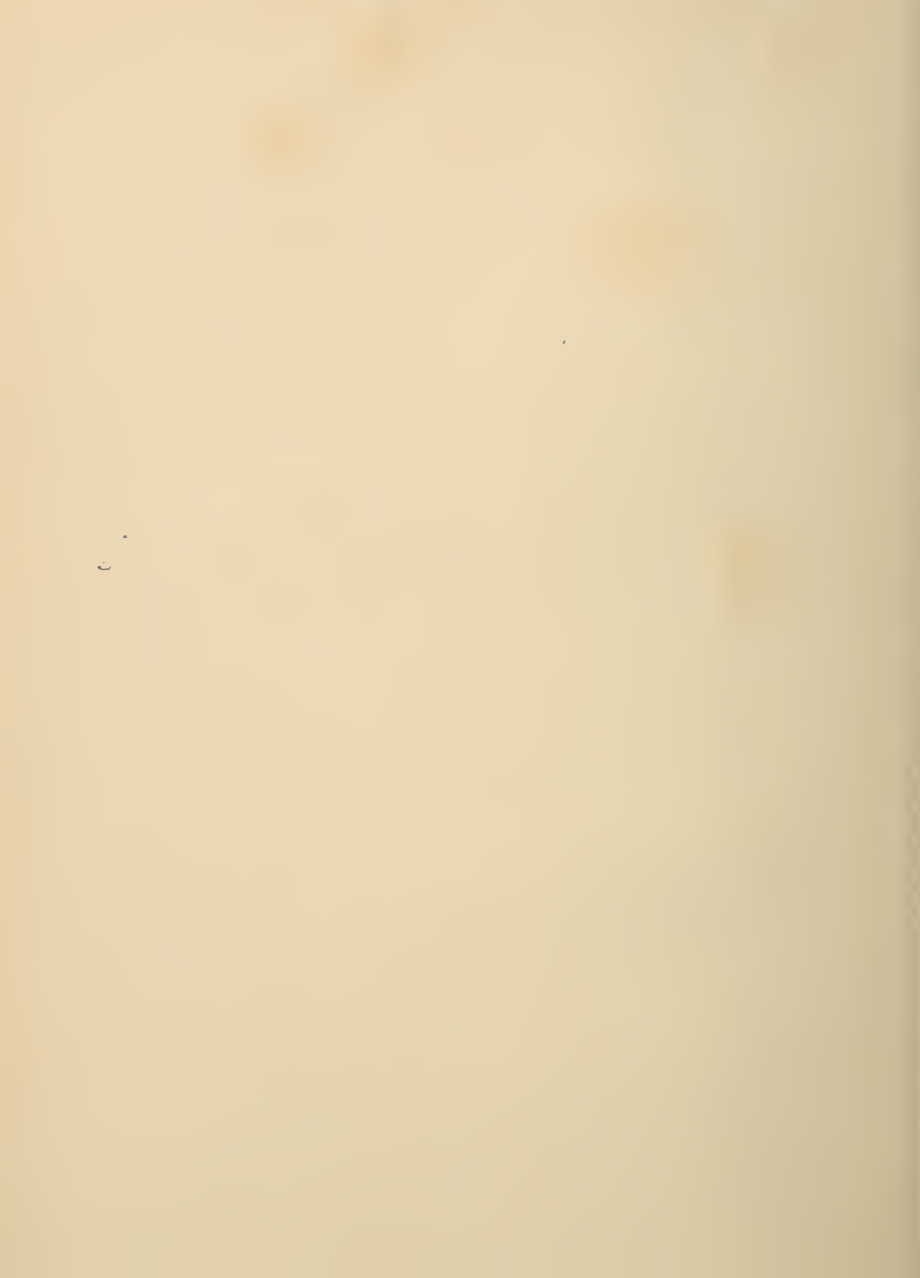


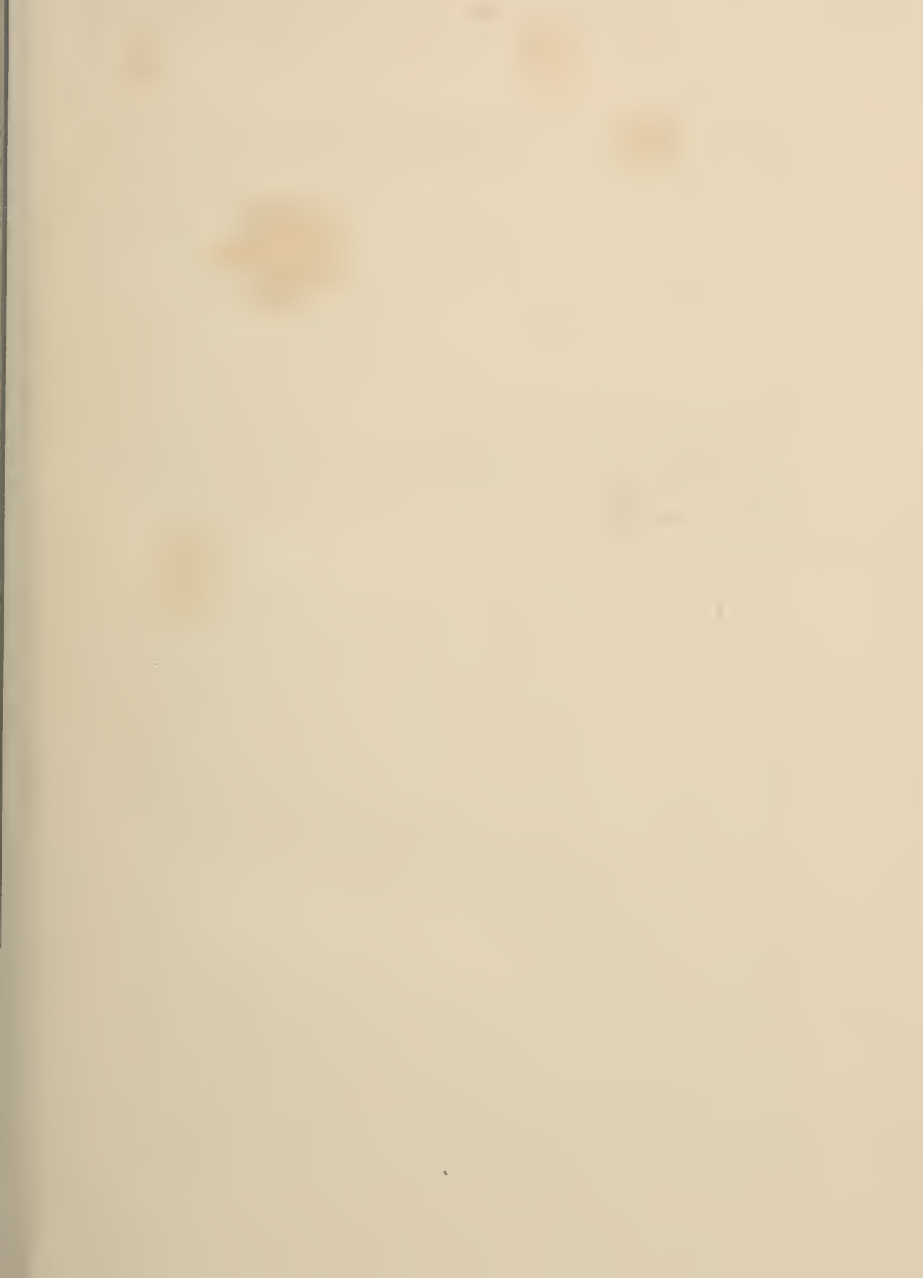
QUAKER
400 POEMS





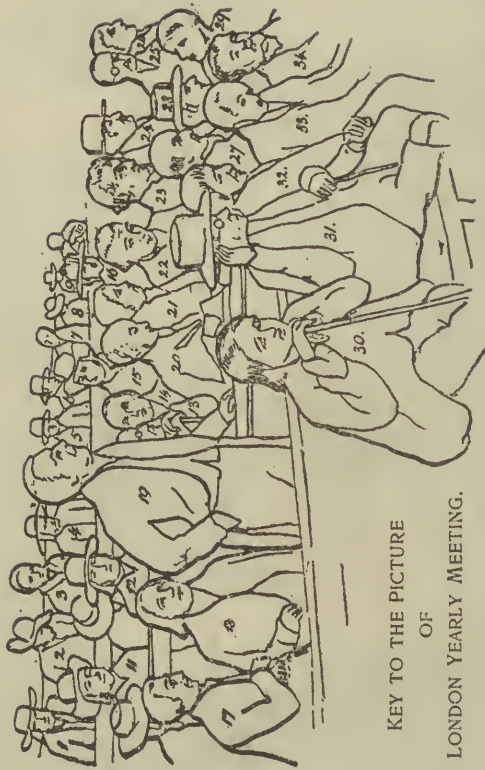
(S. Wein Mitchell et al.)







THE GALLERY OF LONDON YEARLY MEETING.
From the painting by Samuel Lucas, 1840.



KEY TO THE PICTURE
OF
LONDON YEARLY MEETING.

- | | | | | |
|----------------------|-------------------------|--------------------------|-------------------------|------------------------|
| 1. WILLIAM SEWELL, | 9. JOSEPH NEATBY, | 16. JONATHAN HUTCHINSON, | 22. WILLIAM FORSTER, | 28. SAMUEL ALLEN, |
| 2. SAMUEL RUNDLELL, | 10. RICHARD BARRETT, | 17. SAMUEL TUKE, | 23. JOSEPH JOHN GURNEY, | 29. LUKE HOWARD, |
| 3. THOMAS SHILLITOE, | 11. GEORGE JONES, | 18. WILLIAM ALLEN, | 24. JOSEPH MARRIAGE, | 30. ROBERT RUSDEN, |
| 4. DANIEL WHEELER, | 12. RICHARD COCKIN, | 19. JOSIAH FORSTER, | 25. JOHN FOSTER, | 31. RAWLINSON BARCLAY, |
| 5. WILLIAM RUCKMAN, | 13. DANIEL WHEELER, | 20. GEORGE STACY, | 26. EDWARD SMITH, | 32. ROBERT ALSOP, |
| 6. SOLOMON CHAPMAN, | 14. JONATHAN BACKHOUSE, | 21. SAMUEL GURNEY, | 27. SILVANUS FOX, | 33. WILLIAM JONES, |
| 7. WILLIAM GUNDRY, | 15. WILLIAM GUNDRY, | | | 34. ISAAC BASS, |

M. B. Ripson
with the compliments & regard of Wm. Ellis Scull
Rabbits

QUAKER POEMS

A COLLECTION OF VERSE
RELATING TO

THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.

COMPILED BY
CHARLES FRANCIS JENKINS.



PHILADELPHIA :
JOHN C. WINSTON & CO.
1893.

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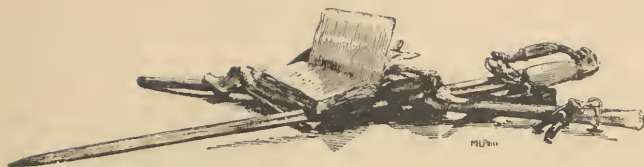
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FIRST FRIENDS' MEETING HOUSE,
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M.L. Price

"A" A MONTHLY MEETING OF WOMEN FRIENDS OF —
 HELD ELEVENTH MONTH 23RD 1859 —

INTRODUCTION.

A DESIRE to see ourselves as others see us was the original prompting which led me to collect these verses relating to the Society of Friends. I did not, at first, contemplate using any poem written by a Friend, but as this would have precluded the use of selections from John G. Whittier, John Scott, Bernard Barton, William Howitt, Amelia Opie, and others who are representative of the poetic literature of our Society, the original plan was abandoned. It results that about half the authors quoted are members of the Society of Friends. In most cases the selections from these writers are not those which they or their readers have most esteemed. A collection which may some day be forthcoming of "Quaker Poets," and including their best and representative poems, would in but few instances conflict with the contents of this volume. Nor does the present plan of selection permit of quotation from several of our poets who seem to have written nothing in the way of verse relating to the body of which they were members. John Scott, the amiable bard of Amwell and a consistent Friend, has been included by using his "Ode on Hearing the Drum," which gives expression to his dislike for martial music and its suggestion of war.

Amelia Opie, a Friend by conviction, is but poorly represented by the little poem, "Silent Worship." From Mary Howitt, the greater portion of her life a Friend, and a most voluminous writer, especially of verses for children, I could find nothing. The brothers Wiffen, Jeremiah H. and Benjamin B., are not included. The former achieved distinction as a translator of Spanish, Italian and Welsh poetry, and the latter, although by occupation an ironmonger, as a Spanish scholar. Charles Lloyd, a Friend by birth, whose first printed poems were included in a volume with those of Coleridge and Lamb, is not quoted. Nor are many others of Quaker birth and affiliations, whose names will be found in the average biographical dictionary as writers of more than ordinary note. It must not be supposed, however, that all the poems relating to Friends have been included in this collection. The necessarily limited space and the similarity of subjects and of treatment have compelled the rejection of many otherwise worthy pieces, which in a complete treatment of the subject could not be omitted.

Although the book would be incomplete without the selections from these Quaker writers, the chief attraction of the collection will probably be in those poems taken from outside sources.

The interest which literary men and women have felt in the Society of Friends has in most instances been first

aroused by their friendship with members of that body, who, too, have followed literature either for their amusement or livelihood. To the intimacy existing between Samuel Taylor Coleridge and Charles Lloyd can undoubtedly be traced that feeling, deeper than interest, which the Lake poets, Wordsworth, Southey, and Coleridge, and their London friend, Charles Lamb, bore towards Quakerism. Lloyd and Coleridge were schoolmates, and after the latter's marriage Lloyd was for a time a member of his household. Then, too, there was Robert Lovell, also the son of a Friend, who, with Southey and Coleridge, originated that Utopian project which was to bring them to the fertile hillsides of the Susquehanna, there to establish an ideal colony.

Coleridge was familiar with the literature of Friends, and in a letter but recently published he declares: "I say aloud that in the essentials of their Faith I believe as the Quakers do." Southey for many years contemplated a "Life of George Fox and History and Progress of the Quakers," an undertaking viewed with no little apprehension by Friends at the time. The projected work, like many others of his, was never completed. William Howitt is authority for the statement that Wordsworth was as familiar with our literature as either of his friends.

Charles Lamb, in his correspondence with Bernard Barton, extending over a considerable period, has left us

many evidences of his sympathy with Friends. It is by this friendship and correspondence that Bernard Barton is chiefly remembered in the literary world. A letter which he had addressed to Lamb, deprecating the apparent spirit of levity which the latter had used in alluding to Friends, was the beginning of their intimacy. There were many points of resemblance in their busy lives. Bernard Barton for forty years bent over his ledgers in a bank ; Charles Lamb for almost as long climbed up and down his high stool at the India House. Both were compelled to work. Both lived quiet, almost secluded lives, one with his daughter, the other with his sister. In religious opinions no two men were more free from all tinge of bigotry. Charles Lamb wrote of himself: " In feeling and matters not dogmatical, I hope I am half a Quaker." " How I like the Quaker phrases," he writes Barton. He devoured George Fox's " Journal " in six evenings, and then picked up on an old bookstand Fox's " Works." He read Sewell's " History," Thomas Ellwood's " Works," and William Penn's " No Cross, No Crown," he says, to his pleasure and profit. His injunction to " Get the writings of John Woolman by heart," has brought that journal, so dear to Friends, to the notice of many, who in turn have acknowledged the correctness of his judgment as to its simple beauty and deep spirituality. Occasionally Lamb attended the meetings of the

Friends. The spirit of levity, the second nature of the man, to which Barton objected in his earlier writings, he afterwards regretted.

Other English writers have had friendships among the Society of Friends. Thomas Ellwood, aside from the charm of his own personality, will always be remembered as the secretary and friend of Milton. It was he who read "Paradise Lost" among the very first, and on returning the manuscript suggested "Paradise Regained." Ellwood, too, was the "courteous friend" of the poet Waller. Thomas Wilkinson was on intimate terms and in correspondence with numerous literary people. Edmund Burke during his lifetime retained a warm affection for his early schoolmate, Richard Shackleton, and frequently gave expression to his high regard for the Society with which he had come in contact while at school at Ballitore. Lewis Morris, whose name has been strongly proposed as successor to Tennyson as Poet Laureate, was a dear and intimate friend of John Bright, and he has always entertained a warm feeling towards the Society of Friends, as representing "the purity and simplicity of the Gospel of Peace." Quaker ancestry is answerable for Walter Scott's interest in Friends. He traced back his descent on both his father's and mother's side to members "of that respectable body." But it is not necessary to further enumerate. The biographies of the many Friends who

have achieved distinction in their different callings are filled with allusions to their literary friends and associates.

In America no one has created a higher esteem for the Society of Friends than John G. Whittier. No exponent of the Inner Light has in later years interpreted the message of Quakerism in more certain tones or to so many who have not been of us, and the love and respect accorded to him have in many instances extended beyond, to the religious body of which he was, to the end, an earnest and consistent member. The generation of brilliant men and women who were his contemporaries and friends has now almost passed away, but a younger generation still recalls and loves him, and it has been a task of no small difficulty to make selections from among the many loving tributes which have been addressed to him and to his memory.

William D. Howells's sympathetic introduction to Thomas Ellwood's "Journal," which has given it an audience it would not otherwise have obtained, was one of the results, perhaps, of his Quaker ancestry. Edmund Clarence Stedman, in correcting for me the poem of his accomplished mother, Elizabeth Clementine Kinney (on page 254) closes his letter with this paragraph: "Like her, I am attached to the Plain People. My dearest friends have been Mr. Whittier and Bayard Taylor—and I am a believer in the Inward Light." Thomas Wentworth Higginson once

wrote an article concerning Friends, which was copied in one of the Society's periodicals, and he has always cherished it as a compliment that some one upon reading it inquired if he was a "birthright member."

That poems criticising Friends are not more fully represented, the little one on page 209 with its implied dissent from Quaker ways being the only one, is in part due to their rarity in general literature. Few such are met with. Tennyson, in his "Northern Farmer," has the following two line reference :

" But I k^ooaw'd a Quaäker feller as often 'as tow'd ma this :
' Doäint thou marry for munny, but goä wheer munny is ! "

And again in " Maud " are two allusions.

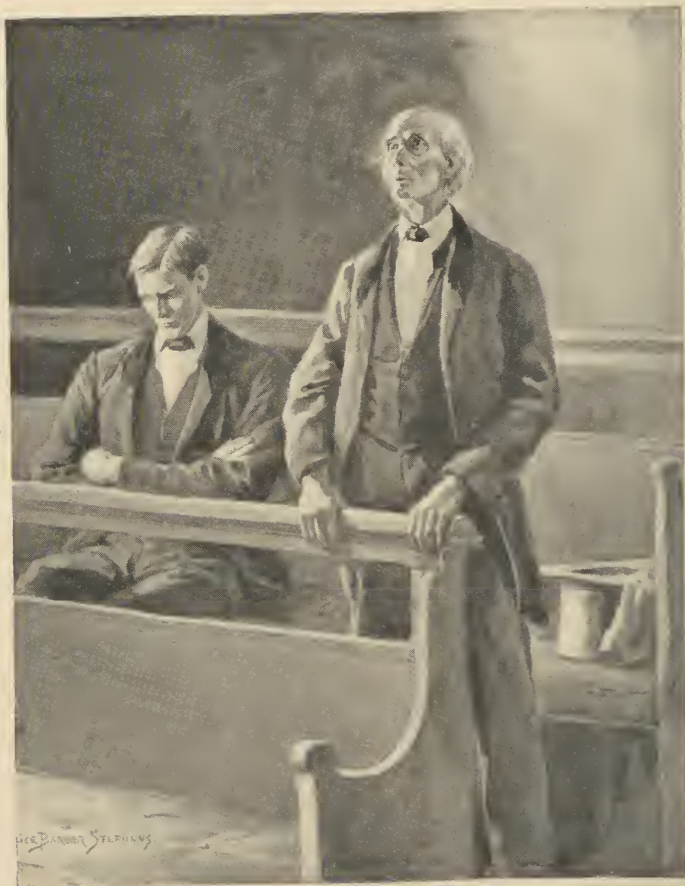
Pope's assertion in his " Moral Essays," where he has joined the " Quaker sly " and " Presbyterian sour " in one line, would not be conceded by the members of either sect. With one other exception, I have found nothing but those dusty rhymed attacks of bygone years, full of religious zeal, but sadly lacking in poetic measures,—the poetry of the period when " The Snake in the Grass," " George Fox Digg'd out of his Burrowes," and other like literary and religious curiosities, were being hurled at the Friends, and promptly answered with " A Switch for the Snake," and " A New England Fire-Brand Quenched." The one exception noted is by an English clergyman. Its strictures are just, but its poetry poor.

For assistance with suggestions and information I am indebted to Professor Arthur Beardsley, of Swarthmore College; Professor William L. Pearson, of Penn College; Professor Allen C. Thomas, of Haverford College; Henry Stanley Newman, of Leominster, England; Professor Joseph Moore, of Earlham College, and other kind helpers and advisers. It has been a matter of regret that there seemed to be no suitable poem with reference to Earlham College, the educational centre of a large body of Friends. The publishers wish to thank Charles Roberts, of Philadelphia, whose admirable collection of Quaker photographs and prints has been freely drawn upon for the reproduced illustrations. The sketches and drawings are the work of Walter F. and Mary L. Price. The selections from Whittier, Longfellow, Holmes, and Bayard Taylor have been used by special arrangement with and permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., who are publishers of the works of these authors.

C. F. J.

*Germantown, Philadelphia,
Twelfth month, 1893.*

QUAKER POEMS.



THE SPOKEN WORD.

I.

THE FRIENDS.

An inward voice, uncreated by schools, independent of refinement, opens to the unlettered mind, not less than to the polished scholar, a sure pathway to the enfranchisements of immortal truth. This is the faith of the people called Quakers. Their rise is one of the memorable events in the history of man.

GEORGE BANCROFT.

THE QUAKER OF THE OLDEN TIME.

THE Quaker of the olden time!
How calm and firm and true,
Unspotted by its wrong and crime,
He walked the dark earth through.
The lust of power, the love of gain,
The thousand lures of sin
Around him, had no power to stain
The purity within.

With that deep insight which detects
All great things in the small,
And knows how each man's life affects
The spiritual life of all,
He walked by faith and not by sight,
By love and not by law;
The presence of the wrong or right
He rather felt than saw.

He felt that wrong with wrong partakes,
That nothing stands alone,
That whoso gives the motive, makes
His brother's sin his own.

And, pausing not for doubtful choice
Of evils great or small,
He listened to that inward voice
Which called away from all.

O Spirit of that early day,
So pure and strong and true,
Be with us in the narrow way
Our faithful fathers knew.
Give strength the evil to forsake,
The cross of Truth to bear,
And love and reverent fear to make
Our daily lives a prayer !

1838.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

THE DAWN OF QUAKERISM.

Extract from a poem, "Haverford College," read Tenth month 27, 1883, at the Semi-Centennial Celebration of the foundation of Haverford College.

MEN'S eyes were sick of straining thro' the night ;
Some follow'd phantoms—others curs'd their sight ;
Priests babbled on, they scarce knew what ; till Fox
Cried thro' the darkness : " Lo, the Inner Light ! "

Good need for such a cry ! When time began,
God gave the charter of the soul to man,
And seal'd it with indissoluble seals,
And set its enemies beneath His ban.

And time sped on ; and soon from pole to pole
Man fared and throve and wax'd in cunning, goal
By goal he touch'd, won beauty, might, but lost
In evil hour the charter of his soul.

Priests fill'd his vision with their altar smoke,
Fetch'd him poor stammerings from cave or oak,
And taught him that the thunder-word of God
He could not hear save only when they spoke.

Yet prophet after prophet, down the night,
Cried out impetuous warning, having sight
Of that sweet Eastern Star. But once again
The world had prov'd unworthy of the Light.

“Thou, quaking clown, with rack'd and dizzy brain,
Wandering homeless thro' the night and rain,
Sobbing thy prayers,—art thou a prophet, too?
What wisdom has the world from thee to gain?”

