

must occur at proper intervals, but not in sufficient quantity to form weak or monotonous effects. As others come in contact with us there is a mutual exchange of influences. This necessitates care on our part that we may never feel remorse for having caused a dark or tangled spot in the fabric of a friend. Let us not look on the web of another too critically, for we may not know how different his warp may have been from ours, or how tangled the threads were when he took them up.

"How dare we any human deed arraign,  
Attempt to reckon at another's cost,  
Or any pathway judge as safe and plain,  
Because we know not where the  
threads have crossed."

Our ancestors, two hundred years ago, while suffering fines, imprisonment and banishment, little thought that six generations later their descendants would worship that martyrdom almost to idolatry. They thought only of following their convictions. The Puritans contended with Kingcraft and overthrew it for the promotion of purity and virtue. The Friends, relentless and inflexible in their resistance to ecclesiastic tyranny, attacked the vices and follies of the seventeenth century, whether this course aroused the scorn of their friends or provoked the opposition of the king. The zeal and seriousness with which they devoted themselves to their self-appointed mission, absorbed all frivolity and selfishness, and led Cromwell to pay a fine tribute to their integrity and fidelity when he said: "Now I see that there is a people risen that I cannot win either with gifts, honors, offices or places, but all other sects and peoples I can."

Men who were called thinkers had desired religious liberty, but our forefathers arose fearlessly, and did those things of which others had dreamed. That is the claim they have on posterity. It was action made them what they were, and we can best show our devotion by weaving into our characters qualities that we admire in theirs.

Descendants of those early reformers, whose sufferings have been the theme of the painter and the song of the poet, trace your lineage to the stern Calvinist, the freedom loving Puritan, or the divinely inspired Quaker. Place around him the stocks, the pillory, the whipping post, the prison, the burning stake, and the gallows. Surround him with jeering neighbors and angry magistrates; now listen to his earnest appeal for truth and righteousness. Such is the idol of the imagination before which you bow down. At the same time you claim to descend from those who refused to bow the knee or doff the hat to any royalty but the King of kings. Is that the part of consistency? Rather go back and trace his characteristics, through your ancestral line, during generations of culture, decades of social and political changes, through annual increase in thought, research and educational advantages. Trace out these threads; weave them into your daily life and make a fabric rivaling that of your ancestors.

The world recognizes your claim to inherited virtuous traits, and expects you to gather from your surroundings and contact with men and the world, convictions and impulses which, with moral courage and devotion, you will apply in your daily life; apply in opposition to political corruption and social vices as well to-day as in the time of Cromwell; resurrect and reanimate the principles of your ancestors and give your Society a living present history, and in doing this honor its founders. The memory of those persecuted martyrs who contended for right and justice and humanity, implores you to continue the conflict.

With fashion, popularity and pleasure making slaves of our people; with the laboring man and the capitalist organized against each other, with poverty and crime on the increase; with politicians instead of statesmen ruling