

“ that unjust & abominable practis of paying Tythes to Priests . . . neither to allow nor Conive att it to bee don for any of us ” ; this is taken from a minute of 1690/91.

A Minute of 1714 (12th of 2 mo., at Falmouth), may in conclusion be noted:—

The Lord haveinge favored us with this oportunity to see one anothers faces & to sitt together upon thys solem & waighty ocation ; in which we have ben mutally comforted together through the feeling of that power by which our life is maintained toward the god of our helpe for w^{ch} Remains an obligation on our souls to Bless his holy name.

R. HINGSTON FOX.

Hampstead.

Philadelphia v. New York

A QUAKER preacher from Philadelphia is a strong defender of the City of Brotherly Love. He loves to tell this tale : One day, a few years ago, on one of his numerous trans-Atlantic trips, he was introduced to a circle of idling passengers on the deck of the steamer as “ A Philadelphia Quaker.” A clever young lady from New York was of the group, and immediately said, “ Oh, you are from Philadelphia ! slow town that.”

The smiling response was, “ Some people think it slow, but I do not ! ” Then the battle of words was on, while each proceeded to prove the point before the impromptu audience.

Our modest Friend spoke of the great textile mills and other vast industries of his city, and was met at every turn by his clever antagonist. Finally, he told of the immense locomotive and car works, without which these United States, when it travels, might have to get out and walk. Then came the clincher. He intimated that when he wanted to show his child something really antique and interesting, as the relic of a by-gone age, he would take her over to New York and introduce her to the novel sight of a dingy old horse-car. That was humiliating to the girl from the metropolis, but she said, “ I know, but our street-car service is getting better every day.”

“ I am glad to hear that,” replied the Philadelphia brother, “ for you need it.”

Then impetuously said the New York champion, “ We have lately started a line in Brooklyn that is very fast—it goes so fast that it runs down one small boy every minute.”

“ O, that is nothing,” drawled the Philadelphian, “ over in our city our small boys are quick enough to get out of the way.”

WILLIAM C. ALLEN, in *The Westonian*, 11 mo., 1913.