

A minute of approval was granted me in 1st mo. to attend New York and Philadelphia Yearly Meetings and appoint such meetings within their limits as best wisdom might direct. For the want of time, however, my labor was confined to those of New York, with the exception of Philadelphia Quarterly Meeting, which was on the 9th of 2nd mo., and was considered a favored season. I cannot ask for space to give a detailed account of the many favored meetings, but must be content and thankful to say that each one seemed especially blessed with just the food best adapted to the conditions before us. The many evidences of interest, appreciation, and endorsement, witnessed on the faces before me, confirmed by expression afterward, from young and old, by members and others, were not only a source of strength and gratitude, but led also to a close watchfulness for that immediate revealing power, that alone can inspire the instrument for proper service. And I would that all were only faithful to their respective duties at the proper time, for none can measure the extent of its usefulness on the one hand, nor yet of the loss sustained on the other, by withholding. To illustrate: A dear sister (in Christ), sitting by my side, a number of years ago, when it had seemed unusually favored in the meeting, said to me at its close, in a gentle, loving whisper: "Keep low." And, Oh! how often it has had its use, nor have those same lips, on subsequent occasions, withheld the word of approval when thus prompted.

So let us all labor in His vineyard,  
Fearing not to do or dare;  
For if we want a field of labor,  
We can find it anywhere.

I have thus expressed as briefly as possible my feelings of thankfulness in the attendance of the many meetings, without giving preference to any; but there is one worthy of special note, and, as it was not a meeting of Friends, no other locality will feel slighted by the special mention of a service that I had

had in view for some time, viz.: A religious visit to the prison at Sing Sing. Arrangements being made accordingly, I met nearly 900 in the chapel on First-day morning. Seldom, if ever, have I looked upon a company of men with more saddened and tendered feelings, and never did tears more willingly express the feelings of the heart than when a young man (in prisoner's clothes) arose and sang a piece, expressive of a mother's love for her son when leaving home, and it came with an inspiration for the hour. While I could see before me the hardened and unconcerned lives, I noticed, at the same time, not a few tendered hearts and moistened eyes.

Then came other reflections, when, by enquiry, I found that over three-fourths of the 1,600 within those prison walls were there through intemperance. What other questions could arise than as to the character of the (professed) religion by which we are called a Christian nation. But this I must leave, lest I trespass too far upon your valuable space.

One more pleasant event of my visit and life must be noted—a two hours' visit with the renowned and revered Quaker poet, John G. Whittier. It was a visit I had in anticipation for a long time, but with little expectation of enjoying it, but such was my privilege. Through the kindness of a friend, I was introduced (by mail) and although he was just recovering from a severe attack of la grippe, and considering the fact that many calls and visits had been declined, I felt all the more grateful for the opportunity, and found a hearty welcome in the home of Joseph and Gertrude Cartland, in Newberry Port, with whom Friend Whittier is spending the winter months. Cartland is about five miles from his home, in Amesburg.

The living room, in which Whittier spends the most of his time, bore every evidence of the literary character of its inmates, and is a library of information in regard to the principles and testi-