

most of those who, speaking the English tongue, have also held direct converse with the infinite Spirit, of whom it may be said, as of the heavens, their is no speech nor language where His voice is not heard. "A Divine and a Naturalist," as William Penn called him, "all of God Almighty's making," George Fox is memorable among the multitude of his contemporaries in the Seventeenth Century as one of the few whose message still echoes in the heart of man. From the background of the stirring times in which his lot was cast, four men stand out whose influence is still living and potent in these days, Oliver Cromwell, John Milton, John Bunyan and George Fox, all of them serious, godly men, have stamped the impress of their souls upon all that is best and most enduring in the English character. Of the four the influence of George Fox is perhaps at once the most widely felt and the least recognized. There is not a Quaker living, nor has there a Quaker ever lived, who has not owed more or less of his spiritual baptism to love and good works to the Leicester cobbler, the making of whose leather breeches, Carlyle declared, "was perhaps the most remarkable incident in modern history." And no one who has even a cursory acquaintance with the far-reaching, sweetening and purifying influence which the Society of Friends has exerted and still exerts will be disposed to challenge the correctness of the estimate which gives the Quaker saint a position in the first rank among the four worthies of the Puritan era. —The Pall Mall Gazette (London).

THOUGHTS.

We are the permitters of our own salvation, but not the authors of it.

Z.

When we consider the starry heavens in all their vastness and magnificence; the wondrous earth, so complete in its adaptability to the comfort and happi-

ness of mankind; the boundless ocean, which no power of earth can control, should not our minds oftener turn in adoration and praise to the Omnipotent Creator and Ruler of it all. W. V.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

With the name of Washington Irving there comes before the mind's eye a vision of a broad majestic river, with bold mountains in the background, and in the foreground a sweep of green sward studded with well trimmed trees, and nestling in their midst a Dutch ivy covered rookery. This picture of Sunny Side is closely associated with the gentle spirit who chose that enchanted spot for his home before the shriek of the iron horse came to mar the silence and the wild grandeur of our unsurpassed Hudson.

It is but fitting that we as a circle should make note of the birthday of one who lived so near and bore so loved a name as did Washington Irving. One hundred and six years ago on the third of April there was born in New York City one who was destined to bear the name and share in the veneration given to the Father of his Country. How much of the potency goes with the blessing of a good man, we cannot estimate, but certain it is the younger Washington was brought into the presence of the elder by a Scotch servant of the family, who, pointing to the wee lad, said: "Please your honor, her's a bairn was named after you." He placed his hand on the head of his little namesake and blessed him.

Irving's biographers say of him that he was born under a lucky star, for all good things sought him out and were turned by him to delightful uses. His ancestry was noble, reaching back to the time of Robert Bruce, but not of that line. There was but little in his boyhood to distinguish him from his associates, for he was too fond of frolic to love study or church. His mother looked with a more lenient eye upon his pranks than did his father, a strict