

We know we have passed from death unto life because we love the brethren, he that loveth not his brother abideth in death." Thus passed "from death unto life" those faithful ones who prepared the way for others who would show to the world a still more perfect way and a "closer walk with God." And what of the little Inez? Truly a lamb in the midst of wolves! Her parents' prayers were answered, and He who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me," took her to Himself ere her young feet could wander from the pure path in which she had been led.

Those fearful scenes have passed away, and although the spirit which prompted them still lives, it is powerless to do its will.

I have often wondered what would be the position of many of us now if called upon to answer for our faith like the martyrs of old. Are we truly thankful that throughout the land people may worship the Father according to the dictates of their own hearts? Let us then never be ashamed or afraid to "acknowledge Him in all our ways," that "He may direct our paths."

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### THE VIRTUE OF BEING COLOR-BLIND.\*

"Love thy neighbor as thyself."  
'Twas thus that Jesus taught!  
But who is my neighbor?  
We to whom thou some kind act may do,  
Some brotherly love, some friendship show.  
God has made this great, wide earth,  
Round and perfect and complete;  
Placed thereon the flower and herb,  
Fruit and beast and bird.  
The rose, He told to grow  
And spread its perfume far;  
The bird, to soar on wing  
And sing, and gladden all mankind.  
The fruit and herb to grow and serve  
The black and white, the rich and poor.  
He then created man and commanded him to love.  
The rose, the bird, the fruit and herb

All serve their master faithfully and cheerfully,  
How then can man help loving?  
All, all created perfect,  
And God pronounced them very good.  
Why, then, dare we choose between good and evil?

Every fellow man, it matters not  
Where his earthly lot be cast,  
Has in his life a soul divine.  
Would God plant there the precious seed  
And then desert his own?  
Does earthly home or colored race  
Shut out the Christ divine?  
Is not the babe in India  
As pure from the Maker's hand  
As the child of an English scholar?  
'Tis in ourselves the fault we'll find,  
We fail our duty to perform.  
God is as He was yesterday  
The same true God forever.  
Man ceases to love, when he ignores  
The workings of God in a distant land  
Among his people there.  
Man ceases to love, when he blindly  
Condemns the mode of worship of a brother,  
Ere he learns the depth of feeling  
Or sincere motives of the worshipper.  
Each man, no matter who or where,  
Is prompted by a voice of One  
Unseen, but not unknown by any  
Here or there, who will seek to know,  
Race or color it matters not,  
God dwells alike with all.  
He made the glowworm and the star.  
The light within both is divine.  
Then let us love—and love perfectly  
All human beings,  
The wayfarer, who lingers at thy door,  
Though he be of Indian blood,  
Withhold not thyself from him  
As thy outward eye notes quickly  
The dark completed form;  
Turn not away despitefully  
And say—go from me, thou art none of us;  
But rather close thine eyes,  
Forget the race and color,  
And seek to find the purer nature,  
The whiteness of that spiritual form  
Wherein dwells our God.  
By thy acts, thy deeds, let him feel  
That you are one in Christ;  
Help him to know  
That in thee dwells a God,  
A power divine.  
If each man as he meets a neighbor,  
Of any land, or race, or tongue,  
Would seek first to find in him  
"The Kingdom of God,"  
That by which they might be drawn together,  
And truly love each other,  
Leaving unnoticed the darker hue  
Of outward form,  
For angels of God—the sun, and winds, land  
and waters  
Are God's painters and designers,  
Filling each for his natural climate.

\*Essay read by Arletta Cutler, at the First-day School Quarterly Philanthropic session devoted to "Peace and Arbitration," held in Friends' Meeting House, Coldstream, 12th mo. 30, 1893.