

The uncommon appearance of the old man induced a variety of sentiments from the multitude; and although it was very odd, yet I could not observe but it was decent and awful; and upon inquiry I find that he is one of the people called Quakers, who for many years has lived the life of a hermit in Wales, by the side of a mountain, and is the same old man who came preaching through the city about seven years ago. His food is entirely vegetable. But what authority he has for such a public work, I will leave the learned world to judge for themselves, and conclude with part of the old man's sermon: "Let every one turn from the evil of their ways and put violence out of their hands, that the Lord may be pleased to have mercy and compassion, and cause his righteous judgments to be revealed."

NEMO.

Journal Supplement No. 12

FOR many months our valued contributor, Emily Manners, of Mansfield, Notts., has been engaged on the preparation of a biographical record of Elizabeth Hooton (c. 1600-1672), the first Quaker woman-preacher. Little has hitherto been known of this valiant Mother in Israel beyond the notices of her labour and sufferings to be found in *The Journal of George Fox*, but, lying away in the fireproof vaults at Devonshire House are numerous unpublished MSS. written by or relating to this early Friend, and Mrs. Manners has made full use of this material and of other matter prepared by the late Mary Radley, kindly placed at her disposal by Francis E. Radley. She has also made diligent search, with happy results, among seventeenth century records preserved in the county of Nottingham.

The readers of this Supplement will be able to follow Elizabeth Hooton in her spiritual exercises and bodily sufferings on both sides of the Atlantic and also obtain some glimpses of happenings in her family life.

Supplement No. XII. will approximate in length previous Supplements, and the prices will be as before:—

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A little Quaker boy in Pennsylvania, I believe, had been much impressed by the advertisement of a well-known baking powder. One evening, at his mother's knee, he astonished her by concluding his little prayer with the petition, "O, Lord, make me like Royal Baking Powder." She afterwards asked him what he meant by such a remarkable request. "Why, mother," said the little fellow, "is it not 'absolutely pure'?"

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