with a northerly wind, before dawn accomplish a passage of about sixty leagues and alight on the southern shore to feed and repose. In the vernal season, the direction of flight is reversed, and they arrive in similar condition on the Russian coast." The route of these would be through Turkey in Asia and through Arabia, the scene of our narrative, Hewick in "British Birds"—"On the Western coast of Naples such prodigious numbers have appeared that one hundred thousand have been taken in a day, within a space of four or five miles." Mention is made of such numbers of drowned birds, victims of adverse winds, being washed ashore, that their decaying bodies bred disease. Tristram in his Natural History, pages two hundred and thirty—two hundred and thirty-three—"In Algeria, in April, found the ground covered with quail for an extent of many acres, at daybreak, where on the preceding afternoon there had not been one, and they scarcely moved until almost trodden upon. "Spreading abroad," or drying them for human food is spoken of as a continuous usage. In Palestine he caught several with his hands. "The usual migration is from Africa in April, when according with

their well known instinct they would follow up the coast to the Red Sea, crossing with a favoring wind, rest before proceeding."

The above are very brief extracts, a small part of a great deal of evidence, all of which seemed to testify that the emergency food supply requirements of the narrated incident of three thousand three hundred years ago, are fully met by the nature, habits and numbers of the family of our rare Burlington County bird visitor.

FOR "THE FRIEND."

### The Iowa Lake Region.

The State of Iowa has few if any lakes although bountifully supplied with water from rivers, natural springs and from wells where water can generally be found at a depth of from twenty-five to thirty feet. On account of this scarcity of lakes the so-called lake region in Dickenson County in the northwestern corner of the State is much sought for, especially during the hot seasons of the year when the shady banks and placid waters are thronged with visitors who come from the busy cities to enjoy with their families a few weeks of country air, cool and invigorating.

To one interested in the study of nature this region has much of value; for the student of geology, botany and history, can each in turn find much of interest.

Lakes are of two varieties, drift and alluvial; the drift lakes have had their origin in the depressions left in the surface of the drift at the close of the Glacial epoch, and ever since have rested on the drift deposit then found. The alluvial lakes have no doubt had their origin by the action of the rivers cutting out their own water courses and afterwards changing their courses leaving the so-called dug-outs, these lakes rest on the alluvium as the others rest on the drift; the latter are not attractive, being low, marshy and the water stagnant; the drift lakes on the other hand being delightful spots containing clear water, gravelly borders and always on higher ground and in healthier locations. The drift lakes are always at the head of the rivers on some watershed hence all the drift lakes in the State are found at the head of the Cedar, the Des Moines and the Little Sioux rivers. The largest lake in the State is Minnewaukon or Spirit Lake having a surface of twenty square miles; it drains into east Okoboji which lies six feet lower than Spirit Lake, which is the highest point in the State being seventeen hundred feet above sea level. East Okoboji is connected with West Okoboji the two lakes forming nearly a horse shoe around Spirit Lake. West Okoboji has a depth of one hundred and twenty-five feet and a beautiful wooded shore with clear water and a gravelly shore and bottom. The Sioux gave to this lake the name of Minne Tonka (Great Water). The outlet of these lakes being fifteen miles long and from a few rods to two miles wide is the Little Sioux which has its source here emptying into the Missouri River to the southwest.

Geologists tell us that this region has undergone less change by erosion since the glacial period than almost any locality within our borders. No exposure of stratified or other rock is found, but on the shores of the lakes there being more than a dozen in all a large collection of drift boulders are found designated by the farmers Nigger heads. These have been thrown up from the bottom and carried no doubt from parts of northern Minnesota during the ice age. There are various varieties those of granite being the most numerous. The quartzite boulders are derived from formations to which the Sioux Quartzite is classed; the magnesian limestone boulders are supposed to be from the lower magnesian formations, the strata of which is exposed in Minnesota. The farmers in the early days of the settlement collected and burned large numbers of these for lime.

