IN A CERTAIN SENSE, EVERY SINGLE HUMAN SOUL HAS MORE MEANING AND VALUE THAN THE WHOLE OF HISTORY WITH ITS EMPIRES, ITS WARS AND REVOLUTIONS, ITS BLOSSOMING AND FADING CIVILIZATIONS.

—NICHOLAS BERDYAEV

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In the Next Issue

The consolidation of *The Friend* and *Friends Intelligencer* has evoked most encouraging expressions of readers' interest and brought to the desks of the editors of the *Friends Journal* an increasing number of articles or other contributions. We appreciate this growing sense of participation on the part of Friends and want to assure them that careful and sympathetic reading is given to all contributions offered for the columns of this paper, whether they are newsnotes of more than local interest, articles, poems, letters to the editor, or vital statistics. Brevity is one virtue which we appreciate in every literary contribution because we suffer from a perennial lack of space. Please type manuscripts doublespaced and on one side only. If no typewriter is at hand, please print proper names and place names.

We regret the disappointment which contributors are likely to experience who request publication of their material “in the next issue.” Editorial work requires careful and balanced preparation of each issue, and the mere processing of an article for eventual publication (repeated reading, correction of typing errors, typesetting by the printer, proofreading, and measuring for the final make-up work) takes more time and labor than some readers may realize. We advise our contributors not to count on publication in the next issue unless their contributions are brief notices for our calendar of Coming Events or similar small items. Some larger contributions may have to wait for several weeks until they can get into our pages. When you mail a last-minute note, it should be mailed early enough to reach our office before Monday morning at 9:15. The mails are slow, and week-end delays often prevent prompt delivery. These explanations are not meant to discourage potential contributors; they will, we hope, increase mutual understanding between the reading public and those Friends whose participation in various phases of our work is most heartening.

We have had to discontinue the publication of the many enthusiastic congratulations commenting upon the *Friends Journal* that are still arriving at our office. Lack of space and our desire not to “blow our own horn” too extensively are the sole reasons for this self-imposed restriction. Our thanks to all correspondents are no less sincere and are conveyed in this general manner only because of our inability to reply individually to every letter of this kind.

May we add one final and rather reluctantly expressed apology to some Friends to whom we have had to return a paper? Frequently the author of such a paper has read it as an expression of his beliefs at a Monthly or Quarterly Meeting or a similar occasion. Some of his listeners are apt to encourage him to mail it to the *Friends Journal* for publication because it has spoken to their condition. Now and then such a document deserves to be published. But frequently an article of this kind seems of a purely personal or local interest. We know that the author is usually able to give his own paper a special emphasis when he presents it to the public. The tone of his voice, a pause in the reading, a moment of genuine 

(Continued on page 185)
Editorial Comments

So Many Quakers Everywhere

WHEN we met at an ecumenical gathering, the gentleman from abroad expressed justified pride in the Church of England, which he was delegated to represent. But after taking a quick glance at the badge on our own lapel, he explained that at once that he, too, had a good deal of Quaker background in his family and that, in fact, as recently as some years ago his wife’s mother had also been a Quaker. “But, of course,” he added with an attractive air of conviction, “I want to be a churchman. Nevertheless, if there is something like a flow of spiritual Quaker blood, I’m sure it’s in my veins, too.” A most pleasant elderly lady we recently met took great pride in being considered a Quaker. “Of course,” she explained with a sweet smile, “I am not officially a member, but I worked for many years for the A.F.S.C., and you’ll find my name on such-and-such a page of Mr. So-and-So’s autobiography.” A private schoolteacher needed for some purpose a denominational affiliation and, smiling graciously, she asked, “It was all right, wasn’t it, when I wrote down ‘Quaker’? I really like everything about them very much, but I am not really a member.”

Untold numbers of Quakers are perched rather precariously on the remotest branches of the same family trees that now grow faithful members of other churches. There they are being remembered—oh, so well—as a quaint uncle or more vaguely, a bonnet-wearing grandma, or some other sturdy ancestor ranking now somewhat like a nonviolent but heroic last Mohican. Distant rumors have it that they “married the wrong people,” that they “were read out of Meeting,” or had moved West, or something—“you know, I can’t quite remember what the story was.” The unwanted note of near-apology in such affirmations suggests the analogy of a flock of noisy geese tracing their origin back to a procession of aristocratic swans silently gliding over the calm lakes of time toward the final waters of eternity. “The real Christian is a rare bird,” wrote Martin Luther, and the realm of the spirit knows neither swans nor geese. Faith always demands a new start, as birthright members of any church or Meeting are the first to acknowledge. To those anxious to be considered part of the “fall-out” from explosive events in Quaker history, we need only say that we sincerely respect their religious affiliation. The Wider Quaker Fellowship (20 South 12th Street, Philadelphia 7, Pa.) offers spiritual hospitality to all who cherish their church membership but also want to enjoy the fellowship of Friends. We see no need for this rash of compliments coming to us in the guise of ancestral reminiscences or unfounded claims of membership. We are well aware of our shortcomings. We also realize the danger inherent in any too freely offered admiration. Quakerism alone is too small a river to irrigate the parched deserts of modern life. It needs the whole of Christianity to make the visible and invisible Church a stream of living waters. All church groups are, or should be, ready to include those in their prayers who are spiritually unsheltered or harbor a secret longing to benefit from the faith and practice of another Christian group. If all of us can make it a habit of the heart to receive and give, we might perhaps move closer to the precincts of the Kingdom which we were promised.

In Brief

On August 29 a task force of more than 300 Mennonites from the Lancaster-Berks Counties rolled into East Stroudsburg, Pa., to help flood victims clean up their homes. The men and women collected debris and mud in all rooms from cellars to attics and scrubbed the homes so that “when they leave, the house is immaculate,” as a national Red Cross representative stated. Two thirds of the 3,906 conscientious objectors currently in alternative civilian service are Mennonites and Amish. The Brethren number 343, Jehovah Witnesses, 163: Friends, 145. Protestant publications in the United States and Canada now report a combined circulation of 10,550,342. The total figure is still higher since some papers have not reported. The Protestant periodical with the largest circulation is the Methodist bimonthly The Upper Room, with a circulation of 3,000,000. Our readers will find it advertised regularly in our pages. Secretary Dulles recently unveiled an ancient New Testament manuscript at the Library of Congress. The Yoran Codex, believed to be 1,500 years old, is the
''GOD forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, through whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world. As we read the epistles of Paul, we find words like "pride," "glory," "boasting" scattered about on every page. They reveal something that was deep and insistent in this man. Indeed, one of the most fruitful ways in which his life can be considered is as the story of how he overcame the temptation to pride. The story is worth retelling, because the temptation to pride is one to which most of us are exposed, and that with much less reason than in the apostle's case. Of course, one of the strong points of this temptation is that pride is not always sinful. There is such a thing, for example, as a mother's pride in her child or a craftsman's in his work, and these are legitimate.