Fox made reply: “Cringing to mitred nod,
O men, and fearful of a priestly rod—
'Tis time to waken from this feudal dream,
And hold your tenancy direct from God!”

FRANCIS B. GUMMERE.

STANZAS.

Written for a blank leaf in Sewell's "History of the Quakers."

LOOK back unto the morning of our day ;
What does such retrospect afford ?
Our fathers' lot these pages shall display,
A people scoff'd at, and a sect abhorr'd.

History describes them truly ; placed between
Two persecuting fires, whose fury burn'd
For them with equal fierceness, by the spleen
Alike of Church and Presbytery spurn'd.

Whether a Stuart fill'd their country's throne,
Or England bowed to Cromwell's stern command,
Their lot remain'd the same, despis'd, unknown,
The outcasts and off-scouring of their land.

Yet through that perilous and thorny path,
Which they with meek submission humbly trod,
What was the world's contempt, the bigot's wrath,
To them whose hopes and fears were fixed on God ?

They look'd on every suffering as a test
Of their allegiance to the faith they loved,
And neither heights nor depths had power to wrest
Their confidence from Him whose might they
proved.

Nor was that humble confidence misplaced,
They did not vainly trust in God's right hand
Through persecution's flames, oppression's waste,
It led them on to quiet's promised land!

Oh! it is good for sects, with watchful eye,
To look back to the rock whence they were hewn;
And when prosperity's bright sun is high,
Compare their stormy morning to their noon.

Although the early rise of such may be
At times o'ershadowed by mistaken zeal;
Yet there, too, shines a brightness all may see,
A simple dignity which all may feel.

'Tis like the morning of the outward day,
When crystal dewdrops gem each trembling flower
And through the lowering clouds the sun's bright ray
Flings its effulgence with triumphant power.

For, as the outward sun advances through
The clouds which compass him, earth's mists exhale,
The flowers put on their freshest, loveliest hue,
Light robes the mountains, stillness soothes the vale.

So when the Sun of Righteousness first flings
His light on those who did in darkness sit,
And rises, as with healing on his wings,
Pure life and love awake to welcome it.

This is the season of high-minded thought—
High-minded, for its hopes are fixed on high,
Yet humbled by a sense that God has brought
His better dawn before their mental eye.

The Saviour's yoke is felt no burden then,
On shoulders which a grasshopper had bowed ;
To bear the cross which he once bore for men,
Appears a privilege to man allowed.

In this abandonment of all to him,
Who claims it as his own undoubted right,
The glory of this world is rendered dim,
Compared with that which makes their darkness light.

They go forth in his name ; they know no power—
No wisdom of their own ; they serve the Lord !
That duty is their spirits' richest dower,
The coming of his kingdom their reward.

Thus went our fathers forth ; the seed they sowed
In fear and faith, and saw its vast increase :
Conflict their life upon life's narrow road,
This they endured and found its end was peace.

Peace ! which the world to worldlings cannot give,
Nor, blessed be its giver's name, destroy ;
Peace which can all the ills of life outlive,
Promise and prelude of eternal joy.

BERNARD BARTON.



ON SILENT WORSHIP.

LET deepest silence all around
Its peaceful shelter spread ;
So shall that living word abound,
The word that wakes the dead.

How sweet to wait upon the Lord
In stillness and in prayer !
What though no preacher speak the word,
A minister is there.

A minister of wondrous skill
True graces to impart ;
He teaches all the Father's will,
And preaches to the heart.

He dissipates the coward's fears,
And bids the coldest glow ;
He speaks ; and lo ! the softest tears
Of deep contrition flow.

He knows to bend the heart of steel,
He bows the loftiest soul ;
O'er all we think and all we feel
How matchless his control !

And ah ! how precious is his love,
In tenderest touches given :
It whispers of the bliss above,
And stays the soul on heaven.

From mind to mind, in streams of joy,
The holy influence spreads ;
'Tis peace, 'tis praise, without alloy,
For God that influence sheds.

'Twas thus, where God himself is known
To shine without a cloud,
The angel myriads 'round his throne
In solemn silence bowed.

And all were still and silent long,
Nor dared one note to raise,
Till burst the vast ecstatic song,
And heaven was fill'd with praise.

JOSEPH JOHN GURNEY.

THE INWARD VOICE.

WITHIN the breast of man a light divine,
Through clouds of doubt and fear, doth ever shine ;
It warns from every false and dangerous road,
And points the way to truth and heaven and God.

In all our doubts and sad perplexities,
The truth itself its own best witness is ;
It needs no miracle or outward sign
To make its sacred lesson more divine.

Lightnings may flash from angry clouds on high,
And thunders dread may rend the vaulted sky ;
Mountains may shake, and oceans surge and roar ;
The truth is still but truth—nor less nor more.

At Sinai's graven stones with awe we look,
With earnest reverence search the Holy Book ;
But older far than book or graver's art
Is God's own record in the mind and heart.

This record, clear to their anointed eyes,
Made all the ancient prophets truly wise ;
The light they saw, the heavenly voice they heard,
And spake, in God's own name, his Holy word.

Our spirit unto theirs doth witness bear :
Their message stirs our hearts to faith and prayer ;
Their quickened word to us is bread indeed,
On which our hungry souls, delighted, feed.

OLIVER JOHNSON.



ODE ON HEARING THE DRUM.

I HATE that drum's discordant sound,
Parading round, and round, and round :
To thoughtless youth it pleasure yields,
And lures from cities and from fields,
To sell their liberty for charms
Of tawdry lace, and glittering arms ;
And when ambition's voice commands,
To march, and fight, and fall, in foreign lands.

I hate that drum's discordant sound,
Parading round, and round, and round :
To me it talks of ravaged plains,
And burning towns, and ruined swains,
And mangled limbs, and dying groans,
And widows' tears, and orphans' moans ;
And all that misery's hand bestows,
To fill the catalogue of human woes.

JOHN SCOTT.

A FRIEND AT COMMUNION.

DEAR friends who press the table spread
And hallowed each communion day,
Deem not I turn in idle way
To leave untouched your wine and bread.

I listen to the same great Tongue ;
No leaf is from my Bible torn ;
And still it needs no rite outworn
To keep the olden blessing young.

At monthly times ye break and pour,
And take by faith the promised good ;
God daily gives his children food,
The Christ is with them evermore.

Nor works nor faith alone can feed
The earnest yearning of the heart
That throbs beneath the common smart,
And hungers with the common need ;

Yet mercy's lips have never kissed,
Unfilled, the bread of doing well,

Nor love has wanted Sabbath bell
To hail the spirit's eucharist.

Forever, sure as sun and rain,
The harvester has hope and rest.
Whose feet have most the vintage pressed,
The cup of life shall deepest drain.

I taste the bounties broken up
By him whose love out-casteth fear ;
I sip the eternal Presence, near
To all who will come in and sup.

The outward has but symbols, lent
As sureties for the faint and weak ;
Within, within, the heart must seek
And find a constant sacrament.

Who wisely walks the Christian way
And keeps his inner vision true,
Shall see the olden blessing new,
And life one long communion day.

SILENT WORSHIP.

How sweet to me the silent hour
 When worship to the Lord is given ;
For then my soul doth feel the power
 And glory of its God in heaven !
And oh, how sweet the words which come
 From him the Holy Spirit moves ;
For 'tis our Father calling home
 His children whom he dearly loves.

And when again a solemn still
 Pervades throughout the meeting-place,
Mine inmost soul is made to thrill
 In the glad song of heavenly grace.
The spirit's song ! to Him on high
 Far sweeter than the tuneful voice,
The angels hear the melody,
 And round the throne of love rejoice.

RICHARD COE, JR.

THEE.

A WEALTH of words the world contains
 Thrown out from the forge of thought,
Coined and hammered by workmen, brains,
 But they all might go for nought
If the little one, the silvery *thee*,
Was not amid the wealth for me.

Millions of hearts the pulse of time
 By its beat to being throbs ;
Life and death is its blended chime,
 And its echo smiles and sobs.
Softly the echo falls on me,
Early and late, the silvery *thee*.

Rivers that rise in mountain springs
 Are lost in the foaming seas ;
Still to the crested wave each sings
 Of its native flowers and trees.
Were I a stream, the song for me
Would be the rippling, silvery *thee*.

The word was sweet when earth began,
 And God, in his mercy great,
Let all its sweetness follow man
 Outside of the Eden gate.
It holy memories holds for me,
The little word, the silvery *thee*.

The Son of God in transient stay
 Amid the sons of men
The loving word used day by day.
 It is now as sweet as when
It fell, the pure and silvery *thee*,
From his dear lips on Galilee.

Immortal word beyond the rest,
 Thou lingerer in my soul!
For aye I'll hold thee first and best.
 When the portals backward roll,
Angels, I know, in calling me,
Will whisper low the silvery *thee*.

SARA LOUISA OBERHOLTZER.



NEAR MEETING TIME.

OUR PRINCIPLES.

OUR principles? No mystic veil enshrine them!
Truth, justice, mercy, love, embracing all;
And for the common good ours to assign them
Each to a sphere to act at Duty's call—
No creed of man's devising to confine them,
No power inquisitorial to enthrall.
Truth as the pole-star all our footsteps guiding,
Justice with equal balance ever nigh,
Mercy in love's expanding power confiding—
That love whereon our surest hopes rely:
Thus by example prove a trust abiding,
Thus by our works the Christian's life to show
Whereby our purest, highest blessings flow
Of heavenly peace on earth, good will to man
below.

HALLIDAY JACKSON.

OUR MINISTER.

Who gently speaks to souls afar ?

Who motive and emotion stirs ?

Who shows us what we really are ?

Our Minister of ministers

Who makes us mourn for all our sin ?

Who all his pardoning love confers ?

Who hears us knock and lets us in ?

Our Minister of ministers.

Who makes his " still small voice " be heard

By all his listening worshipers ?

Who speaks, and is, the Living Word ?

Our Minister of ministers.

Who breathes in souls each song of praise,

Each prayer the contrite heart prefers ?

Who preaches in a thousand ways ?

Our Minister of ministers.

Who, like this Preacher, hour by hour,

All good resolve confirms and spurs ?

Who hallows woe, joy, weakness, power ?

Our Minister of ministers.

Who, gracious in his regal state,
Some part of his own work transfers
To all who pray and watch and wait ?
Our Minister of ministers.

Who, when his under-shepherds lift
The voice that with his voice concurs,
Inspires our thanks for this his gift ?
Our Minister of ministers.

And when the Church's help may die,
Who, meeting every want of hers,
Draws yet more intimately nigh ?
Our Minister of ministers.

RICHARD BALL RUTTER.

SILENT OR QUAKER GRACES.

“The Quakers, who go about their business of every description with greater calmness than we, have more title to the use of these benedictory prefaces. I have always, therefore, the more admired their *silent* grace.”—*Charles Lamb's Paper on Grace before Meat.* B. B.

To THESE thy gifts, and all to thee we owe,
 Thy blessing, Lord! the crowning grace imparts;
 Deign then to give it, and on us bestow
 The added boon of humble, grateful hearts:
 We ask this in his name, and for his sake,
 Who, when below, thus blessed the bread He brake!

FATHER, we thank thee! from thy bounteous store
 Thy gifts, like manna, round us ever fall;
 Teach us to feel thy goodness, more and more,
 Who for us gavest thy Son! and to us—ALL!

WHETHER we eat, or drink, or whatsoe'er
 We do, or speak, or think; let all be done,
 Said, thought, in holy love, and godly fear
 Of thee, our Heavenly Father, and thy Son!
 That in the use of every good supplied,
 The giver by his gifts be glorified!

IN PROSPERITY.

“REJOICE with trembling!” May we think of this,
When life’s full cup is with thy bounty crowned:
That so we be not blinded by our bliss,
Or fall asleep upon “enchanted ground.”

IN ADVERSITY—OF GOD’S APPOINTING.

I OPENED not my mouth, for it was thou,
O Lord! who didst it; and thou canst not err:
Enable me unto thy will to bow,
And be, thyself, thy rod’s interpreter!

BERNARD BARTON.



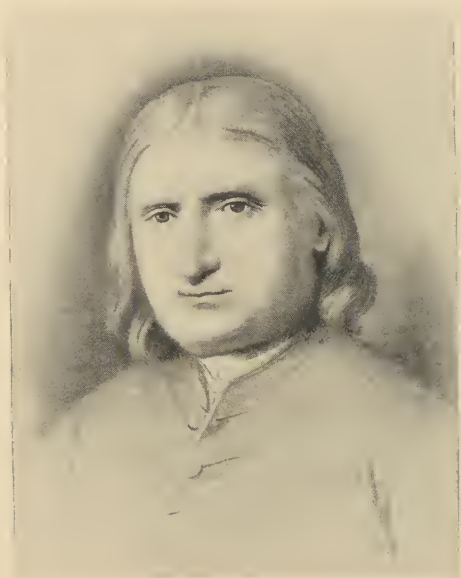
II.

PERSONAL POEMS.

This man [George Fox], the first of the Quakers, and by trade a shoemaker, was one of those to whom, under ruder or purer form, the Divine Idea of the Universe is pleased to manifest itself; and, across all the hills of Ignorance and earthly Degradation, shine through, in unspeakable Awfulness, unspeakable Beauty, on their souls: who therefore are rightfully accounted Prophets, God-favored; or even Gods, as in some persons it has chanced.

THOMAS CARLYLE.





GEORGE FOX.

1625-1690.

From the painting by Sir Peter Lely.

GEORGE FOX.

[George Fox, the first preacher of the Society of Friends, and its leader and organizer, was born at Drayton in Leicestershire, England, in the Fifth month (July), 1624, and died in London, Eleventh month (January) 13th, 1690.]

OH! simple-hearted, lion-hearted Fox!
Thou hadst no weak distrust of Him who built
The heavens and earth, and their unfailing laws
Based on his word alone. Who by his will
Holds the vast universe in fixity,
And still, from age to age, throughout all space
Wheeled the ponderous spheres on nothing poised
But on his thought, that—thus it is and shall be!
Sorrowing at heart, and grievously perplexed,
Fox, young, noble in mind, and seeking truth,
Saw the black, ghastly cleft between the world
And its professions: Christ upon its creed,
Confusion in its heart; and all the woes
And wickedness that welled from this foul source;
And sought from men set up as Christian lights

And gospel guides, for convoy through this chaos,
And found none. So to woods and wilds
He took his way, the Bible in his hand,
And there through days and nights, and driving storms,
With prayers unutterable in human speech,
With groans and bitter tears, he called on Him
Who gave this lore to open its true sense.
And, as of old in Horeb's desert cave
The dauntless prophet who had firmly stood
With iron will and faith invincible,
When all around had fallen away to Baal,
And had done deeds of strange astonishment
In honor of God, and in his present power ;
But now lone, prostrate and forsaken lay
And prayed to die. And as to him there came
After fierce winds and earthquakes, the still voice
Whose gentleness is life : so now to Fox
Came the full light from God, that his Son's law
Was love, and, therefore, could not be in league
With strife, or passion, or revenge of men,
But was a law of suffering, and through it
The root of conquest over secular strength.

So, in this high conviction he went forth
To preach this gospel wisdom through the world.

It was a desperate world! The bigot state
Sensual and tyrannous, and the bigot church,—
The nation's, not the Saviour's church,—a thing
Born of man's will and laws, and not of God's,
Though claiming to be Christ's. These hand in hand
Forcing men's consciences, made deadly work
Throughout the land, and sowed wild violence,
Like the black dust of Egypt, in its plagues.

Their doings were not any angel's doings,
Nor those of men who knew the gospel truth,
But such as the worst fiends from the worst nooks
Of Satan's kingdom would have revelled in.
No man should think but what the rulers thought;
No man believe but what the church believed;
The gospel was in print but not in power.
The British Inquisition, in full strength,
But bearing other name, crushed England down.
The pride-inflated bishops sate and sent
The lowest ruffians of the land to drag
The conscientious pastor from his flock
And from his happy home; and bent he not,
And sold his conscience for a hollow peace,
Severed him from his fold, and thrust him down
Into some hideous dungeon, there to rot.

So Fox with his bold cry of gospel truth
Found himself quickly in a terrible storm
Raging in maddest fury from all winds.
Insensate mobs, led on by magistrates,
And bitter priests, beat him and threw him forth
Into the streets and lanes with deadly wrath ;
Left him for dead, and finding him alive,
Hauled him to prison. There for many a year,
From time to time, he lay and suffered all
That cruel men could scheme of cruelty.

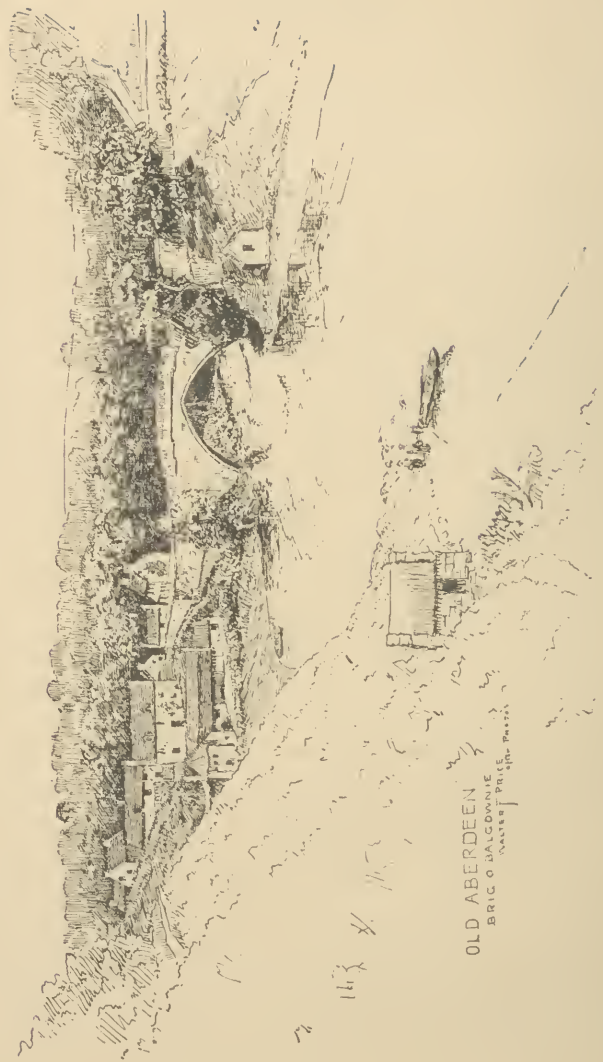
And dreadful were the dungeons of those days,
Vile as the men who kept them in their midst.
Dens of the direst filth, vermin and cold ;
The rotten roofs open to drenching rains ;
The walls around poisonous with dripping slime ;
The fetid air deadly with crippling frost.
And many were the gentle friends of Fox,
Women, and tender children, and old men,
Who perished in those hells for conscience' sake.

But none of these could kill or conquer Fox.
Even from his dungeon he proclaimed God's truth,
And when, by intervals, he came abroad,
He marched at once to parliament and prince,
And like the fearless prophets of the past,

He bade them stand, and tremble and reform,
Till by the power of truth he had compelled
The worldly dignities to bow to right.
Forced them to yield him liberty, and forced
Them likewise by determinate form of law
To free his people from the deadly crime
And black responsibility of war.

Oh! triumph of pure mind, most nobly won!
Blazon eternal of the power of faith;
Glory eternal of the Sons of Peace!

WILLIAM HOWITT.



OLD ABERDEEN
BRIG O' MARGONIE
WALTER PRITCHETT

BARCLAY OF URY.

Among the earliest converts to the doctrines of Friends in Scotland was Barclay of Ury, an old and distinguished soldier, who had fought under Gustavus Adolphus, in Germany. As a Quaker, he became the object of persecution and abuse at the hands of the magistrates and the populace. None bore the indignities of the mob with greater patience and nobleness of soul than this once proud gentleman and soldier. One of his friends, on an occasion of uncommon rudeness, lamented that he should be treated so harshly in his old age who had been so honored before. "I find more satisfaction," said Barclay, "as well as honor, in being thus insulted for my religious principles, than when, a few years ago, it was usual for the magistrates, as I passed the city of Aberdeen, to meet me on the road and conduct me to public entertainment in their hall, and then escort me out again, to gain my favor."

UP the streets of Aberdeen,
 By the kirk and college green,
 Rode the Laird of Ury;
 Close behind him, close beside,
 Foul of mouth and evil-eyed,
 Pressed the mob in fury.

Flouted him the drunken churl,
 Jeered at him the serving-girl,
 Prompt to please her master;
 And the begging carlin, late
 Fed and clothed at Ury's gate,
 Cursed him as he passed her.

Yet, with calm and stately mien,
Up the streets of Aberdeen
 Came he slowly riding ;
And, to all he saw and heard,
Answering not with bitter word,
 Turning not for chiding.

Came a troop with broadswords swinging,
Bits and bridles sharply ringing,
 Loose and free and froward ;
Quoth the foremost, " Ride him down !
Push him ! prick him ! through the town
 Drive the Quaker coward ! "

But from out the thickening crowd
Cried a sudden voice and loud :
 " Barclay ! Ho ! a Barclay ! "
And the old man at his side
Saw a comrade, battle tried,
 Scarred and sunburned darkly ;

Who with ready weapon bare,
Fronting to the troopers there,
 Cried aloud : " God save us,
Call ye coward him who stood
Ankle-deep in Lützen's blood,
 With the brave Gustavus ? "

“Nay, I do not need thy sword,
Comrade mine,” said Ury’s lord;

“Put it up, I pray thee:
Passive to His holy will,
Trust I in my Master still,
Even though He slay me.

“Pledges of thy love and faith,
Proved on many a field of death,
Not by me are needed.”
Marvelled much that henchman bold,
That his laird, so stout of old,
Now so meekly pleaded.

“Woe’s the day!” he sadly said,
With a slowly shaking head,
And a look of pity;
“Ury’s honest lord reviled,
Mock of knave and sport of child
In his own good city!

“Speak the word, and, master mine,
As we charged on Tilly’s line,
And his Walloon lancers,
Smiting through their midst we’ll teach
Civil look and decent speech
To these boyish prancers!”

“ Marvel not, mine ancient friend,
Like beginning, like the end:”

Quoth the Laird of Ury ;

“ Is the sinful servant more
Than his gracious Lord who bore
Bonds and stripes in Jewry ?

“ Give me joy that in His name
I can bear, with patient frame,
All these vain ones offer ;
While for them He suffereth long,
Shall I answer wrong with wrong,
Scoffing with the scoffer ?

“ Happier, I, with loss of all,
Hunted, outlawed, held in thrall,
With few friends to greet me,
Than when reeve and squire were seen
Riding out from Aberdeen,
With bared heads to meet me.

“ When each goodwife, o'er and o'er,
Blessed me as I passed her door ;
And the snooded daughter,
Through her casement glancing down,
Smiled on him who bore renown
From red fields of slaughter.

“ Hard to feel the stranger’s scoff,
Hard the old friends’ falling off,
 Hard to learn forgiving ;
But the Lord His own rewards,
And His love with theirs accords,
 Warm and fresh and living.

“ Through this dark and stormy night
Faith beholds a feeble light
 Up the blackness streaking ;
Knowing God’s own time is best,
In a patient hope I rest
 For the full day-breaking ! ”

So the Laird of Ury said,
Turning slow his horse’s head
 Towards the Tolbooth prison,
Where, through iron gates, he heard
Poor disciples of the Word
 Preach of Christ arisen !

Not in vain, Confessor old,
Unto us the tale is told
 Of thy day of trial ;
Every age on him who strays
From its broad and beaten ways
 Pours its seven-fold vial.

Happy he whose inward ear
Angel comfortings can hear
 O'er the rabble's laughter ;
And while Hatred's fagots burn,
Glimpses through the smoke discern
 Of the good hereafter.

Knowing this, that never yet
Share of Truth was vainly set
 In the world's wide fallow ;
After hands shall sow the seed,
After hands from hill and mead
 Reap the harvests yellow.

Thus with somewhat of the Seer,
Must the moral pioneer
 From the Future borrow ;
Clothe the waste with dreams of grain,
And, on midnight's sky of rain,
 Paint the golden morrow !



