

inscriptions, but royalty is interred within the altar rail.

In another tower the Crown Jewels are exhibited. There are four or five crowns, made of gold and set with large jewels which glitter in the light, Victoria's being the largest, and there is much heavy gold plate, among which we notice two immense salt-cellar, built like castles, with precious stones of different colors to represent windows, and a golden baptismal font. But we do not envy the possessors, indeed we wish them true happiness and feel thankful for our lowly estate.

The delegates to the World's W. C. T. Convention were invited by the Lord Mayor and the Lady Mayoress to a reception in their Mansion House in the city. We accepted, and at the appointed time arrived, being separately introduced and shaking hands with host and hostess, who received us socially and informally. Tables were spread with refreshments and ornamented with heavy gold plate, to which we were cordially invited, after which Lady Somerset and Frances E. Willard made addresses on behalf of the delegates, the latter with the daring of a western girl, as she is, alluding to the story of Whittington, which she learned in childhood, and quoting, "Turn again, Whittington, Lord Mayor of London." It brought to mind how often perseverance is rewarded by high places, and the smile and ready response were also forthcoming. The Mayor said he believed it was the first time a deputation of women had been received in this mansion, professed himself in sympathy with our noble aims, preferred to call us women instead of ladies, because "while any woman might be a lady, every lady was not a true woman," extended the hospitalities of the greatest city in the world and of his mansion, with the liberty of anything in it "excepting the plate," which last was a joke of course, and we afterward understood he gives bonds of £40,000 annually for the use of it. We wandered about

the beautiful rooms, viewed the Egyptian Hall, where banquets are held, sat in the large gilded chairs before which the great folks stood while receiving us, talked socially with many, again took the hand of our entertainers, trying to express the pleasure we had enjoyed, and left for our hotel.

There is much sight-seeing, but underneath it all we often realize the favor of the divine presence, which is dearer than any outward joy, are renewedly impressed with a sense of the fatherhood of God and brotherhood of man, and desire we may be found in the way of our duty.

Have attended two Friends' meetings, the first at Westminster, which was good sized, with J. Beran Braithwaite at the head; a pleasant occasion, and we felt like children gathered to the meeting home of our ancestors. Several Friends from America spoke. We had a sermon from J. B. Braithwaite; a friend by the name of Alexander welcomed us in the love of the Gospel, prayer was offered by one of their members, and the meeting closed. The Friends were social; we were invited to several of their homes, and we came away feeling it was good for us that we had been there. At Devonshire House another First-day morning, where the London Yearly Meeting is held. It was very interesting to us, and we could imagine the scene when the house is filled with Friends. Their home meeting is held in a much smaller room, and is not as large as at Westminster, but a good meeting and much satisfaction expressed. We had a sermon by a Friend named Wright, and when the meeting was over many were social and kindly. We feel the language applies, "One is your Master, even Christ, and all ye are brethren;" heirs of the same heritage, and we trust aspiring to the same perfection, the prize to which we may all attain.

One evening there was a grand temperance demonstration in Royal Albert Hall, which is capable of seating