

thought as we each claim for ourselves; remembering that such expression of views adverse to our own may be just as much a duty to the one holding them as is like expression of our views a duty to us. We have nothing to fear from the courteous, yet free, comparison of differing opinions, while there is danger in harsh and unfriendly criticism of them. The Society of Friends has learned from experience the necessity of tolerance and charity as guiding principles in its treatment of widely divergent opinions. Let us remember Whittier's words referring to the early history of our Society, and try to make them apply to us :

"There was freedom in that wakening time  
Of tender souls ; to differ was not crime ;  
The varying bells made up the perfect chime."  
First mo., 12, 1889.

## MOTHER AND POET.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

Dead ! one of them shot by the sea in the east,  
And one of them shot in the west by the sea;  
Dead ! both my boys ! when you sit at the feast  
And are wanting a great song for Italy, free,  
Let none look at me !

Yet I was a poetess only last year,  
And good at my art, for a woman, men said ;  
But this woman, this,—who is agonized here,—  
The east sea and west sea rhyme on in her  
head,  
Forever, instead !

What's art for a woman? to hold on her knees  
Both darlings ! to feel all their arms round  
her throat,  
Cling, strangle a little ! to sew by degrees,  
And broider the long clothes, and neat little  
coat,  
To dream and to dote !

To teach them—it stings there ! I made them,  
indeed,  
Speak plain the word "country !" I taught  
them, no doubt,  
That a country's a thing men should die for at  
eed !  
I prated of liberty, rights, and about  
The want cast out !

And when their eyes flashed, - Oh, my beautiful eyes !—

I exulted ! nay, let them go forth at the  
wheels  
Of the guns and denied not. But then the  
surprise,  
When one sits quite alone ! then one weeps,  
then one kneels,—  
God ! how the house feels !

And first happy news came, in gay letters  
moiled  
With my kisses, of camp-life and glory, and  
how  
They both loved me ; and soon, coming home  
to be spoiled,  
In return would fan off every fly from my  
Brow  
With their green larval bough.

Then was triumph at Turin ; Ancora was free !  
And some one came out of the cheers in the  
street,  
With a face pale as stone, to say something to  
me.  
My Guido was dead ! I fell down at his feet,  
While they cheered in the street.

I bore it ! friends soothed me ; my grief looked  
sublime  
As the ransom of Italy ! one boy remained  
To be leant on and walked with, recalling the  
time  
When the first grew immortal ; while both of  
us strained  
To the height he had gained.

And letters still came, shorter, sadder, more  
strong,  
Writ now but in one hand,—“I was not to  
faint.  
One loved me for two, would be with me ere  
long ;  
And ‘Viva le'Italia’ he died for ; our saint !  
Who forbids our complaint.”

My Naomi would add,—“He was safe, and  
aware  
Of a presence that kept off the balls ; was  
impress  
It was Guido himself, who knew what I could  
bear ;  
And how 'twas impossible, quite dispossessed,  
To live on for the rest.”

On which, without pause, up the telegraph line,  
Swept smoothly, the next news from Gaeta—  
“Shot ! tell his mother !” Ah ! ah ! ‘his,’  
‘their,’ mother, not ‘mine’—  
No voice says ‘my mother !’ again to me !  
what,  
You think Guido forgot ?