

his aunt and his mother, the time-stained slab at the top being inscribed with an affectionate tribute to the memory of his loved ones—written by himself. A few steps further on we stand beneath the "ancient yew" which is very broad and stately, in the shadow of which are many ancient graves, and enter the church, whose red tiled floor and white stone steps are worn into grooves by the feet of generations. There are inscriptions on tablets set in the walls, in front of the altar being one in memory of "all that could fade" of Sophia, granddaughter of William Penn, and over a private pew is one to the memory of Thomas, son of William Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania. It was a quiet time spent in a lovely spot, inciting renewed desire so to use the present opportunities that our reflections may be peaceful when all that is fading must vanish away, and the influence we here exerted extend in blessing.

The delegates to the World's W. C. T. Convention were also invited to Reigate Priory, one of the home's of the Lady Somersett, about 18 miles from London, which is another "pleasant picture to hang on memory's wall." The cool, sunshining day, the arrival at Reigate, with its narrow winding streets and its quaint houses, the curious gaze of the villagers at so many persons in one party. Then across a field planted with shrubbery and we find the house, two storied and large on the ground, set in the midst of a lovely park, with closely-shaven turf, flowers, shrubs, trees, a fountain and a lake, and on rising ground beyond are dark green woods. At the entrance to the hall we were received by F. E. Willard; the room was full of old family portraits, while whole suits of steel armour filled the corners, and at the door of the next room the lady of the house was met. We wandered about the beautiful rooms upstairs and down, each one being furnished in a different color, with silken tapestries covering the

walls. The library was a large room with books on shelves lining the wall from ceiling to floor, the windows were low, and stepping out on the lawn a lively scene presents itself. In the distance are white canvas tents, under which refreshments are served, as well as seats and tables scattered about in the shade. A choir of blind young people, sweetly singing and dressed in white, a white ribbon choir, dressed in light blue, with a band of white ribbon from shoulder to belt, and the tree under which they were sitting had also its band of white. A photographer is trying to make the scene permanent by grouping delegates from the different nations, and now and again would be heard the voice of praise to "Him from whom all blessings flow." Returning again to the Priory we pause to admire a painting of the lady of the house and her sister when they were about 12 years old, and a fine photo of herself, with her baby boy on her shoulder. But time flies, and our train will be leaving, so we bid farewell to the beautiful spot, and will always carry sweet memories of the lady whose heart is touched by the woes of humanity, and who is spending her energies and much of her fortune in carrying out the motto of the British W. C. T. A.: "We bind ourselves that others may be free."

SERENA A. MINARD.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW.

I have enjoyed the letters in your paper from others so much that it came to me I too might write a little for it and the Friends of Illinois Yearly Meeting.

My parents and I left Mendota, Ill., for here 5th mo. 29th, going by New Orleans. We arrived in Sodi 6th mo. 6th, and after days on the desert, we fully appreciate this fertile valley, sixty miles wide here, and as rich and pretty as any part of Illinois. We found my husband in good health and glad to see us. Both soil and climate are fine. We like it very much, and have bought a fifteen-acre fruit farm near Sodi.