

"The King's Missive, 1661."

Up the great hall sloping bare
To the meadow and common lot,
In his council chamber and oaken chair,
Sat the worshipful Governor Endicott.
A grave, strong man, who knew no peer
In a plumed land, here he ruled in fear
Of God, not man, and for good or ill
Held his trust with an iron will.

He had shorn with his sword the cross from
out
The flag, and cloven the May-pole down,
Harmed the heathen round about,
And whipped the Quakers from town to
town.

Earnest and honest, a man at need
To be like a torch for his own harsh creed,
He strove with the flaming brand of his zeal
The gate of the holy commonweal.

A brow was clouded, his eye was stern,
With a look of mingled sorrow and wrath,
"Woe's me!" he murmured, "at every turn
The pestilent Quakers are in my path!
Some we have scourged, and banished some,
Some hanged, more doomed, and still they
come."

For as the tide of yon bay sets in,
Sowing their heresy's seed of sin.

"Did we count on this? Did we leave behind
The graves of our kin, the comfort and ease
Of our English hearths and homes, to find
Troublers of Israel such as these?
Shall I spare? Shall I pity them? God forbid!"

I will do as the prophet to Agag did.
They come to poison the wells of the Word;
I will hew them in pieces before the Lord!"

The door swung open, and Rawson, the clerk,
Entered, and whispered, under breath:
"There awaits below for the hangman's work
A fellow banished on pain of death—
Shattuck, of Salem, unhealed of the whip—
Brought over in master Goldsmith's ship,
At anchor here in a Christian port,
With freight of the Devil and all his sort!"

Twice and thrice on his chamber-floor,
Striding fiercely from wall to wall,
"The Lord do so to me and more,"
The Governor cried, "if I hang not all!
Bring hither the Quaker." Calm, sedate,
With the look of a man at ease with fate,
Into that presence grim and dread
Came Samuel Shattuck, with hat on head.

"Off with the knave's hat!" An angry hand
Smote down the offence; but the wearer
said,

With a quiet smile: "By the king's com-
mand

I bear his message and stand in his stead."
In the Governor's hand a missive he laid,
With the royal arms on its seal displayed;
And the proud man spake, as he gazed
thereat,

Uncovering: "Give Mr. Shattuck his hat."

He turned to the Quaker, bowing low:
"The king commandeth your friend's re-
lease.

Doubt not he shall be obeyed, although
To his subjects' sorrow and sin's increase.
What he here enjoineeth, John Endicott,
His loyal servant, questioneth not.
You are free! God grant the spirit you own
May take you from us to parts unknown."

So the door of the jail was open cast,
And, like Daniel out of the Lions' den,
Tender youth and girlhood passed,
With age-bowed women and gray-locked
men;

And the voice of one appointed to die
Was lifted in praise and thanks on high,
And the little maid from New Netherlands
Kissed in her joy the doomed man's hands.

And one whose call was to minister
To the souls in prison beside him went,
An ancient woman, bearing with her
The hush shroud for his burial meant.
For she, not counting her own life dear,

In the strength of a love that cast out fear,
Had watched and served when her brethren
died,

Like those who waited the cross beside,

One moment they paused, on their way to
look

On the martyr graves by the common side,
And much scourged Wharton of Salem took
His burden of prophecy up and cried:
"Rest, souls of the valiant! Not in vain
Have ye borne the Master's cross of pain.
Ye have fought the fight, ye are victors
crowned,

With a fourfold chain ye have Satan bound!

The autumn haze lay soft and still

On wood and meadow and upland farms;
On the brow of Snow Hill the great windmill
Slowly and lazily swung its arms;
Broad in the sunshine stretched away,
With its capes and islands, the turquoise bay;
And over water and dusk of pines
Blue hills lifted their faint outlines.

The topaz leaves of the walnut glowed,
The sumach added its crimson fleck,
And double in air and water showed
The tinted maples along the Neck;
Through frost-flower clusters of pale star-
mist,

And gentian fringes of amethyst,
And royal plumes of the golden rod,
The grazing cattle on Centry trod.

But, as they who see not, the Quakers saw
The world about them. They only thought
With deep thanksgiving and pious awe
Of the great deliverance God had wrought,
Through lane and alley the gazing town
Noisily followed them up and down—
Some with scoffing and brutal jeer,
Some with pity and words of cheer.

One brave voice rose above the din.
Upsall, gray with his length of days,
Cried from the door of his Red Lion Inn,
"Men of Boston, give God the praise!
No more shall innocent blood call down
The bolts of wrath on your guilty town.
The freedom of worship, dear to you,
Is dear to all and to all is due.

"I see the vision of days to come,
When your beautiful City of the Bay
Shall be Christian liberty's chosen home;
And none shall his neighbour's rights
gainsey.

The varying notes of worship shall blend
And as one great prayer to God ascend,
And hands of mutual charity raise
Walls of salvation and gates of praise."

So passed the Quakers through Boston town,
Whose painful ministers sighed to see
The walls of their sheep-fold falling down
And wolves of heresy prowling free.
But the years went on and brought no wrong;
With milder counsels the state grew strong,
As outward letter and inward light
Kept the balance of truth aright.