His Pride in the Law

At the beginning of the story we see young Saul growing up in a devout Jewish home in Tarsus proud of the race to which he belonged and of the spiritual heritage on which he drew. At Tarsus he was surrounded by a brilliant civilization, but it was vitiated in his eyes by idolatry and immorality, things he left behind him the moment he crossed the threshold of his home. As a student at the feet of Gamaliel he learned with awe that the Law is the light of the world, that God Himself studied it every day as He created the world by it, and the young scholar gloriéd in so inestimable a privilege. When he met the Christians, he was incensed against them because, whether they realized or not, this Jesus of whom they spoke was taking the place of the Law. They were robbing Israel of its pride.

So he threw himself into the work of persecution, and it brought to him a new pride, pride in his zeal, his passionate resolve to vindicate God's ancient revelation against this upstart heresy. But alas, the revolutionary event on the Damascus road shattered all that, and what had been the occasion of pride became now a source of shame. What a disgrace, when by the providence of God the hope of Israel had been fulfilled in his day, that he had sought to suppress it and persecuted its bearers! There was only one reparation he could make, and he pledged himself there and then to make it. By devotion in the service of the Jesus he had persecuted he would offer atonement for the maltreatment of his servants.

A New Temptation

But a new temptation was waiting for him. He began to find immense satisfaction in his tireless labors as a missionary, the hardships he endured and the converts he gained. Were not these evident signs of God's blessing on his work? When rivals appeared, as they soon did, he contrasted himself with them and found that he gained by the comparison. He enumerated what he had done and suffered. Who could say that he was a whit behind the very chief of the apostles? Had they traveled as far as he had gone or been imprisoned as often? What did they know of shipwreck and being tossed a night and a day on the deep? Were their cares and responsibilities a match for his? Yes, he could change his name, but his nature was the same. Everything seemed to provide sustenance for his pride. He was ashamed of it, but could he ever master it?

"Was there no deliverance?" he will have asked himself. Had he surrendered his pride as Jew and Pharisee only to have it take on a new form for the Christian and apostle? So he saw what he must do. He turned away from all that he had done for Christ to what Christ had done for him. If he could not slay his pride, at least he could direct it upon something other than himself. Let him be proud that this is a world in which the cross was set up and the great renunciation made, after which nothing in it could be quite the same as it was before. As he gave himself up, in thought, word, and deed to that amazing self-sacrifice, he would live by the pride that is the deathblow to all pride.
The words I have set at the head of this article are not an isolated sentence; they represent the goal Paul set himself to attain, the one possibility he knew of overcoming the pride that clung so persistently to him. His pride, of course, was still not extinct. When he was provoked by criticism or opposition, it would slip out again; he would express himself in language for which he afterwards apologized. He knew that to attempt to suppress it was foolish and futile, for pride is not a city to be taken by frontal attack. Its walls have to be undermined. But once in the past he had surrendered himself to one who set his feet on the prizes for which men contend so eagerly and whose motive was love alone, and he would devote himself henceforth to him.

Worship the Blessed One

When I was in Japan between the wars, I met there one of those rare souls whose humility and saintliness are manifest in all they do. He was the Buddhist Tenko Nishida, and I met him in the institution he had founded a few miles out of Kyoto. Though a Buddhist, his inspiration was in part Christian and Tolstoyan; indeed, a Japanese woman, headmistress of a school in Osaka, told me that she had become a Christian under his influence. His community was one of nonpossession and nonviolence, and its members bound themselves to seek out those tasks everyone else refused as too menial and to do them in a spirit of disinterested service. I had two hours with him, and when I left, his last words were characteristic of the man. "Pray for me!" he said.

I have learned since that some years later he was visited by a Chinese monk from Formosa, a young man of such outstanding intellectual and spiritual powers that he had been sent to Japan to be trained for leadership. When he met Tenko Nishida, he was so overcome by the spiritual power that radiated from him that he fell at his feet in homage. The other raised him up and said, Buddhist layman to Buddhist monk: "Do not worship me, worship the Blessed One who gave his life on the cross that we all might be one." When I met that man, he was in demand by many from the Prime Minister downward; he could have had all the publicity and honor he cared for as a religious leader, but he turned from all this and gloried only in the cross.

So the sovereign remedy for pride is to set at the center of one's being this supreme deed of self-giving and him who did it. He who dwells upon that ceases to think highly of himself or, for that matter, meanly of himself. He ceases to think of himself at all; his petty self passes from his thoughts. For Christ who comes into the world afresh in every generation bows humbly beneath the burden of human need, seeking to identify himself with us where that need is greatest. And to worship him is to receive the death sentence upon our pride; to become one with him is to overlook the man-made barriers that divide us from our fellows.

Letter from the Pacific Coast

CALIFORNIA is a state subject to high tides of public emotion, and it is good to be able to report that 1955, in the words of an assemblyman, marked a "turning of the tide" of restrictive legislation. In 1953, seven bills of a supersecurity type were introduced, and all passed. In 1955, nine out of eleven were defeated. Measures for equal rights for minorities and against capital punishment, while they had only limited success got further than at any time in recent years.

The general lessening of tensions accounts for much of this change, but the informing and registering of public opinion were an important factor. In this the Friends Committee on Legislation, with two vigorous offices in the state and a very capable representative in Sacramento, played a leading part.

Friends and other religious groups, meanwhile, continue to be affected by security laws now on the books. Three Friends Meetings owning property are paying a total of some $1,200 in penalty taxes following refusal to sign a nondisloyalty form. Several churches of various denominations are in the same situation, as are also the

'My life has been one of great vicissitude: mine has been a hidden path, hidden from every human eye. I have had deep humiliations to pass through. I can truly say I have wandered in the wilderness in a solitary way, and found no city to dwell in; and yet how wonderfully I have been sustained. I have passed through many and great dangers, many ways; I have been tried with the applause of the world, and none knows how great a trial that has been, and the deep humiliations of it; and yet I fully believe it is not nearly so dangerous as being made much of in religious society. There is a snare even in religious unity, if we are not on the watch. I have sometimes felt that it was not so dangerous to be made much of in the world, as by those whom we think highly of in our own Society. The more I have been made much of by the world, the more I have been inwardly humbled." She added, "I could often adopt the words of Sir Francis Bacon—When I have ascended before men, I have descended in humiliation before God.'"—The Gurneys of Earlham, by Augustus J. C. Hare, 1895
two A.F.S.C. offices. Many religious bodies, while not refusing to sign the form, have protested the legislation.

