

## ROLL CALL.

blind to subtle harmonies of shade and color. Step by step the youthful minds are led into broader fields; inch by inch the intellect expands until the love of knowledge becomes so thoroughly rooted that the artifices employed by teacher and parent to coax the child to study are no longer needed. Theoretically we cede the pre-eminence of the soul or spirit over the intellect and recognize in both a degree of dormancy. Practically we set about a systematic development of the intellectual man and leave the spiritual man to develop as best it may. Do we not spend more time and pains in seeking the enlargement of the minds of our children than in stimulating and encouraging the growth of the soul? Is it a dread of formalism that prevents among Friends a more frequent gathering of the household for scripture study? Is the same prejudice, for are not our principles too often prejudices, responsible for the spiritual apathy encountered in so many homes? It is the experience of practical religion in the home, the association with bright, warm, Christian lives, the unconstrained discussion of scriptural topics or comparison of Christian experience that forge the strongest links in that armor which best withstands the weapons of skepticism. With the little ones who have not learned the sweetness of suffering or the compensations of self-denial let us walk in the sunshine of God's presence, rather than the valleys of repentance and self abnegation. Let us as householders put to practical tests the enjoyment of doing "in His name" the duties required of us, for surely at the fireside altar as in no other place should the lesson be taught and learned that, "Religious ways are ways of pleasantness and all her paths are peace."

L. S.

It is not possible to live in the world even though we may tread it under our feet, without being soiled by its dust

What is this echo from the great unknown?  
 "Let us alone! Let us alone!"  
 Almost we seem to hear once more the tramp  
 Of soldiers marching; once more see the camp,  
 The smoke of battle, hear the cannon roar;—  
 Ah, Heaven forbid we see or hear them more!

Where tall palms wave and all the sunny air  
 Is sweet with breath of flowers, and the fair  
 Bright face of nature seems to have but smil'd  
 For all God's children;— if amid her wiles  
 The feet of justice paused in passing by  
 This sunny favored land, there rose this cry  
 From lips of brutal men whose hands were red  
 With brothers' blood. Who held above his head  
 The long, keen lash, and o'er his human heart  
 That scourge of love, "do thus or ye shall part,"  
 "Let us alone," said master, but the slave  
 Could hope for freedom only through the grave.  
 "Let us alone!" does echo, sending down  
 Her voice through years of silence, mean to  
 crown.  
 Her first word with her last? "hands off," they  
 say,  
 "Here's law, where's God? The law we will  
 obey."  
 The license banner flies to every breeze;  
 Between the lines are shadowed words like  
 these:  
 Wrecked homes, wrecked lives, hope trampled,  
 love defiled,  
 The parent brutalized, disgraced the child,  
 Yet with bold front and cool assured tone  
 The evil powers demand, "Let us alone."  
 Shall it be so? As God is with the right  
 We bravely cry "No more! let in the light!"

Behind the effect must somewhere be the  
 cause;  
 Behind the people's acts, the people's laws:—  
 Condemn? Approve? just Heaven, which  
 shall it be,  
 When from our earth go up such cries to Thee?  
 Shall even law be justified, that slays  
 Its tens of thousands legally, and lays  
 Its bloody hand upon its soulless heart  
 While cold lips kiss the book we set apart  
 As holy? *Dare* we let alone the thing  
 That is our brother's curse? The serpent's  
 sting