

and the largest in England, being ten and a-half miles long and one mile broad. Its banks are beautifully wooded and lined with villas. The sail is delightful, at one place a large hotel is charmingly situated on a small promontory jutting out from the bank, and here is a ferry also. Then across the lake we steer, skirting a well wooded island, and after leaving Bowness, enter upon the most picturesque part of the voyage. The fine amphitheatre of mountains at the head of the lake becomes more and more distinct, to the right many high peaks, to the left the Langdale Pike's. A little farther on is Wray Castle, a modern mansion rising above the trees, and high up on the opposite side is Dore Nest, once the home of Mrs. Hemans, while near the head of the lake open out the valleys of Brathray and Rothay which unite their waters just before entering it.

By train again we come to Ulverston and Morecambe Bay, the town mostly supported by its mines of haematite ore, and about a mile away is Swarthmore Meeting House and Swarthmore Hall. The former, an ancient gray stone, ivy covered building, several of the windows having small panes of glass leaded together, an inscription over the porch says, "The gift of George Fox in 1688." It is well preserved and has lately had a fresh coat of paint inside. The old Tryacle Bible with its chain and lock, are now enclosed in a box with glass top. Here also are two large arm chairs which belonged to George and Margaret Fox, and in an adjoining room, stands a large oak chest, black with age, which he used in his journeys across the ocean. The meeting was very small. We sat awhile in silence, which was broken by a tendering prayer. Then one of the counsellings of the dear apostle of our simple faith with whom the present surroundings were so closely associated, was revived, "Friends, hold all your meetings in the power of God," and few meetings have been more favored to exemplify the possibility of such an attainment than

this opportunity proved, its influence remaining.

At Swarthmore Hall we were interested in the ancient time-stained building with stone floors, and a large bay window where stood the writing desk used by Fox. Here is the room where he often preached, and another close by where Judge Fell listened without being seen, and up a stairway with curious oak banisters, is a large room with oak paneling and carved mantle, black with age. In the attic the floor is rough hewn, and the same as when the house was built over 200 years ago. A walk through a pleasant lane, by bridge across a narrow stream, and out to the broad well-made road, and soon we are back in Ulverston, with another picture to hang on memory's wall.

Sheffield, one of the principal manufacturing towns of England, is smoke begrimed, but enjoys a world-wide reputation for its cutlery. The town itself is given over to factories and business premises, while residences spread up the sloping hills on every side. Here also we find a Friends' meeting, where were assembled about twenty persons, besides our party of four, and we felt much freedom among them. They were social and seemed grateful for our visit. From this place we made an excursion to Chattsworth, the seat of the Duke of Devonshire, near the end of the railroad journey, passing through a tunnel said to be 6,470 yards in length. This handsome residence is 560 feet long, its galleries are filled with paintings and sculpture and its conservatories and gardens, and the park, where many deer are sporting, are very fine. One fountain throws a jet of water 265 feet high, and the estate is nine miles in circumference. The scenery is very lovely, but it lacks that expression which smaller homesteads, scattered here and there, give to a landscape.

By rail again we come to Warwick, and stay three days, going by carriage to Stratford-on-Avon, visiting Shakespeare's cottage, which they tell us is