Friends in California are of somewhat differing mind about this matter, some feeling that, while disliking the law, they could conscientiously sign the form. Exercise over the question, while resulting in general unanimity in most instances, has been a considerable trial in at least one Meeting. The law is being tested in the courts, and two out of three decisions so far have found it discriminatory and illegal—perhaps another sign of the "turning of the tide."

A good Friend belonging to one of the older Meetings (Berkeley, to make no mystery of it) gives this interesting statistic, that since 1949 the average age of members in his Meeting has dropped from 50 to 30 years. I wonder what a similar study would show for Meetings over the country.

The statistic, I think, throws light on the make-up of Pacific Yearly Meeting. Young married couples, with children of nursery or early school age, have been, shall I say, its typical members. Child care is always an important project at our gatherings. Many of these young people were drawn to Friends at the time of, and because of, the Friends' support of conscientious objectors during World War II and its aftermath. These were the years of the coming into being of Pacific Yearly Meeting—hence its youthful cast, and also the strong peace testimony which it holds.

Pacific Yearly Meeting is a gathering of a number of older Meetings of varied backgrounds, with some recently formed groups. For several years, under the guidance of Howard and Anna Brinton, it met as a loosely organized Pacific Coast Association of Friends. It still keeps the Association name in order to hold fellowship with individuals and groups unable for one reason or another to join it formally.

We are a far-flung community, with Meetings in Canada and Mexico (formerly also in Shanghai), as well as in five Western states and Honolulu. Thus uniquely Pacific Yearly Meeting is an international Yearly Meeting. We try to meet our geographical problem in part by shifting our meeting place from the Northwest to the California Bay region, to the Southwest. This August for the first time we met in Arizona, in fragrant mountain pines just outside Prescott.

It was a little surprising to realize that this was the ninth session of Pacific Yearly Meeting, the 25th of the Coast Association. Gray hairs show among our "young married couples," and suddenly we find an increase in the teen-age group. Pacific Yearly Meeting is growing up.

Almost 300 Friends traveled through deserts to come to Prescott. University Meeting of Seattle called attention to its 22-member delegation. Two representatives came from Mexico City, several from Canada.

We noted a gain of 100 members over a year ago, making a total membership of 1,000 adults and 250 children. But we estimate that our Meetings altogether care for 575 children. We accepted one new Meeting, and thus brought our total to 24, twice that of 1947, the year of organization. We heard reports from a number of other groups. We discussed the first draft of a membership section for a Discipline.

We are increasingly concerned about how to communicate religious faith and practice to children. Last year the Education Committee, through its chairman, Lois Bailey, compiled an excellent booklet on Resources for Growth in Religious Education, which had wide use. This year the Friends Bulletin has devoted its entire August issue to "Religious Education in the Home," made up of the experiences of more than 30 families.

Friends at Prescott followed a historic pattern in welcoming visits from American Indians who came from three different Arizona tribes. Five leaders of the orthodox wing of the Hopis spent several days with us, and we were greatly favored one afternoon by hearing from them of their religious beliefs and their concern for peace. David M. used a chart to illustrate Hopi religious conceptions, and Chief Dan, the Sun chief, almost 90 years old, told through an interpreter the prophetic message of the Hopis for the times. Friends found much in which they could feel unity with these sincere men.

On another evening leaders of the Maricopa Cooperative Association told of their efforts to develop a modern agricultural program on tribal lands, a program inspired in large part by Jim Hayes, field worker of the A.F.S.C. "Things got worse until Jim Hayes came," George Donahue told us, while the new program "has helped us economically, morally, and spiritually." Barbara Mendez, a young schoolteacher of the Papagos, told of a self-help program which is developing new economic methods on that reservation.

Faith's Answer

By Robert J. Richardson

What is the land whither beauty goes
When sunset fades from the mountain snows?
Which way lies the country, who can tell,
The region where dear, hushed echoes dwell?
Where is the smile of the perished lover,
Gone like the autumn swallow and plover?
Where do the lost dream-lilies nod?
In the sweet resurrection fields of God!
“I confess to you, my friends, that I am a worshiper after the way called heresy—a believer after the manner which many call infidel!” So declared Lucretia Mott in an 1849 address to a group of medical students, and a considerable number of her fellow Quakers were quite ready to agree with her. Yet she lived on to become accepted in the final years of her life as one of the genuine saints of the Society. Today her name still carries prestige; few of the current crop of popular articles on Quakerism fail to mention her as a prime example of the moral concern such a religion can produce in its members. On the other hand, there is no absorbing interest in her life and message among contemporary Friends. Where, for instance, can one find a recent biography, pamphlet, or even a brief summation of her basic philosophy put out by Friends? Is this the natural neglect that time brings to even the greatest, or does it represent a real rejection on the part of present-day Quakerism of some of the religious convictions to which she bore witness?

While the saint in any religion may often push its basic principles to their limit, the heretic, refusing to recognize a limit, brings into question some premise which the group considers vital to its existence. To complicate matters, embarrassing individuals appear from time to time who seem to fit both categories. Joan of Arc proved such an individual for Catholicism, both heretic and saint by official pronouncement. It may be helpful to consider whether Lucretia Mott bears a similar relationship to the Society of Friends.

Saint?

The mild, fragile little face beneath its Quaker bonnet, that peers out at us from one of the photographs taken in her old age, gives barely a clue to the flaming spirit within. For this was the period of her sainthood, when admirers would reverently jolt down her least messages—even in meeting for worship; when it was not unusual for a passer-by on the street to try to touch her hand or garment for a moment to brush off a little of the glory. These were the years of belated praise for a lifetime of challenge to an amazing variety of injustices and bondages.

