

weary traveller half opened his eyes and raised his drowsy head, curious to note, rather than to welcome, the new comers, then nestled down to rest again. The train moved on as if to carry our Canadians from their own dear country unawares. The night was dark and the pretty fertile country must be passed unnoticed.

All was so still, the fellow passengers snuggled down so low in their seats as to afford no entertainment for an on-looker, so what was there to do but sleep. Sleep! What young heart filled with the pleasures of a summer's outing, can lie down and sleep in the midst of it? So an occasional doze, interspersed by many a half toned whisper and low merry laugh, and the night wore away.

Before the day even began to break, all were aroused by the Custom House officer's commanding yell, "All Canadian baggage must be open for inspection!" This was their first greeting by a United States man, and they eyed him curiously.

Surely they must be near the bordering line, yea, even above the very waters of the great Niagara, at Fort Erie.

At Buffalo soon after, they were hurriedly transferred from the Michigan Central to the New York Central Railroad.

In this car another party of Friends had taken their seats: John L. Thomas, wife, and party of six from Indiana, also bound for Chappaqua.

Rays of the rising sun were soon stealing through the shadows of night, revealing dim glimpses of landscape. Clearer and clearer the vision grew, till at last a broad expanse of green meadows, broken by little brooklets, while the distant horizon was jagged here and there by mountain peaks and hills.

Albany was reached, and here again all was moved to another train, our Canadian party continued their journey to New York City, while the Western Friends remained for the day sightseeing in this city.

Down along the renowned Hudson, where the great river passes in and around the feet of the mountains, villages tastefully nestled in their laps, on their peaks and along the ridges, while other railway tracks wind in and out wherever they can find a pathway. Far in the top of a high mount, a large summer resort crouches down half hidden among the trees, and the broad white road runs straight to the river.

They pass from this quiet, peaceful, restful scene into New York City; glances are caught from the car window of long, straight streets, then dingy houses with filthy little pens behind them. A mixture indeed of wealth and poverty, happiness and wretchedness, business and idleness.

At the Grand Central Depot the train slackens pace, then slowly stops; and our party of Canadians alight and find themselves surrounded by crowds of foreign people. But one tall gentleman tips his hat and extends his hand to greet them—yes, 'tis a friend, a thoughtful cousin come to guide our little group out of this city of mysterious noises and sights into the cordial little city of Plainfield, New Jersey.

So a ride in the street car, a sail in the ferry, and again for a short time in a train, through a beautiful country almost covered by little towns and bigger ones, and they arrive.

An enjoyable carriage ride brings them to the pretty little home of this cousin, and wife, mothers, sister and others warmly greet and welcome them in.

The next morning, refreshed from the journey, and it being the first day of the week, all went to meeting, held in the meeting-house built over one hundred years ago.

Quite a large number of Friends gathered together on one side of the partition and settled into quiet, broken only by Aaron M. Powell, who spoke briefly and as impressively, referring to his recent visit abroad, and the meetings he attended there.

Space will not allow me to describe