

her peace of mind depended on abstaining from music and dancing, in which she had taken much delight. She found by experience that the excitement resulting from them led to vain thoughts and unprofitable associations. She was also led by a sense of duty to adopt the use of *thou* or *thee* in addressing a single person, which, though a cross to her natural inclination, was through reliance upon Divine aid, made easy to her, and proved a salutary discipline, as well as a safeguard, by circumscribing her intercourse with the gay world. The change which took place in her dress was gradual; she first laid aside all ornament; then she chose quiet and unobtrusive colors, and had her dresses made with perfect simplicity.

In the summer of 1800 she was married to Joseph Fry, and they went to housekeeping in St. Mildred's Court, in the city of London. They soon had George Dilwyn, of Philadelphia, then engaged in religious service in London, for their guest for a month.

In the spring of 1809 Joseph and Elizabeth Fry removed to a country residence, called Plashet, and the autumn following she first appeared in public supplication, at the funeral of her father. Some weeks afterwards she uttered a few words in a meeting for worship, and from time to time, through the constraining influence of Divine love, she expressed in humility and simplicity the feelings that arose in her heart. Thus, being faithful, she grew in her gift, and was in 1811 acknowledged as a minister by the Monthly Meeting to which she belonged.

She had eleven children, to whom, as to her husband, she was fondly attached and much interested for their spiritual welfare. Being desirous to do her duty at home faithfully, it was not without reluctance and searching of heart that she was so much engaged abroad in philanthropic and religious labors. Her devoted and useful life was

closed in the full assurance of a happy immortality, in 10th month, 1846.

THE BEGINNING OF PRISON REFORM.

Paper read by Georgia Zavitz, at Young Friends' Association, at Coldstream, 2nd mo. 23, 1898.

"Sentenced to three years' imprisonment in Newgate." The court room was thronged with people, and all eyes turned toward the prisoner, as this verdict was read. It was a woman, but how degraded! Her face was haggard and worn, but yet there was that same stern, unrelenting look it had worn all through the trial. The judge's words did not move her in the least, as some of the people there assembled thought it would; she might have been made of stone for all the impression it made upon her. A short time after, the heavy iron door of Newgate Prison closed upon her, shutting her from the outside world.

But we will follow her into the room which was to be her home for three long years. It was small—containing less than two hundred square yards—bare, dark, damp and foul. She did not have to occupy it alone, oh no! It was crowded already with over three hundred female convicts like herself. The tried and untried placed together in this one cell, "without classification, without employment, and with no other superintendence than that given by a man and his son, who had charge of them by night and by day." They were all very poorly clothed, in rags and dirt, their hair hanging in a tangled mass around their shoulders. In this same room, sleeping without bedding on the hard floor, (part of which was raised to supply a sort of pillow,) they did their cooking and washing. In short, they lived there, if living consists only in scantily supplying food and clothing for the body.

They begged money from every stranger who came near them, with which they purchased liquor from a regular tap in the prison. Their cell