The range of her concerns far exceeded that of Elizabeth Fry; indeed, her very failure to select may have tended to diminish the regard of posterity. Abolition, pacifism, the emancipation of woman, economic justice, penal reform, intellectual freedom—these were only a few of the causes she made her own. And like so many of the saints of history, it was not with words and theory so much as with her life itself that she took up the challenge. More than once she risked martyrdom at the hands of angry anti-Abolitionist mobs. She elected against all prudence to visit the South to preach against slavery, and as an operator in the underground railroad, she assisted in one daring escape after another.

Perhaps no single action of hers so stirred the imagination of her contemporaries as her behavior at the trial of Daniel Dangerfield, charged with being a fugitive slave. Throughout the trial, lasting several days and a night, Lucretia sat close beside the prisoner, silent, but with such an intensity of protest expressed in that silence that she seemed to the spectators to have become an incarnation of justice. The chief counsel of the claimant found her presence so unnerving that he asked permission to have her seat removed to another part of the court. A Philadelphia minister, reporting the incident in a sermon to his congregation, remarked that as he looked upon her he “felt that Christ was there; that no visible halo of sanctity was needed to distinguish that simple act of humanity, done under such circumstances as an act preeminently Christian, profoundly sacred, ineffably religious.”

Less eloquent but more penetrating was a close friend’s summation, “In no question which the moral law can arbitrate, and under no circumstances where principle is at stake, is she heard to ask, ‘What is expedient?’ ‘What is policy?’ or ‘What will people think?’ but ‘What is right?’ ” Many years later at her funeral, the principal speaker managed to capture the full measure of her saintliness. “Our beloved friend, whose remains we are about to consign to the common wardrobe of earth, has touched more human souls than perhaps any other woman that ever lived.” Such a woman might well have taken her place beside Fox and Woolman in the hearts of Friends if (and the if is significant) this encompassing humanity had been the only message of Lucretia Mott.

Heretic?

It must be faced, however, that even those who were so lavish in their praise of her performance knew very little about the personal religious convictions undergirding it, convictions so unorthodox that many Friends were inclined to regard her as the devil’s disciple. Starting out conventionally enough, her beliefs developed from early womanhood onward in a consistent, unswerving path.
away from Christian orthodoxy. She became a fervent supporter of Hick's teaching, and under its influence soon outstripped the master. Once convinced that the divinity of Jesus proceeded from human imagination rather than from any fact in history, she spoke out boldly to the concern. She frequently occupied the pulpit in Unitarian churches, and the Free Religious Association remained a consuming interest to the end of her days.

A lifelong student of the Bible, she came to apply to it the same standards of criticism she used in examining any other book, going so far as to castigate some of its passages as positive evil and wondering openly whether it was a suitable guide for the young.

She declared that truth and revelation were to be discovered in all religions. The Great Spirit of the Indians, the Catholic concept of the Madonna, Brahma of Hinduism, and the Quaker's Inward Light were all one in her opinion; the world would only find peace and redemption when it realized that truth. Debating with herself whether God was personal or not, she decided that her own limited knowledge made it impossible to ascertain this. She held, nevertheless, that the creation of an image of God, even in one's own thoughts, bordered on idolatry.

So positive whenever it was a question of moral principle, she considered whole areas of religious belief to be pure speculation, the concept of immortality among them. Heaven and hell were inward states, not locations. The miraculous she rejected completely, using the word superstition to include this as well as any other uncritical acceptance of scriptural tradition or psychic phenomena. She referred to many an evil as springing from a superstitious rather than from a rational nature, and noted when recommending Woolman's Journal to a friend that she could not defend "the visionary part and ever thought the early Quakers too superstitious."

The words visionary and superstitious were thus coupled together and contrasted with rational, which elsewhere was made synonymous with truth. This comes close to the heart of her heresy, for it seems at times to involve a rejection of the mystical hypothesis itself. The expression "the Light Within" was often upon her lips, but analysis reveals that "Divine Light of Reason" was more nearly what she meant by it. While she never specifically rejected intuition as a source of truth, over and again she held reason to be man's light and glory and chief instrument for perceiving truth. Truth could be attained only when man used his reason to pierce through the accumulation of myth, dogma, and wishful thinking that each generation has inherited from the past. "I hold that scepticism is a religious duty. Men should question their theology and doubt more in order that they might believe more."

Yet her rationalism was not agnostic since she doubted always in order to replace less adequate with more adequate belief. And it was certainly not coldly logical. She spoke out for freedom to doubt with the same passion she brought to the struggle against slavery. "How can I follow the light of God without a free, fearless, single-minded use of the power He gives me? ... I desire to escape the narrow walls of a particular church and to live under the open sky, in the broad light, looking far and wide, seeing with my own eyes, hearing with my own ears, and following truth meekly but resolutely, however arduous or solitary may be the path in which she leads!"

Or Both?

Saint or heretic—or both? All Friends can warm to the depth and intensity of her compassion and love of freedom. The ultimate regard of the Society will depend somewhat upon whether the visionary or rational aspect of the spirit is exalted. The past decade has seen an increasing return to the prophetic mysticism of early Quakerism, but the story is not yet finished.

Meanwhile Lucretia Mott will continue to be a source of inspiration and secret comfort to those members who cannot go all the way of mysticism. For she came to her fruition in the Society of Friends, and all the days of her life remained a devoted, integral part of it even though no more than an enthusiastic minority shared her beliefs in their entirety. She bears witness to the fact that while the body of Friends may find its strength and meaning within certain limits of speculation—perhaps those limits defined by the Judeo-Christian tradition—the few will always strain at the bounds. Whether they will break out of the Society or revitalize it with their very heresy depends upon the ability of all members to perceive that saint and heretic may not be as far apart as they seem.

In Lucretia Mott they came very close to being one.

THE sacredness of personality demands a fundamental change in our social and economic system. This, however, does not absolve us from our immediate duty. We are called to live as citizens of the new world while still in the old. We recognize the difficulty of such a task, and that for its achievement our individual lives and corporate fellowship must be founded deep in unity with God. Quakerism for us means just that God-conscious life, and we desire to pass on to others the vision we have seen.—MINUTE OF THE INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCE OF YOUNG FRIENDS, held at Jordans, 1920
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of like-minded seekers.