BARCLAY: RESIDENCE OF THE
BARCLAY FAMILY
AFTER W. MILLER
TAKEN DOWN IN 1856
WALTER PRICE

TO MY FRIEND IN AMERICA.

[Addressed to William Penn during his first visit to Pennsylvania,
1682-1684.]

I ENVY not nor grudge the sweet content
I hope thou takest under thy shady tree,
Where many an hour is innocently spent,
From vexing cares, from noise, and tumult free
Where godly meetings are not riots made,
Nor innocents by stratagems betrayed.

But, for mine own part, I expect not yet
Such peaceful days, such quiet times to see ;
My station in a troublous world is set,
And daily trials still encompass me ;
This is my comfort, that my God is near
To give me courage, and my spirit cheer.

The blustering winds blow hard, the foaming seas
Raise their proud waves, the surging billows swell ;
No human art this tempest can appease :
He's only safe who with the Lord doth dwell.
Though storms and violence should yet increase,
In him there is security and peace.

Fifth month, 1683.

THOMAS ELLWOOD.

WILLIAM PENN.

[This poem of Whittier's, written when he was a boy of sixteen, does not appear to be included in any collection of his works. He found it in 1882 while looking over some old papers, and sent it, in response to a request for something from him, to Friends in Chester, Pennsylvania, who held, in Tenth month of that year, a meeting commemorative of the landing of William Penn at that place two hundred years before.]

THE tyrant on his gilded throne,
The warrior in his battle dress,
The holier triumph ne'er have known
Of justice and of righteousness.

Founder of Pennsylvania ! Thou
Didst feel it, when thy words of peace
Smoothed the stern chieftain's swarthy brow,
And bade the dreadful war-dance cease.

On Schuylkill's banks no fortress frowned,
The peaceful cot alone was there ;
No beacon fires the hilltops crowned,
No death-shot swept the Delaware.

In manners meek, in precepts mild,
Thou and thy friends serenely taught

The savage huntsman, fierce and wild,
To raise to Heaven his erring thought.

How all unlike the bloody band
That unrelenting Cortez led
To princely Montezuma's land,
And ruin 'round his pathway shed.

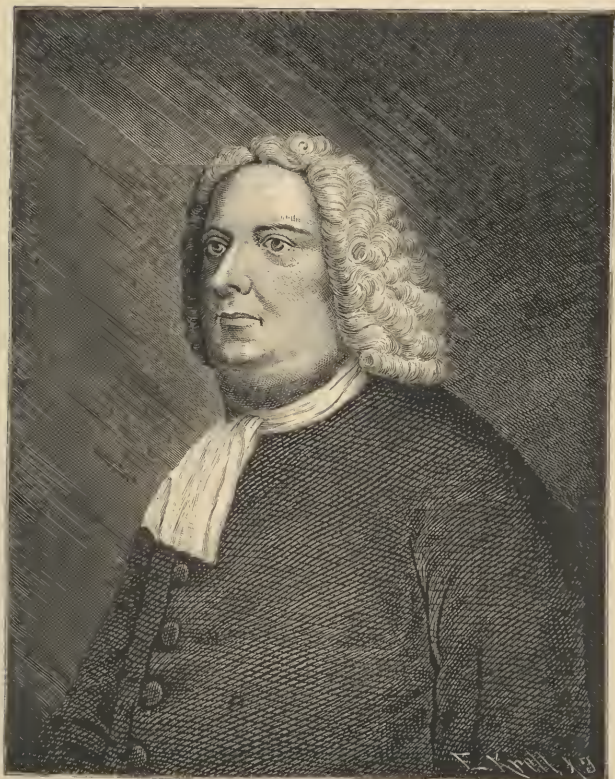
With hearts that knew not how to spare,
Disdaining milder means to try,
The crimson sword alone was there,
The Indian's choice, to yield or die !

But thou, meek Pennsylvanian sire,
Unarmed, alone, from terror free,
Taught, by the heathen council-fire,
The lessons of Christianity.

Founder of Pennsylvania's State !
Not on the blood-wet rolls of fame,
But with the wise, the good, the great,
The world shall place thy sainted name.

1824.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.



WILLIAM PENN.
1644-1718.
From the painting by Godfrey Kneller.

ELIZABETH.

[Elizabeth Haddon, the daughter of John and Elizabeth Haddon, of Southwark, London, came to America comparatively alone, in 1701, and settled near the town, called for her family name, Haddonfield, in Camden County, New Jersey. Her father had bought land there, and had made preparations for the removal of his family from England, but something unexpectedly preventing their coming, Elizabeth set out with full power to manage her father's possessions.

She was born in 1682, and was consequently about nineteen at the time of her arrival. She and John Estaugh were married Tenth month 1, 1702. Their wedded life was a singularly happy and useful one. Of it Elizabeth wrote: "Few, if any, in a married state ever lived in sweeter harmony than we did." John Estaugh was a minister among Friends, and died in 1742 while on a religious visit to the island of Tortola in the West Indies. Elizabeth died 1762.

In "The Youthful Emigrant," a story by Lydia Maria Child, Elizabeth Haddon figures as the heroine, and it was from this story that Longfellow drew the facts for his poem.]

I.

"Ah, how short are the days! How soon the night
overtakes us!

In the old country the twilight is longer; but here in
the forest

Suddenly comes the dark, with hardly a pause in its
coming,

Hardly a moment between the two lights, the day and
the lamplight;

Yet how grand is the winter! How spotless the snow
is, and perfect!"

Thus spake Elizabeth Haddon at nightfall to Hannah
the housemaid,

As in the farmhouse kitchen, that served for kitchen
and parlor,

By the window she sat with her work, and looked on
a landscape

White as the great white sheet that Peter saw in his
vision,

By the four corners let down and descending out of
the heavens.

Covered with snow were the forests of pine, and the
fields and the meadows.

Nothing was dark but the sky, and the distant Dela-
ware flowing

Down from its native hills, a peaceful and bountiful
river.

Then with a smile on her lips made answer Hannah
the housemaid :

“Beautiful winter ! yea, the winter is beautiful, surely,
If one could only walk like a fly with one’s feet on
the ceiling.

But the great Delaware river is not like the Thames,
as we saw it

Out of our upper windows in Rotherhithe Street in
the Borough,

Crowded with masts and sails of vessels coming and going ;

Here there is nothing but pines, with patches of snow on their branches.

There is snow in the air, and see ! it is falling already ; All the roads will be blocked, and I pity Joseph to-morrow,

Breaking his way through the drifts, with his sled and oxen ; and then, too,

How in all the world shall we get to Meeting on First-day ? ”

But Elizabeth checked her, and answered, mildly reproving :

“ Surely the Lord will provide ; for unto the snow he sayeth,

Be thou on the earth, the good Lord sayeth ; he it is Giveth snow like wool, like ashes scatters the hoarfrost.”

So she folded her work and laid it away in her basket.

Meanwhile Hannah the housemaid had closed and fastened the shutters,

Spread the cloth, and lighted the lamp on the table, and placed there

Plates and cups from the dresser, the brown rye loaf, and the butter

Fresh from the dairy, and then, protecting her hand
with a holder,

Took from the crane in the chimney the steaming and
simmering kettle,

Poised it aloft in the air, and filled up the earthen tea-
pot,

Made in Delft, and adorned with quaint and wonderful
figures.

Then Elizabeth said, "Lo! Joseph is long on his
errand.

I have sent him away with a hamper of food and of
clothing

For the poor in the village. A good lad and cheerful
is Joseph;

In the right place is his heart, and his hand is ready
and willing."

Thus in praise of her servant she spake, and Hannah
the housemaid

Laughed with her eyes, as she listened, but governed
her tongue, and was silent,

While her mistress went on: "The house is far from
the village;

We should be lonely here, were it not for Friends that
in passing

Sometimes tarry o'ernight, and make us glad by their
coming."

Thereupon answered Hannah the housemaid, the
thrifty, the frugal :

"Yea, they come and they tarry, as if thy house was
a tavern ;

Open to all are its doors, and they come and go like
the pigeons

In and out of the holes of the pigeon-house over the
hayloft,

Cooing and smoothing their feathers and basking
themselves in the sunshine."

But in meekness of spirit, and calmly, Elizabeth
answered :

"All I have is the Lord's, not mine to give or with-
hold it ;

I but distribute his gifts to the poor, and to those of
his people

Who in journeyings often surrender their lives to his
service.

His, not mine, are the gifts, and only so far can I make
them

Mine, as in giving I add my heart to whatever is given.

Therefore my excellent father first built this house in
the clearing ;
Though he came not himself, I came ; for the Lord
was my guidance,
Leading me here for this service. We must not
grudge, then, to others
Ever the cup of cold water, or crumbs that fall from
our table."

Thus rebuked, for a season was silent the penitent
housemaid ;
And Elizabeth said in tones even sweeter and softer :
"Dost thou remember, Hannah, the great May-
Meeting in London,
When I was still a child, how we sat in the silent
assembly,
Waiting upon the Lord in patient and passive sub-
mission ?
No one spake, till at length a young man, a stranger,
John Estaugh,
Moved by the Spirit, rose, as if he were John the
Apostle,
Speaking such words of power that they bowed our
hearts, as a strong wind
Bends the grass of the fields, or grain that is ripe for
the sickle.

Thoughts of him to-day have been oft borne inward
upon me,
Wherefore I do not know; but strong is the feeling
within me
That once more I shall see a face I have never for-
gotten."

II.

E'en as she spake they heard the musical jangle of
sleigh-bells,
First far off, with a dreamy sound and faint in the
distance,
Then growing nearer and louder, and turning into the
farmyard,
Till it stopped at the door, with sudden creaking of
runners.
Then there were voices heard as of two men talking
together,
And to herself, as she listened, upbraiding said
Hannah the housemaid:
"It is Joseph come back, and I wonder what stranger
is with him."

Down from its nail she took and lighted the great tin
lantern
Pierced with holes, and round, and roofed like the top
of a lighthouse,
And went forth to receive the coming guest at the
doorway,
Casting into the dark a network of glimmer and
shadow
Over the falling snow, the yellow sleigh, and the
horses,
And the forms of men, snow-covered, looming gigan-
tic.
Then giving Joseph the lantern, she entered the house
with the stranger.
Youthful he was and tall, and his cheeks aglow with
the night air ;
And as he entered, Elizabeth rose, and, going to meet
him,
As if an unseen power had announced and preceded
his presence,
And he had come as one whose coming had long been
expected,
Quietly gave him her hand, and said, "Thou art wel-
come, John Estaugh."

And the stranger replied, with staid and quiet behavior,
"Dost thou remember me still, Elizabeth? After so
many
Years have passed, it seemeth a wonderful thing that
I find thee.
Surely the hand of the Lord conducted me here to thy
threshold.
For as I journeyed along, and pondered alone and
in silence
On his ways, that are past finding out, I saw in the
snow-mist,
Seemingly weary with travel, a wayfarer, who by the
wayside
Paused and waited. Forthwith I remembered Queen
Candace's eunuch,
How on the way that goes down from Jerusalem unto
Gaza,
Reading Esaias the Prophet, he journeyed, and spake
unto Philip,
Praying him to come up and sit in his chariot with
him.
So I greeted the man, and he mounted the sledge
beside me,
And as we talked on the way he told me of thee and
thy homestead,

How, being led by the light of the Spirit, that never
deceiveth,
Full of zeal for the work of the Lord, thou hadst come
to this country.
And I remembered thy name, and thy father and
mother in England,
And on my journey have stopped to see thee, Elizabeth
Haddon,
Wishing to strengthen thy hand in the labors of love
thou art doing."

And Elizabeth answered with confident voice, and
serenely
Looking into his face with her innocent eyes as she
answered,
"Surely the hand of the Lord is in it ; his Spirit hath
led thee
Out of the darkness and storm to the light and peace
of my fireside."

Then, with stamping of feet the door was opened, and
Joseph
Entered, bearing the lantern, and, carefully blowing
the light out,
Hung it up on its nail, and all sat down to their
supper ;

For underneath that roof was no distinction of persons,
But one family only, one heart, one hearth, and one
household.

When the supper was ended they drew their chairs to
the fireplace,

Spacious, open-hearted, profuse of flame and of fire-
wood,

Lord of forests unfelled, and not a gleaner of fagots,
Spreading its arms to embrace with inexhaustible bounty
All who fled from the cold, exultant, laughing at winter!
Only Hannah the housemaid was busy in clearing the
table,

Coming and going, and bustling about in closet and
chamber.

Then Elizabeth told her story again to John Estaugh,
Going far back to the past, to the early days of her
childhood ;

How she had waited and watched, in all her doubts
and besetments

Comforted with the extendings and holy, sweet in-
flowings

Of the spirit of love, till the voice imperative sounded,
And she obeyed the voice, and cast in her lot with her
people

Here in the desert land, and God would provide for
the issue.

Meanwhile Joseph sat with folded hands, and demurely
Listened, or seemed to listen, and in the silence that
followed

Nothing was heard for awhile but the step of Hannah
the housemaid

Walking the floor overhead, and setting the chambers
in order.

And Elizabeth said, with a smile of compassion,
“ The maiden

Hath a light heart in her breast, but her feet are heavy
and awkward.”

Inwardly Joseph laughed, but governed his tongue,
and was silent.

Then came the hour of sleep, death's counterfeit,
nightly rehearsal

Of the great Silent Assembly, the Meeting of shadows,
where no man

Speaketh, but all are still, and the peace and rest are
unbroken!

Silently over that house the blessing of slumber
descended.

But when the morning dawned, and the sun uprose in
his splendor,

Breaking his way through clouds that encumbered his
path in the heavens,

Joseph was seen with his sled and oxen breaking a
 pathway
Through the drifts of snow ; the horses already were
 harnessed,
And John Estaugh was standing and taking leave at
 the threshold,
Saying that he should return at the Meeting in May ;
 while above them
Hannah the housemaid, the homely, was looking out
 of the attic,
Laughing aloud at Joseph, then suddenly closing the
 casement,
As the bird in a cuckoo-clock peeps out of its window,
Then disappears again, and closes the shutter behind it.

III.

Now was the winter gone, and the snow ; and Robin
 the Redbreast
Boasted on bush and tree it was he, it was he and no
 other
That had covered with leaves the Babes in the Wood,
 and blithely

All the birds sang with him, and little cared for his
boasting,
Or for his Babes in the Wood, or the Cruel Uncle, and
only
Sang for the mates they had chosen, and cared for the
nests they were building.

With them, but more sedately and meekly, Elizabeth
Haddon
Sang in her inmost heart, but her lips were silent and
songless.

Thus came the lovely spring with a rush of blossoms
and music,
Flooding the earth with flowers, and the air with
melodies vernal.

Then it came to pass, one pleasant morning, that slowly
Up the road there came a cavalcade, as of pilgrims,
Men and women, wending their way to the Quarterly
Meeting

In the neighboring town ; and with them came riding
John Estaugh.

At Elizabeth's door they stopped to rest, and alighting
Tasted the currant wine, and the bread of rye, and the
honey

Brought from the hives, that stood by the sunny wall
of the garden ;

Then remounted their horses, refreshed, and continued
their journey,

And Elizabeth with them, and Joseph, and Hannah
the housemaid.

But, as they started, Elizabeth lingered a little, and
leaning

Over her horse's neck, in a whisper said to John
Estaugh :

"Tarry awhile behind, for I have something to tell
thee,

Not to be spoken lightly, nor in the presence of others ;
Them it concerneth not, only thee and me it concerneth."

And they rode slowly along through the woods, conversing together.

It was a pleasure to breathe the fragrant air of the forest ;

It was a pleasure to live on that bright and happy
May morning !

Then Elizabeth said, though still with a certain
reluctance,

As if impelled to reveal a secret she fain would have
guarded :

“I will no longer conceal what is laid upon me to tell thee ;
I have received from the Lord a charge to love thee,
John Estaugh.”

And John Estaugh made answer, surprised at the words she had spoken :

“Pleasant to me are thy converse, thy ways, thy meekness of spirit ;

Pleasant thy frankness of speech, and thy soul’s immaculate whiteness,

Love without dissimulation, a holy and inward adorning.

But I have yet no light to lead me, no voice to direct me.

When the Lord’s work is done, and the toil and labor completed

He hath appointed to me, I will gather into the stillness

Of my own heart awhile, and listen and wait for his guidance.”

Then Elizabeth said, not troubled nor wounded in spirit,

“So is it best, John Estaugh. We will not speak of it further.

It hath been laid upon me to tell thee this, for to-morrow
Thou art going away, across the sea, and I know not
When I shall see thee more ; but if the Lord hath
decreed it,
Thou wilt return again to seek me here and to find
me.”
And they rode onward in silence, and entered the town
with the others.

IV.

Ships that pass in the night, and speak each other in
passing,
Only a signal shown and a distant voice in the dark-
ness ;
So on the ocean of life we pass and speak one another,
Only a look and a voice, then darkness again and a
silence.

Now went on as of old the quiet life of the home-
stead.

Patient and unrepining Elizabeth labored, in all things
Mindful not of herself, but bearing the burdens of
others,

Always thoughtful and kind and untroubled; and
Hannah the housemaid
Diligent early and late, and rosy with washing and
scouring,
Still as of old disparaged the eminent merits of Joseph,
And was at times reproved for her light and frothy
behavior,
For her shy looks, and her careless words, and her
evil meanings,
Being pressed down somewhat, like a cart with sheaves
overladen,
As she would sometimes say to Joseph, quoting the
Scriptures.

Meanwhile John Estaugh departed across the sea, and
departing
Carried hid in his heart a secret sacred and precious,
Filling its chambers with fragrance, and seeming to
him in its sweetness
Mary's ointment of spikenard, that filled all the house
with its odor.
O lost days of delight, that are wasted in doubting
and waiting!
O lost hours and days in which we might have been
happy!

But the light shone at last, and guided his wavering
 footsteps,
And at last came the voice, imperative, questionless,
 certain.

Then John Estaugh came back o'er the sea for the
 gift that was offered,
Better than houses and lands, the gift of a woman's
 affection.
And on the First-Day that followed, he rose in the
 Silent Assembly,
Holding in his strong hand a hand that trembled a little,
Promising to be kind and true and faithful in all things.
Such were the marriage-rites of John and Elizabeth
 Estaugh.

And not otherwise Joseph, the honest, the diligent
 servant,
Sped in his bashful wooing with homely Hannah the
 housemaid ;
For when he asked her the question, she answered,
 " Nay " ; and then added :
" But thee may make believe, and see what will come
 of it, Joseph."

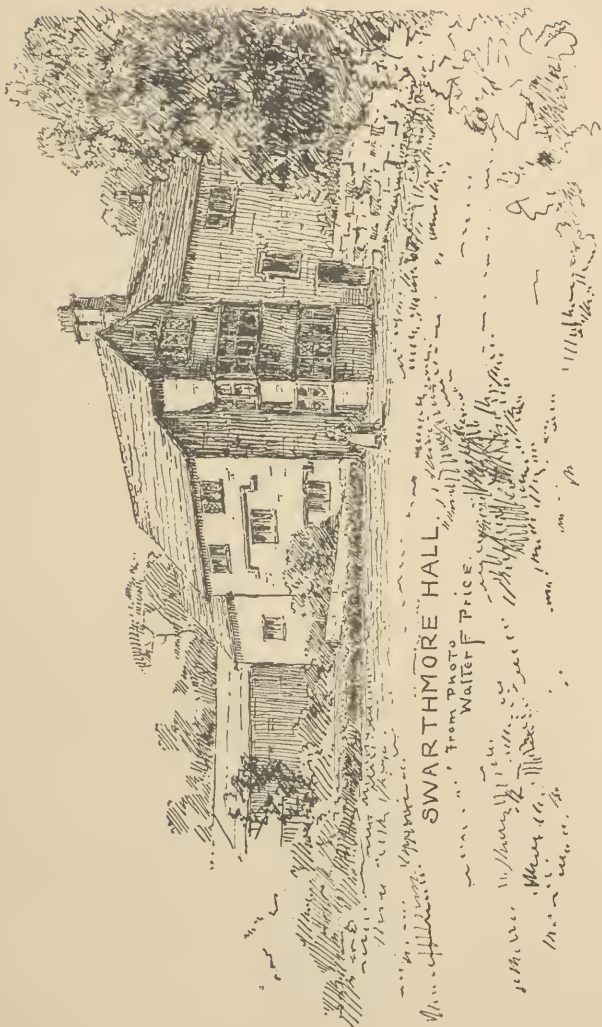
HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

MARGARET FELL.

OF SWARTHMORE HALL.

[Margaret Askew, daughter of John Askew, of Marsh Grange, was born in 1614. In 1632 she married Thomas Fell, of Swarthmore Hall, and eleven years after his death, which occurred in 1658, she married George Fox. She died in Second month, 1702.]

THE Church's mother thou, who loved it well,
 And nursed it with a mother's tender care,
 Full pleased to see its infancy so fair—
 The tender bud with such sweet promise swell !
 Words of endearment, and wise counsel, fell
 Oft from thy lips, with faith's sublimest prayer ;
 And with a calm, pure radiance shone thy light,
 Reflex of One incomparably bright !
 For Zion's good thou deemest no care too great,
 No cross, for his dear sake who bore the weight
 Of his own cross for thee, seemed burdensome ;
 The prison's gloom could not thy joy abate,
 Nor didst thou heed the world's relentless hate,
 For thou hadst power within the world to overcome !



SWARTHMORE HALL
FROM PHOTO
WALTER PRICE

11/10/1911
Walter Price
1911

JOHN WOOLMAN.

[The memory of the life and work of John Woolman is one which Friends have always cherished. Nor is the appreciation of his character and life confined to the Society of Friends. Charles Lamb's injunction to "Get the works of John Woolman by heart," an expression often quoted, is but one of the many testimonials by those not Friends to the self-sacrifice, humility and lovingkindness of John Woolman's life. He was born in 1720 at Northampton, in New Jersey, and died of smallpox, at York, England, Tenth month 7, 1772, while on a religious visit to that country.]

MEEK, humble, sinless as a very child,

Such wert thou,—and, though unbeheld, I seem
Ofttimes to gaze upon thy features mild,

Thy grave, yet gentle lip, and the soft beam
Of that kind eye, that knew not how to shed
A glance of aught save love, on any human head.

Servant of Jesus! Christian! not alone

In name and creed, with practice differing wide,
Thou didst not in thy conduct fear to own

His self-denying precepts for thy guide.
Stern only to thyself, all others felt
Thy strong rebuke was love, not meant to crush, but
melt.

Thou, who didst pour o'er all the human kind
The gushing fervor of thy sympathy!

E'en the unreasoning brute fail'd not to find

A pleader for his happiness in thee.

Thy heart was moved for every breathing thing

By careless man exposed to needless suffering.

But most the wrongs and sufferings of the slave

Stirr'd the deep fountain of thy pitying heart;

And still thy hand was stretch'd to aid and save,

Until it seem'd that thou hadst taken a part

In their existence, and couldst hold no more

A separate life from them, as thou hadst done before.

How the sweet pathos of thy eloquence,

Beautiful in its simplicity, went forth

Entreating for them! that this vile offence,

So unbeseeming of our country's worth,

Might be removed before the threatening cloud,

Thou saw'st o'erhanging it, should burst in storm and
blood.

So may thy name be revered,—thou wert one

Of those whose virtues link us to our kind

By our best sympathies; thy day is done,

But its twilight lingers still behind,

In thy pure memory; and we bless thee yet,

For the example fair thou hast before us set.

ELIZABETH MARGARET CHANDLER.

LINES ON BENEZET AND WOOLMAN.

[No two friends were more earnest or active, in the early days of the Society of Friends, in laboring for the abolition of slavery than Anthony Benezet and John Woolman. It was through their efforts largely that Friends so early were united in their opposition to slavery and so free from its taint. Anthony Benezet was born in France, in 1713. His father, John Stephen Benezet, was a Huguenot, who fled from France with his family after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. They reached Philadelphia in 1731, having had, meanwhile, several temporary homes. Anthony Benezet joined Friends when about fourteen. By profession he was a school teacher. The poor and oppressed ever found in him a sympathetic and untiring friend. He died in Twelfth month, 1784.]

