

found much to do, many wrongs to be righted and many crooked things to be made straight, but those convinced of the truth, whom he left in his wake, were sufficient reward for the most toilsome of journeys. Some of his meetings lasted four or five days, and were attended by people who must have travelled at least a week to get there. During the two years of his absence from England we never read of his falling into the hands of the law, though often threatened, but he was not to enjoy this immunity long after his return, for on his road to Swarthmore (having induced Margaret to precede him) he was arrested at Worcester and thrown into gaol, "but in none of his writings do we ever read that his heart and flesh failed him when again and again he was brought up short against a prison wall." He seems to have been sure that prison was as much God's will for him as liberty for others, and that he was too wise to err, too good to be unkind. His motto, to the day of his death, was always God first. His imprisonment lasted more than a year, when he was released on an appeal to the Court of King's Bench, who decided the ground of his imprisonment as illegal. George's health was greatly impaired by this long imprisonment in damp and unhealthy apartments, so that his day for journeying was very much curtailed. "It was not until late years that George laid down any very distinct lines as to dress, but about 1684-5 there was a marked falling off in the quiet dress that heretofore had been generally worn, and a going after the fashions. George wrote an address on this subject, and urgently begged of all Quakers to show themselves by their dress, an example of unworldliness. The last year of George Fox's life was a quiet one. The year 1690 saw the passage of the Toleration Act. It was of immense satisfaction to George to see the passing of this Act before he died, and thus to know that in the

thickest of the fight he had been with his beloved followers, and that now he was about to leave them their future looked bright. No one has attempted to say exactly what George died of. He suffered from no disease. He was not a very old man, as his appearance might lead one to suppose, but suffering and imprisonment and privation had left the marks of their ravages on his body, as they had broken down his iron constitution. George's life is not one that could be termed picturesque. It is too crowded for that, too full of events to enable one to get an artistic whole. There are no ups and downs, no struggles, no soul conflicts to record. His life was one truly hid with Christ in God. It was pure and childlike. His faith both in God and human nature was unbounded, his obedience to the Captain of his salvation implicit. His one desire was the extension of Christ's kingdom upon earth. His preaching, we are told, was not remarkable either for eloquence or clearness. But one element was never lacking in all his discourses, and that was the Holy Ghost. But if George was not eloquent in speech he was in prayer. Here he excelled, and when the Spirit moved him to pray, his tongue was as an angel's."

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Coldstream Young Friends' Association, held on Third mo 12th, was well attended considering the weather.

The meeting was in the hands of the "Literature Section" who are studying at present the book entitled, "The Power of Silence," by Horatio W. Dresser. A review of the second chapter, as published elsewhere in this paper, was read by Edgar M. Zavitz, and an admirable essay on the "Indwelling Christ" was prepared and presented by Sarah Fritts. We have had the promise of this for the REVIEW later. Interesting discussions followed each paper on this the central doctrine of the Society of Friends.