Our London Letter

August 28, 1955

In the last issue of the Friends Intelligencer (June 25,
1955) I was interested to find a definition of “testi-
monies” used in the Quaker sense. A study group to
which I belong recently discussed what were likely to
have been the main testimonies if Quakerism had arisen
today. So lively were the points of view that we are to
continue the subject at a further meeting. In general
we agreed with Howard Brinton’s interpretation which
the Friends Intelligencer quoted. The major testimonies,
according to him, were positive qualities: harmony,
simplicity, community, equality. Some of our group felt
that these general principles were a sufficient guide in
themselves and that when Friends became too explicit
about their application the spirit tended to become
entrapped in a fossilized form. While agreeing that
a constant return to basic principles was essential, some
of us felt, nevertheless, that Friends as a community
were helped when each generation specifically applied
these basic principles to its own set of circumstances.
The young conscientious objector, for instance, surely
draws strength from the fact that Friends today as a
whole oppose conscription, even though they see it as
only one symptom of the evil which gives rise to war.

The mention of conscientious objectors brings me to
an encounter which I had today with one who comes
from a non-Quaker background. As I happened to be
in my home town, Hitchin, and knew that an exhibition
of water colors by Samuel Lucas, Senior, a Quaker
painter, was being held in the Town Hall, I went along.
As today is Sunday, I had little hope of being admitted
but, to my surprise, found the doors open. When I
reached the exhibition room, I realized that it was not
open for the purpose of showing pictures. Through the
open door came the singing of a hymn followed by a
prayer, and soon a meeting of Jehovah’s Witnesses came
to an end. When I slipped into the room, among the
groups of friendly people who were chatting much as
Friends do after a meeting for worship, I was warmly
welcomed, and I felt slightly embarrassed in explaining
that it was the pictures and not the meeting which had
brought me. However, the Witnesses courteously made
way for me to see the exhibition, to which, as a whole,
they seemed indifferent. One fresh-faced young man was
studying the pictures, however, and told me that he had
completed two years at a college of art. When I asked
him what he would do next, he said that he was awaiting
his tribunal. I felt sorry for him, for the majority of
Jehovah’s Witnesses in this country fail to convince their
tribunals of the genuineness of their conscientious ob-
jection to bearing arms, and many of them serve prison
sentences. Although I cannot accept their interpretation
of God’s will, I admire the stand which such boys as
this one are making as they follow their convictions;
and so I wished him well.

To return to our painter, Samuel Lucas lived from
1805 to 1870. He was the son of a Hitchin Quaker
brewer. True to the Quaker testimonies (fossilized?) of
his day, his father refused to allow him to have drawing
lessons, and it was only as a hobby that he was able to
express his talent for painting. Nevertheless, he won
recognition, exhibiting at the Royal Academy, and some
of his paintings and drawings have now found a place
in the British Museum. His water colors, mainly of
Hitchin or of landscapes in the neighborhood, are sub-
dued in coloring; and even when he painted a storm,
the whole effect was restrained in spite of his powers of
observation and attention to detail. It has been sug-
gested that, though he showed delicacy in the variation
of the shades he used, generations of Quaker grey had
dimmed his eye for bright color. I have even read
somewhere that the percentage of color-blindness among
Quakers is higher than in the rest of the population, the
inference being that their sense of color had atrophied
from disuse! Whether or not this is true, Samuel Lucas
has left us many a pleasant reminder of our pleasant,
domesticated countryside, of which we in Hitchin can
be proud.

The Quaker painter glorified and interpreted God
through his art. Perhaps a more common way for Friends
is through the spoken word. At meeting the other day
a young woman spoke I thought most helpfully, about
suffering. She told me later that she had joined Friends
fairly recently, having been interested in them for some
time but only brought to the point of inquiring into
their beliefs and mode of worship after hearing a meet-
ing for worship being broadcast. Some weeks ago Friends
in Cardiff, Wales, undertook such a broadcast, the third
unprogrammed Quaker meeting to be heard on the air in this country. I for one was glad that they gathered for it, not in a studio, but in their meeting house, where the hum of passing traffic emphasized, as one listener put it, "the connection between the meeting and the life of the world." As on the two previous occasions, a number of listeners wrote afterwards to Friends House for further information about Friends. If any of these inquirers was of the caliber of the young woman who spoke at meeting, the broadcast was well worth while.

JoAN HewITT

Henry T. Gillett: A Personal Tribute

The recent death of Henry T. Gillett of Oxford, England, brings both sadness for his passing and rejoicing for the great life that he lived in our midst. With his American wife, Lucy Bancroft Gillett, who was a graduate of Swarthmore College, he was often in this country, and more than one Friend owes his spiritual quickening to Henry Gillett's ministry and to his willingness to take time to talk things through.

As a young physician in Oxford at the beginning of the century, Henry Gillett soon became known and trusted by many of the university dons and their families, and it was not long before his gift not only as an able physician but as a penetrating counselor on personal affairs was recognized and sought out. He published a book on Vaccine Therapy in 1934, that was the result of many years of experiment and research.

He had a genius for friendship, and after his marriage in 1908, the Gilletts were always at the disposal of students and of Meeting inquirers and members. I remember that it was at the Gillett home on Banbury Road that I first met Neave Brayshaw. It was the Gilletts, ably assisted by Henry's cousin Arthur Gillett, who fathered and mothered the Oxford Friends Meeting in its early struggling days, when a handful of people gathered in a procession of rented rooms for the meeting for worship. In the twenties and thirties I remember that it was held in rented premises on an alleyway off High Street. It was the Gilletts who shepherded it to its own quarters on St. Giles Street after long negotiations, and there it overflowed until two meetings had to be held to pack in all who came. Finally, it was the Gilletts who did so much to make possible the handsome new meeting house that has just been completed in the garden of the same quarters.

When people ask why Friends Meetings do not grow, the answer is usually to be found in the absence of some couple like the Gilletts who will put all that they have and all their love and energy and hospitality and concern behind it and behind every person who sets foot in it. Feeling the need still further for a place where retreats and conferences could be held that would be within the reach of Oxford, it was the Gilletts who dreamed of Charney Manor and then helped to find it and to make it the Society's. More recently the Gilletts found a need at Pendle Hill for a senior staff member who might be a leading British Friend or a Quaker scholar from some other area who could share his or her best insights with the students and the community, and they helped Pendle Hill to meet this need.

Henry Gillett was a trusted member of the City Council at Oxford for 27 years and served as councilor, as alderman, and for one term as mayor. During this time he was for a period the chairman of the Slum Clearance Committee and helped plan and build a considerable municipal housing development. He was the moving spirit who stirred and steered the city to acquire the ownership and to inaugurate the successful operation of its own electric plant against the stiffest of inspired opposition, who carried the matter to the House of Lords.