In this region can also be found within a radius of a few miles specimens of nearly the entire flora of the State, and hence, is a spot much sought by botanists. On account of the scarcity of trees the State is not bountifully supplied with birds which are only found in any numbers along the streams; however of several hundred varieties which are found in the State most of these spend part of the year at this place, especially is it rich in ducks during the spring and fall of the year congregating here finding protection in the marshes and timber from the northwester which sweeps down with tremendous force during the equinoxes.

The region is also noted for its Indian history, containing many legends; it was on these hills overlooking the lakes, that the Sioux and the Dakotas worshipped the Great Spirit, it was here their treaties were made with each other after many a cruel war, it was to this friendly region they always returned after roving about the country in search of game during the summer, for here could always be found plenty of fuel, fish, shelter and game.

It is thought that the first white person who visited this region was Louis Hennepin (1640-1706) the Franciscan monk and explorer when captured and brought here as a prisoner about 1680, but this is not certain. In the narrative of the Lewis and Clark expedition it is stated that the Indian guide told them of the large lakes which supplied the Little Sioux with its bountiful supply of water. In 1837-38 Nicollet was directed by the war department to visit this section of the country and make observations which report is on file at Washington. From this time on several treaties had been made with the Indians by which they had realized all their rights and title to this region but after a short absence they would return. During the summer of 1856 the first settlement was made by the Gardner and Luce families, and during the fall a few trappers and hunters joined the infant colony. The winter of 1856-57 was very severe the snow being five feet on the level, and it was not uncommon to find drifts more than twenty feet high. The settlers were hopeful and expected to begin work in the spring in earnest. The Indians on account of the severity of the weather had not fared any better than the whites, and hence perhaps their cruelty can in some measure be accounted for. In 1851 the Sioux had executed the treaty by which a large portion of Minnesota was ceded to the government but the Wapekpeti band of Sioux were not included, as their lawless character even according to the Indian code had made them unpopular, and they were obliged to withdraw and make their home on the Vermillion River in the present State of South Dakota, but cold and hunger coming on they came into Iowa begging, stealing and otherwise molesting the settlers, and in the early part of Third Month came upon the settlers of the Spirit Lake region whom they killed in cold blood, including women and children, with the exception of a few who were captured. The log cabin built by the first settler still stands, and the sole survivor of the sad tragedy, then a little girl who was captured, lives on the homestead staked out by her father on the southern borders of the West Oko-

boji Lake, forty-one years ago, where a tall granite monument has been erected by the State in memory of the massacre.

To the west of Spirit Lake near Sunken Lake, is found a circle of mounds left by an unknown race, of an unknown period, showing that way back during the age of the Mound builders, if there were any in this region, the land has been occupied and contended for since man first set foot on Iowa soil. These mounds have been opened, and skeletons of large size have been found. A little ways north from this place, is a beautiful beach of the lake, called Old Quakers' Camp, for the reason that during the early days many of the Friends visiting in Iowa and Minnesota, travelling by team, always camped here, and the old settlers remember that oftentimes meetings were held in some of the neighboring cabins.

Such in short is the Iowa Lake region, an interesting spot to scientists as well as to relic hunters. For ages it has been to the Red Man a spot regarded as of superstitious interest and of peculiar charm. It has an enchanting scenery; the picturesque bluffs breaking the monotony of the boundless prairies on either side; the many bays, the shaded woodlands, and winding capes could not help but appeal to the Indians' imagination as it has later to his white brother; it was here that he had smoked in happy idleness after the long chase, and to be forbidden to return and to give up his dearest spot to those bringing another civilization, that he could not comprehend; this was too much, and hence the bloody deeds which history has chronicled by the monument which overlooks the placid water of the region.

B. L. WICK.

CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA.

### To our Sisters of the Seneca Nation of Indians.

[The following is an address to the Seneca women recently sent by the Indian Committee of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting.]

We have often thought of you since we visited the School at Tunesassa, where many of your children are being so kindly cared for, and are learning lessons to be of use to them in the coming days. We are glad you are pleased and willing to send them to the Quakers, who have always been the friends of the Indian, and will teach them only what will do them good.

