

At Jordan's the graveyard contains the remains of William Penn and his wife Hannah, Guilelma Maria Penn, Thomas Ellwood and wife, Isaac Pennington and others.

The meeting-house is ancient, but well preserved, with small diamond-shaped windows and a brick floor.

Back of the house is a shady dell where open air meetings were held in the olden time when Fox and Penn, and other worthies, bore testimony to the immance of the divine spirit and its power to bless.

Then back to London, through narrow winding lanes lined with hedges, where noble oak and elm trees overarching make a play of shadow across the sunny way. This district was an old forest belonging to Windsor Castle in the days of King John. We pass a grove of young pine trees planted in rows, making straight and narrow avenues as far as the eye could reach, and preserves, where small game, such as pheasants and partridge, abound. Here, by the roadside, are blue harebells in profusion, and Hawthorne trees full of bright red berries, and a field of heather and bracken fern, and poppies.

Homeward bound, in one of the ocean greyhounds, we start with a clear sky and a smooth sea. But soon the scene was changed, the sky was leaden, and high winds lashed the waves into foaming mountains, through which the good ship rocks and plunges. One morning a great wave washed one side of the upper deck, carrying steamer chairs and their occupants and deposited them drenched and broken against one of the obstructions on the deck. Two of the engines were disabled, but we hold on our way, the last two days under a smiling sky and over a silver sea. Two sunsets were rarely beautiful, an immense red ball sinking out of a sea of red and bright green, and grey cloud lined with silver, and higher still clear blue, into a dark blue sea, the stars shining brighter and brighter as the darkness advanced. We

watched the green shores of Long Island and the other islands in beautiful New York Bay, and gayly steaming along with the Stars and Stripes unfurled to the breeze we reach our dock amid the busy stir and hum of *next to the largest city in the world*. Crowds of people line the dock, flags and handkerchiefs are waving the welcome home to many a loved one, and we disembark with hearts full of gratitude for continued preservation through many a danger, and grateful too for the peaceful home enjoyment in the land of our birth.

SENENA A. MINARD.

### MINISTERS AMONG THE EARLY FRIENDS.

In writing this paper I have tried to give some idea of the hardships endured by the early ministers in the Society of Friends, and of the trials which beset them in their travels.

Beginning with George Fox, we find he travelled over the most of Great Britain and Ireland, and also visited the colonies in America, as well as some places in Germany, walking long distances, and preaching in churches, market-places, or wherever opportunity offered. Of him Thomas Ellwood said: "He was valliant for the truth, bold in asserting it, patient in suffering for it, unwearied in laboring in it, steady in his testimony to it." Many became convinced of the truth of his preaching, so that as early as 1655 there were seventy-three preachers. These as well as many in later years, suffered severely from being frequently confined in prison many months at a time, but as they were thus kept from preaching, they busied themselves writing letters and exhortations.

The following narrative affords an instance of the remarkable faith in Divine guidance possessed by the early Friends, a number of whom, having a desire to visit this country, engaged the vessel named Woodhouse, the master of which had had it manifested to him