

Quaker Courtesy

Dr. Henry Yellowlees in his Report of the York Retreat for 1925, narrates the following :

" A patient who has been for many years in the Retreat, and who for most of them has never even gone so far as the front door, was induced to enter a motor-car for the first time in her life, and to go with Dr. Macleod, to a performance of ' St. Joan,' at the York Theatre. In spite of being such a recluse, the lady, who is a Friend, aged 85, is so alert in mind and up-to-date in reading that the chance of seeing this play for herself was a temptation to which she was persuaded to succumb.

" She has a small private room which she spends much of her time in cleaning, girded with newspapers and in a general state of *déshabille*. Any attempt at intrusion causes her great distress. One morning the doctor, in a spirit of mischief, knocked and rattled on the door and expressed his intention of entering. After a short silence there came a gentle voice from within : ' I can think of thee, dear, without seeing thee.' Surely generations of Quaker courtesy lay behind that answer."

A Tale of the Morecombe Sands

A story is passed down that on one of the holidays on Morecombe Bay, William Wilson was driving across the sands, a lot of the youngsters enjoying themselves barefoot.

Suddenly, after looking round, he said to the boys, " Now we're going to have a race," driving rapidly on, while the boys entered into the fun. When across the sands, he turned to his sister-in-law, Mary Wilson, " Look, sister, the tide." He had seen the tide rushing in behind them, but without alarming anyone, had brought them safely through the danger.

William Wilson (1786-1840), of Kendal, married Hannah Jowitt, of Leeds, and his brother Isaac (1784-1844) married her sister, Mary. Their sister, Esther Wilson, married John Wilkinson, of High Wycombe and the other sister, Rachel, married Josiah Forster, of Tottenham.

John Somerville, of Kendal, has much information of the Wilsons in MS., in addition to that printed in his *Isaac and Rachel Wilson*.

The Chief Justice of Pennsylvania, Thomas Story, a Quaker, was one day surveying a distant corner of the Colony in company with the great Founder, William Penn, when a sudden storm drove them into the storehouse of a tobacco-planter for shelter. The planter, on entering the building, viewed the two gentlemen with suspicion, and, in a rough way, said that as a Justice of the Peace he could commit them as trespassers. " Thou art a Justice of the Peace, art thou ? " inquired Story. " My friend here, the Governor of Pennsylvania, makes such things as thou art."—T. MARDY REES, *Neath, S. Wales*.