One who knew and loved him attributed much of the effectiveness in his career to "a persistent patience in working at finding the heart of the matter. I have seen him tackle a problem . . . worrying at it like a dog at a bone until he had found the heart of the matter." This obstinate persistence on his part made him a person to be reckoned with in any company.

I personally have so much to thank him for. He was the first Quaker I ever knew and the one who opened the life of the Society to me. He did it all so innocently and lovingly.

He was my medical doctor at Oxford when I was a student, and in the course of a visit to him, we got talking of the Oxford Group Movement as Moral Rearmament was then spoken of. He asked me to come along in the course of the week and take a walk with him to talk more of this movement and its character, which he had some strong and well founded reservations about. It was not long before I was often a guest in his home and was being given books to read and invited in to dine with people whom I could only admire.

In 1936, Henry Gillett came over on a Quaker mission to U. S. A. and travelled about among Young Friends. Elmore and Beth Jackson will never forget the retreat we had at Elizabeth Chace's home in Providence, R. I., where Henry's persuasive and clear message touched us all. Arthur Mekeel will remember what the meetings with Henry Gillett at Radnor Meeting, Pa., did to kindle a historical Quaker connection into a living faith.

When a year later I was concerned to gather a little Quaker mission to visit Scandinavia, Henry Gillett readily agreed to go, together with young Jonathan Steere, Albert Linton, Jr., and Paul Braisted. It was Henry Gillett's administration of the new sulpha drug that may well have saved young Jonathan Steere's life in the tough bout with pneumonia that he faced in Copenhagen on this journey. During that summer he made the long journey that included a particular trip into Germany with Corder Catchpool and me, visiting some of the Nazi leaders of that period and spending nights with some of Germany's writers, who confided in us their distrust and fears of the future, which were more than fulfilled; and although he was already in his middle 60's, he was the liveliest member of the company. I can still remember as freshly as though it were yesterday a meeting for worship in the living room of Selma Rikberg in Helsinki, Finland, that summer, when we had an experience of the outpouring of spiritual power that was overwhelming, and of how like an angel...
Henry ministered that night. We had all been reluctant to go on to Finland, and Henry felt he should be returning to England. But it seemed right to go, and he went, and out of that first visit our subsequent Quaker service in Finland has so largely grown.

Fifteen years later, when the little group of Quakers in the Central African Federation at Salisbury hopefully wanted to purchase land on which to build a meeting house someday, a word to Henry Gillett about their promise and their dedication was enough to send him looking into the matter with great care and gathering several others to join with him in raising a sum sufficient to secure the land. As we sat with him in his bedroom two months ago in Oxford and told him of this Salisbury group, his eyes shown, and his characteristic “That’s it. That’s what we need” was often on his lips.

But my experience was not unique. It was the same with others. In the middle 1920’s, when Emma Noble felt the burning concern to minister to the needs of the neglected and forlorn unemployed coal miners in Wales, it was Henry Gillett who stood back of her in each step of the work, who enlisted others to join in it, and stayed with the Rhondda Valley Hostel and Settlement that grew out of it until the time of his death. His recent book written when he was 80, The Spiritual Basis of Democracy, insists upon the personal responsibility of the citizens of a sensitive democracy, and his life mirrored his words. When, in the middle thirties, Corder Catchpool received scant encouragement from any official quarter for his concern to visit Nazi prisoners in the jails of Lithuania who were alleged to be suffering from grave maltreatment, it was Henry Gillett and a little company who met and waited and confirmed and supported Corder’s concern. When a Society has members of this kind of tender conscience who make up its membership and who are ready to stand back of those of tested concern, there will be more willingness to venture, even outside the auspices of our institutional agencies, that will be a blessing to all.

As much at home in America as Henry Gillett always was, his British speech and habits were not appreciably altered, and there were many stories both apocryphal and true about this point which he enjoyed as much as his American friends who told them. One of them refers to his British speech, which he assumed to be universal. On a trip into Georgia with his American wife Lucy, he needed a monkeywrench to make minor repair on the car and stopped at a hardware store to buy one. He asked for an “adjustable spanner,” and after repeating the request to the stupidized hardware man behind the counter, Henry could hold in no longer and is said to have burst out with “Do you mean to say that you call yourself an ironmonger and you haven’t even got an adjustable spanner?” A true story that Albert Linton, Jr., and I have often laughed about was his British habit of setting out his boots each night in order to be shined. At Marta Jacobowsky’s where we were staying in Stockholm, there was no servant except for a period during the day; so Bert and I took them in each night we were there, shined them up with a kit we had with us, and put them back in place, and there was never a hint but what this had happened in the course of nature as older British habits assumed.

But in his habits of thought and of facing up to the innovations in the world of our time, there was no lack of flexibility on his part. In all that he did and said were a perennial freshness and a faith that our beloved Society must be encouraged at its growing edge, that it must be pushing back new frontiers, that it must be reaching the people waiting to be gathered, that it must stop bailing out the old boat and build a new fleet. And those of us who knew him can never be the same for having felt the warmth of his encouragement and the example of his life.

DOUGLAS V. STEERE

Friends and Their Friends

The sixth meeting of the Friends World Committee for Consultation is to be held from October 28 to November 3 at Camp Miami, Germantown, Ohio, about 25 miles equidistant from Richmond, Indiana, and Wilmington, Ohio. Those attending the committee meetings will be housed in buildings that once housed a military academy. Among those from abroad who will be in attendance are Yukio Irie and Paul Sekiya of Japan Yearly Meeting, Elsa Cedergren of Sweden Yearly Meeting, Ilse Schwersonsky of Germany Yearly Meeting, and Thomas Lung’aho of East Africa Yearly Meeting.

Ranjit M. Chisingh, secretary of the F.W.C.C., arrived in the U.S.A. the middle of August and has been paying a round of visits in the Middle West and on the West Coast. He will be in the United States until the middle of November.

Roberta Selleck, a member of Cambridge Meeting, Mass., after three years of studying and teaching in Sweden and Finland, is returning to the United States at the end of September.

Dr. Robert A. Clark has assumed his duties as clinical director at Friends Hospital, Philadelphia. In addition to heading up all the Hospital’s clinical activities, Dr. Clark will serve as chief of the Out Patient Department and director of the Training Program for Resident Physicians.

Friends Hospital, located in the Frankford section of Philadelphia, was founded in 1813 and became the first private institution in America devoted exclusively to the care and treatment of the mentally ill.