We feel a great and strong interest in you and your children, and as we cannot come and bring our message, we send it in writing. We desire for you much happiness and comfort knowing they are the sweet blessings, which come from our Heavenly Father, or the Great Spirit's good hand, and are part of the reward of well doing. We want you to know the dear Lord Jesus, for yourselves—and to believe in Him as your Redeemer, and the only one who can forgive your sins, and keep you from sinning; and we want you to know of the pure teachings of his great and holy Spirit in your hearts. It comes to all of us. A tender loving voice is that of the Good Shepherd, who says, "My sheep hear my voice and I know them and they follow me." This means they will hear and understand what He says, and do as He tells them. He shows them what is *right and just and good*, and says do these things, and then He shows them what is *wrong and bad*, and says do not do such wicked things.

If we do what is pleasing to our Heavenly Father, He will give us quiet spirits, and help us to bear the trials, the trouble and sorrow, w-

may have in this life, and He intends these should bring us nearer Him, that He may help us and do us good, so we feel we cannot do without Him. And then He tells both white people and Indians that He has a beautiful home in Heaven, where his good people can live always; here is no sickness, nor sorrow, nor suffering; and no sin. But we must repent, be sorry for our sins and know of his forgiveness, and then He will take the weary and tired ones to this sweet rest. We are sure you will want to go here, when these poor bodies die and are buried in the earth; you will want your spirits to be happy in the beautiful home, prepared for all who love the dear Saviour. But if we do not listen to his voice and obey it, but give way to wicked thoughts and feelings in our hearts, so that our deeds are evil, the great and Good Spirit, will be grieved with us, and unless we repent before we die, we will have to go to a place where there is no happiness and all is darkness.

We tell you of these things because we want you to be happy and be saved from sin, and hoping you will choose the way the loving Father in Heaven would lead you in. We do not want you to follow the wicked spirit, the evil one that makes people bad and unhappy. We want you to be good, noble-hearted women, who can help your fathers, your husbands, brothers and friends to be true Christians and to cease from all evil.

We very much regret that the habit of taking strong drink is one of the temptations among our people, and we feel to warn you against his sin; it is an enemy to your happiness and prosperity. Even cider, of which you have so much, when taken to excess, hardens the heart and takes kind thoughts and feelings away from it. Now when this desire for drink presses on people they ought to resist it, and having no strength of their own, they should ask the Great Spirit to help them to overcome at the same time they must do all they can to help themselves. We now women have a great deal of influence, and we so much desire our Indian sisters may be strong in good works, so they can help the rothers.

We also want you to be very watchful over our conduct, that your lives may show the purity of your thoughts; and your words and deeds prove that the Lord is guiding you. Let the marriage covenant be a holy one, a sacred one between two hearts, that only death can part. A husband should only have one wife, and a wife one husband; these must be true and faithful to each other, and love each other, if they will be happy, and know of the blessing of the Good Spirit in their homes. Should little children be given you, take them as a gift from your Heavenly Father, who intends you to care for them tenderly and lovingly, and having known the meaning of the beautiful way to peace and happiness yourselves, you can teach and guide them the way to a better country, that is an heavenly.

The Good Book, the Scriptures of Truth, tells us how the Lord sent his only Son, a long long time ago, into the world, who was to lead and guide all who would follow, into paths of peace, and though He has gone back to Heaven He lives us all, and wants us to be good and happy. We know there are many of you who have heard of Him and are wanting and trying to become his children, and He sees and knows you just as you are; we want you to have strong faith in Him to help you. We are glad to feel this of you, and having found the true treasure, we want you to tell the good tidings to others, whom

you meet, that the Lord is indeed good, his ways are ways of pleasantness and all his paths are peace; and because of his power to bless or blight, He is also to be feared.

We do not want to tire our sisters, but there is one thing more to speak of, it is to encourage you in the love and care of your homes, to have them neat and clean, so your husbands (whose work is to improve the farms) will be glad to come in and find comfort and cheer, and will not want to go to places they should not, because home is so nice and so happy, where kind words, bright faces and good hearts are awaiting them.

