

it. Had he been wrong and they right, the case would not have been different. Had he been convinced against his will, on the rack of reason, by incontrovertible argument, the case would still have been the same.

"Nevertheless, I would fight," says the young man, after listening to the arguments for peace given before the Young Friends' Conference last month, by Jesse H. Holmes, who, as one said, was so convincing that "even those who do not agree with him admit that he is right."

The testimonies for peace and against capital punishment are consistently borne only by those who accept as fundamentally true the teaching of Jesus that we should love our friends—and our enemies, too. Reason may be and is invoked by both parties in the discussion for, as Benjamin Franklin once asked, "What is the use of being a reasoning creature if you can not invent a reason for what you are bound to do?" But the argument of expediency has no weight with one who stands upon the ground of the sufficiency of love, and the argument of pure morality seems unreasonable to one who stands upon any other. Our opinions on these subjects are matters of the heart and not of the head.

### ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

The following poem is from the pen of Alfred Austin, British poet laureate:

What is the voice I hear

On the wind of the western sea?

Sentinel, listen from out Cape Clear,

And say what the voice may be.

'Tis a proud, free people calling loud to a people proud and free.

And it says to them, "Kinsmen, hail!

We severed have been too long;

Now let us have done with a worn-out tale,

The tale of an ancient wrong,

And our friendship last long as love doth last, and be stronger than death is strong."

Answer them, sons of the selfsame race,

And blood of the selfsame clan,

Let us speak with each other, face to face,

And answer as man to man,  
And loyally love and trust each other as none but free men can.

Now fling them out to the breeze,  
Shamrock, thistle and rose,  
And the Star-spangled Banner unfurl with these,

A message to friends and foes,  
Wherever the sails of peace are seen and wherever the war wind blows.

A message to bond and thrall to wake,  
For wherever we come, we twain,  
The throne of the tyrant shall rock and quake,

And his menace be void and vain,  
For you are lords of a strong young land,  
and we are lords of the main.

Yes, this is the voice on the bluff March gale:

"We severed have been too long;  
But now we have done with a worn-out tale,  
The tale of an ancient wrong,  
And our friendship last long as love doth last, and be stronger than death is strong."

### AFTER BLENHEIM.

It was a summer evening,

Old Kaspar's work was done,

And he before his cottage door

Was sitting in the sun;

And by him sported on the green

His little grandchild Wilhelm.

She saw her brother Peterkin

Roll something large and round

Which he beside the rivulet

In playing there had found;

He came to ask what he had found

That was so large and smooth and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,

Who stood expectant by;

And then the old man shook his head,

And with a natural sigh,

"'Tis some poor fellow's skull," said he,

"Who fell in the great victory."

"I find them in the garden,

For there's many here about;

And often when I go to plough,

The ploughshare turns them out.

For many thousand men," said he,

"Were slain in that great victory."

"Now tell us what 'twas all about,"

Young Peterkin, he cries;

And little Wilhelm looks up

With wonder waiting eyes;

"Now tell us all about the war,

And what they fought each other for."