

was of the same trade as his father. He married Ann, daughter of Edward Cooper, of Northampton, and there was, apparently, one daughter, Elizabeth. His will leaves "to daughter Elizabeth Morrice £200 at marriage or at 20, and also one silver tankard with a coat of arms ingrained thereon and four silver spoons marked 'A.M. junr.' To wife Ann Morrice, who is appointed sole executrix £300," etc.

In his *Charge* against Friends which appeared in 1716, Henry Pickworth wrote (p. 99) :

Abraham Morrice, of Lincoln, broke and had rotted in gaol for Debt, for what appeared to the contrary, had not been chiefly instrumental in the discharge of him.

We do not know whether this refers to father or son.

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## The Annual Meeting

The F.H.S. Annual Meeting was held in the Library at Friends House on the 29th March, under the chairmanship of Lucy F. Morland. T. Edmund Harvey was elected president, Herbert G. Wood, vice-president and John L. Nickalls and Muriel A. Hicks, Friends House, secretaries.

The retiring president, Herbert Corder, gave an address entitled *The Making of our Quaker Queries*, in the course of which he introduced many entertaining anecdotes illustrative of the life of the Society of Friends at all periods.

A report of the meeting appeared in *The Friend* (Lond.), 15 April. For the financial statement see page two.

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## Quarterly Meeting Dinner

An old country Friend, who used to come in for some Q.M. (I know not where), was very careful to get the best dinner he could, and when invited to dine, always asked what was for dinner, and then replied: "Thank thee, I'll see." This habit was so well-known that a facetious Friend said one day: "Thou must come to me, I have a dish come over from America called 'lobscouse' and I want thee to try it." When they sat down, there was nothing on the table but the dish of stew. The visitor ate a mouthful, then pushed his plate away, and with tears in his eyes, said: "How could thou ask me to eat such stuff as this, when Jossy Robinson offered me a good roast goose?" Then the host replied: "Put it away, Samuel, put it away, there's roast beef coming."

JOHN D. CROSFIELD.