The Puritan spirit, perishing not,
To Concord's yeoman the signal sent,
And spake in the voice of the cannon-shot
That severed the chains of a continent.
With its gentler mission of peace and good
will,
The thought of the Quaker is living still,
And the freedom of soul he prophesied
Is gospel and law where its martyrs died.
—JOHN G. WHITTIER, in "The Memorial
History of Boston."

In my thoughts I always liken the
Woman's Christian Temperance Union
to the Joun of Arc, whom God raised
up for France, and who, in spite of
their muscle and their military pro-
wess, beat the English and crowned her
king! But evermore she heard and
heeded heavenly voices, and God grant
that we may hear and heed them ever-
more!—*Frances E. Willard.*

Whiskey in Toronto.

THE streets of Toronto on Christ-
mas last presented a sad and shocking
sight in the hundreds of drunken men,
and even boys, who reeled from saloon
to saloon. The door of each whiskey
resort was kept swinging during the
day by endless processions of men,
whose highest ideal of a holiday—and
such a holiday as Christmas!—is to
drink, to stagger, and to lower their
manhood in their temporary loss of
reason. Some of the principal down-
town saloons—such as that of M.
McConnell's—were crowded almost to
suffocation. By nightfall the results
were seen in staggering groups of men,
otherwise respectable in appearance,
trying to find their way home—or to
another saloon.

The whiskey-sellers were evidently
making it "an open day" for their
victims, until the mob became so
troublesome that the very bars were
invaded, compelling some of the pro-
prietors to close their establishments.
God help us! It only emphasizes the
responsibility that rests upon every
citizen to vote in the interests of law,
order, sobriety, and the further cur-
tailment of these death-dealing fac-
tories of the devil.

Temperance Items.

INTOXICANTS are not beneficial, but
rather injurious to persons in health.
In 1872, six hundred physicians of
Holland issued a declaration, in which
are these words: "The moderate use
of strong drinks is always unhealthy,
even when the body is in a healthy
condition."

Five hundred physicians of London,
England, a few years ago, signed a
declaration that liquor is not neces-
sary to persons in health.

Two thousand physicians, of high
standing, in the City of New York,
lately signed the following declara-
tion: "That a very large proportion
of human misery, including poverty,
disease, and crime, is induced by the
use of alcoholic or fermented liquors
as a beverage, and that total and
universal abstinence from all such
beverages would greatly contribute to
the health, the prosperity, and the
happiness of the human race."

Ninety-six physicians of Montreal
have united in the following declara-
tion: "That total abstinence from in-
toxicating liquors, whether fermented
or distilled, is consistent with and
conducive to the highest degree of
physical and mental health and vigour,
and that such absence would greatly
promote the health, morality, and hap-
piness of the people."

The following question has recently
been put to a number of leading phy-
sicians of this city: "What effect
would general total abstinence have
on the public health?" Eighty-one
of the leading doctors of Toronto de-
clare it would have a good effect. No
physician whose opinion is worth any-
thing, would dare to advocate moder-

ate drinking. They know that there
is no man so capable for any kind of
work as the total abstainer.

During the time of the Burmese
war, Sir Henry Havelock commanded
a regiment of soldiers. One evening
the commander-in-chief ordered a cer-
tain regiment to occupy a position of
danger—for the enemy was coming in
full force. The word, however, was
brought back that the men had been
carousing, and so many of them were
drunk that they were not in a position
to obey orders. "Then," said the
General, "call out Havelock's Saints;
they are never drunk, and Havelock
is always ready." Never was there a
more dignified position given to a regi-
ment of soldiers,— "Saints always
ready." Ready to live, ready to fight,
if that be necessary, and ready to
die.

The use of intoxicants is causing
immense evil. Gladstone says that
"Greater calamities are inflicted on
mankind by intemperance than by the
three great scourges of war, pestilence,
and famine."

Canon Farrar says: "They have in
Great Britain an army of 600,000
drunkards, and a licensed liquor traffic
will not allow the ranks to diminish."

Lord Coleridge says: "Make Eng-
land sober, and you may do away with
nine-tenths of her prisons."

Last year, in this city of Toronto,
there were 4,283 persons before the
police magistrate, charged with being
drunk and disorderly.

The steamer *Vernon* and all her
crew, except one, perished lately on
Lake Michigan. The testimony of
this survivor, as well as others who
knew him, goes to show that the cap-
tain was a confirmed drunkard, and
that this was the cause of the disaster
and the loss of fifty lives.

A painter at one time thought he
would paint a picture of innocence.
He looked round for a subject, and at
last found a little boy named Rupert,
whose rosy cheeks and beautiful coun-
tenance seemed to be a perfect picture
of innocence. He made the picture,
sent copies of it to his friends, and it
was universally admired. Years rolled
on, and that painter became an old
man. He said: "I have made a pic-
ture of innocence, and it has been
more admired than anything else I
ever did. I would like now to make
a contrast to that picture: I would
like to make a picture of guilt." He
searched the prisons for a subject.
At last he found an old man named
Randalls. He had been a drunkard
for years, and was then under sen-
tence of death. He drew the picture,
and placed it beside that of young
Rupert. Every one said what a won-
derful contrast! But who was young
Rupert, and who was old Randalls?
One and the same person. Dissipa-
tion had changed the picture of inno-
cence into the picture of guilt. Such
are the transformations that are
constantly effected by this terrible
traffic.