TWIN-SOULED philanthropists they surely were !

Friends and co-workers in the noble cause—

A nation's conscience to arouse, and stir

To a just sense of outraged moral laws.

A "horror of great darkness" filled their land,

Inhuman slavery triumphed unreproved,

Iniquity prevailed on every hand,

And these two loving hearts were deeply moved.

Compassion so impelled, they labored long

With tireless earnestness, by voice and pen ;

Pleading that freedom's rights to all belong—

That none should buy or sell his fellow-men.

They led a new crusade—their weapons, love,
Persuasive argument, and holy zeal.
To free their slaves Friends were the first to move
Responsive to the eloquent appeal.

These lowly-minded men were not afraid ;
Self-seeking in their hearts was slain and dead ;
Their Lord and Master's leading they obeyed,
And every day on works of mercy sped.

Reproving greed of gold, they clothed the poor,
Sheltered the fugitive and cheered the sad ;
They taught their colored brethren needful lore,
And by their sympathy made many glad.

Woolman and Benezet, how pure their aims—
What witness to eternal truth they bore—
Laborious, loving, meek, their honored names
Shall shine as do the stars, for evermore !

Didsbury, 1889.

E. S.

VERSES.

TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE JOSEPH BROWN, OF LOTHERSDALE,
 ONE OF THE PEOPLE CALLED QUAKERS, WHO HAD SUFFERED
 A LONG CONFINEMENT IN THE CASTLE OF YORK, AND
 LOSS OF ALL HIS WORLDLY PROPERTY, FOR
 CONSCIENCE' SAKE.

[Joseph Brown, with seven other Friends of Lotersdale, was imprisoned in York Castle for the non-payment of tithes from Fifth month, 1795, until Tenth month, 1797, when they were released by a special clause which was added to a general Act of Parliament. During their imprisonment James Montgomery, the poet, was also committed to the prison, for a political libel. He formed a warm attachment for the imprisoned Friends, and after his liberation labored for their release.]

“SPIRIT, leave thine house of clay ;
 Lingerin' Dust, resign thy breath !
 Spirit, cast thy chains away ;
 Dust, be thou dissolved in death !”

Thus thy Guardian Angel spoke,
 As he watched thy dying bed ;
 As the bonds of life he broke,
 And the ransomed captive fled.

“ Prisoner, long detained below ;
 Prisoner, now with freedom blest ;

Welcome, from a world of woe,
Welcome to a land of rest !”

Thus thy Guardian Angel sang,
As he bore thy soul on high,
While with hallelujahs rang
All the region of the sky.

Ye that mourn a father's loss,
Ye that weep a friend no more,
Call to mind the Christian cross
Which your friend, your father, bore.

Grief and penury and pain
Still attended on his way,
And oppression's scourge and chain,
More unmerciful than they.

Yet while traveling in distress
(’Twas the eldest curse of sin)
Through the world's waste wilderness,
He had Paradise within.

And along that vale of tears,
Which his humble footsteps trod,
Still a shining path appears,
Where the mourner walked with God.

Till his Master, from above,
When the promised hour was come,
Sent the chariot of his love
To convey the wanderer home.

Saw ye not the wheels of fire,
And the steeds that cleft the wind?
Saw ye not his soul aspire
When his mantel dropp'd behind?

Ye that caught it as it fell,
Bind that mantle round your breast;
So in you his meekness dwell,
So on you his spirit rest.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.



TO THE SPADE OF A FRIEND

(AN AGRICULTURIST)

COMPOSED WHEN WE WERE LABORING TOGETHER IN HIS PLEASURE-GROUND.

[Wordsworth's note accompanying this poem is such a friendly testimonial of one of our early, though humble, poets that it is given entire.]

This person was Thomas Wilkinson, a Quaker by religious profession ; by natural constitution of mind, or shall I venture to say, by God's grace, he was something better. He had inherited a small estate, and built a house upon it near Yanwath, upon the banks of the Emont. I have heard him say that his heart used to beat, in his boyhood, when he heard the sound of a drum and fife. Nevertheless, the spirit of enterprise in him confined itself to tilling his ground, and conquering such obstacles as stood in the way of its fertility. Persons of his religious persuasion do now, in a far greater degree than formerly, attach themselves to trade and commerce. He kept the old track. As represented in this poem, he employed his leisure hours in shaping pleasant walks by the side of his beloved river, where he also built something between a hermitage and a summer-house, attaching to it inscriptions after the manner of Shenstone at his Leasowes. He used to travel from time to time, partly from love of nature, and partly with religious friends in the service of humanity. His admiration of genius in every department did him much honor. Through his connection with the family in which Edmund Burke was educated, he became acquainted with that great man, who used to receive him with great kindness and consideration; and many times have I heard Wilkinson speak of these interesting interviews. He was honored also by the friendship of Elizabeth Smith, and of Thomas Clarkson and his excellent wife, and was much esteemed by Lord and Lady Lonsdale, and every member of that family. Among his verses (he wrote many) are some worthy of preservation—one little poem in particular upon disturbing, by prying curiosity, a bird while hatching her young in his garden. The latter part of this innocent and good man's life was melancholy. He became

blind and also poor by becoming surety for some of his relations. He was a bachelor. He bore, as I have often witnessed, his calamities with unfailing resignation.

SPADE! with which Wilkinson hath tilled his lands,
 And shaped these pleasant walks by Emont's side,
 Thou art a tool of honor in my hands ;
 I press thee, through the yielding soil, with pride.

Rare master has it been thy lot to know ;
 Long hast thou served a man to reason true ;
 Whose life combines the best of high and low,
 The labouring many and the resting few ;

Health, meekness, ardour, quietness secure,
 And industry of body and of mind ;
 And elegant enjoyments, that are pure
 As nature is ; too pure to be refined.

Here often hast thou heard the Poet sing
 In concord with his river murmuring by ;
 Or in some silent field, while timid spring
 Is yet uncheered by other minstrelsy.

Who shall inherit thee when death has laid
 Low in the darksome cell thine own dear lord ?
 That man will have a trophy, humble Spade !
 A trophy nobler than a conqueror's sword.

If he be one that feels, with skill to part
False praise from true, or, greater from the less,
Thee will he welcome to his hand and heart,
Thou monument of peaceful happiness !

He will not dread with thee a toilsome day—
Thee his loved servant, his inspiring mate !
And, when thou art past service, worn away,
No dull oblivious nook shall hide thy fate.

His thrift thy uselessness will never scorn ;
An heir-loom in his cottage wilt thou be :—
High will he hang thee up, well pleased to adorn
His rustic chimney with the last of thee !

1804.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

ELIZABETH FRY.

[The name of Elizabeth Fry is one which will always be known and honored outside the limits of the Society of Friends. Her labors for the female prisoners in Newgate prison and elsewhere resulted in greatly ameliorating their unhappy condition and in advancing the cause of penal reform throughout the civilized world. The third daughter of John Gurney, of Earlham Hall, she was born in 1781. In 1800 she married Joseph Fry, of London. She died in 1845, and was buried at Friends' burial ground at Barking, England.]

AND then I saw a stately figure come,
Which seemed to wear the quaint and dovelike robe
Of silvery-grey, the lawn that hid the hair,
The modest decent garb they love who vow
Their lives to Heaven, albeit no cloistered bars
Withdraw them from the world, but build around
A nunnery, and, 'mid the noise and din
Of all the sensual and wrongful world,
An oratory where the Spirit may dwell
And, long-awaited, claim its own; the band
Who struck the fetters from the slave, who tend
The halt and sick, and spend themselves in works
Of mercy for the prisoners who lie bound
In chains their sins have forged; and straight my eyes
Knew whom it was they saw, before my guide,
With grave voice, softening as it went, replied
To my unspoken thought.



ELIZABETH FRY.



“ A hundred years
Have passed since she thou seest, on the earth
Came first, of gentle birth and wealth and ease,
Where the grey Anglian city in the east
Broods round its central spire. A blooming girl,
In her gay youth she trod with eager feet
The path of innocent pleasure; none more blithe
At chase or festal than the lithe young form
Who in her scarlet habit loved to fly
Across the rushing fields, or listen rapt
To stirring martial melodies, or tread
The giddy measures of the dance, and take,
With her young motherless sisters, what delight
Beseemed their youth. Then, in her budding age,
When only seventeen summers smiled on her,
The joys she scarce had known began to pall,
And she reproached herself with every thought
Which stole her hours from Heaven. Blind dreams
of good,
Yearnings for something higher than she knew,
Took her, and, knowing this perplexed world
Moves towards the best, she felt her drifting life
A hapless bark which fronts the gathering storm
Without a pilot's skill. But the great Hand
Was with her not the less, though yet unseen,

And soon the pleading of a kindred soul
Sent over seas woke in her inmost depths
Assurance mixed with tears, and presently
The dull world faded from her, and she gave
Her all to Heaven. Then all her costly robes
She left, and took the habit of a Friend
And their plain speech—slowly, and half ashamed,
Lest those who knew her scoffed; but not the less
She was convinced, and held the Faith to the end.

Thence through her long sweet life, her own hand
writes

Her daily story. Through what deeps of doubt
And self-distrust, high yearnings, often dashed
By that o'erwhelming sense of grave offence
Which takes the saints alone, and oftentimes
What high and glorious certitudes of faith,
The heavens standing open, and the Lord
With gracious beckoning hand, they know who read
The story of her days. Love came to her,
And happy wedlock, and unclouded years,
And fair-grown offspring. All good things to hold,
Honor and high obedience, troops of friends,
A heart which turned to Heaven and dwelt with God—
All these were hers. Ofttimes she spake the Word,

Spurning the conscious weakness of her sex
And her own shrinking modesty ; oft-times
She nursed the sick, and did relieve with alms
The needy, works of mercy and of faith
Filling her life. And yet, not all-content
With such high duty, still her yearning soul,
Which not the weight of daily household care,
Nor love of spouse or children, satisfied,
Panted for more, and hastened to the work
Which keeps her memory green, and crowns her Saint,
And raised her to the skies.

'Twas in the fowl

And crowded prison wards her pitying heart
Found its own work. Three hundred hapless lives
Huddled together, starving, naked, vile—
The innocent and guilty, the poor soul
Who stepped a foot-pace from the path of good,
Mewed side by side within that narrow jail
With those who had put off, for desperate years,
The last thin rags of shame ; a dreadful band,
Brutal, unclean, without a bed to rest
Their miserable limbs, save the damp floor
Of the foul, reeking dungeon. Frenzied cries
Of rank offence, blaspheming God and man,
Worse than of madness, smote the shrinking ear ;

And 'mid the dreadful throng, more piteous still,
The teeming ranks of children, the shrill note
Of childish voices trained in all the lore
Of wickedness, to beg, to sot, to steal,
To curse. Each sight and sound that had made hell
More dreadful than before, the sight of lives
Which had been innocent once, now doomed and
damned,
Forlorn of men, and quite forgot by God!

Nay, not forgotten! Since one human heart
Felt pity for them still. The faithful soul
Of that good nursing-mother blazed afire,
Hearing and seeing, and her inmost depths
Were kindled into flame. But not at once
Might she begin her life-work. Birth and death,
Young lives that came and went, the loss of friends
And brethren, that strange hush and chill which comes
To every home when first the young flock dares
To spread weak wings and tempt the perilous air
Far from the nest — these held her three long years
Far from the work she loved.

And then one day
She found her footsteps free, and took her way
To the grim prison where that hapless crowd

Rotted in sin. Alone, with none to aid,
Like the old seer among the ravening jaws,
Or that Diviner Figure which beamed hope
To the poor prisoned spirits waiting long
The Beatific Erd, she passed and brought
The light of fuller Day, with mild eyes filled
With gentle pity for their sin, with voice
So clear, so soft, so musical, the tongue
As of an angel. 'Mid the noise, the din
Of blasphemy, and rank offence, she spake
And hushed all other sound, except the noise
Of weeping from repentant hearts, and told
How, even at the eleventh hour, the Lord
Was strong to save, telling of him she served,
Whose name they knew not yet ; and on the depths
Of those poor rayless souls, sunk deep in ill,
Shone with some pure reflected light of Heaven,
And touched—a mother herself—the mother's hearts
With pity for the children who should come
To ill as they did, till the spark Divine,
Which never dies out quite, shone out once more,
And once again, from out the sloughs of sin,
Uprose toward Heaven some faint fair flower of good.

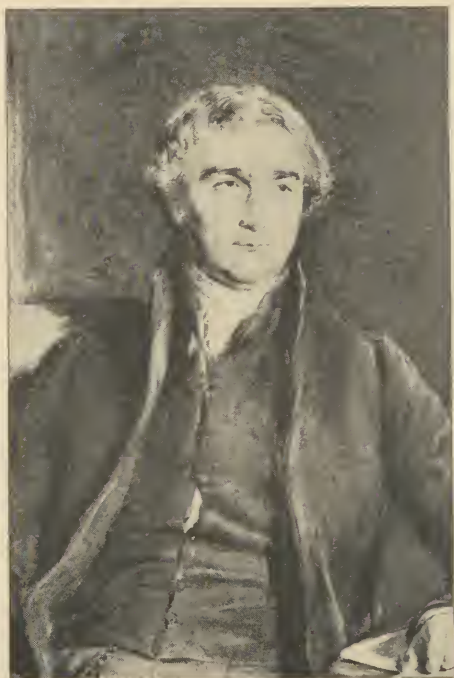
Thus she, and with her a devoted band
Of women, strove for God. With instant prayer
She pleaded with them ; clothing, shelter, food
She gained for them, and tidings of the Word.
And for those hapless childish lives she found
Fit teaching ; those poor souls the pitiless law
Doomed to the felon's end she fortified,
As did old St. Catherine, with her prayers
Even at the gate of Death.

Nor could her pity
Stay here, nor bear the intolerable load
Of the uncaring law which played with life
As might a tiger, stern, exacting blood
For every trivial ill. With those vile powers
Unfaith and selfishness, which ruled the world
And mar it yet and will, she strove with might,
And did at last prevail ; and ere she died,
No more the shameless wickedness was done
Which from all time had shed the innocent blood
In the pure name of law, staking a life
Against each venial wrong. Oh, clear-eyed soul,
That saw the right undimmed, above the mists
That blinded worldly eyes, because it knew
The rule of right, one with the law of God !

But not alone her works of mercy touched
The prisoner in his cell. When to their doom
Of slavery, worse than death, the senseless law
Had sent those hapless lives, over wide seas,
To the far underworld, it prisoned them
Mixed as of yore, the felon old in sin,
The almost innocent, and the young lives
Of children, mewed together, month on month
Festering between the crowded decks, till came
The day when they were flung upon the shore
Of a new land, helpless, unclothed, unfed,
Tainted by forced companionship with ill,
To die of want or only live by sin.
These wrongs her prescient eye foresaw and gave
Her thought to mend. The young lives new to wrong
She from the guiltier set apart, and all,
When the new world loomed on their wondering gaze,
Found hands of welcome. Oft, in some frail skiff
Daring the wintry Thames, ere the sad ship
Sailed with its load, her soft imploring voice
Rose high for all, commending them to Heaven,
And pleading with such gentle words and pure,
Their hard hearts melted, and the flowing tears
Relieved their pain; and on the deck around
The rude rough seamen heard, without a word,

The saint's high message and the sweet clear tones,
And grew ashamed to scoff, while as she knelt
The hapless women checked their gathering tears,
In silence till the dark boat on the stream
Was lost in night, and took their only friend.

Thus throughout all the land, year after year,
She cleansed each teeming prison. The chill North
She traversed, and the melancholy West,
And by the perilous seas which welter round
The still-vexed Channel Isles, thence to fair France,
Still seeking what of help she could for those
Whom their sin prisoned fast, and the low plains
Of deep-sunk Holland. Where her footsteps turned
She left a blessing. From the Russian snows
Came news of those her high example drew
To kindred deeds of mercy. Courts and thrones
Paid fitting honor to her work, and she,
Amid the felons now, now set on high
With Queens to do her honor, kept unchanged
Her humble heart, breathing the self-same prayer:
"By any ways, by any paths Thou wilt,
So men may come to knowledge of Thy Truth."
But not the less the changing, chanceful world
Pressed on her, than on those blest souls of old.



JOSEPH JOHN GURNEY.
1788-1847.

The wealth she only prized because it gave
Power to do good ; which gathers day by day
To crush the miser with its load, from her
Was taken for no fault ; her stately home
She left a blameless exile. Time and death
Knocked loudly at her doors. The saintly band,
Brothers and sisters, thinned ; the loving eyes
Of children closed untimely ; the young lives
Of children's children went, leaving her age
To mourn them. Fever coming swept the home
Of her dear son, and took him, the strong stay
Of his young flock. Who reads her story knows
A gathering tale of loss, to which each year
Brought its own added sum. Her natural force,
Before the allotted span, grew faint and weak,
And, spent with pain, month after month she lay
In suffering, till she prayed, if 'twere God's will,
That she might be at rest ; and sometimes, weak
And sore beset, her saintly humbleness
Was dashed with self-distrust, and she who felt
The Everlasting Arms beneath her, knew
The natural fear which oftentimes vexes less
The sinner than the saint.

So when her hour
Was come, her children round her, she prepared

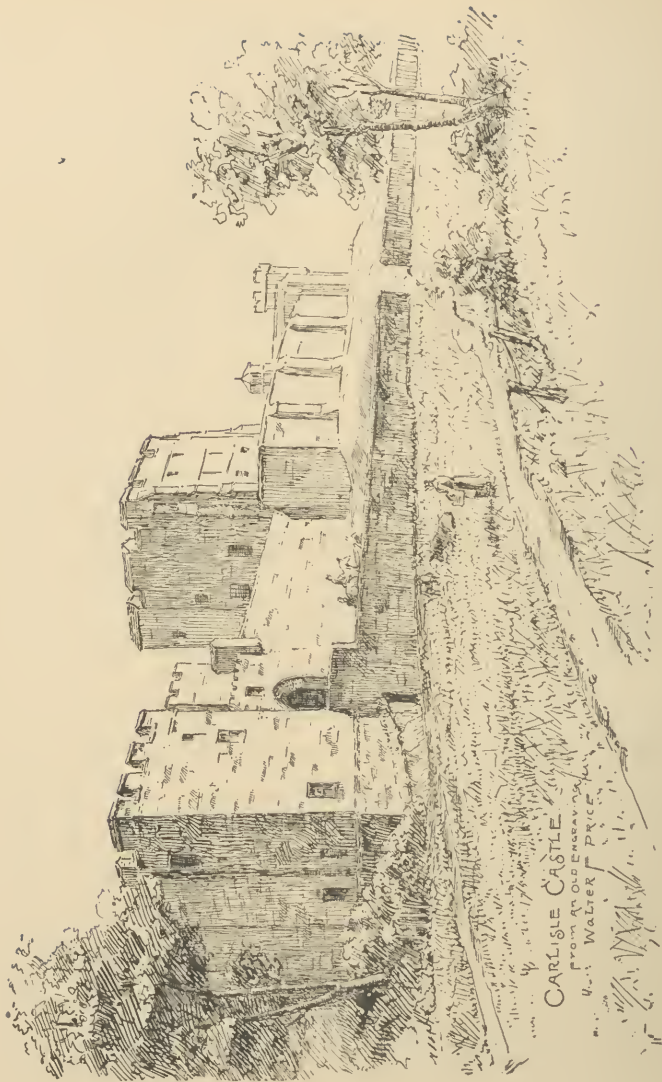
To meet the Lord she loved. She whose long life
Was lived for him ; whose earliest waking thought
Was every morn for him ; whose gathering years
Were crowned with deeds of mercy ; whose dear name,
In every clime, thousands of rescued souls
Uttered with tremulous lips and full of praise ;
Whose thought was always how to raise to hope
The poor, the sick, the fallen ; how to strike
The fetters from the prisoner and slave ;
And save the piteous childish lives the State
Had left to certain ruin — she no less
Knew the Divide despondency which marks
The saintly soul. “ Pray for me,” said her voice ;
“ It is a strife, but I am safe.”

“ Dear saint,
Ay, thou wert safe,” I cried, “ because thy heart
Was humble ! To what heights of purity,
What inaccessible awful precipices
Of duty, didst thou turn thy gaze whose soul
Knew this diviner failure ? To what depths
Of inner heaven, to what perfectness
Of him thy Great Exemplar, didst thou strain ?
Not only in the cloister the rapt soul
Dwells with him, or beneath the midnight stars

Mingles with him and bears the sacred wounds
Of the Passion, but along the well-trod road
Of daily trivial life the race is run
To where the crown awaits them, and the palm.
Who loves the right, loves him who taught it too ;
And whoso loves his brother, loves his Lord."

1890.

LEWIS MORRIS.



CARLISLE CASTLE

from the Old Enclosure

WALTER PRICE

JAMES PARNEL.

[James Parnel was born in Nottinghamshire in 1638, and when sixteen he joined Friends through the ministry of George Fox, while the latter was imprisoned at Carlisle. A boy in years, and small in stature, he at once entered into the work and, says George Fox, in his Journal: "The Lord quickly made him a powerful minister of the word of Life, and many were turned to Christ by him, though he lived not long." He was arrested in 1665, accused of entering a church "riotously," and thrown into Colchester jail. His imprisonment of nearly a year, resulting in his death, is almost without parallel in the inhumanity and vindictiveness of his jailors, and must ever be a blot on the pages of humanity.]

WHEN looking heavenward from my poor estate,
Where, chained to earth, my dull affections wait ;
Where love and zeal at best but feebly draw
My tardy steps to duty's holy law ;
Thee, righteous Parnel ! I with tears behold,
In age a stripling, but in service old ;
I stand reprov'd by thee, thou youth Divine,
A backward child, with years that double thine.
On thy fair mind the boundless power of truth
Rose strong and ardent in thy tender youth ;
And led thee forward, fearless, without guile,
To warn the sinful of this darkened isle.

Many there were in those laborious days,
Who heard the Word and gave the Maker praise,
But watchful, fierce the arm of power arose,
And struck the servant laboring in his cause.
Now bruised, benumbed, I see thee stretched alone,
A stone thy pillow, and thy bed a stone ;
I see thee sitting in thy dreary cell,
No kindling fires the unwholesome damps dispel.
No friend allowed to soothe thee in thy woe,
Thy prison-floor denied a little straw ;
The cheering food that weeping friendship sent,
From thy pale lips by ruthless spoilers rent ;
My spirit melts, my eyes with tears o'erflow,
To see thee stript of every hope below.
Yet, round thy dungeon shone a light divine,
The faithful Prophet's holy fire was thine ;
Thy God was near thee, and thy soul found rest,
Pure as an angel's, on thy Saviour's breast ;
His tender hand still sweeter food supplied
Than all thy keeper's cruelty denied ;
Sustained thus we see thy spotless mind
In fetters faithful, and in suffering kind,
Thy spirit, meek, like his whose temples found
The plaited thorns, and bled beneath their wound.

.

Are we their sons, who, at the Almighty's call
Left wives and children, houses, lands and all,
To sound the gospel through a darkened land,
While death and perils frowned on every hand?
Father and Lord! once more, oh! make us feel
A sacred portion of their fervent zeal;
Again, oh! shake us as in times of old,
When tens of thousands gathered to thy fold;
When such as Burrough, Fox, and Dewsberry,
Went forth devoted servants unto thee,
And precious Parnel for thy cause laid down
His spotless life, and met the martyr's crown.

THOMAS WILKINSON.

THE QUAKER POET.

VERSES ON SEEING MYSELF SO DESIGNATED.

“THE Quaker Poet!”—is such name
A simple designation ;
Or one expressive of my shame,
And thy vituperation ?

If but the former — I, for one,
Have no objection to it ;
A name, as such, can startle none
Who rationally view it.

But if such title would convey
Contempt, or reprobation,
Allow me, briefly as I may,
To state my vindication.

It is not splendor of costume
That prompts harmonious numbers ;
The nightingale, of sober plume,
Sings, while the peacock slumbers.

The shallow brooks, in spring so gay,
 In summer soonest fail us ;
Their sparkling pride has pass'd away,
 Their sounds no more regale us.

