

required. Scarcely a day passes when we do not more or less require it. Thank goodness the notion that women should faint or go into hysterics for the smallest thing is pretty well exploded; still, even yet the opposite lesson might be more strongly inculcated.

Select Recitations for Literary Circles.

LOVE, THE UNIFYING PRINCIPLE.

Read by Edgar M. Zavitz, at Lobo Township F. D. S. Convention, held in the Presbyterian Church, Ivan, 2nd mo. 15th, 1895.

If another differ from us, in his faith, or in his creed,
Should we censure his religion, if it fruit in worthy deed?

If he cannot see as we see, should we conquer him with strife?

Resting more upon *our dogma*, than upon *his virtuous life*.

For the heterodox we tarry in another, and condemn,

May be, in God's wiser wisdom, sound and orthodox to Him.

For it is not we who judge, and it is not we who swing

The golden gates of paradise, and give the welcoming.

Do we make a boast of *freedom* in religion and in thought,

Granting liberty of conscience, that the past so dearly bought!

Can we then deem any, heathen, hopeless of salvation's claim,

Though they never heard of Jesus, but bow down to Love's pure flame.

Though our creeds be just as diverse and opposed as black and white,

Or the north pole from the south pole, there's a love that can unite.

And if we will fail to show it in our every act and word

We are the benighted heathen, all unworthy of our Lord.

For it is not we who judge, and it is not we who swing

The golden gates of paradise, and give the welcoming.

What is this that comes before me in the blackness of the night!

Lo! the Christian's gleaming sabre with his fellowman in flight.

Or, behold the bloody Bastille, and the dungeon, and the stake!

And the thousand hideous tortures suffered just for conscience sake!

The guillotine! the iron maid! the headman's axe! the infernal screw!

The massacres of Piedmont; and of St. Bartholomew!

Oh, my friends, well may we shudder, and our cheeks burn red with shame

When we view the deeds of horror done in our religion's name,

All forgetting or unheeding that it is not we who swing

The golden gates of paradise, and give the welcoming.

Why should I stir up these feelings in your calm and peaceful breast?

Only that I may ally them into a serener rest. Let us turn our inward vision to the scenes that love awake:

Lo! the "Congress of Religions" in Chicago, by the lake,

Where all nations and religions met and trod one common floor,

With the spirits of the past saints, and the angels hovering o'er.

Love will not be mocked forever! It is she and God who swing

The golden gates of paradise, and give the welcoming.

O this earth is filled with beauty, and the human is divine,

And the common is the kingly, and the simple the sublime:

All the old things are transfigured into new things, when we dwell

In the sweet love spirit, trusting in the One ineffable.

All the vision of St. John on Patmos we will comprehend:

We shall see the holy city, New Jerusalem, descend.

Pearly gates, and jasper walls, and golden streets all symbolize

What the new born child of God sees, even here, with inward eyes.

Love and God stand ever ready at each duty's door to swing

Earth's golden gates of Paradise, and give the welcoming.

"If we work upon marble, it will perish; if we work upon brass, time will efface it; if we rear temples, they will crumble into dust; but if we work upon immortal minds, if we imbue them with principles, with the just fear of God and love of our fellowmen, we engrave on those tablets something which will brighten to all eternity."—*Daniel Webster*.