

sympathy for them, yet renders still dearer—the place we call home—and the friends we have proved are faithful and true.

On Seventh-day morning we took the train for Swarthmore, a ride of twelve miles through a fine country—the frequent rains giving to the trees and meadows their deepest—richest hue. The Depot is directly in front of where the noble grey stone building rises, a five minutes' leisurely walk brings us to the entrance where we are kindly received by President Magill and the Matron, E. P. Bond.

They conducted us to the Laboratory, in a separate building, where several students were engaged in producing articles of wood and iron, the necessary machinery being driven by steam, to the new and neat meeting house which is also built of stone. We dined at the matron's table in the dining hall which is capable of accommodating about 300 students, visited the kitchen, the laundry, the bakery and the gymnasium, then back to the main building, and almost to the top, to visit the museum, the view from the windows amply repaying for the exertion. The grounds about the College are tastefully arranged, many trees are growing finely—and we noticed an arbor covered with the lovely and fragrant Wisteria Vine in full blossom. On the lawn were numbers of students sauntering or engaged in various games while in the distance winds the Delaware River, its waters gleaming in the sunshine, and further away still rise the distant mountains.

But it is time for our train and we must away to the station, in about four hours being kindly entertained in the home of our dear M. J. Feild of Plainfield, New Jersey. The next morning being First-day—attended their meeting in the meeting house which is 100 years old—two storied shingled up the sides and neatly painted. They have also a mission First-day school,

both being pleasant and we trust profitable opportunities.

From thence to Newark, New Jersey, and did not reach Brooklyn, Long Island until Third-day eve. Crossing on our way the wide and rapidly flowing Hudson—which here empties into New York Bay and the lower part of New York City, a busy place indeed—where thousands congregate for business, and riding along in the street car below, the car is saluted by a perfect Babel of noise, the rumble of many vehicles (which in some places are so crowded we wonder how we shall be extricated,) the sound of hundreds of feet upon the pavements—and in some streets also—the trains of overhead railway conveying hundreds more.

Then we must cross the East River which flows between the two great cities, and is thickly straddled with every sort of sailing craft, and soon we are at rest again in the midst of scenes familiar to our youth.

New York Yearly Meeting of Women Friends convened on the 28th of 5th month, meeting of Ministers and Elders on 7th day before.

On First-day morning the meeting for Worship was very large—the house being completely filled, and a season of divine favor.

J. J. Cornell spoke at length—and very impressively, on the "Love of God."

In the afternoon, several were also favored in testimony, among whom were Catherine P. Foulke and Margaretta Walton of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting.

On Second-day morning in the Women's Meeting the voice of prayer rose from spirits baptised into a sense of our weakness and insufficiency for any good word or work without the presence and aid of the dear Father.

Minutes from visiting Friends were read and many expressions of welcome and sympathy offered—to which each of the visitors responded in a feeling manner.