While the more deep, but quiet streams,
 By alders overshadowed,
Flow on, in spite of scorching beams,
 Their beauties uninvaded.

And on their peaceful verge we see
 Green grass, fresh flowers, and round them
Hover the butterfly and bee,—
 Rejoicing to have found them.

Is it the gayest of the gay,
 The votaries of fashion,
Who feel most sensibly the sway
 Of pure and genuine passion ?

No! — hearts there be the world deems cold,
 As warm, as true, as tender
As those which gayer robes enfold,
 However proud their splendor.

Of mine I speak not :— he, alone,
Who form'd, can truly know it ;
Nor of my verse ; I frankly own
Myself no lofty poet.

But I contend the Quaker creed,
By fair interpretation,
Has nothing in it to impede
Poetic aspiration :

All that fair nature's charms display
Of grandeur or of beauty ;
All that the human heart can sway,—
Joy, grief, desire, or duty ;

All these are ours — the copious source
Of true poetic feeling ;—
And wouldst thou check their blameless course,
Our lips in silence sealing ?

Nature, to all her ample page
Impartially unfolding,
Prohibits neither saint nor sage
Its beauties from beholding.

And thus the muse her gifts bestows
With no sectarian spirit,
Her laurel wreaths invest the brows
Which such distinctions merit.

Through every age, in every clime,
Her favor'd sons have flourish'd ;
Have felt her energy sublime,
Her pure delights have nourish'd.

From Lapland's snows, from Persia's bowers,
Their songs are still ascending,
Then, Quaker Poets, try your powers !
Why should you fear offending ?

Still true to nature be your aim,
Abhorring affectation ;
You, with peculiar grace may claim
Each simpler decoration.

And with such you may blend no less,
Spite of imputed weakness,
The godlike strength of gentleness,
The majesty of meekness !

The blameless pride of purity,
Chast'ning each soft emotion;
And, from fanaticism free,
The fervor of devotion!

Be such your powers;— and in the range
Of themes which they assign you,
Win wreaths you need not wish to change
For aught that fame could twine you.

For never can a poet's lays
Obtain more genuine honor,
Than whilst his gift promotes the praise
Of him, who is its donor!

BERNARD BARTON.





JOHN BRIGHT, M. P.
1811-1889.

JOHN BRIGHT.

[Read at the unveiling of the bust of John Bright, at the Friends' School, Providence, R. I., Third month 28th, 1884.]

I.

FEW men of hero-mould
The Quaker counts amid his ranks to-day ;
But, in the troublous times of old,
Before commodity's loud gold
Drowned with its clank the clash of steel,
The Quaker held no devious way ;
For him to see was but to feel,
To feel was but to say.

II.

All hail those men of yore !
Amid innumerable disasters true
To that brave standard which they bore ;—
Whether amid the maddened roar
Of priest-led mobs, or scourged and flung
To die in gaols, or where the few
Sat waiting for the cloven tongue,—
But one straight path they knew.

III.

Yet peace breeds doubtful virtues. When the flame
Of persecution flickered, fell, expired,
So dimmed the old lustre; no hot shame
The wavering conscience fired.
So, when wild storms are past, and winds grow tame,
And the foil'd tempest holds his hand,
The vessels cast safe anchor near the strand;
And sweet it seems a gentle sea to ride,
While lapping waters lave
The weary, battered side:—
“Ah, linger thus,” the shipmen cry, “near land,
Nor tempt again the buffets of the wave!”
They will not heed the voice
That calls from far and chides their choice;
He must not dally with the shore
Who thinks on noble gain,
But bend him stoutly to the oar,
And seek the midmost main,
And wrest their treasure from the clasp of wave and
hurricane.

IV.

Ho! pilot of the roaring seas!
No summer sailor thou;

It was no idle breeze
That set those manly lines upon thy brow ;
For thou hast done what all to do are fain,
Yet few, ah, few attain :—
Hast never struck thy sail
And fled before the gale.
Till it had spent its force,—
But sawest clear upon the chart of life
Thy straight-drawn track ; and though the storm blew
 loud,
And elemental strife
In one mad whirl joined sea and cloud,
Thou hast but lash'd thy helm and held thy course.
And for the manly heart and manly deed
Thy country loves thee ;— gives
Honor unstinted as thy need ;
And they that still can hold
The Quaker name, rejoice that one man lives
Who fills the measure of their hero-mould.

V.

At glimpse of wrong, thy voice that knows not fear,
As sword from scabbard still hath leapt, and fills
With noblest echoes these wide halls of time.
We too, when tempests shook our western clime,

And all the air was rife with bodings grave,
Have felt new hope, to hear
That voice of manly cheer,
And mark the signal of a friendly hand
From yon far strand
Where thy bluff England dashes back the wave.

VI.

Brief be our word, yet strong.
So we this greeting send,
Stout English heart, across the severing sea,
Whose chainless waters blend
The breezes of two nations that are free ;
Free, free for evermore !
And shore shall call to shore
In sister freedom till the end of time ;
And still the thunder chime
Of that vast sea shall chorus the same song.
Ay, he who bends his ear
To those great tones, shall hear
Exultant voices, swelling high, proclaim
That thou, undaunted heart,
Hast play'd a hero's part,
Joining with freedom's deathless song thy deathless
name.

FRANCIS B. GUMMERE.



LUCRETIA MOTT.
1793-1880.

LUCRETIA MOTT.

[Lucretia Mott was one of the leading and most active workers in the anti-slavery cause. She was the second child of Thomas and Ann Coffin, having been born on the island of Nantucket, First month 3d, 1793. In 1811 she married James Mott of New York, and shortly afterwards they moved to Philadelphia. She died Eleventh month 11th, 1880. She was for many years an acceptable minister of Race Street Yearly Meeting of Friends.]

AND she is dead whose life was rich
In labor and in years :
She lays her earthly clothing off,
We fold it by with tears !

An early laborer in the field,
She labored long and late
With hand unsparing to increase
Freedom and Truth's estate.

She chose no paths of summer ease,
Where velvet poppies sway,
And soft winds blow, and leaf and flower
Shut out the heat of day.

Hers was the straight and narrow way,
The furrow of the Lord,
Wherein in helping weaker ones
She found her sweet reward.

She sowed and tilled and harvested
God's fields in sun and rain ;
Of freedom, temperance and peace
She reaped the perfect grain.

On Duty's way are ever thorns,
That pierce when pushed aside ;
But souls like hers have conscience' balm
To heal the wounds they hide.

So true, so strong, such souls as hers
In numbers are denied :
The world is richer that she lived,
And poorer that she died.

And now her garment, needed not,
With autumn's leaves we fold,
And through the Indian summer's mist
Her risen self behold.

The memory of her worth shall live
Through ages yet unspent ;
The grateful love of human hearts
Shall be her monument.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

BESIDE the Merrimac he sung
His earliest songs, a Quaker boy,
His father's mowing fields among,
With brook and bird to share his joy.

And where the Powow glides to meet
The swift rush of the Merrimac,
His manhood's voice rang strong and sweet,
By struggling Freedom echoed back.

He sang beside the solemn sea,
That thrilled through all its vast unrest,
Until the poet's land was free,
To song's wild war-throb in his breast.

Among the mountains rose his voice
When Peace made beautiful the air ;
Our souls rose with him to rejoice :
Our lives looked larger, worthier, there.

And still he sings, by sea and stream,
The songs that charm a nation's heart.
We dare not guess how earth will seem
When his loved footsteps hence depart.

Still sings he, while the year grows gray,
From inner warmth no snows can chill.
Spring breathes through his December lay ;
His song might waken bird and rill.

Neither can poet die, nor friend ;
To Life, forever, both belong ;
Before his human heart we bend,
Far nobler than his noblest song.

Twelfth month 17th, 1877.

LUCY LARCOM.

TO JOHN G. WHITTIER.

DEAR poet of our hearts ! No laurels grow
More fresh and green, by Merrimac's fair side,
Than those we bind upon thy locks of snow
With mingled love and pride.

Our Quaker bard—from whose New England hills
Was caught the strength and vigor of thy song ;
While with the rhythm of thy native rills
Flows the sweet verse along.

Brave words of Truth and Freedom have been thine ;
Thro' the long darkness of our country's night,
With zeal unflinching and a faith divine,
Still pointing unto light.

And we would thank thee for thy warm defence
Our faith has often from thy pen received —
Thy own birthright, and in fuller sense
Acknowledged and believed.

And yet we know no bigot's zeal is thine ;
Thou art no railer at another's creed ;
But, for all branches of one common vine,
Thy charity will plead.

The wildest legend of our Indian land
By thee is made a moral to unfold ;
And, with the touch of Midas, by thy hand
The dross is turned to gold.

The merry whistling of thy " Barefoot Boy,"
In many a heart has stirred the fires of youth ;
The sweet home-picture of the " Snowbound " joy,
We treasure in its truth.

The waves that break thy rocky coast around,
Seem as familiar music to us still ;
And we can almost think we hear the sound
Of pines on Ramoth Hill.

But dearer far the tender heart that breathes
In warm pulsations thro' each page we scan ;
And we forget the poet and his wreaths
In deep love for the man.

The childlike trust that deepens with the years,
That sits like Mary at the Master's feet,
Like Parson Avery's swan-song, to our ears
Thine groweth strangely sweet.

Long may we listen like thy Scottish maid,
Who heard at Lucknow her deliverance near,
To hear the north wind bear through glen and glade
The strain from childhood dear.

And "at the last," when every tale is told,
And from thy hand shall fall the ringing lyre,
May he who gave thy minstrelsy, uphold
And bid thee "come up higher!"

* * *

IN MEMORY OF JOHN GREENLEAF
WHITTIER.

DECEMBER 17TH, 1807,—SEPTEMBER 7TH, 1892.

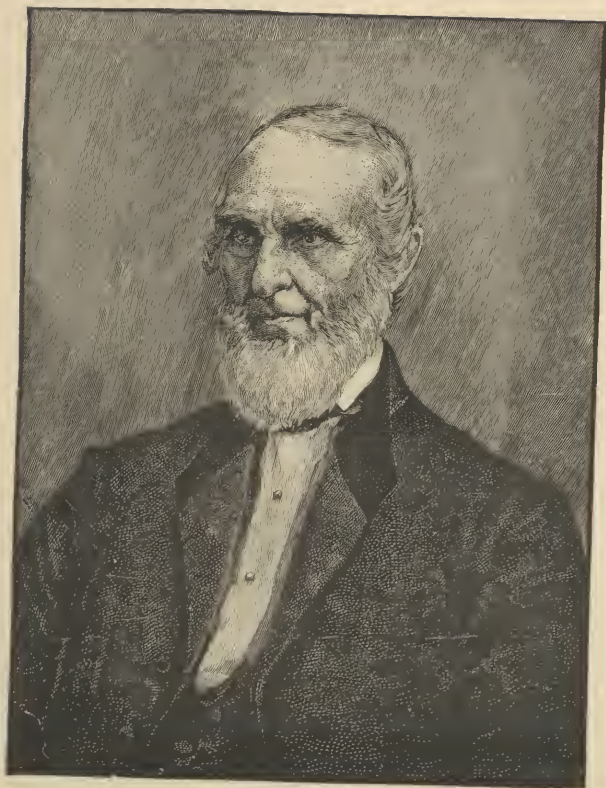
THOU, too, hast left us. While with heads bowed low,
And sorrowing hearts, we mourned our summer's
dead,

The flying season bent its Parthian bow,
And yet again our mingling tears were shed.

Was Heaven impatient that it could not wait
The blasts of winter for earth's fruits to fall?
Were angels crowding round the open gate
To greet the spirits coming at their call?

Nay, let not fancies, born of old beliefs,
Play with the heartbeats that are throbbing still,
And waste their outworn phrases on the griefs,
The silent griefs, that words can only chill.

For thee, dear friend, there needs no high-wrought lay,
To shed its aureole round thy cherished name,—
Thou whose plain, home-born speech of Yea and Nay
Thy truthful nature ever best became.



JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.
1807-1892.

Death reaches not a spirit such as thine,—
It can but steal the robe that hid thy wings;
Though thy warm breathing presence we resign,
Still in our hearts its loving semblance clings.

Peaceful thy message, yet for struggling right,—
When slavery's gauntlet in our face was flung,—
While timid weaklings watched the dubious fight
No herald's challenge more defiant rung.

Yet was thy spirit tuned to gentle themes
Sought in the haunts thy humble youth had known.
Our stern New England's hills and vales and streams,—
Thy tuneful idyls made them all their own.

The wild-flowers springing from thy native sod
Lent all their charms thy new-world song to fill,—
Gave thee the mayflower and the golden-rod
To match the daisy and the daffodil.

In the brave records of our earlier time
A hero's deed thy generous soul inspired,
And many a legend, told in ringing rhyme,
The youthful soul with high resolve has fired.

Not thine to lean on priesthood's broken reed ;
No barriers caged thee in a bigot's fold ;
Did zealots ask to syllable thy creed,
Thou saidst, "Our Father," and thy creed was told.

Best loved and saintliest of our singing train,
Earth's noblest tributes to thy name belong.
A lifelong record closed without a stain,
A blameless memory shrined in deathless song.

Lift from its quarried ledge a flawless stone ;
Smoothe the green turf and bid the tablet rise,
And on its snow-white surface carve alone
These words,—he needs no more,—HERE WHITTIER
LIES.

1892.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

THE QUAKER PREACHER.

[D. C. T. Died Seventh month 2d, 1889.]

A CHILDLIKE heart, a simple faith,
Quick not to question but receive,
She spurned the breath of doubt like death;
To her to live was to believe.

Not hers the cold logician's arts;
Her sermons were impassioned strains;—
Her heart outreaching unto hearts,
And sorrowing over souls in chains.

Unstudied were her words. Her soul
In silence bowed before the Lord,
To speak, or wait, at his control,
That hearts might only hear his word.

Her prayers! who'er has heard her pray
Has known one heart, at least, saw clear
Beyond the dimness of our day,
The limits of the now and here,

And pierced the veil, and won the throne,
Where with strong wrestling and with tears,
She, making others' needs her own,
And trembling with their doubts and fears,

Sought for herself and them the grace
That answered to their utmost need:—
And those who heard her felt the place
To be the gate of Heaven indeed.

No stones memorial have been set
Or here or there to mark each spot,
But hearts renewed cannot forget
The light that dawned and faded not.

She bore her message far and wide,
Beside all waters sowed her seed,
Nor ever loitered to decide
Which handful should the best succeed.

Not hers to reap, but hers to sow,
To comfort mourners as she went.
The far results she could not know,
The Master smiled, she was content.

TO AUNT DEBORAH.

NINETY-ONE,— and every year
Growing to her friends more dear ;
Life so fresh from day to day,
That our hearts must bid her stay
Yet a little longer here.

Still her mind is clear and bright ;
She has hearing and her sight,
And her heart of simple truth
Is as warm and fresh as youth ;
Her spirit filled with heavenly light.

And a marvel 'tis to see
One from selfishness so free ;
Never thinking of her needs,
Always doing kindly deeds
Unto all, whoe'er they be.

She on simple pleasures smiled,
Sharing them with youngest child ;
Never prompted to destroy
With a frown a harmless joy ;
This her record, undefiled.

Look within the house of prayer,
You will often see her there
In the spotless garb of Friends ;
And until the meeting ends
A sweet repose her features wear.

Then a tender smile is seen
Where the quiet look has been ;
As, one by one, a kindly band
Gather 'round to take her hand,
And make her happier than a queen.

Blessed and blessing, as we know,
Glad to live, content to go ;
Not, as has been said of some,
Waiting for her Lord to come,
But doing still his work below.

What a contrast this old age,
To the one in Bible page ;
Where the Preacher sadly says,
All strength goes, with length of days,
Till the grasshopper a burden weighs.

* * *

HESTER.

[Hester Savory, daughter of Joseph and Anna Savory, of St. Martins, Middlesex, was born Fifth month 31st, 1777. In Seventh month, 1802, she married Charles Dudley. She died Second month 9th, 1803. In Third month, Charles Lamb wrote his friend Thomas Manning, who was in Paris, as follows :

“DEAR MANNING:— I send you some verses I have made on the death of a young Quaker you may have heard me speak of as being in love with for some time while I lived at Pentonville, though I had never spoken with her in my life. She died about a month since.”]

WHEN maidens such as Hester die,
Their place ye may not well supply,
Though ye among a thousand try,
With vain endeavor.

A month or more hath she been dead,
Yet cannot I by force be led
To think upon the wormy bed,
And her together.

A springy motion in her gait,
A rising step, did indicate
Of pride and joy no common rate,
That flush'd her spirit.

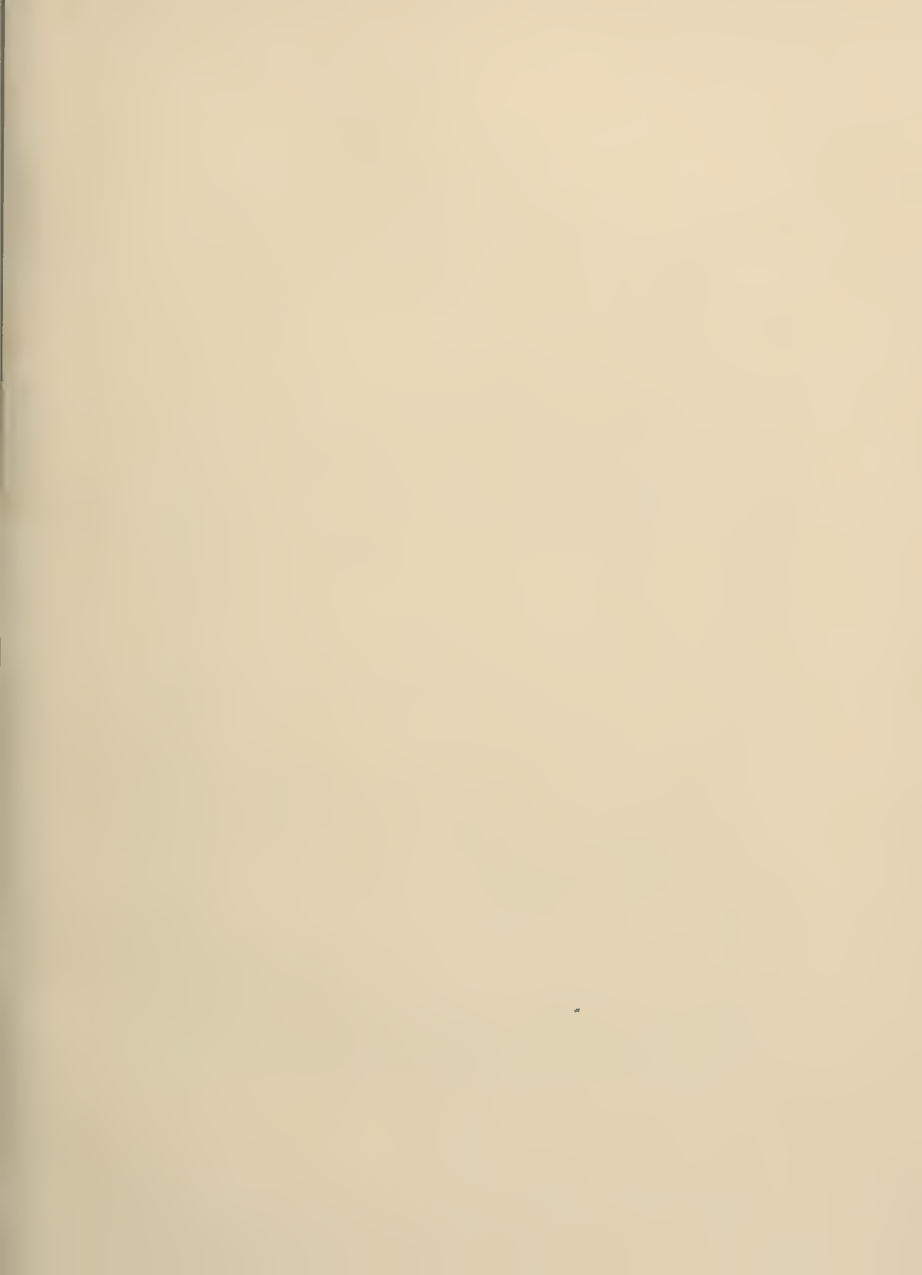
I know not by what name beside
I shall call it:—if 't was not pride,
It was a joy to that allied,
She did inherit.

Her parents held the Quaker rule,
Which doth the human feeling cool,
But she was trained in Nature's school,
Nature had blest her.

A waking eye, a prying mind,
A heart that stirs, is hard to bind,
A hawk's keen sight ye cannot blind,
Ye could not Hester.

My sprightly neighbor! gone before
To that unknown and silent shore,
Shall we not meet, as heretofore,
Some summer morning,

When from thy cheerful eyes a ray
Hath struck a bliss upon the day,—
A bliss that would not go away,
A sweet fore-warning?





EARLY DAYS IN NEW ENGLAND.

III.

NEW ENGLAND.

The doctrine of the "Inward Light," or of private inspiration, was something especially hateful to the Puritan. To the modern rationalist, looking at things in the dry light of history, it may seem that this doctrine was only the Puritan's own appeal to individual judgment, stated in different form; but the Puritan could not so regard it.

JOHN FISKE.

MARY DYER.

[This poem describing the execution of Mary Dyer, the Friend, on Boston Common, Sixth month 1st, 1660, was originally published in the *Knickerbocker Magazine*, New York, 1853. It was one of three by the same author, grouped together under the general designation of "Lays of Quakerism."]

WITH his household, quaint and simple,
In his manly prime,
By the firelight sat a Quaker,
In the winter-time ;
Moved in feeling by the pealing
Of the Christmas chime :
Little looked he to the outward ;
Feasts and holy days,
To his inward faith and worship,
Were as worldly ways ;
But he scoffed not at the symbols
Of the people's praise.
Little loved he art or music,
And his firelight falls,
In fantastic shape and semblance,
O'er ungarnished walls :

But he loved the blessed teaching
Which the chime recalls.
All so still he sat, and solemn,
While his own high thought,
Throned upon his ample forehead,
Such a stillness wrought,
That the mystic spell of silence
All around him caught.
Sweetly looked they in that circle,
Wife and children three ;
Two brave boys beside the mother
Hushed their boyish glee ;
And a fair young girl was kneeling
At her father's knee.

Outward, with its sweet evangel
On the ear of Time,
Upward far, to meet the starlight,
Swept the sounding chime,
As the centuries shall hear it
Evermore, sublime.
From the ages dim and distant,
Through the pealing bell,
Rolled anew the inspirations
From his lips that fell,

On the ancient Mount of Olives,
By Samaria's well,
While the echo star-ward dying,
Seemed each martyr's knell.
"Father, tell us of the Quakers,"
(Did the children say),
"How the cruel Pilgrim rulers
Drove the Friends away ;
Tell us how they whipped and killed them
In that olden day,
When they hung poor Mary Dyer —
Cruel men were they !"
Fearful was the inward conflict
Ere he made reply,
For his nature, brave and martial,
Broke so bold and high
Into flame along his forehead,
Lightning from his eye,
As the martyrs of his people
Passed in spirit by,
Looked he like a warrior waiting
For the battle cry.
So the fiery indignation
Through his pulses ran
For a moment ere the Christian

Triumphed o'er the man ;
And his tones were deep and thrilling
As the tale began :

“ Sate the Puritan rulers,
In a stately row,
Endicott, with scowl and scorning
On his lip and brow,
While a herd of vulgar bigots
Thronged the courts below ;
Then came Michelson the Marshal,
Filled with savage ire,
Through the motley crowd of gazers,
Thrusting Mary Dyer,
With her quiet, grave demeanor,
In her quaint attire ;
As the people pressed asunder
Round her footsteps close,
From the bar she gazed serenely
O'er a host of foes ;
Then, the clerk commanding silence,
Endicott arose :

“ ‘ Are you the same Mary Dyer,
With blasphemous breath,

Whom our erring mercy saving
From the gulf beneath,
Banished from the jurisdiction
Under pain of death ?'

“ Calm and steadfast then she answered :
‘ Truly I am she
Whom your General Court appointed
To the gallows tree,
Where ye sent our faithful martyrs
When ye banished me.
Lo! I come again to bid ye
Set God's servant's free !'