Dr. Clark has been director of the Mental Health Clinic at Western Psychiatric Institute in Pittsburgh. He was also associate professor of psychiatry at the University of Pittsburgh School of Medicine. A graduate of Harvard Medical School in 1934, he was certified by the American Board of Psychiatry in 1941. He is the author of many papers and one short book entitled Six Talks on Jung’s Psychology. In 1948-49 he enjoyed the extraordinary privilege of studying under Dr. Carl Jung at the Institute for Analytical Psychology in Zurich.

Dr. Clark lives on the Hospital’s grounds with his wife and their three children. He is a member of Pittsburgh Monthly Meeting, Pa., and has served as that Meeting’s clerk.
Frank Hunt of Moylan, Pa., expects to leave on September 23 for a seven-week trip by air to visit A.F.S.C. projects and centers in Japan and Korea. He will travel with Lewis Waddilove, the new chairman of the European Section of the Friends World Committee, who made the survey in Korea with Dr. Jonathan Rhoads on which the Friends Service Unit was established.

Frank Ankenbrand, Jr., a member of Greenwich, N. J., Meeting and English teacher at the Haddonfield, N.J., Memorial High School, has an illustrated feature article "Historical Series Combines Family Talents" in the August issue of the Graphic Arts Review. The article deals with Henry T. MacNeill, who has painted pictures of a great number of historical Quaker buildings. Frank Ankenbrand is at present the president of the Society of New Jersey Artists.

Russell Brooks, who has been serving New England Yearly Meeting for a number of years as part-time field secretary, is to be the director of activities at the new Woolman Hill project, Deerfield, Mass., beginning October 1. He will be missed for his devoted and able assistance to the Meetings in southern New England, as well as at Woonsocket, R.I., where he served as pastor.

Friends from overseas will be arriving soon in the U.S. on route to the sessions of the Five Years Meeting, Richmond, Indiana, October 20 to 26, and of the Friends World Committee, Germantown, Ohio, October 28 to November 3. Many Friends from the Philadelphia area will be traveling by car to attend these meetings. This interesting journey can be made of increased value and advantage if made in the company of our foreign visitors. Some of the latter have already expressed a desire for such transportation. If those having transportation to offer and those desiring it will address Howard G. Taylor, Jr., 1515 Cherry Street, Philadelphia 2, Pa., effort will be made to arrange details.

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It's Good-by Again

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has spent several periods in the Near East in the interest of the A.F.S.C. and the Mission Board, "Quakers at Work in the Near East"; panel discussion and general discussion.

Lunch and dinner on Saturday will be served by Washington Friends at a cost of $1.00 and $1.50, with any profit going toward the T.B. project of Dr. Horst Rothe in Africa. Other meals may be secured from nearby restaurants. Friends wishing overnight hospitality will find it in Friends homes or nearby hotel. Registrations, $1.00. Send registrations for hospitality to Marlin Dawson, 3107 North Charles Street, Baltimore 18, Md.

BIRTH

TAYLOR-On August 22, to R. Robb and Ouida Roberts Taylor of Chapel Hill, N. C., a daughter named KATHLEEN SHERIDAN TAYLOR. She is the granddaughter of Richard R. and Anna May Taylor, and great-granddaughter of Arthur K. Taylor of Baltimore, Md.

MARRIAGE

WELLS-SMITH-On June 25, at Goose Creek, Va., Meeting House, LOUISA LANCASTER SMITH, daughter of J. Stewart and Frances Heacock Smith of "Hedgewood," Lincoln, Va., and ROBERT OSCAR WELLS, JR., of Washington, D. C., son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert O. Wells of Detroit, Mich. The bride is the granddaughter of Joseph Linden and Caroline Betts Heacock of Green Street Meeting, Germantown, Philadelphia, and of Joseph Russell and Henrietta Stewart Smith of Swarthmore, Pa., Meeting. The bride and groom are living in Washington, D. C.

DEATHS

HALLOWELL—On September 6, in Abington Memorial Hospital, Abington, Pa., after a short illness, JAMES F. HALLOWELL of Jenkintown, Pa., husband of the late Emma Lloyd Hallowell, aged 90 yrs.

James F. Hallowell was a birthright member of Abington Monthly Meeting, Pa., the son of Jonas W. and Esther Fenton Hallowell. For many years he was engaged in the wholesale grocery business in Philadelphia, and after his retirement was a successful salesman of real estate with the Jackson-Cross Company and other firms.

Always interested in the affairs of Abington Meeting, he served the Meeting in many capacities. At his death he was a valued member of the Meeting of Worship and Ministry.

Surviving are a daughter, Mrs. John S. Evans of South Orange, N. J., a granddaughter, Mrs. Alexander McBride, Jr., of Princeton, N. J., and a grandson, John Evans McBride.

LEVERING—On August 19, at his home, 16 Pennock Terrace, Landsdowne, Pa., GRIFFITH G. LEVERING. He was associated with the American Manufacturers Mutual Insurance Co. and the American Motorist Insurance Co., and was vice president of Lumberman's Mutual Casualty Insurance Co., with which he was associated for 30 years. He was a member and former clerk of Lansdowne Meeting, Pa., a member of the Executive Board of the A.F.S.C., and of the Executive Committee of the Representative Meeting of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting. From 1945 to 1947 he served as chairman of the Friends Ambulance Unit in China. A memorial service was held at Twelfth Street Meeting House, Philadelphia, on August 22.

Surviving are his wife, Martha Leutsker Levering; two daughters, Alice Jean Levering of Landsdowne and Mrs. John A. Hawkins of Philadelphia; his mother, Clara Levering, a brother, Samuel Levering, and a sister, Jane Levering, all of Ararat, Va.

WILLSON—On September 3, suddenly, at his home on North Street, Easton, Md., RICHARD B. WILLSON, in his 60th year. He was employed in the Sales and Service Department of the Nuttle Lumber Company, Denton, Md. A birthright member of Third Haven Monthly Meeting, Easton, Md., he had served as the beloved clerk of the Meeting for nine years. He was a member of the Easton Park Board and of the Board of Directors of the Y.M.C.A. Surviving are his wife, Alice Henry Willson; a son, Richard B. Willson, Jr.; two half-sisters and a half-brother.

Coming Events

SEPTEMBER

17—Haverford Quarterly Meeting at Haverford Meeting House, Buck Lane, Haverford, Pa. Worship and Ministry, 3 p.m.; worship, 4 p.m., followed by business; supper, 6 p.m.; evening session, 7 p.m., report by Friends recently returned from Russia, followed by discussion.

