

should have been the enemy of both; unarmed, they have alike respected me. In such expectation I have long since laid aside all menacing apparatus whatever. Arms irritate the wicked and intimidate the simple. The man of peace amongst mankind has a much more sacred defence—his character." Such has been the experience of the unoffending and unresisting in individual life.

A national example of a refusal to bear arms has only once been exhibited to the world; but that one example has proved, all that humanity could desire, and all that skepticism could demand, in favor of our argument.

It has been the ordinary practice of those who have colonized distant countries to force a footing, or to maintain it with the sword. One of the first objects has been to build a fort and to provide a military defense. The adventurers became soldiers and the colony was a garrison. Pennsylvania was, however, colonized by men who believed that war was absolutely incompatible with Christianity, and who therefore resolved not to practice it. Having determined not to fight, they maintained no soldiers and possessed no arms. They planted themselves in a country that was surrounded by savages who knew they were unarmed. If easiness of conquest, or incapability of defence, could subject them to outrage, the Pennsylvanians might have been the very sport of violence. Plunderers might have robbed them without retaliation, and armies might have slaughtered them without resistance. If they did not show a temptation to outrage, no temptation could be given. But these were people who possessed their country in security, whilst those around them were trembling for their existence. This was a land of peace while every other was a land of war. The conclusion is inevitable, although it is extraordinary:—They were in no need of arms because they would not use them.

IN MEMORY OF EMILY MCKELLAR

(Formerly Emma Marsh, of Coldstream)

Home to the land of her beautiful childhood,
Comes she with husband and children
and friend,
Passing through landscapes of mountain
and wildwood
That brightens the spirit as inward they
blend.

How we rejoice at our dear ones returning,
After long absence in some foreign land,
Scarce can we curb in the passionate
yearning,
The joyful and happy surprises we've
planned.

But lo, all unviewed pass the marvellous
visions;
The rivers flow lonely, the mountains
stand drear:
No heart now to revel in nature's elysians;
For she whom we love has a bed on the
bier.

Home again to us, but oh, what a home
bringing!
Clay, lifeless, senseless, voiceless and
cold,
In place of form beaming, eyes love-lit,
voice ringing,
And soul thrilled and inspired of our
Emma of old.

When Goethe heard Schiller was dead,
he lamented,
And cried out that half his existence
was gone,
And thus did we feel when those ties that
cemented
Our spirits with Emma were snapped
and undone.

For as sister and daughter, and friend in
ideal,
Her life with our lives were inwove and
entwined;
She shared in our sorrow, rejoiced in our
weal,
Was oft in our home, and more oft in
our mind.

If asked what she excelled in, though all
virtues blended
Serenely, there was one that outdid all
its brothers:
The one that's most Christ-like, as I com-
prehend it—
Forgetful of self in the welfare of others.