“ ‘ By the council that condemned you
You were fairly tried ;
And we reaffirm the sentence,'
Endicott replied.
‘ In the prison until morning
Safely you abide ;
Then, be hanged upon the gallows
Where your brethren died.
Look not for a second respite —
Hope for aid from none ;
Fixed the awful fate that waits you
With to-morrow's sun.'

“ ‘Then,’ she answered, slow and solemn,
 ‘ Let God’s will be done ;
- To the power that kills the body
 He hath bid us yield ;
Weapons of a carnal warfare
 Are not ours to wield ;
He will clothe us in his armor —
 Guard us with his shield.’

“ Then she seemed to rise in stature,
 And her look was high ;
And there was a light of glory
 Beaming from her eye,
As she were by angel-presence
 Touched to prophesy.
Startled by the transformation
 Sate the rulers proud ;
Wondering at her awful beauty
 Gazed the vulgar crowd ;
While her words went through the stillness,
 Ringing clear and loud.

“ ‘ Now I feel prophetic visions
 Filling all my soul :
In their light the mists and shadows
 From the future roll.

Lo! I see a power arising
Ye shall not control ;
E'en the Lord of Hosts, in mercy,
Seeking all your land ;
Judge and ruler, priest and people,
In his presence stand ;
And your boasted power he holdeth
In his mighty hand.

Cease your cruel persecutions
Ere these days expire,
And he cometh in his judgments
With consuming fire,
As of old he came to Edom,
To Sidon and to Tyre,
And ye reap a bloody harvest,
Reap as ye have sown,
And the lofty spires ye builded
Reel and thunder down,
And the woe of desolation
Fills your ruined town ;
In deserted habitations
Only Death may dwell,
When God leaveth no one living
Of his wrath to tell.

Cease, oh! cease your persecutions
All may yet be well.'
So she ended. Awe and silence
O'er the council fell."

"And did God," asked little Mary,
"All the town destroy?"
"Wait and hear the story ended,"
Said the elder boy.
"If they ceased their persecutions,
God would not destroy."

"Morning, o'er the Pilgrim city
Breaking still and sweet,
Heard the deep and mingled murmur
Of the hurrying feet,
And the voices of the people
Thronging to the street;
From afar the heavy rolling
Of the muffled drum,
With the measured tread of soldiers
And the general hum,
Warned the captive in the prison
That the hour had come.

Then her simple garb arranging
With a decent care,
Knelt she in a holy silence,
Lost in secret prayer,
While her radiant face attested
God was with her there.
At the marshal's brutal summons
Came she, firm and meek,
Saying: ' All this show to escort
One so poor and weak ? '
But they beat the drums the louder
When they heard her speak.

" Arms were clashing, eyes were flashing,
In that thick array,
As the Puritan exulting
Rode along the way ;
For he led the hated Quaker
To her death that day.
Were they men, brave men, and noble,
Chivalrous and high,
Marshaled thus against a woman,
And no champion by ?
Were they husbands, sons, and fathers,
And their households nigh,

When they led a wife and mother
For her faith to die ?

“ On the scaffold Mary Dyer
Standeth silent now,
With the martyr's crown of glory
Kindling round her brow,
And her meek face bent in pity
On the crowd below.
Then Priest Wilson, full of scorning,
Cried, ‘ Repent ! repent ! ’
But she answered : ‘ I have sought you,
By our Father sent ;
Sought you, cruel persecutors,
That you might repent.’

“ ‘ Will you leave us, leave us ever,
Vex us never more,
If your vagrant life we give you,
As we gave before ;
To your distant home and kindred
Once again restore ? ’

“ Moved the mighty deep within her
For a little space,

And a surge of human feeling
 Broke across her face ;
Then outshone the greater glory
 Of the heavenly grace,
As all loves of earth descended
 To their lower place.
Seemed she in transfiguration,
 Such a light was shed,
Like a halo from her spirit
 Round about her head ;
That, o'er all the ghastly gibbet
 The effulgence spread.

“ Then one Webb, the burly captain,
 Rising, roughly said,
' Mary, be your blood upon you ;
 Falsely you are led ;
By the law, which you have broken,
 Not by us, 'tis shed.'
And he gave the fearful signal,
 While she meekly bowed ;
Fell the fatal drop beneath her ;
 Women shrieked aloud,
And a cold and dismal shudder
 Ran through all the crowd.

“ For the people stood awe-stricken
When the deed was done ;
Some who seemed to feel a shadow
Stealing o'er the sun,
Feared the dreaded day of vengeance
Had that hour begun.
Some believed they saw the spirit
With their outward eyes,
In its shining shape and semblance
Glorified arise,
With a slow, majestic motion
Floating to the skies ;
Ever upward, upward ever,
Star-like, out of view,
Smiling as it joined the angels,
Smiling still, adieu.
And all these believed the martyr's
Faith and word were true.

“ Not in vain had Mary Dyer
Lived and prophesied,
For the noble Pilgrim people
Curbed their ruler's pride.

Though the scorned and hated Quakers
Grew and multiplied,
For their faith one other martyr
Was the last who died."

BENJAMIN RUSH PLUMLEY.

HOW THE WOMEN WENT FROM DOVER.

The following is a copy of the warrant issued by Major Waldron, of Dover, in 1662. The Quakers, as was their wont, prophesied against him, and saw, as they supposed, the fulfilment of their prophesy when, many years after, he was killed by the Indians.

To the constables of Dover, Hampton, Salisbury, Newbury, Rowley, Ipswich, Wenham, Lynn, Roxbury, Dedham, and until these vagabond Quakers are carried out of this jurisdiction.

You, and every one of you, are required in the King's Majesty's name, to take these vagabond Quakers, Anne Colnan, Mary Tomkins, and Alice Ambrose, and make them fast to the cart's tail, and driving the cart through your several towns, to whip them upon their naked backs not exceeding ten stripes apicce on each of them, in each town; and so to convey them from constable to constable till they are out of this jurisdiction, as you will answer it at your peril; and this shall be your warrant.

RICHARD WALDRON.

Dated at Dover, December 22d, 1662.

This warrant was executed only in Dover and Hampton. At Salisbury the constable refused to obey it. He was sustained by the town's people, who were under the influence of Major Robert Pike, the leading man in the lower valley of the Merrimac, who stood far in advance of his time as an advocate of religious freedom, and an opponent of ecclesiastical authority. He had the moral courage to address an able and manly letter to the court at Salem, remonstrating against the witchcraft trials.

THE tossing spray of Cocheco's fall
 Hardened to ice on its rocky wall,
 As through Dover town in the chill, gray dawn,
 Three women passed, at the cart-tail drawn!

Bared to the waist, for the north wind's grip
And keener sting of the constable's whip,
The blood that followed each hissing blow
Froze as it sprinkled the winter snow

Priest and ruler, boy and maid
Followed the dismal cavalcade ;
And from door and window, open thrown
Looked and wondered gaffer and crone.

“ God is our witness,” the victims cried,
“ We suffer for him who for all men died ;
The wrong ye do has been done before,
We bear the stripes that the Master bore !

“ And thou, O Richard Waldron, for whom
We hear the feet of a coming doom,
On thy cruel heart and thy hand of wrong
Vengeance is sure, though it tarry long.

“ In the light of the Lord, a flame we see
Climb and kindle a proud roof-tree ;
And beneath it an old man lying dead,
With stains of blood on his hoary head.”

“Smite, Goodman Hate-Evil! harder still!”—
The magistrate cried, “lay on with a will!
Drive out of their bodies the Father of Lies,
Who through them preaches and prophesies!”

So into the forest they held their way,
By winding river and frost-rimmed bay,
O'er wind-swept hills that felt the beat
Of the winter sea at their icy feet.

The Indian hunter, searching his traps,
Peered stealthily through the forest gaps;
And the outlying settler shook his head,—
“They 're witches going to jail,” he said.

At last a meeting-house came in view;
A blast on his horn the constable blew;
And the boys of Hampton cried up and down,
“The Quakers have come!” to the wondering town.

From barn and woodpile the goodman came;
The goodwife quitted her quilting frame,
With her child at her breast; and, hobbling slow,
The grandam followed to see the show.

Once more the torturing whip was swung,
Once more keen lashes the bare flesh stung.
"Oh, spare! they are bleeding!" a little maid cried,
And covered her face the sight to hide.

A murmur ran round the crowd: "Good folks,"
Quoth the constable, busy counting the strokes,
"No pity to wretches like these is due,
They have beaten the gospel black and blue!"

Then a pallid woman, in wild-eyed fear,
With her wooden noggin of milk drew near.
"Drink, poor hearts!" but a rude hand smote
Her draught away from a parching throat.

"Take heed," one whispered, "they'll take your cow
For fines, as they took your horse and plough,
And the bed from under you." "Even so,"
She said; "they are cruel as death, I know."

Then on they passed, in the waning day,
Through Seabrook woods, a weariful way;
By great salt meadows and sand-hills bare,
And glimpses of blue sea here and there.

By the meeting-house in Salisbury town,
The sufferers stood, in the red sundown,
Bare for the lash! O pitying Night,
Drop swift thy curtain and hide the sight!

With shame in his eye and wrath on his lip
The Salisbury constable dropped his whip.
"This warrant means murder foul and red;
Cursed is he who serves it," he said.

"Show me the order, and meanwhile strike
A blow at your peril!" said Justice Pike.
Of all the rulers the land possessed,
Wisest and boldest was he and best.

He scoffed at witchcraft; the priest he met
As man meets man; his feet he set
Beyond his dark age, standing upright,
Soul-free, with his face to the morning light.

He read the warrant: "*These convey,
From these precincts; at every town on the way
Give each ten lashes.*" "God judge the brute!
I tread his order under my foot!

“ Cut loose these poor ones and let them go ;
Come what will of it, all men shall know
No warrant is good, though backed by the Crown,
For whipping women in Salisbury town ! ”

The hearts of the villagers, half released
From creed of terror and rule of priest,
By a primal instinct owned the right
Of human pity in law's despite.

For ruth and chivalry only slept,
His Saxon manhood the yeoman kept ;
Quicker or slower, the same blood ran
In the Cavalier and the Puritan.

The Quakers sank on their knees in praise
And thanks. A last, low sunset blaze
Flashed out from under a cloud, and shed
A golden glory on each bowed head.

The tale is one of an evil time,
When souls were fettered and thought was crime,
And heresy's whisper above its breath
Meant shameful scourging and bonds and death !

What marvel, that hunted and sorely tried,
Even woman rebuked and prophesied,
And soft words rarely answered back
The grim persuasion of whip and rack !

If her cry from the whipping-post and jail
Pierced sharp as the Kenite's driven nail,
O woman, at ease in these happier days,
Forbear to judge of thy sister's ways !

How much thy beautiful life may owe
To her faith and courage thou canst not know,
Nor how from the paths of thy calm retreat
She smoothed the thorns with her bleeding feet.

1883.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

FROM
OLIVER NEWMAN.

A NEW ENGLAND TALE.

[The following short and fragmentary selection from the above poem is a portion of the conversation between Oliver Newman, who had lately come from England, and Sir John Leverett, the governor of Massachusetts from 1673 to 1679. The poem was begun by Southey in 1815, and but half completed at the time of his death in 1843.]

OLIVER.

A poet, sir,

In whose dark sayings deeper wisdom lies
Than ancient oracles enounced, or statesmen
Appear to reach in these ignoble times,
Hath taught me to believe, "impossible
Is but the faith of fear."

LEVERETT.

Are poets, then,

Thy teachers? O young man, their flattering lore
But ill prepares the spirit for the uses
Of ordinary life!

OLIVER.

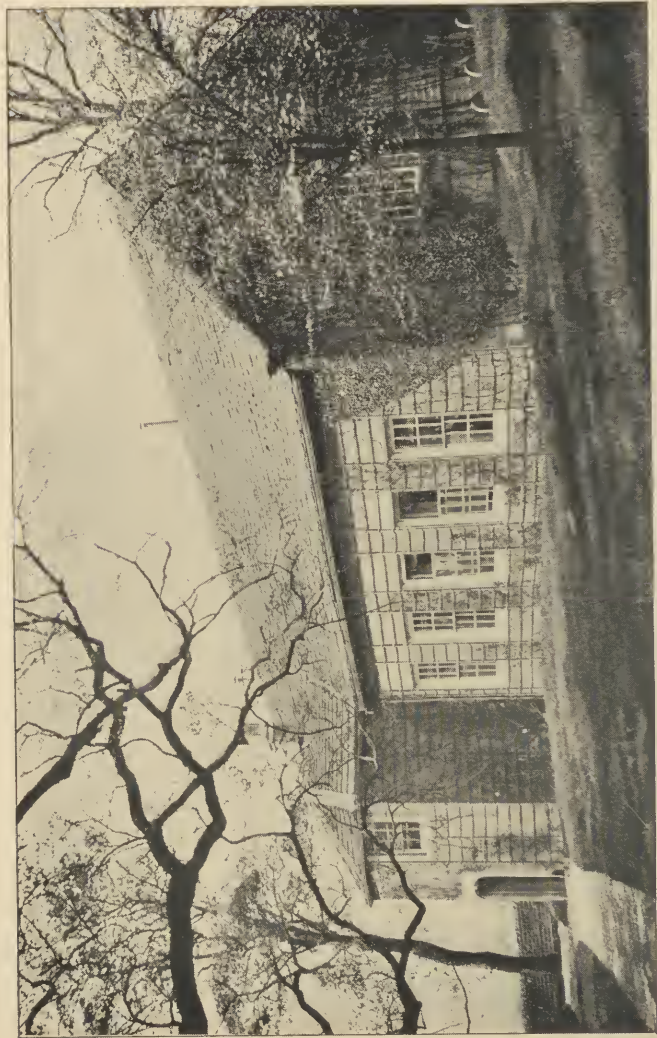
They best prepare it,
Who warn the heart against its own illusions;

And, strengthening it with patient hope and faith,
Arm it against all issues. To such teachers
My inexperienced youth by Providence
Was mercifully led. Penn hath allow'd me
To call him friend, in no sectarian use
Of words; and I have sate at Milton's feet
A reverential listener.

LEVERETT.

Milton's friendship
Will neither hurt nor help thee in the land
Where they, who stiffliest hold his errors, lift not
Their thoughts above the earth to follow him,
When his strong spirit mounts upon the wing,
Beyond their grovelling vision. But well is it
Thou hast not from Penn's dangerous fellowship
Learnt his sectarian speech, and other follies
Wherewith that formal informality
Provokes the law. New England writes her statutes
In blood against the Quakers. Thou hast 'scaped
Their clownish and uncivil usages:
But if there be an inner taint, take heed
To keep it hidden: openly I must not
Allow the violation of the laws.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.



FRIENDS' MEETING HOUSE, LANCASTER, ENGLAND, WHERE, GEORGE FOX OFTEN PREACHED.

IV.

AT MEETING.

*More frequently the meeting is broken up
without a word having been spoken. . . .*

*You have bathed with stillness. Oh, when the
spirit is sore fretted, even tired to sickness of
the janglings and nonsense-noises of the world,
what a balm and a solace it is, to go and seat
yourself, for a quiet half-hour, upon some un-
disputed corner of a bench, among the gentle
Quakers!*

CHARLES LAMB.

FIRST-DAY THOUGHTS.

IN CALM and cool and silence, once again
I find my old accustomed place among
My brethren, where, perchance, no human tongue
Shall utter words; where never hymn is sung,
Nor deep-toned organ blown, nor censer swung,
Nor dim light falling through the pictured pane!
There, syllabled by silence, let me hear
The still small voice which reached the prophet's ear
Read in my heart a still diviner law
Than Israel's leader on his tables saw!
There let me strive with each besetting sin,
Recall my wandering fancies, and restrain
The sore disquiet of a restless brain;
And, as the path of duty is made plain,
May grace be given that I may walk therein,
Not like the hireling, for his selfish gain,
With backward glances and reluctant tread,
Making a merit of his coward dread,
But, cheerful, in the light around me thrown,
Walking as one to pleasant service led;
Doing God's will as if it were my own,
Yet trusting not in mine, but in His strength alone!

FRIENDS' MEETING-HOUSE.

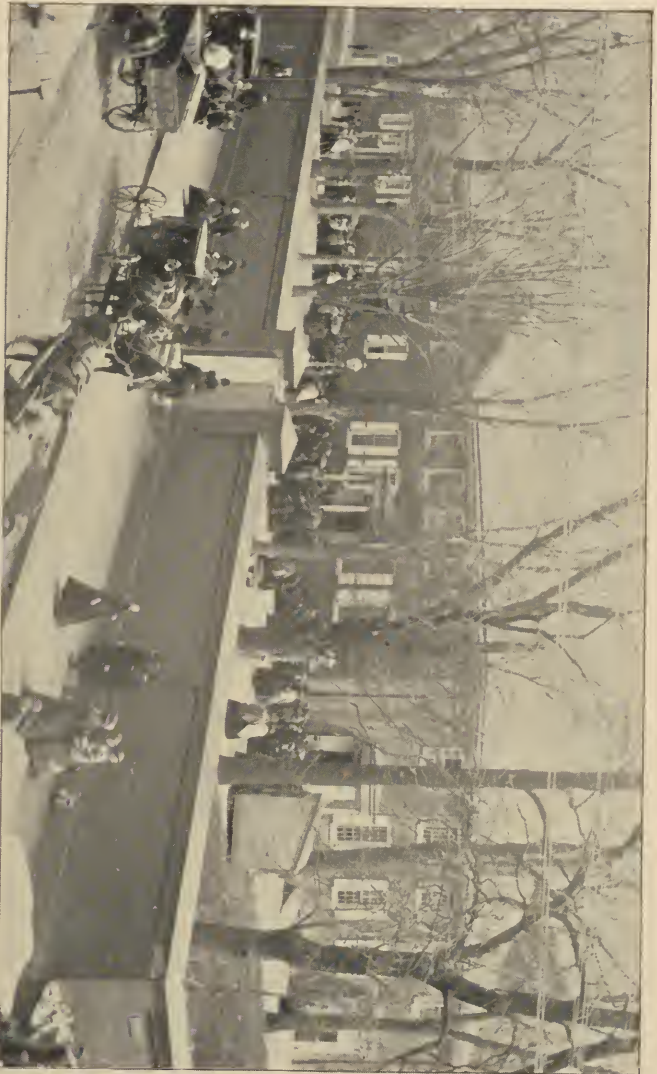
REDCAR, YORKSHIRE.

[Redcar Meeting-house is one of the more modern ones in England, having been built in 1867. It is within the compass of Darlington Monthly Meeting.]

WITHOUT — across the cool green fields
The slim gray shadows flit and fly ;
The guardian poplar's silvery leaves
Shine clear against a sapphire sky ;
And up the wall unto the eaves
A tall white rose tree climbs and cleaves.

The air is brimmed with subtle scent,
Th' unnoticed mignonette's sweet breath,
And heard far off, a mighty voice,
The great sea vainly thundereth
Against yon shining bar of sand
That holds him back with God's strong hand.

The purple hills are flecked with light ;
The snowy clouds drift to and fro ;
The daisies glimmer in the grass ;
Softly a robin sings, and low,



ARCH STREET MEETING HOUSE, PHILADELPHIA.

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From out those whispering leaves that be
Like lute-strings for the poplar tree.

.

Within — a space so purely white,
A very snowdrop doth it seem ;
No carven work, no pictured face,
No glint of gold, no silken gleam,
No organ with its rapturous tone,
No sculptured symbol love can own :

No ladder of the sense, whereby
Weak souls may climb the dizzy height
Set by poor human phantasy
Between our darkness and his light ;
Apart from all these shadowy things,
Souls look within and find their wings.

The very silence seems a veil
Thro' which an angel's eyes are seen,
And swift the snow-white bareness grows
A mystic garb that scarce can screen
The Spirit of Light — the God we seek
With yearning thought where words grow weak.

.

Without — within — one Spirit dwells,
Alike in visible sky and sea,
And in the invisible soul, that strives
To reach the o'er-shadowing Deity ;
Until Love's silence breaks and blows
Into the rapture of Faith's rose !

EVELYN M. NOBLE.



CALN MEETING HOUSE
WALTER B. B. 1872

IFIELD MEETING-HOUSE.

NEAR CRAWLEY, SUSSEX, ENGLAND.

[Ifield Meeting-house, built in 1675, is one of the oldest in England, and was one of the first erected in Sussex. It is a substantial stone building, with accommodations for two hundred people or more. Years ago it was comfortably filled, but now the membership consists of three families. Ifield Meeting is part of Dorking, Horsham and Guilford Monthly Meeting.]

A SIMPLE country meeting-house,
Roofed in with mossy stone,
Built in the days of Fox and Penn,
All grey and lichen-grown.

No belfry pours o'er field and wood
Its Sabbath peal of bells!
Along our plain, unpainted aisles,
No deep-toned organ swells!

No light from colored windows
O'er sculptured marble falls,—
Only the lattice-shadows slant
Across the white-washed walls!

No high and sacred altar
Where only priests may tread ;
No human lips to bless the wine,
Or hands to break the bread !

Yet none the less a temple
Where saintly feet have trod,
Where souls have shared the cup of Christ,
And " broken bread " with God !

And round about the old Friends sleep,
Grave women, earnest men,
Who kept the faith 'mid hate and scorn
In the brave days of Penn !

Here rang George Fox's glorious voice,
With accents heaven-inspired !
And hearts leap'd up, and souls grew strong,
With holy ardor fired !

If love and faith and dauntless truth
Can shed an influence round,
Then these are consecrated walls,
And this is holy ground !

FANNY PEIRSON.

AT GWYNEDD MEETING.

[Gwynedd Meeting, in Montgomery County, Pennsylvania, was settled by Welsh Friends in 1698. A meeting-house was built in 1700 and replaced by a larger one in 1712, which in turn made way for the present building erected in 1823. The speaker referred to in the poem was Phcebe W. Foulke, and the fifth stanza is a paraphrase of her prayer.]

THE busy hum of noisy mill
Has ceased, the farmer's toils are o'er ;
Across the brook, and up the hill,
We take our quiet way, once more,
To where the slanting sunbeams fall
Upon the building, old and plain,
In which, 'neath shade of oak-trees tall,
To worship God, we meet again.

We pause a moment ; pause to look
On all the lovely landscape round ;
The valley down beside the brook ;
The slope beyond with orchards crowned.
We enter ; here, at least, we find
No place for fashion, show, or pride,
What need of these ? a peaceful mind
Is greater joy than all beside.

No lofty note of praise we hear,
No swelling strains of music rise.
We come in trustful love ; no fear
Disturbs the calm that round us lies.
We love the faith our fathers taught,
That we, in thoughtful silence, still
Must wait until God's hand has brought
Our hearts submissive to his will.

The sunbeams flit across the floor,
Blest emblems of that love divine
Which bids the sinful soul, once more
Made whole by faith, in beauty shine.
The outward silence deeper lies,
No motion stirs the summer air ;
We hear a voice at length arise,
An earnest voice in solemn prayer :

“ Grant, Lord, that we may worship thee,
In spirit and in truth to-day,
Let every heart turn willingly
To thee, O Christ! the only way ;
An ever present Saviour, Thou,
Teaching as never man has taught,
Oh, make us feel our weakness now,
That we, without thy strength, are naught.”

The words within our hearts abide
As homeward bend our steps again,
With growing corn on either side,
And fields of waving grass and grain.
Lord, may thy presence, felt to-day,
Be with us through the coming week ;
Recall our thoughts, so apt to stray,
When paths prohibited, they seek.

ELLWOOD ROBERTS.



OUR MEETING.

A SOLEMN hush is resting o'er the aisles our feet have
trod,
As Friend by Friend is seated where we meet to wor-
ship God ;
The breath of solemn prayer seems throbbing in the
air,
Arising as sweet incense from burdened hearts of care.

My thoughts, alas, are wandering, like the raven, to
and fro,
I seem to see before me the forms of long ago,
From hours of earliest childhood my steps have hither
turned,
To sit in living silence, or hearken words that burned ;
Along yon gallery's ranges, now almost lone and bare,
I've gazed with earnest reverence on crowns of snow-
white hair :
And all adown these benches, so thinly peopled now,
Filed ranks of men and women in solid row on row.

