

The Association closed with the reading of a paper on George Fox, by Bertha Bailey. The paper was based on the first chapter of Janney's *Life of George Fox*. It recalled the experience of Fox in seeking life and peace, and of his hearing the voice of the Spirit saying, "There is one, even Christ Jesus who can speak to thy condition." Fox became the leader of the "Seekers" or "Family of Love." They afterwards called themselves "Friends" from the words of Jesus, "Ye are my friends if ye do whatsoever I command you."

A. JENNIE CORNELL,  
Secretary pro tem.

### FROM THE FAR WEST.

Fourth mo. 19th, we again met with Friends at the usual place; we had been seated but a short time when Margaretta Walton, accompanied by her niece and two other Friends, came in and sat down with us. After a period of silence, the former spoke very acceptably. She was followed by Barclay Smyth and others, some of whom felt that their condition had been very closely ministered unto.

During the following week we made many little trips about the city, and to the ocean. On every hand we were greeted with flowers and luxuriant trailing vines. The unusual amount of rain has kept the landscape very fresh and green.

After meeting on the 26th, we bade our friends farewell for the last time. We have thoroughly appreciated this opportunity of meeting with Friends and worshipping in a quiet Friendly manner; and we realize that the maintenance of this little Meeting is largely due to the persevering efforts of Barclay Smyth and his co-workers.

Early on the morning of the 28th we took passage for Portland, Oregon. The weather was fine and the ocean calm, and we settled down to the enjoyment of the voyage at once, and it

was well we did for before dark the waves began to toss and roll. They looked very grand and beautiful with their white caps on, but it made us feel very badly. Rough sailing continued until we reached the mouth of the Columbia River, where we had to wait several hours for high tide. After crossing the sand bars we found the water smoother, and we were again able to *enjoy* the society of our fellow passengers. We were glad to touch firm land again the morning of the 30th.

There was so much rain that our stay at Portland was rather unsatisfactory.

Late in the day, fifth mo. 4th, we set our faces toward Nebraska. Our route lay through Walla Walla valley, a rich farming district, and the Umatilla Indian Reservation, which presented quite a contrast with its huts and teepees, and fields cultivated by the Red Man.

The Cascades were in sight when we awoke the morning of the fifth.

The portion of Idaho that we passed through was thinly settled. The ground was covered with sage bush, and the scene soon became tiresome to the eye.

The seventh found us in Nebraska again. We were met at the depot by the smiling faces of the W. C. T. U. and other friends and relatives.

It seems good to be among loved ones again, and a feeling of thankfulness goes up from our hearts to the Heavenly Father for his watchful care, as we have journeyed these many miles among those who were strangers to us, but many of whom we feel are striving to gain the goal towards which our faces are set, and we realize anew that *He* never lets his children drift beyond his loving care.

E. E. SHOTWELL.

The smallest dewdrop on the meadow at night has a star sleeping in its bosom, and the passage of Scripture that may seem insignificant has in it a shining truth.—Rev. Dr. Talmage.