And now dear sisters, in saying farewell, we leave you in the care and keeping of our Father in Heaven, hoping He will bless this offering to you, as a help to all that is good, so that through your obedience to Him, He will be honored and glorified, while your happy portion will be peace and joy in this life and in the life to come.

With loving interest we are your sisters,

DEBBY E. COPE,  
SARAH E. SMITH,  
ANN W. FRY,  
SARAH W. ROBERTS,  
HANNAH F. CARTER,  
CAROLINE C. SCATTERGOOD.

PHILADELPHIA, Sixth Month 15th, 1897.

DR. DOUTHWAITE of the China Indian Mission, as reported in the *Christian Herald* says:

"When I was in the city of Wunchau, with two other families of our missionaries, we were a long time without a supply of funds. We had run very short of money, and, as it drew towards Christmas time, we began to expect some from England, which was our usual source of supply. All the money was used up, but we said, 'The steamer will be in at Christmas, and then we shall surely get some more.' Christmas evening came and with it the steamer, but no money for us, nothing to encourage us at all. Our hopes seemed dashed to the ground. We knew that we could get no more money from our usual source for probably fifteen days. We went, as usual, and told the Lord all about it, for we went out to China knowing that we had only God to depend upon; and we were quite satisfied that that was enough for us, and we told our wants to Him.

"Now you will see how, that day, the Lord having shut up one source to try our faith, opened others. Before dinner-time a Chinaman came along with a large piece of beef, and said,

"I want you to accept this as a present. I have received a great deal of medicine from you. You have done me good, and you would not take any money. Will you please take this?"

"I took it and thanked God for it. Soon afterwards in came another Chinaman, a gentleman, with a coolie walking behind him with a large bamboo over his shoulder, and a basket hanging from each end. The man put the things down in the reception-room, and I was asked to come down. I went down and opened the basket, and found in it four hams and some little things besides. He said:

"I want you to accept this as a present."

"I did so, and thanked God for it. In came another Chinaman with a fat pheasant and some chickens and a basket of eggs, and he asked me to accept these; I did accept them and thanked God for them. But that was not all. Before evening a European, connected with the consular service, came along, bringing with him a coolie carrying a huge turkey. He said:

"See, I have been feeding this turkey for you six months. Will you accept it?"

"Thus the Lord provided for us, and we had an abundance of food for the whole of us, although our usual supply was cut off.

"Toward the evening I received a letter from the Custom-house officers, saying that, as I had gratuitously attended to them in cases of sickness, they had subscribed to purchase a case of instruments for me, but not knowing what I wanted, would I kindly accept the money? Of course I kindly did. They sent with the letter a roll of seventy dollars. Our hearts were full of joy. We gave God thanks for all he had done for us; and it is always a joy to me to look back upon that occasion and other similar ones, and remember what God has done."

"In some way or other

The Lord will provide;

It may not be my way, it may not be thy way,

But yet in his own way

The Lord will provide."

THE type of vicious journalism, recently condemned by the resolutions of the Protestant Ministers of New York is daily in evidence. A paper of too good reputation to be classed among those which pander to low tastes, recently gave a double page illustration of some of the "indecencies" which have shocked New York and Brooklyn. The pictures were not as gross and loud as those of *Pictorial Gazette*, but were of most disreputable personages, and were not given such prominence by way of censorship. How vicious journalism directly contributes to crime is most forcibly illustrated by an incident given by President Gerry, of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. Some boys were arrested for burglary, and taken to the office of the Society. Says — Gerry:

"The next day a sensational paper came out with a very sensational picture, illustrating the young criminals in their crime. That very day, two little boys came in with this sheet, and, placing it on the desk in front of the officer in charge of the Society's General Office, remarked, 'We're members of dat gang. Put us under arrest, too.' They were told that the Society had no authority to arrest them, but that they should surrender themselves to a police officer. This they did, and he marched them into court. The next day they were sent to the Society's reception rooms to await examination; but they were very much disappointed when their pictures did not appear in the paper. Our officers constantly report that very young girls, who have committed gross immoralities, frankly give, as a reason for so doing, the love of notoriety and a desire to see themselves illustrated in the newspapers."