Ah! clear to memory's vision, some cherished ones
arise ;

Who, oft I love to fancy, are bending from the skies ;
Their viewless spirits hovering as guardian angels near,
To shield from harm and danger, to comfort and to
cheer.

The shining of their footsteps to us is radiant yet —
Their words of tender counsel we never shall forget.
The lives of good and holy the farthest regions lave,
The circles of their influence extend beyond the grave.

And here these vacant places a language speak to-day —
A call to all to enter the strait and narrow way,
Though but a feeble remnant of better days are we —
Unworthy as successors, we feel ourselves to be —

Yet He whose power is mighty, who was our fathers'
God,

Who bringeth light from darkness and breath to soul-
less clod,

Can still, as we are willing to yield our hearts to him,
Revive our ancient glory, now vanishing and dim.

Could we but cast our anchor beyond life's cumbering
cares,

Whose many varied interests absorb us unawares,

And with a purer purpose, a holier zeal entwine,
Then, like our predecessors, our faithfulness would
shine :

And by our bright example might other feet be led,
The path of self-denial and humbleness to tread,
For e'en the least among us may wield unconscious
power,
As on the air is wafted the perfume of a flower.

While he unto whose senses the fragrant breath may
come
May scarce discern the blossom in its secluded home.
In weakness only lieth our strength to be and do :
As drops that form the rainbow with sunlight shim-
mering through,

So heart and life must brighten with beauty not our
own,
Ere beams the bow of promise our Ark of Faith upon.
Then will the walls of Zion be builded as before,
And all her bounds of glory increase forevermore.

DEBORAH S. PENNELL.

THE MEETING.

[The two speakers in the meeting referred to in this poem were Avis Keene, whose very presence was a benediction, a woman lovely in spirit and person, whose words seemed a message of love and tender concern to her hearers; and Sibyl Jones, whose inspired eloquence and rare spirituality impressed all who knew her. In obedience to her apprehended duty she made visits of Christian love to various parts of Europe, and to the west coast of Africa and Palestine.]

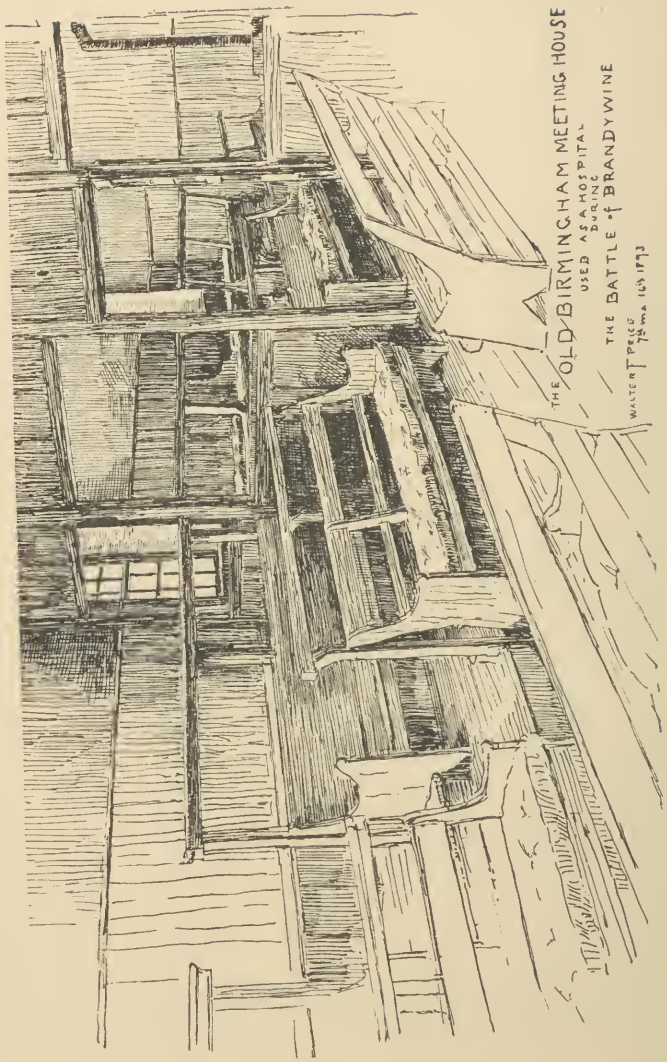
THE elder folks shook hands at last,
Down seat by seat the signal passed.
To simple ways like ours unused,
Half solemnized and half amused,
With long-drawn breath and shrug, my guest
His sense of glad relief expressed.
Outside, the hills lay warm in sun;
The cattle in the meadow-run
Stood half-leg deep; a single bird
The green repose above us stirred.
"What part or lot have you," he said,
"In these dull rites of drowsy-head?
Is silence worship? Seek it where
It soothes with dreams the summer air,
Not in this close and rude-benched hall,
But where soft lights and shadows fall,

And all the slow, sleep-walking hours
Glide soundless over grass and flowers!
From time and place and form apart,
Its holy ground the human heart,
Nor ritual-bound nor templeward
Walks the free spirit of the Lord!
Our common Master did not pen
His followers up from other men;
His service liberty indeed,
He built no church, he framed no creed;
But while the saintly Pharisee
Made broader his phylactery,
As from the synagogue was seen
The dusty-sandalled Nazarene
Through ripening cornfields lead the way
Upon the awful Sabbath day,
His sermons were the healthful talk
That shorter made the mountain-walk,
His wayside texts were flowers and birds,
Where mingled with his gracious words
The rustle of the tamarisk-tree
And ripple-wash of Galilee."

"Thy words are well, O friend," I said;
"Unmeasured and unlimited,

With noiseless slide of stone to stone,
The mystic Church of God has grown.
Invisible and silent stands
The temple never made with hands,
Unheard the voices still and small
Of its unseen confessional.
He needs no special place of prayer
Whose hearing ear is everywhere ;
He brings not back the childish days
That ringed the earth with stones of praise,
Roofed Karnak's hall of gods, and laid
The plinths of Philæ's colonnade.
Still less he owns the selfish good
And sickly growth of solitude,—
The worthless grace that, out of sight,
Flowers in the desert anchorite ;
Dissevered from the suffering whole,
Love hath no power to save a soul.
Not out of self, the origin
And native air and soil of sin,
The living waters spring and flow,
The trees with leaves of healing grow.

“ Dream not, O friend, because I seek
This quiet shelter twice a week,



THE OLD BIRMINGHAM MEETING HOUSE
USED AS A HOSPITAL
DURING
THE BATTLE of BRANDYWINE

WALTER PEELE
1878 MAR 16 1873

I better deem its pine-laid floor
Than breezy hill or sea-sung shore ;
But nature is not solitude :
She crowds us with her thronging wood ;
Her many hands reach out to us ;
Her many tongues are garrulous ;
Perpetual riddles of surprise
She offers to our ears and eyes ;
She will not leave our senses still,
But drags them captive at her will :
And, making earth too great for heaven,
She hides the Giver in the given.

“And so, I find it well to come
For deeper rest to this still room,
For here the habit of the soul
Feels less the outer world’s control ;
The strength of mutual purpose pleads
More earnestly our common needs ;
And from the silence multiplied
By these still forms on either side,
The world that time and sense have known
Falls off and leaves us God alone.

“ Yet rarely through the charmed repose
Unmixed the stream of motive flows,

A flavor of its many springs,
The tints of earth and sky it brings;
In the still waters needs must be
Some shade of human sympathy;
And here, in its accustomed place,
I look on memory's dearest face;
The blind by-sitter guesseth not
What shadow haunts that vacant spot;
No eyes save mine alone can see
The love wherewith it welcomes me:
And still, with those alone my kin,
In doubt and weakness, want and sin,
I bow my head, my heart I bare
As when that face was living there,
And strive (too oft, alas! in vain)
The peace of simple trust to gain,
Fold fancy's restless wings, and lay
The idols of my heart away.

“ Welcome the silence all unbroken,
Nor less the words of fitness spoken,—
Such golden words as hers for whom
Our autumn flowers have just made room,
Whose hopeful utterance through and through
The freshness of the morning blew;

Who loved not less the earth that light
Fell on it from the heavens in sight,
But saw in all fair forms more fair
The eternal beauty mirrored there.
Whose eighty years but added grace
And saintlier meaning to her face,—
The look of one who bore away
Glad tidings from the hills of day,
While all our hearts went forth to meet
The coming of her beautiful feet!
Or haply hers, whose pilgrim tread
Is in the paths where Jesus led;
Who dreams her childhood's sabbath dream
By Jordan's willow-shaded stream,
And, of the hymns of hope and faith,
Sung by the monks of Nazareth,
Hears pious echoes, in the call
To prayer, from Moslem minarets fall,
Repeating where his works were wrought
The lesson that her Master taught,
Of whom an elder Sibyl gave,
The prophecies of Cumæ's cave!

“ I ask no organ's soulless breath
To drone the themes of life and death,

No altar candle-lit by day,
No ornate wordsman's rhetoric-play,
No cool philosophy to teach
Its bland audacities of speech
To double-tasked idolaters
Themselves their gods and worshippers,
No pulpit hammered by the fist
Of loud-asserting dogmatist,
Who borrows for the hand of love
The smoking thunderbolts of Jove.
I know how well the fathers taught,
What work the later schoolmen wrought ;
I reverence old-time faith and men,
But God is near us now as then ;
His force of love is still unspent,
His hate of sin as immanent ;
And still the measure of our needs
Outgrows the cramping bounds of creeds ;
The manna gathered yesterday
Already savors of decay ;
Doubts to the world's child-heart unknown
Question us now from star and stone ;
Too little or too much we know,
And sight is swift and faith is slow ;
The power is lost to self-deceive

With shallow forms of make-believe.
We walk at high noon, and the bells
Call to a thousand oracles,
But the sound deafens, and the light
Is stronger than our dazzled sight ;
The letters of the sacred Book
Glimmer and swim beneath our look ;
Still struggles in the Age's breast
With deepening agony of quest
The old entreaty : 'Art thou He,
Or look we for the Christ to be ?'

“ God should be most where man is least :
So, where is neither church nor priest,
And never rag of form or creed
To clothe the nakedness of need,—
Where farmer-folk in silence meet,—
I turn my bell-unsummoned feet ;
I lay the critic's glass aside,
I tread upon my lettered pride,
And, lowest-seated, testify
To the oneness of humanity ;
Confess the universal want,
And share whatever heaven may grant.
He findeth not who seeks his own,

The soul is lost that 's saved alone.
Not on one favored forehead fell
Of old the fire-tongued miracle,
But flamed o'er all the thronging host
The baptism of the Holy Ghost ;
Heart answers heart : in one desire
The blending lines of prayer aspire ;
' Where, in my name, meet two or three,'
Our Lord hath said, ' I there will be !'

" So sometimes comes to soul and sense
The feeling which is evidence
That very near about us lies
The realm of spiritual mysteries.
The sphere of the supernal powers
Impinges on this world of ours.
The low and dark horizon lifts,
To light the scenic terror shifts ;
The breath of a diviner air
Blows down the answer of a prayer :
That all our sorrow, pain, and doubt
A great compassion claps about,
And law and goodness, love and force,
Are wedded fast beyond divorce.
Then duty leaves to love its task,

The beggar Self forgets to ask ;
With smile of trust and folded hands,
The passive soul in waiting stands
To feel, as flowers the sun and dew,
The one true life its own renew.

“ So, to the calmly gathered thought
The innermost of truth is taught,
The mystery, dimly understood,
That love of God is love of good,
And, chiefly, its divinest trace
In him of Nazareth’s holy face ;
That to be saved is only this,—
Salvation from our selfishness,
From more than elemental fire,
The soul’s unsanctified desire,
From sin itself, and not the pain
That warns us of its chafing chain ;
That worship’s deeper meaning lies
In mercy, and not sacrifice,
Not proud humilities of sense
And posturing of penitence,
But love’s unforced obedience ;
That Book and Church and Day are given
For man, not God, — for earth, not heaven,—

The blessed means to holiest ends,
 Not masters, but benignant friends ;
 That the dear Christ dwells not afar,
 The king of some remoter star,
 Listening, at times, with flattered ear
 To homage wrung from selfish fear,
 But here, amidst the poor and blind,
 The bound and suffering of our kind,
 In works we do, in prayers we pray,
 Life of our life, he lives to-day."

1868.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.



THOUGHTS IN A PLACE OF WORSHIP.

THIS is the place for solemn thoughts ;
Here prayer in silence steals !
And here his word, with healing fraught,
God to the soul reveals.

Watching and waiting at thy throne,
Me, Lord, again behold ;
Then deign to make thy presence known,
And call me to thy fold.

Far from the wheat the chaff remove,
The gold from dross set free,
Till naught remains save that pure love
Which lifts the soul to thee.

AMELIA OPIE.

THE QUAKER MEETING-HOUSE.

[A response to the "Quaker Graveyard," page 209.]

WELCOME, amid a world of noise,
This hush of deep tranquillity,
Here may we merge our cares and joys
In harmony!

Oh, could we, with pure insight, look
Beneath the outer mien of rest,
Interpreting that mystic book,
The human breast,—

We would not deem untaught of strife
Hearts that speak here of calm ;
Souls that thro' death have conquered life,
Thro' sorrow, balm.

Might we, with lofty vision, reach
Skies that met Woolman's gaze,
Or list the songs that Whittier's speech
But half conveys,

No more, to us, a voiceless prayer
The winged spirit's melody ;

No choir e'er poured upon the air
Such litany.

Enter, and share, one sacred hour,
A holy eucharist ; with him
Who asks no priest's dispensing power,
Or cloister dim :

No vast cathedral dome or aisle,
No organ thundering above ;
Only the light of Jesus' smile,
His words of love !

Still sweetest grow the joys of life,
Where victory has brought repose.
God gives no peace but after strife ;
No thornless rose.

HENRY HARTSHORNE.

LARS AT MEETING.

[This extract is from "Lars: A Pastoral of Norway." Lars Thors-
tensen, having killed his rival in mortal combat, leaves his Norwegian
home and comes to Pennsylvania. Finding work on a farm in Dela-
ware he wins the esteem of his aged employer, Ezra Mendenhall, and
of his daughter Ruth, and eventually joins the Society of Friends, of
which body they are members. Before this, however, in a fit of rage
and agony at the remembrance of his crime, he unintentionally strikes
down his benefactor. The selection given describes their attendance at
meeting immediately after this event. Of the poem Bayard Taylor
wrote John G. Whittier in 1872: "I have brought Quaker peace and
Berserker rage into conflict, and given the triumph to the former. The
one bit of fact out of which the poem grew is the circumstance that there
is—or at least was—a small community of Friends at Arendal in Nor-
way. The story is wholly of my own invention."]

STRAIGHTWAY the highest seat
Took Ezra, where the low partition-boards
Sundered the men and women. There alone
Sat they whom most the Spirit visited,
And spake through them, and gave authority.

Then silence fell; how long, Lars could not know,
Nor Ruth, for each was in a trance of soul,
Till Ezra rose. His words, at first, were few
And broken, and they trembled on his lips;
But soon the power and full conviction came,
And then, as with Ezekiel's trumpet-voice
He spake: "Lo! many vessels hath the Lord
Set by the fount of evil in our hearts.

Here envy and false-witness catch the green,
There pride the purple, lust the ruddy stream :
But into anger runs the natural blood,
And flows the faster as 'tis tapped the more.
Here lies the source : the conquest here begins,
Then meekness comes, good-will, and purity.
Let whoso weigh, when his offence is sore,
The Lord's offences, and his patience mete,
Though myriads less in measure, by the Lord's !
This yoke is easy, if in love ye bear.
For none, the lowest, rather hates than loves ;
But love is shy, and hate delights to show
A brazen forehead ; 'tis the noblest sign
Of courage, and the rarest, to reveal
The tender evidence of brotherhood.
With one this sin is born, with other, that ;
Who shall compare them ?—either sin is dark,
But one redeeming Light is over both.

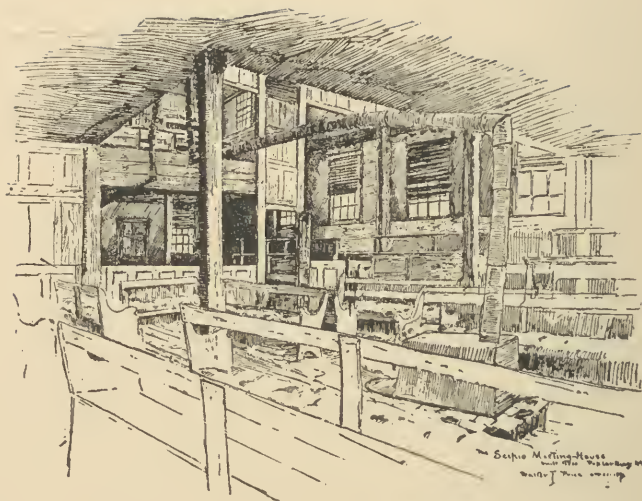
“ The evil that assails resist not ye
With equal evil!—else ye change to man
The Lord within, whom ye should glorify
By words that prove him, deeds that bless like him !
What spake the patient and the holy Christ ?
Unto thy brother first be reconciled,

Then bring thy gift ! and further : Bless ye them
That curse you, and do good to them that hate
And persecute, that so the children ye may be
Of him, the Father. Yea, his perfect love
Renewed in us, and of our struggles born,
Gives, even on earth, his pure, abiding peace.
Behold, these words I speak are nothing new,
But they are burned with fire upon my mind
To help—the Lord permit that they may save !”

Therewith he laid his hat aside, and all
Beheld the purple welt across his brow,
And marvelled. Thus he prayed : “Our God and Lord
And Father, unto whom our secret sins
Lie bare and scarlet, turn aside from them
In holy pity, search the tangled heart
And breathe thy life upon its seeds of good !
Thou leavest no one wholly dark : thou giv’st
The hope and yearning where the will is weak,
And unto all the blessed strength of love.
So give to him, and even withhold from me
Thy gifts designed, that he receive the more :
Give love that pardons, prayer that purifies,
And saintly courage that can suffer wrong,
For these beget thy peace, and keep thee near !”

He ceased : all hearts were stirred ; and suddenly
Amid the younger members Lars arose,
Unconscious of the tears upon his face
And scarcely audible : “ O, brethren here,
He prayed for my sake, for my sake pray ye !
I am a sinful man : I do repent.
I see the truth, but in my heart the lamp
Is barely lighted, any wind may quench.
Bear with me still, be helpful, that I live !”
Then all not so much wondered but they felt
The man’s most earnest need ; and many a voice
Responsive murmured : “ Yea, I will !” and some,
Whose brows were tombstones over passions slain,
When meeting broke came up and took his hand.

The three walked home in silence, but to Lars
The mist had lifted, and around him fell
A bath of light ; and dimly spread before
His feet the sweetness of a purer world.



The Seipie Meeting House
and the building of
which it was made

v.

DEATH.

The mourning which it is fit for a Christian to have on the departure of beloved relations and friends, should be worn in the mind, which only is sensible of the loss. And the love which men have had to these, and their remembrance of them, should be outwardly expressed by a respect to their advice, and care of those they have left behind them, and their love of that which they loved.

WILLIAM PENN.

THE FRIEND'S BURIAL.

My thoughts are all in yonder town,
Where, wept by many tears,
To-day my mother's friend lays down
The burden of her years.

True as in life, no poor disguise
Of death with her is seen,
And on her simple casket lies
No wreath of bloom and green.

Oh, not for her the florist's art,
The mocking weeds of woe ;
Dear memories in each mourner's heart
Like heaven's white lilies blow.

And all about the softening air
Of new-born sweetness tells,
And the ungathered May-flowers wear
The tints of ocean shells.

The old, assuring miracle
Is fresh as heretofore ;
And earth takes up its parable
Of life from death once more.

Here organ-swell and church-bell toll
Methinks but discord were ;
The prayerful silence of the soul
Is best befitting her.

No sound should break the quietude
Alike of earth and sky ;
O wandering wind in Seabrook wood,
Breathe but a half-heard sigh !

Sing softly, spring-bird, for her sake ;
And thou not distant sea,
Lapse lightly as if Jesus spake,
And thou wert Galilee !

For all her quiet life flowed on
As meadow streamlets flow,
Where fresher green reveals alone
The noiseless ways they go.

From her loved place of prayer I see
The plain-robed mourners pass,
With slow feet treading reverently
The graveyard's springing grass.

Make room, O mourning ones, for me,
Where, like the friends of Paul,

That you no more her face shall see
You sorrow most of all.

Her path shall brighten more and more
Unto the perfect day ;
She cannot fail of peace who bore
Such peace with her away.

O sweet, calm face that seemed to wear
The look of sins forgiven !
O voice of prayer that seemed to bear
Our own needs up to heaven !

How reverent in our midst she stood,
Or knelt in grateful praise ;
What grace of Christian womanhood
Was in her household ways !

For still her holy living meant
No duty left undone ;
The heavenly and the human blent
Their kindred loves in one.

And if her life small leisure found
For feasting ear and eye,
And Pleasure, on her daily round,
She passed unpausing by ;

Yet with her went a secret sense
Of all things sweet and fair,
And Beauty's gracious providence
Refreshed her unaware.

She kept her line of rectitude
With love's unconscious ease;
Her kindly instincts understood
All gentle courtesies.

An inborn charm of graciousness
Made sweet her smile and tone,
And glorified her farm-wife dress
With beauty not its own.

The dear Lord's best interpreters
Are humble human souls;
The gospel of a life like hers
Is more than books or scrolls.

From scheme and creed the light goes out,
The saintly fact survives;
The blessed Master none can doubt
Revealed in holy lives.

THE GRAVE OF WILLIAM PENN.

[The grave of William Penn is in the burial ground of Friends adjoining the meeting-house at Jordans, in Buckinghamshire. The grave, which also contains the remains of his second wife, Hannah Penn, is marked by a plain white headstone, inscribed :

WILLIAM PENN

1718

HANNAH PENN

1726.

Near by are the graves of five of his children and of his first wife, Gulielma ; also his friends Thomas and Mary Ellwood and Isaac and Mary Pennington.

In 1881 the State of Pennsylvania and the City of Philadelphia made an effort to have the remains of William Penn removed to Philadelphia, but the project, not meeting with the approval of Friends either in England or America, was abandoned.]

WHAT though above the Schuylkill gleams,
 For him no shaft of fame,
 What though amid these English streams
 We find his unsought name.

We know his country was the earth,
 His countrymen mankind,
 And where his death or where his birth
 We need not seek or find.

Above the world his quiet mind
 Poised on its wings of trust ;
 He lived for all, and left behind
 The memory of the just.

Allotted by an unseen hand,
Time gives his work its dowers ;
His soul, a western empire grand,
His body, English flowers.

Self-sacrifice is never lost,
But bears its own reward ;
They who for others leave the most
Shall have the most from God.

His influence well has filled the earth,—
He needs no marble tomb ;
But fitly for his modest worth
The English daisies bloom.

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.



THE QUAKER GRAVEYARD.

FOUR straight brick walls, severely plain,
A quiet city square surround ;
A level space of nameless graves,—
The Quakers' burial-ground.

In gown of gray, or coat of drab,
They trod the common ways of life,
With passions held in sternest leash,
And hearts that knew not strife.

To yon grim meeting-house they fared,
With thoughts as sober as their speech,
To voiceless prayer, to songless praise,
To hear their elders preach.

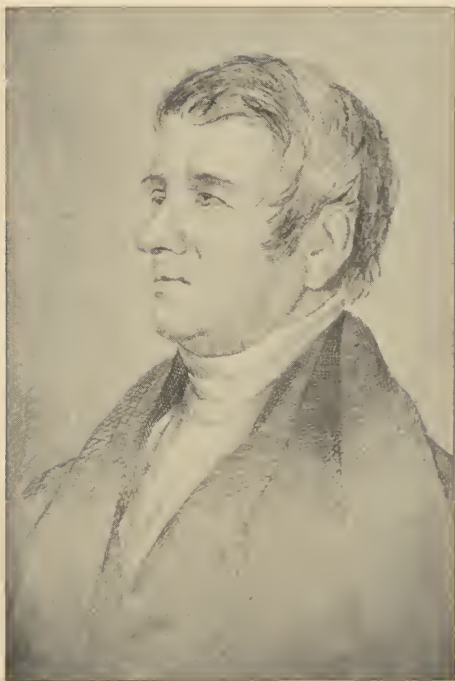
Through quiet lengths of days they came,
With scarce a change to this repose ;
Of all life's loveliness they took
The thorn without the rose.

