

the Friends' Society which has from the beginning had for its foundation and support these very principles? Is there not here sufficient work for us? Is not this our mission? They who know the world and the modern channels of thought know that the harvest is indeed plenteous but the laborers alas, are few.

A SWARTHMORE STUDENT.

### TO THE MOUNTAINS.

Having read with interest notes of the visit of Friends in different localities, it has occurred to me that a brief description of a three days' experience in Lebanon Valley may be acceptable in your columns.

Leaving Philadelphia at 10 a.m. by Philadelphia & Reading Railroad from Thirteenth and Callowhill streets, all was new to us, and the scenery varied and picturesque from the outskirts of Fairmount Park, as we left the city, to the young mountains which guard the approach to Reading, Pa. I believe they are termed *hills*, but with our acceptance of the word it gives small suggestion of these densely wooded sentinels, posted for ages by Divine command. Here we change cars for Wernersville to which place our tickets were marked at Philadelphia. As we passed through, and out of Reading I realized for the first time how great will be the sacrifice, from a financial point of view, to the liquor dealers of this State should our hoped for constitutional amendment, prohibiting the manufacture and sale of all intoxicating beverages as such, pass by ballot on the 18th of 6th mo. To this goal so many earnest spirits are now turning that the State seems shaken from centre to circumference. But when the eye rests upon these immense breweries in this German city, where the customs of the fatherland have taken deep root in American soil, there is a feeling of pity—such pity as moved the heart of Justice when she held the sword to cut the bonds of the slave—

such pity as must have dwelt with those who, fleeing out of Sodom, wept for those who were left behind.

Eighteen minutes brought us to Wernersville, two miles from our destination, which is the sanitarium known as Dr. Walters' Mountain Park. A comfortable carriage meets us here; and a good, hearty, prohibition sentiment, gleaned in conversation by the way, dispels the gloom of the valley and prepares us for the heights. We seem to be approaching a castle in the forest, and as we wind around to its entrance, in a cleared semi-circle, we are prepared for any apparition of fabled genii. A cordial human handshake and the hearty welcome of friends brings us back from dreamland, and we register and go to our rooms. At 1 o'clock we enjoy the privilege of one of Dr W.'s "health talks" to his patients, followed by dinner at 2, and then a stroll with a friend to a point of interest named Boulder Summit, where huge rocks are scattered and piled as if with some great upheaval of nature, while the forest about us re-echoed with the songs of birds innumerable. Ferns and flowers added their beauty, and here to sit with book and friend till the sun went down was rest for body, soul and spirit, as we realized the truth with one who said: "The groves were God's first temples."

By the courtesy of friends, whose rooms were a story higher than our own, we had an extended view over Lebanon Valley, which was in itself worth coming to see; and the kindness and Christian sympathy felt in mingling with this family, gathered from many lands, was a part of the cure. Religious service was held in the parlors on Sabbath evening, conducted by Dr. Walter, and on the following evening a lecture which brings our vacation to its close. "The table?" Oh, yes, people must have a table, even in fairyland. The fare should satisfy anyone who does not make eating the main object of existence.

Hockessin, Del.

R.