

the Friends at Newport and Philadelphia. Moreover, he upheld the cause of the Indians—the friends of William Penn, journeying among them, and preaching as the Spirit gave him utterance. His opinions on the labor question were also clear and well-defined. He thought and preached, that if all would abjure luxuries and articles hard to produce, and would live simply, the laborer might have leisure for more enjoyment, and for education and culture. He not only preached these doctrines, but practiced them continually. He wore undyed clothing of the simplest kind, and, unwilling to be supported by others in his journeyings and preaching, he learned the tailor's trade, and earned his own living in the intervals of his anti-slavery and evangelistic work. When in the South he stayed, not in the great plantation house with the masters, but always with the Negroes in their little cabins.

As the Spirit prompted, he traveled about the country, going from Nantucket to Virginia on the slightest notice, and at last even over to England. Carrying out his principles always in his practice, he took passage in the steerage, where he preached to the sailors, trying to call them to a better life. This also gave him facts upon which he could appeal to the captains and owners of vessels to treat their sailors more kindly, feed them better, and give them some chance of a higher and better life. When he arrived in England he was overcome by the poverty of the masses. He went up and down the country preaching, advising, helping, and all the time suffering far more than the people themselves from the poverty, sickness, and squalor among which he worked. Finally at York came the penalty of his heart-breaking work. Worn out with the mental anguish that he had experienced, he sickened with small-pox, and, having no strength to resist the disease, came very quickly to the

end. The last day of his life was Sunday, "First-day," as he called it. He said as he lay dying: "I believe my being here is the wisdom of Christ. I know not as to life or death; He will choose the best."

He was only fifty-two years old when the end came. It has been said that "the Journal is a beautiful soul enshrined in a beautiful book." The words are a clear, transparent medium of the thought. It is marked by perfect literary simplicity; that quality after which writers often strive so hard in this case is the natural product of a pure and simple soul. Charles Lamb called the Journal a "gem of literature."

—*The American Friend.*

### "GEORGE FOX, THE RED-HOT QUAKER."

BY GEO. S. TRUMAN.

This is the title of a quaint little book by Captain Douglass, of the Salvation Army, and published by them, the reading of which has so interested me that I have been induced to make copious extracts from it for the benefit of those who may not be favored with the perusal of it in its entirety, or induce some to obtain it for circulation. I do not, of course, endorse all the sentiments of the author, but give them as expressed from his standpoint. In his introduction he says: "The story of George Fox's life suffers from two great disadvantages which the reader should always bear in mind. In the first place, the old strange, stilted language, used by all in his day, makes it difficult for us to feel as much at home with him as we should do. We must remember that even Salvationists in our own days are tempted when they write to give up their simple every day language, and to wrap up their thoughts more fashionably. But those who will try to see George Fox, as he so often was to be found, praising the Lord in a stinking prison cell, will be able, in