

delighting in the peacefulness of the morning. After my walk, just as I was passing a hall near the Convention tent, my eye was attracted by a notice-board announcing an open meeting of the Society of Friends. The Quakers! I had never been at a Quakers' meeting. The novelty struck me, and I determined to worship there. When I arrived it was almost eleven, and a little crowd of worshippers was entering. Joining them, I was making my way up the stair, when I heard a very pleasant voice just behind me saying, "How sweet the light is this morning. Art thou well?" and a deep baritone answered something I cannot remember. The sweetness of the voice and words made me slacken my pace, for I wanted to see the person who spoke like that. An old lady and a middle-aged gentleman passed. She was a Quakeress; anyone could see that. The old fashioned black bonnet tied with ribbons under the chin, the curious plain black dress, declared it openly, even if I had not heard her speak. But it was the face that filed my eyes. It was not handsome, for that is hardly the correct word for the face of a lady probably sixty years of age, but it was beautiful, full of prayer and sympathy. That face still is before me, and I hope long may be. It helped me to worship God that morning. When we reached the hall there were about twenty present. I sat down just behind the old lady whose face attracted me. A few more arrived, and when the door closed we might number thirty five. I wondered what form the service would take, and kept my eye on the platform, expecting the leader to enter and announce a psalm or hymn. No one came. It was now ten minutes past eleven, I saw, furtively looking at my watch. The silence became oppressive. I began to think there was some hitch in the proceedings. "The leader hasn't come. I wonder what they'll do," I thought. Another five minutes

passed. I looked around and every head was bent reverently. Nobody seemed anxious, save myself, at the absence of the leader. Then it stole in upon me that there would be no leader; the worship had commenced. The words, "Where two or three are gathered together, there I am in the midst," flashed through my mind. The Leader was here. I bowed my head and for a time was a Quaker. The perfect stillness reigned for perhaps another five minutes. I could almost hear my heart beat. It became terrifying, this motionless waiting on the Unseen. Presently the room seemed to widen. I lost consciousness of all my fellow-worshippers, and a strange expansion of soul made me feel as if I were on a mountain-top with nothing but the wide reach of heaven around, and God very near. Out of this reverie I was aroused by a rustle of dresses and a general movement throughout the room. Several of the worshippers had fallen forward on their knees. The same sweet voice that had attracted me on the stair began to pray. I cannot remember the petitions, but the impression of yearning after God and love to all mankind forced itself upon the mind with subtle penetrating power, and brought a breath of heaven to the heart. After this the spell which the long waiting had thrown over me seemed broken, and it was perfectly in keeping with my mood when a tall, middle-aged lady, sitting across the hall to my left, rose, and recited, "Arise, shine for thy light is come, and the Glory of the Lord is risen upon thee," following with a few vigorous words on the duty of practical service for Christ. Then a gentleman, without text or preface, gave a short Gospel address. A very long silence followed this, and the feeling of slight distraction caused by the speaking was beginning to give way to one of quiet meditation again, when another lady sitting just at my