

on Second-day eve. A prearranged programme was carried out in the class room of the Institute, and refreshments served in the dining tent.

The last evening of the gathering there, many of the young people gathered in the class room and spent a social hour singing and conversing on religious subjects. Isaac Wilson and others mingled with them.

On Fourth-day afternoon the last session of the week's conferences opened, and after all business had been completed, there was a long lingering, a hesitating to read the minute which would cause the scattering of such an assembly, but the time soon came, and doubtless, many separated who will never meet again. Friends lingered long in the parlors and corridors of the Institute that evening, bidding adieu to those departing.

Fifth-day morn all were early astir, preparing for the day's departure. Breakfast was served early and promptly, and numerous carriages were ready to convey Friends to the station.

Our little party of Canadians divided the three oldest Friends remaining at the Institute for another day, while the four younger ones, another having joined them there, joined the company going on the prearranged excursion to Atlantic Highlands.

Friends took the special train from Chappaqua to New York City. But arriving here the large company was broken into many pieces.

Street cars were in waiting to take the excursionists and Friends bound for the South, across the city, to the ferry.

This little steamer was found ready to do its part for the day's enjoyment. All on board, it drifted across from New York to Jersey City, unloaded the passengers southward bound, then sped on its way down the river past island and cape, allowing glances at the Brooklyn Bridge, Elephant Hotel, old forts, etc. Kind Friends acquainted with the surroundings made the voyage much more interesting and

instructive by pointing out places of interest and note.

They glided by vessels of all sorts, from the almost helpless little row-boat to the great ocean steamer.

'Twas a sail of over two hours, but time flies so quickly past. At length safely chained to the Jersey shore, they stepped from boat to car, and rode for a few miles near the ocean's edge.

The journey was terminated at a little summer resort—one of those places which affords pleasure and rest, where bathing and boating can be indulged in with little exertion—all quiet and peaceful excepting as an ocean wave dashes up against the shore, then retracing its steps, leaves all as peaceful as before.

Beyond a little stream rose a mountain, at whose feet nestled a little town, an iron bridge connecting this with the beach.

Oh! what rare pleasure, what delight, to bathe in the waters of the salted sea; to gather shells and stones from the sandy beach, and picnic on its coast. And this company of about 300, composed of old and young, found four hours far too short a stay at the seaside, and too, too soon, the whistle of the patient train, all this time in waiting, drew all from the pure sands to its dusty seats.

The afternoon sail was as pleasant as the morning, and at 4.30 all were anchored safely in New York port.

Our little party of Canadians were that night entertained at the pleasant home of Joseph A. Bogardus.

The following day Joseph and his wife, ever thoughtful of the interests and pleasure of their guests, spent the day with them visiting many prominent places in the city.

At six p. m. they joined the rest of their party and took the train homeward bound, passed again along the Hudson, now by moonlight.

In the morning they crossed the Niagara and were safely placed on Canadian soil. The train stopped to