— Gerry believes that the poison which such papers daily pour into uneducated and immature minds is one of the chief causes of the increase of crime among children. Nor does the evil stop there. These vile journals attack the societies and institutions which endeavor to rescue and protect child life from immoral and criminal influences and represent them as tearing the children ruthlessly away from their natural protectors. This pleases vicious parents and leads them to encourage their children in bad ways. Far worse are the publications than the dime novels which need to have a bad pre-eminence.—*The Independent*.

[The course of *The British Friend* of latter time seems to be directed towards an acknowledgment of unity and fellowship with those

meetings in America which belong to what are termed "Hicksite" bodies. The departure from our primitive principles in many of the progressive meetings, which, notwithstanding, are owned and fellowshipped by London Yearly Meeting, it uses as an argument why a similar recognition should be extended to those who separated in 1827; and who, it asserts, maintain in a large degree some of the fundamental principles of Friends.

It seems to us that the proper effect of such a line of argument should be to induce London Yearly Meeting to bear an open and clear testimony against all that contravenes our fundamental doctrines, and not to lead it to sanction departures on one hand because it has drifted into compromises with error on the other hand, &c.

Included among a waiting worship and a waiting ministry are gone, there is nothing left of Quakerism. "Rev. Thomas C. Brown" advertises on a circular before us, as "Pastor of the Friends' Church" at Indianapolis, that there will be "Preaching" at 10.30 and 7.45 every Sunday; and that on the evening of Easter Sunday there will be an "Easter Song Service" with anthems, quartettes and solos bearing on the Resurrection, whose programme is given, with names of performers and composers; and only differing from a concert programme in that a collection, a prayer, a Scripture lesson, an "Address by the Pastor," and a "Benediction" occur. This is the Quakerism Devonshire House elects to support. That might be tolerable, or at any rate a lesser evil of two, but to support it against two other types of Quakerism which are bearing a testimony to the light of Christ within in much of its ancient purity and modern fidelity is hardly likely to be a permanently comfortable position for us.—*The British Friend.*

#### SUMMARY OF EVENTS.

UNITED STATES.—The Tariff bill was passed by the United States Senate on the 7th inst., by the decisive vote of 58 to 28. The affirmative vote was cast by thirty-five Republicans, two Silver Republicans, James S. Nevada, and Mauls, and one Democrat, McEnery. The negative vote was cast by twenty-five Democrats, two Populists, Harris of Kansas, and Turner, and one Silver Republican, Cannon. Eight Republicans were paired for the bill, and eight Democrats against it. The Senators present and not voting were Populists, viz., Allen, Butler, Heitfeld, Kyle and Stewart. Silver Republicans, 2, viz.: Teller and Pettigrew.

Two scientists of this city, C. D. White and Charles Schuchert, acting under orders from the National Museum, left on the fourteenth inst. for Boston, where they joined the Peary expedition which started for the regions of the North Pole. The two expeditions will disembark at Disco Island, off the western coast of Greenland, at about the seventieth parallel. Recent discoveries in this region have brought to light fossils which, it is said, tend to prove that Greenland was once a country of tropical climate. Disco Island is a volcanic mountain, and is especially rich in interesting fossils and formations.

The latter part of Ninth Mo. the two men will pursue their investigations, when they will look for the return of the Peary ship.

Judge Sumner, in the United States Circuit Court at Charleston, S. C., handed down a decision which makes perpetual injunction recently granted prohibiting State Dispensary constables from interfering with the original package stores.

Of the hundred replies received by the Commissioner of Labor of Nebraska from representative farmers to the question, "Does farming pay?" Seventy-one gave as their opinion that farming does not pay, twenty-one say it does, four that it says as well as anything else and four gave no reply.

United States Senator Isham G. Harris, of Tennessee, died in Washington, D. C., on the 8th inst., in his twenty-ninth year. He had been a member of the U. S. Senate twenty years. During the Civil War he served as Governor (Confederate) of Tennessee.

A train on the Kansas Pacific Railroad was detained at Arroyo, Colo., for eight hours, owing to the millions of sheep which congregated along the rails, and prevented the train from running.