18—United Quarterly Meeting of the two Baltimore Yearly Meetings at Sandy Spring, Md. Meeting of Ministry and Counsel, 9:45 a.m.; devotional meeting, 11 a.m.; lunch for all, 12:30 p.m.; business meeting and conference, 2 p.m., addressed by Hugh Moore.

18—Peace Day at Shrewsbury N. J., Monthly Meeting, Route 35 and Sycamore Avenue. Meeting for worship, 11 a.m.; public meeting, 3 p.m.: Wroe Alderson, "Quaker Visit to Russia."

18—Meeting for worship at Upper Providence Meeting House, Pa., 5:30 p.m.

18—Address by Clarence Pickett on his recent travels in Russia, at the 4th and West Streets Meeting House, Wilmington, Del., 8 p.m. All are welcome.

20—Philadelphia Quarterly Meeting, Race Street Meeting House, Philadelphia. Meeting on Worship and Ministry, 2:30 p.m.; meeting for worship, 4 p.m., followed by meeting for business; supper, 6:30 p.m., Friends Select School, $1.00, period of organization (if necessary to cancel, telephone RI 6-9150); address, 7:30 p.m., in Friends Select School Auditorium, Hugh W. Moore of the American Friends Service Committee, "Our Mission to Russia."

24—Program on "Social Trends" at Abington Meeting, Pa., presented by the Social Order Committee, 7:30 p.m., following...
the Committee's fall planning session. J. Howard Branson will discuss some of his experiences in the development of better relations between labor and management. George Otto will speak on "Social Trends in Housing," particularly in regard to Concord Park. Anyone who is interested is invited to attend.

24, 25—Shrewsbury and Plainfield Half Yearly Meeting at the Manasquan, N. J., Meeting House on New Jersey Highway Route 35 at the Manasquan traffic circle. Saturday: Ministry and Counsel, 10:30 a.m.; business meeting, 2:30 p.m.; evening meeting, 8 p.m., with an address by Ralph H. Pickett of Fairfield, Conn., on "European Friends Today." Sunday: First-day school, 10 a.m.; meeting for worship, 11 a.m.

30 to October 1—Conference on Outreach sponsored by the two Baltimore Yearly Meetings, with the cooperation of the A.F.S.C. and the American Friends Board of Missions, at the Florida Avenue Meeting House, Washington, D. C. Leaders: Douglas Steere, Moses Bailey, Lewis M. Hoskins, Charles Lampman, Thomas Lung'aho, Dorothy Pittman, and others.

50 to October 2—Lake Erie Association at Camp Green Pastures, Michigan, beginning Friday with a picnic supper (bring your own), 6 p.m. Business, discussion groups, recreation.

REGULAR MEETINGS

BUFFALO, N. Y.—Meeting for worship and First-day school, 11 a.m. 100 Delaware Avenue; telephone 6-6056.

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS—5 Longfellow Park (near Harvard Square). Meeting for worship each First-day at 9:30 a.m. and 11 a.m. Telephone TR 6-8853.

DOYLESTOWN, PA.—Meeting for worship, 11:15 a.m. Telephone 6-6883.

DOWNS GROVE, ILLINOIS—Downs Grove Preparative Meeting of all Friends. First-day meeting, 9 a.m. at Avery Cooley School, 1400 Maple Avenue. First-day school, 10:30 a.m. Joining meeting for worship for fifteen minutes.

GAINESVILLE, FLA.—Meeting for worship and First-day school, 11 a.m. Telephone 6-4942.

HARRISBURG, PA.—Meeting for worship and First-day school, 11 a.m. Telephone 6-7724.

HOUSTON, TEXAS—Friends Worship Group each Sunday, 6:30 p.m. 2335 North Boulevard; telephone J 2-5411.

Lancaster, PA.—Meeting for worship and First-day school, 11 a.m. 6-96715.

LONG ISLAND, N. Y.—Manhasset Meeting. Northern Boulevard at Shelter Rock Road. First-day school, 9:45 a.m.; meeting for worship, 11 a.m.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA—Friends Meeting, 4412 South and York Avenue South. First-day school, 10 a.m.; meeting for worship, 11 a.m. Richard E. Newby, Minister. 6-96715.

MANASQUAN, N. J.—First-day school, 10 a.m.; meeting for worship, 11:15 a.m. Meeting House on Route 35 at Manasquan Circle, Walter Longstreet, Clerk.

MIAMI, FLA.—Friends meeting held on top floor of Tuttle Hotel, 11 a.m. First-day school, 10 a.m. Telephone 6-8852.

MONTREAL, CANADA—Meeting for worship, Sundays, 11 a.m.; Room 416, T. W. C. 1855 Dorchester Street West; telephone 4-9267.

NEW BRUNSWICK, NEW JERSEY—Meeting for worship and First-day school, 10 a.m. at New Brunswick Art Center on grounds of Public Library, 60 Livingston Avenue; telephone CH 9-7409.

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Meetings for worship each Sunday, 11 a.m. Telephone Crammer 6-2020; First-day school 9 a.m. Telephone 6-3151 for office information.

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Meeting of the A.F.S.C. and the American Friends Board of Missions, at 2-First Open House of the season at the Meeting House, 355 Green Street, 10 a.m. and 11 a.m. The A.F.S.C. will speak on "New West Africa, in Education, Industrialization, and Political Development." All are invited.

PHOENIX ARIZONA—Meeting for worship, 11 a.m. 17th Street and Glendale Avenue.

ST. PETERSBURG, FLA.—Friends Meeting, 150 Nineteenth Avenue S.E. Meeting and First-day school at 11 a.m.

SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO—Meeting for worship each First-day at 11 a.m. at the Garcia Street Club, 535 Garcia Street.

SHREWSBURY, NEW JERSEY—Meeting at Broad Street and Spring Avenue, 11 a.m. For information call S. Fussell, Clerk; Red Bank 6-2404W.

STATS COLLEGE, PA.—218 South Ather­ton Street. First-day school at 9:30 a.m., meeting for worship at 10:30 a.m.

WASHINGTON, D.C.—The Friends Meeting of Washington, 2111 Florida Avenue N. W., one block from Connecticut Avenue, First-days at 9 a.m. and 11 a.m.

WORCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS—Pleasant Street; Friends Meeting, 601 Pleasant Street. Meeting for worship each First­day, 11 a.m. Telephone 6-4087.

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