

speaker really understand what she is saying? The most mystical and mysterious passages were treated as oracles. S. Howland was a sweet, simple woman, whom it was a privilege to entertain.

The above notes were written by Margaret Evans, of Llanmaes House, near Llantwit Major, some time before her death on 4th July, 1913, at the age of eighty-five. By permission of her daughter, Mrs. Gertrude Williams, they are now printed.

The footnotes have been supplied by G. C. Dymond, of Birkenhead.

"George Eliot" and Barclay's "Apology"

WILLIAM G. SMEAL, of Glasgow, draws attention to an article which appeared in *The Westminster Review* of 1852, during the time that George Eliot was Assistant Editor, and which was reprinted in part in *The British Friend*, x. (1852), 266. The whole article is well worth reading. Of Quaker literature, the Author (probably George Eliot herself) writes:—

"We must not suppose that the Quaker literature, *pro* and *con*, is confined to profane and scurrilous attack and quaint rejoinder; we should find in it much adroit argument and many earnest, heart-spoken appeals, and at least one masterpiece, both in style and manner, among the richest gems of our language. . . . Truly to any one wandering in the dreary waste of polemics of this age or that, Barclay's *Apology for Quakers* would be a pleasant place to alight upon. A complete proficient in the learning of the schoolmen, Barclay wields their weapons with wondrous skill to destroy the empire which they had so long held over men's souls, and he defends the truth with a chivalrous devotion and courtesy to his opponents, reminding us of the Norman knights from whom he was descended; and, mingling with his eloquence and skilful logic, we ever hear a strain of such pure and heartfelt piety as touches our hearts fully as much as it pleases our fancy and our reason."

See *George Eliot*, by Cross, 1885, i. 275.

Love labour: for if thou dost not want it for food, thou mayst for physic. It is wholesome for thy body, and good for thy mind. It prevents the fruits of idleness, which many times comes of nothing to do, and leads too many to do what is worse than nothing.

WILLIAM PENN, *Reflections and Maxims*, i. 57.