Fourteen people are now known to have been killed in the tornadoes and cloud bursts in the northeastern section of Minnesota on the 6th and 7th of this month.

Two thousand Illinois miners are on strike. Under the present scale they say they can make only 90 cents a day.

News has reached Tacoma that the volcano on Douglas Island, opposite Juneau, Alaska, is in a state of eruption.

Deaths in this city last week were 506, being 14 more than the previous week, and 26 less than the corresponding week of last year. Of the foregoing, 259 were females and 251 males.—171 were under one year of age; 81 died of cholera infantum; 40 of consumption; 26 of heart disease; 30 of marasmus; 27 of pneumonia; 20 of old age; 23 of inflammation of the stomach and bowels; 21 of diphtheria; 15 of inflammation of the brain; 14 of convulsions; 13 of scarlet fever; 12 of cholera; 11 of infantile; 11 of apoplexy; 11 were drowned; and 9 of U. S. British's disease.

Markets, &c.—U. S. 2½, 96½ 98; 4½, reg. 111½ 112; coupon, 112 112½; new 4½, 124½ 125½; currency 6½, 101½ 104.

COTTON was quiet and steady on a basis of 8 3/16c. per pound for middling uplands.

WHEAT—No. 2 mixed, \$1.00; \$1.00 per ton for winter in bulk, and \$1.00 a \$1.50 for spring in sacks.

FLOUR.—Winter super, \$2.75 a \$2.90; do., extras, \$3.00 a \$3.25; Pennsylvania roller, clear, \$3.70 a \$3.85; do., do., straight, \$3.85 a \$4.00; Western winter, clear, \$3.75 a \$3.90; do., do., straight, \$3.90 a \$4.00; do., do., patent, \$4.15 a \$4.35; spring, clear, \$3.50 a \$3.75; do., straight, \$3.75 a \$3.90; do., patent, \$4.00 a \$4.20; do., favorite brands, higher; city mills, extra, \$3.10 a \$3.40; do., clear, \$4.00 a \$4.15; do., straight, \$4.15 a \$4.25; do., patent, \$4.25 a \$4.50. RYE FLOUR.—\$2.25 a \$2.35 per bbl. as to quality.

GRAIN.—No. 2 red wheat, 71½ 71¾c.

No. 2 mixed corn, 30½ 30¾c.

No. 2 white oats, 24½ 25c.

BEEF CATTLE.—Extra, 4 a 4½c; good, 4½ a 4¾c;

medium, 4¼ a 4½c; common, 4 a 4½c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS.—Extra, 4 a 4½c; good, 3¾ a 3½c;

medium, 3 a 3½c; common, 2 a 2½c; lambs, 4½ a 5c.

HOGS.—Best Western, 5 a 5½c; other kind, 5 a 5½c;

State, 4½ a 5c.

Circumstances.—Lord Salisbury, on the 8th inst., stated in the House of Lords, that the delay in the settlement of the peace terms between Turkey and Greece was entirely the fault of the former Power. Having alluded to the situation in 1878, pointing out that then a Russian army was at the gates of Constantinople, Lord Salisbury remarked that, as proportioned to the circumstances, the year 1878 was a more anxious one for us than 1878, so his hopes of a satisfactory result increase.

In an interview in London last week, John W. Foster, the United States Seal Commissioner, in speaking of Hawaii, said: "We learned the sentiments of Russia and France while our visit to St. Petersburg and Paris. They were not only anxious and ready to act as natural and inevitable. I do not believe Great Britain will object. The European Governments may not like it, but they are reconciled to it."

The Marine Journal says of the newly discovered rock in the Atlantic Ocean, that early in Fifth Month, it was first sighted by the British steamer Compton, found it at 47 degrees north and 37 degrees 20 minutes west. It is about 60 feet long, from 8 to 10 feet wide, and awash, with the exception of a piece in the centre, which stands about 8 feet high.

A circular note has been sent to the Powers by Berlin, suggesting the steps to be taken to expedite the conclusion of the treaty between Greece and Turkey.

Emperor Francis Joseph has advised the Sultan, in response to his request, to conclude peace with Greece on the basis of the conditions the Ambassadors have formulated, which are the maximum concessions recognized by the concert.

