

Friends have done in the past, do our part towards keeping the high standard of the ministry in the Society, so that we may have, as Barclay has said, "A holy, spiritual, pure, and living ministry, in which the ministers are called, qualified, actuated and influenced by the Spirit of God."

## TO THE FATHERS AND HUSBANDS OF OUR COUNTRY.

At a woman's meeting connected with Illinois Yearly Meeting of Friends' held Sept. 18, 1895, in discussing the purity of the home, our members felt that that purity would be greatly promoted were the fathers and husbands to take the same interest the mothers and wives do, and be as careful as they in the use of pure language, not only in the home, but also when they are gathered together in the work of the farm, at the corner grocery or Town Hall, or any other place in which men are liable to congregate.

Boys will follow very closely the words and actions of their fathers and the fathers of their associates and, if they hear them using vile language, or making lewd remarks in regard to women or girls, they will be likely to follow their example. Therefore we plead with you to join with us in making the resolution that we will strive, not only to be pure in thought, and word and act, ourselves, but use our influence to induce others to do the same.

ELIZABETH H. COALE,  
President Woman's Meeting  
of Illinois Yearly Meeting.

Signed by direction of Illinois Yearly Meeting,

OLIVER WILSON, Clerk.

Genuine Christian experience is enjoyed when, holding fast to present attainments, we are continually looking forward to something better.—*Canadian Churchman*.

## O, TO BE GODS IN BABYLON.

"The Gods abide in Babylon;  
Of old they came to Babylon;  
Footsore by green-hedged country roads,  
Mere men were they in plain attire,  
Oft scant their fare and chill their fire,  
But when they died men crowned them  
gods;

Let us, too, go to Babylon."  
So spake the lads who would be gods,  
Three lads who went to Babylon.

All through the night the snorting stream,  
Unto the city of their dream,  
With clank and jumble, jolt and stand,  
Held on, while past them fled the land;  
Fled streams and meadows, hills and  
downs,  
Fled lochs and forests, hamlets, towns,  
Till set the moon and paled the stars,  
And dawn unfurled—Babylon!

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The majesty of Babylon!  
The mystery of Babylon!  
Her stately years, like laden wains,  
Piled high with efforts, failures, hopes,  
And sheaf on sheaf of fruitless gains  
Moved slowly down life's harvest slopes;  
Time, heavy-footed, led them on,  
But Youth, outworn, a-top lay prone,  
Old grew the lads in Babylon.

The first, him Pleasure whispered fair;  
About him blew her 'withering hair;  
Her glamor circled him like a flame,  
He ceased to strive, forgot his aim,  
And woke at last, a soul beshorn,  
Himself unto himself forsworn;  
Dull, dull, as down the city's roar  
Where sink the souls who rise no more  
In the deep, deep dark of Babylon!

And one with all too tender eyes  
Saw but the wrong to heaven that cries;  
The smoke of men's vain torment rose,  
And dimmed all else but human woes;  
Nor hope, nor help on any hand,  
A stone this heart of Mammonland!  
Oh, sun-bathed hills! were ye a dream?  
Oh, fields of youth! oh, flower-fringed  
stream!

Out of the fog and home to die,  
He, gasping, fled from Babylon!

Through toilsome years, by stony roads,  
One reached the dwelling of the Gods;  
The silences that brood away  
In Thought's vast temple, domed by day;  
Here found he strength and soul-increase,  
In work knew rest, in tumult peace;  
Here burned his lamp, and, lo, its ray,  
Shone o'er the world from Babylon!

—*Jessie Kerr Lawson*.