A circular note from the Powers was presented to the Turkish Government, demanding a cessation of the construction of the peace negotiations. The demands of the Ambassadors of the Powers relative to the Greco-Turkish frontier, have been rejected by the Turkish Council of Ministers.

The reply virtually implies a rupture of the negotiations and that the Powers must make a concession or adopt measures to enforce their decision. It is thought probable the Ambassadors at Constantinople will recommend their governments to recall them and organize a naval demonstration to compel Turkey to yield.

The Spanish Queen Regent has pardoned 103 Cubans who had been deported to the penal settlements at Cauta, Fernan and the Gueffarine Islands. The men pardoned will be permitted to return to Cuba.

Advices from the South of France show that the destruction by the floods there was greater even than earlier reports indicated. The losses are estimated at 200,000,000 francs in the Godeven (Pololita) which village has escaped damage, and the number of persons drowned is quite 300.

The London Daily Mail's correspondent at St. Petersburg says: "The harvest prospects in Central and South Russia are growing worse an worse. Continuous rains are destroying the hay crops, while the exceptionally poor beet crop in Edoleten (Pololita) has practically ruined the sugar industry."

The crops in some of the Baltic provinces also suffered heavily from rains, and a significant sign of the gravity of the situation is the fact that an unusually severe censorship is exercised over news concerning it. There is every likelihood that the present will be one of the driest years in Russian history.

Forty persons were killed and eighty-four others seriously injured in a railway collision at Gzenteft, Denmark, on the 12th inst.

A cablegram from Calcutta says it is rumored that all the mail hands up the Hoogly have struck work, and that they are preparing to march 3000 strong to reinforce the rioters. The Government has ordered the military to intercept them.

#### RECEIPTS.

Unless otherwise specified, two dollars have been received from each person, paying for vol. 7.

Elizabeth B. Ash, Pa.; Walter P. Stokes, N. J.; Geo. P. Stokes, and for Martha Mickle, N. J.; Wm. G. England, Nova Scotia; Rufus Churchill, Nova Scotia, for Thomas J. Beans, N. J.; Pardon Tucker, R. I.

Remittances received after Third-day evening will not appear in the Receipts until the following week.

BARCLAY HOME.—The Managers inform that there are now vacant in "The Barclay Home," two large rooms, where Friends desiring either permanent or transient board can be comfortably accommodated on reasonable rates. The Home is situated in a pleasant part of the borough and with its commodious porches and ample grounds is a desirable residence.

Those wishing to avail themselves of its privileges will please make early application to

THE BARCLAY HOME, 326 N. Walnut St., West Chester, Pa.

WESTWON BOARDING SCHOOL.—A State Meeting of the Committee on Admissions will be held at Fourth and Arch streets, on Seventh-day, the twenty-fourth inst., at 10 A. M. JOHN W. BIDDLE, Clerk.

FRIENDS SELECT SCHOOL will re-open Ninth Mo. 20th. For printed circular or other information, address J. HENRY BARTLETT, Sup't., 140 N. Sixteenth Street.

FRIENDS' LIBRARY.—During the Seventh Month, and until further notice, the Library will be open on Second and Fifth-day afternoons only, at three o'clock.

WANTED.—A person to instruct and care for two children under eight years of age, and assist in household duties. Address, stating experience, etc., "B," Office of THE FRIEND.

DIED, Fifth Month 20th, 1897, SARAH E. CHAMBERS, in the eighty-sixth year of her age. She was a member and Officer of New Green Assembly Meeting of Friends, in Chester County, Pennsylvania. During the months of suffering, which preceded her death, she showed a remarkable fortitude and acquiescence in the Divine will. Her "chamber of sickness" was often a place of prayer and praise, and so softly murmured passages of Scripture, and lines and hymns, that her presence was a comfort and a balm to the hearts of those gathered around her, and her love and hope and trust which overcame all fear. All her life-long an advocate and promoter of "love and unity," the promise applies to her: "Blessed are the peacemakers for they shall be called the children of God."