But in the porch and o'er the graves,
Glad rings the southward robin's glee,

And sparrows fill the autumn air
With merry mutiny ;

While on the graves of drab and gray
The red and gold of autumn lie,
And willful Nature decks the sod
In gentlest mockery.

S. WEIR MITCHELL.



BERNARD BARTON.
1784-1849.

THOUGHTS IN A FRIENDS' BURIAL
GROUND.

Could we conceive Death was indeed the close
Of our existence, Nature might demand
That, where the reliques of our friends repose,
Some record to their memory should stand,
To keep them unforgotten in the land:—
Then, then indeed, urn, tomb, or marble bust,
By sculptor's art elaborately plann'd,
Would seem a debt due to their mouldering dust,
Though time would soon efface the perishable trust.

But, hoping, and believing; yea, through Faith,
Knowing, because his word has told us so,
That Christ, our Captain, triumph'd over death,
And is the first fruits of the dead below;—
That he has trod for man this path of woe,
Dying — to rise again! — we would not grace
Death's transitory spell with trophied show;
As if that "shadowy vale" supplied no trace
To prove the grave is not our final dwelling-place.

.

And, therefore, would I never wish to see
 Tombstone, or epitaph obtruded here.
 All has been done, requir'd by decency,
 When the unprison'd spirit sought its sphere :
 The lifeless body, stretch'd upon the bier
 With due solemnity, was laid in earth ;
 And Friendship's parting sigh, Affection's tear,
 Claim'd by pure love, and deeply cherish'd worth,
 Might rise or fall uncheck'd, as sorrow gave them
 birth.

There wanted not the pall, or nodding plume,
 The white-rob'd priest, the stated form of prayer ;
 There needed not the livery'd garb of gloom,
 That grief, or carelessness alike might wear ;
 'Twas felt that such things " had no business there."
 Instead of these, a silent pause, to tell
 What language could not ; or, unconn'd by care
 Of rhetoric's rules from faltering lips there fell
 Some truths to mourners dear, in memory long to
 dwell.

.
 Then, be our burial-grounds, as should become
 A simple, but a not unfeeling race :
 Let them appear, to outward semblance, dumb,

As best befits the quiet dwelling-place
Appointed for the prisoners of Grace,
Who wait the promise by the gospel given,—
When the last trump shall sound,—the trembling
 base
Of tombs, of temples, pyramids be riven,
And all the dead arise before the hosts of Heaven!

Oh! in that awful hour, of what avail
Unto the “spiritual body,” will be found
The costliest canopy, or proudest tale
Recorded on it?—what avail the bound
Of holy, or unconsecrated ground?
As freely will the unencumber’d sod
Be cleft asunder at that trumpet’s sound,
As Royalty’s magnificent abode:
As pure its inmate rise, and stand before his God.

BERNARD BARTON.

AT THE FUNERAL.

ELIZABETH: Darkened the house is: and how still!
 So uncle John is gone.
 . . . They gather now: I wonder who has come.
 There's Ruth!

RUTH: O, sister!

ELIZ.: How seldom do we meet!

RUTH: Alas! 't is true.

I sometimes think that only funerals
 Bring us together, now.

ELIZ.: Oh, say it not! . . .
 And yet *I've* thought of that.

RUTH: I never thought our lives would lie so wide
 That Death alone would join them.

ELIZ.: What would our mother say, if she could see
 How wide apart we dwell?
 But day by day fleets by, and years draw on,
 The purposes I have fade out . . . and so it is.
 It seems to me a hundred things
 Claim ev'ry hour.
 But, Ruth,—I love thee, still, the same.
 . . . Is thy life hard?

RUTH: Hard? . . . Yes, as of old. . . .

Thou knew the life at home,—the daily toil,
The tasks unending.

No servants wait on me: my duties call
On me alone. One pair of hands must do
Whatever must be done.

ELIZ.: Yes . . . yes . . . I know.

I wish it were not so.

Thy hand is hard, I see . . . and thin.

RUTH: *Thy* hand is soft . . . and beautiful.

'T was always so

When we were girls 't was so.

ELIZ.: When we were girls!

Thou callest back fair days,
Days of our childhood in the dear old home.

RUTH: Were any days to thee

So rich as these?

I always think of thee

As well, and strong, and bright;

Full of glad life;

Proud of thy husband and thy home,

Proud of its beauties, drinking in its joys;

Full of thy pleasant plans from day to day.

ELIZ.: Alas!

RUTH: Is it not so ?

ELIZ : Give me thy faithful hand. . .
There . . let me hold it fast . . .
A moment let us sit, ere yet the house fills up.
. . . . Thy question moves me.
Happy I ought to be, yet oftentimes,
I fear that wealth is naught
But cumber to the soul.
Sometimes I envy thee thy quiet way ;
Sometimes I long to live again
The days at home.
Sometimes dear mother in her cap
Looks down at me.
Sometimes I think that all I have is dross,
—Mere worldly vanity—
Nothing to live for.

RUTH: Alas !

ELIZ : 'T is true. . . I would it were not. . . .
Happiness, it seems,
Is but a mirage, that we never reach.

RUTH: Content, perhaps, is best. . . .
Dost thou recall how our dear father read
The old Friends' books: how often would he
say,

"Content is best?"

Here I have envied thee thy wealth,
And—

ELIZ.: I have envied thee! . . .

Strange that the widened contrasts of our lives
Should meet in this!

RUTH: The house fills up.

'T is very near the hour.

ELIZ.: Sit yet a moment with me: in this still,

And calm, with death so close beside,

It comforts me to hold thee by the hand.

. . . . A moment, and we'll go.

1889.

HOWARD M. JENKINS.



VI.

QUAKER SCHOOLS.

Then returning towards London by Waltham, I advised the setting up of a school there for teaching boys; and also a woman's school to be opened at Shacklewell for instructing girls and young maidens in whatsoever things were civil and useful in the creation.

1667.

GEORGE FOX.

SEEDTIME AND HARVEST.

ACKWORTH SCHOOL.

[Ackworth school, the largest and most widely known of Friends' educational institutions in Great Britain, is located at Ackworth, Yorkshire, England. It was opened in 1779.]

THE record of a hundred years of sowing ; —
Such is our Ackworth's story ; — but not pen
Of mortal can indite that chronicle ; —
And yet its hundred volumes all are writ, —
An everlasting history. Now and then
A paragraph or section meets the eye,
Perhaps a chapter, — and we see how seed,
Sown painfully, with effort and with tears,
Hath yielded a rich harvest to the praise
Of him who gave the increase, and thus blessed
The faithful sower's work. Varied the fields,
And varied too the increase ; thirty-fold
Sometimes, and sometimes sixty-fold the gain ;
A hundred even, where some special good
Of soil and circumstance, of sun and shower,
Wrought to a special blessing.

Ackworth's sons

And daughters have been scattered through the land,
And there are of them whose careers have been
So public we may trace them. First in rank
We place the men and women who have filled
The highest, noblest office man can hold,—
“Ambassadors for Christ,” the “King of kings,”
Or in their own dear land, or 'neath the palms
Of India, or in Afric's Martyr Isle.
Others, with busy hands, have wrought to clothe
The naked, feed the hungry;—with swift feet
Have visited the sick, and sought to raise
The outcast from despair, or borne with joy
“The spoiling of their goods,” and some have been
“The prisoners of the Lord,” for conscience' sake.
Others have done good service to the State;—
Of such, pre-eminent, on England's heart
And history, one name is “written large;”
Her “Tribune of the People¹,” whose wise words,
Truthful as eloquent, are weapons keen
In the great strife for Freedom and the Right.
And linked with him the Alpha of the League²
That freed from tax a nation's daily bread:
While one³ with them in aim, was he whose pen
Wrote to good purpose, and who served the State
In dusky India, where his ashes rest.

Nor of less value to the State their work
Who teach its children ; many such have gone
From Ackworth, and their forming touch will tell
For good upon the England yet to be.

The wide domain of literature hath sent
Its sheaves, full-eared and golden, by the hand
Of him⁴ who sleeps in Rome, whose vigorous pen
Death seized, ere he his loving tribute writ ; —
The pen that could with genial grace portray
The “ Rural Life of England,” — boldly write
The “ History of Priestcraft,” or enchain
The ear of boyhood with its country tales ;
Also by him⁵ who felt the powerful spell
Of the Italian Muse, and bade her sing
In our more rugged English ; while the Muse
Of Christian History claimed his brother’s pen,
And fired his⁶ spirit to recount the deeds
Of Spain’s reformers ; and one⁷ gently sought
The women of her country to inspire
With noblest motives and with highest aims.

From the fair fields of Science precious spoil
Hath been ingathered : one of Ackworth’s sons⁸
Shared in the Chatmoss victory ; and one⁹,

With dauntless courage, and with equal skill,
Rescued, from icy grasp of Arctic Seas,
The helpless remnant of a hapless crew,
And brought them home. From out her ranks have
sprung

The skilled in brain and hand¹⁰ to bring relief
To sufferings of the flesh, or minds distraught ;
The wise¹¹ in subtle chymic laws that rule
The elements ; those who through crystals clear
Revealed a world of wonder to our sight ;
Or, who¹², on Nature's marvellous page, have read
Creation's miracle in tree and flower.

And precious too have been the harvests reaped
In lowly fields unnumbered, all unknown
To fame, the while they yield the daily bread
Of our great country's common, general life —
That life on which depends, and out of which
Must grow the higher, wider life of those,
Who, called to special service for their kind,
Stand forth conspicuous to the general eye.

Thus ends the century with thankfulness
For heavenly blessings upon earthly work ;
Not only increase given to good seed,

But finite errors and mistakes o'er-ruled
By power, and love, and wisdom infinite.
So stand we on the Present, looking back
And forward,— to the Hath-been and To-be ;
And with us two celestial visitants,
Their bright wings furled as meaning to remain
And dwell with us, sweet Gratitude and Hope.

E. D. PRIDEAUX.

[¹John Bright, ²John Asheworth, ³James Wilson, ⁴William Howitt, ⁵Jeremiah H. Wiffen, ⁶Benjamin B. Wiffen, ⁷Sarah Stickney Ellis, ⁸John Dixon, C.E., who assisted George Stephenson on the Liverpool and Manchester Railway. ⁹Charles Edward Smith, surgeon on a vessel cruising in Arctic seas. The captain, officers and some of the crew having died, he managed the vessel and brought the remnant safely home, succumbing himself, from the exposure, soon after his return. ¹⁰Robert Baker, M.D., Principal of the Retreat, York. ¹¹William Allen Miller, a noted chemist, ¹²John Gilbert Baker, resident botanist at the celebrated Kew Botanic Gardens.]



OLD WESTTOWN
SOUTH D O

Walter F Price

WESTTOWN SCHOOL REVISITED.

[At Westtown, Chester County, Pennsylvania. Established 1799.]

ONCE more in Westtown Meeting, as in the days of yore,
With its galleries on either side, the wide-spread open
door,
Superintendent and the matron in silence seated there,
With the governor and teachers, in this quiet place of
prayer.

The girls and boys all gathered within this silent fold,
Brought hallowed scenes before me of the happy days
of old,
And memories throng around me of those now past
away,
Boon companions of my boyhood, in life's bright early
day.

Nearly all gleaned by the reaper in the harvest field of
time,
Some ere the seed had ripened, some in their man-
hood's prime,
With here and there a lonely one, whose head is
silvered o'er
With the snows of many winters, still waiting on life's
shore.

And voices throng around me, that once within these
walls
Were heard in notes of gladness, which memory now
recalls,
There's one who sits beside me, who, in our boy-
hood's hour,
Brings back those golden day-dreams with a resistless
power ;

Recounts the merry days of old, when down below
the mill
We gathered shellbarks by the stream — the trees are
living still ;
And water ripples o'er the stones by moss all covered
o'er,
But feet that waded through the creek shall cross the
stream no more.

I stood within the chamber where so oft the sweet re-
pose
That's only known to childhood, from a happy heart
arose ;
And where the teacher then in charge night after night
had slept ;
The same old floor boards creaking as we softly o'er
them crept,

For fear we'd rouse his slumbers. But few fleeting
days have gone
Since the last of these the gleaner has summoned to
pass on.
Though "my days are few and evil," as the patriarch
said of old,
They are fraught with pleasant memories that boyhood
days unfold.

And as I sat in silence, from my spirit rose the prayer,
That these days may prove a blessing to the children
gathered there ;
That when life's lengthening shadows are drawing to
a close,
Like "bread cast on the waters," might bring them
sweet repose.

That no future days of evil might mar their onward
way,
Nor sorrow blight their progress towards realms of
endless day,
That the hours now spent at Westtown may often
bring to mind,
A bright halo in the memory that leaves no sting
behind.

B. J. LEEDOM.



HAVERFORD COLLEGE

FOUNDER'S HALL

Walter P. Price

6th mo 1893

HAVERFORD COLLEGE.

[At Haverford, Delaware County, Pennsylvania. Founded as Haverford School in 1833, and chartered as Haverford College 1856.]

OH, fair she stands, amid her rolling fields,
The dear old mother in her matron bloom !
Firm in a faith whose answering spirit shields
Her gentler nature from the touch of doom.
“ Not wiser, but with better faith endowed ” —
A faith within whose fane a Fox, a Barclay, bowed.

Her highest heritage her Quaker name,
Her greatest glory her unstained renown ;
Her one ambition an exalted aim,
Her only ornament her spotless crown ;
Her surest strength her sons' eternal love —
A wide foundation that no shocks may move.

Long may her gray walls glimmer through the trees
To catch the first beam of the joyous dawn ;
Long may the sunset's crimson pageantries
Gild with slant splendor her elysian lawn !
With every blessing may her paths endure
To farthest time, unbroken, peaceful, pure !

FRANCIS B. GUMMERE.

THE SCHOOL AT BALLITORE.

[The celebrated school of the Shackletons' at Ballitore is alluded to in this extract from the poem "Ballitore." The school, established in 1726 by Abraham Shackleton, was continued by his son, Richard Shackleton, who was, in turn, succeeded as head master by his son, Abraham Shackleton. As Ballitore Boarding-school it was conducted by James White from 1806 to 1836. Edmund Burke, the school's most distinguished scholar, spent two years there, years which he always recalled as among the happiest of his life.]

SEE in the grove that structure neat,
 Here we for worship duly meet :
 Oh, may we clothed in silence hear
 The still small voice forever near !
 But, not to place and form confined,
 The worship of the all-perfect mind
 Doth like the sun its beams impart,
 And loves the temple of the heart.

.

And now the school. Approaching near,
 A humming noise salutes the ear ;
 The busy bees who sip the flowers
 Which blossom in Parnassian bowers
 Rich stores of honey thence convey —
 The treasures of a future day.

The door unbarred, with mirth and glee
They rush and hail sweet liberty.
Come, we'll attend the sprightly train
And view them sporting on the plain,
With rosy cheeks and laughing eyes
Each to his dear amusement hies.
This bids the bounding ball to fly ;
That sends the feathered cork on high ;
Some sling the stone with dext'rous throw,
And others bend the guiltless bow.
Those whip the whirling top, and these
The rolling marbles better please.
One in his captive linnet joys,
And one his pigeon's care employs :
These, straining every nerve on high,
Behold the kite in rapture fly ;
The sweets of Nature those invite
Who, in their gardens gay, delight
To sow the tender seed in earth,
And careful watch the springing birth ;
To see the flower its leaves unfold,
With crimson stained, and bright with gold ;
Or in their mossy seats recline,
And duteous court the gentle Nine.

.

When winter comes, it hath its charms ;
 E'en winter's cold their bosoms warms
 Fearless they tempt the frozen tide,
 And o'er the slippery surface glide ;
 Or with incessant pains and care
 On high the snowy pillar rear,
 Or in the hall at close of day,
 While six fair tapers lend their ray,
 They turn the instructive page, and find
 A feast to feed the immortal mind.
 Some trace the map with curious eye,
 And point where different kingdoms lie ;
 Here those self-taught the pencil guide,
 And imitate the garden's pride,
 While these, with more exalted views,
 Record the labors of the Muse.

.

Scorn not these scenes which simply please ;
 Great Burke once led a life like these ;
 Though Britain's cause he now maintains,
 He sported on these verdant plains ;
 Though now his numbers swell so strong,
 Here tuned his Muse her infant song.

PENN COLLEGE.

[Penn College is at Oskaloosa, Iowa. It was opened in 1873.]

THE modest, steadfast glory of the plain,
The even-spreading wealth of farm and field
That unto each sufficiency doth yield
For simple living and high thought — a strain
Of constant music stilling life's dull pain :
How better this than beauty high revealed
In universal flash, or loudly pealed
In awful, heaven-shattering refrain !

And so, O college girt with pleasant green,
I do thee rev'ence for thy simple grace,
Thy mother-nurture more than grant of queen.
For still thy children's even, happy pace
Shall shame the age's madd'ning rush for place.
And prove sweet, wholesome life man's own
demesne.

1893.

GUIDO H. STEMPEL.



SWARTHMORE COLLEGE

SWARTHMORE COLLEGE.

[At Swarthmore, Delaware County, Pennsylvania. Founded 1869.]

IVY POEM.

READ AT THE CLASS DAY EXERCISES, SIXTH MONTH 20TH, 1892.

I.

OLD as the ruins they cover with care,
Older than history, winds cannot tear
Tendrils from crannies long held, did they dare,
Ivies have heard the world-talk.

They are the treasures
Of all whose measure is,
Place in the circle of kings.

With them are stored
Gifts for the righteous, in plenty outpoured,
O'er heraldings
Statues and pillars, that, piercing the air,
Stand as the emblems of virtue, and wear,
With pride, their robes of ivy.

II.

Soft as the whisper of forests at night,
Wrapped in their gossamer robings of light,
Startled from sleep by the fairy wind sprite,
Murmurs the ivy her burthen :

She is the history plant,
Fame is her gift and grant ;
Heroes and victors she crowns
 With her bright leaf.
They see no anger, or sorrow, or grief
 They know no frowns.
From sunny Fortune, the fair and the bright
Leading them on, far away from the sight
 Of the crowd, uncrowned with ivy.

III.

Not from the bust of a war-time hero,
Struggling in blood as he struck his last blow,
Yet from a shrine where a nation might go,
 Stripped we the ivy we plant here.
 England's the air and the earth,
 England the island of mirth,
 Famed as the ivy's green home —
 That nurtured this.
Thick are the leaves as they clasp and oft kiss
 The stone, and roam,
Clinging and swinging in many a bow,
Many a festoon and wreath as they throw
 To the air their crowns of glory.

IV.

There in the North, near the silvery lakes,
Rested a hero — no Nelsons or Drakes
Passed all the dangers he passed. That which makes
Heroes the greatest, he possessed,
Fox was his name, and he preached
Doctrines so strong that he reached
Thousands of hearts that till then,
Knew not the right.
Bravely he taught to them, " Friends, mind the light."
With prophet's ken
Seeing and knowing the time that it takes
Truth to o'ercome, till it rises and breaks
Like the sun from clouds of glory.

V.

Ivy of ours, thou whose parent stem grows,
Clinging to Swarthmore in England, who knows
Now all the heroes she paid with foul blows—
We will transplant thee and keep thee ;
Here shalt thou stand and here teach,
Heroes lie out of the breach,
Victors are also those who
Fight the good fight,

Even with weapons of peace for the right —
The men whose view
Looks over centuries, over the snows
Capping the highest peaks. Bravest are those
Who uncrowned and derided, work on !

1892.

WILLIAM E. WALTER.



Meeting-house Observatory
W. E. Walter
1892



MILTON DICTATING SAMSON AGONISTES TO HIS DAUGHTER
AND THOMAS ELLWOOD.

VII.

MISCELLANEOUS.

*Oh that in all things, in self-subjugation,
unwearied beneficence, and unfeigned listen-
ing and obedience to the Voice within, I were
as like the evangelic John Woolman, as I
know myself to be in the belief of the existence
and sovran authority of that Voice!*

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.



DIRECTION TO MY FRIEND INQUIRING THE WAY TO MY HOUSE.

[Shortly after Thomas Ellwood married Mary Ellis in 1699, they moved to a country house called Hunger-hill in Hertfordshire. The following poem gives a more definite idea of the location of their home. The Monthly Meeting for Buckinghamshire was held at their home for upwards of forty years.]

Two miles from Beaconsfield, upon the road
To Amersham, just where the way grows broad,
A little spot there is called Larkin's Green,
Where on a bank some fruit-trees may be seen ;
In midst of which, on the sinister hand,
A little cottage covertly doth stand.
" Soho ! " the people out, and then inquire
For Hunger-hill ; it lies a little higher.

But if the people should from home be gone,
 Ride up the bank some twenty paces on,
 And at the orchard's end thou may'st perceive
 Two gates together hung. The nearest leave,
 The furthest take, and straight the hill ascend.
 That path leads to the house where dwells thy friend,

THOMAS ELLWOOD.

PENN'S TREATY WITH THE INDIANS.

THE only treaty framed in Christian love
 Without a single oath; and by that token
 Recorded and approved in Heaven above,
 And in a world of sin and strife unbroken!

BERNARD BARTON.



THE TREE OF PEACE.

[The elm tree at Philadelphia, under which William Penn is said to have made the treaty with the Indians in 1682, was blown down Third month 3d, 1810. The circumference of the trunk was twenty-four feet, and its age, judging from the concentric rings of growth, was 283 years. Dr. Benjamin Rush, of Philadelphia, had an inkstand made from the wood, which he sent in 1812, at the time of the war with Great Britain, to William Roscoe. The gift brought forth this poem by way of acknowledgment. The beautiful elm in the grounds of Twelfth street Meeting-house is a descendant of the Treaty elm. There is another on the lawn at Haverford College.]

FROM clime to clime, from shore to shore,
The war-fiend raised his hateful yell,
And 'midst the storms that realms deplore,
Penn's honored tree of concord fell.

And of that tree, which ne'er again
Shall Spring's reviving influence know,
A relic o'er the Atlantic main
Was sent, the gift of foe to foe.

But though no more its ample shade
Wave green beneath Columbia's sky,
Though every branch be now decayed—
And all its scattered leaves be dry;—

Yet 'midst the relic's sacred space,
A health-restoring flood shall spring,
In which the angel form of Peace
May stoop to dip her dove-like wing.

So once the staff the prophet bore,
By wondering eyes again was seen
To swell with life through every pore,
And bud afresh with foliage green.

The withered branch again shall grow
Till o'er the earth its shade extend,
And this, the gift of foe to foe,
Become the gift of friend to friend.

WILLIAM ROSCOE.

PHILADELPHIA.

AN EXTRACT FROM "EVANGELINE."

IN that delightful land which is washed by the Delaware's waters,

Guarding in sylvan shades the name of Penn the apostle,

Stands on the banks of its beautiful stream the city he founded.

There all the air is balm, and the peach is the emblem of beauty,

And the streets still re-echo the names of the trees of the forest,

As if they fain would appease the Dryads whose haunts they molested.

There from the troubled sea had Evangeline landed, an exile,

Finding among the children of Penn a home and a country.

There old René Leblanc had died ; and when he departed,

Saw at his side only one of all his hundred descend-
ants.
Something at least there was in the friendly streets of
the city,
Something that spake to her heart, and made her no
longer a stranger ;
And her ear was pleased with the Thee and Thou of
the Quakers,
For it recalled the past, the old Acadian country,
Where all men were equal, and all were brothers and
sisters.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

1847.



THE FOX OAKS.

[When George Fox preached at Flushing, Long Island, in Sixth month, 1672, many hundreds of people gathered there to hear him, some coming even thirty miles. In 1841, but two of the grove of oaks under which the meeting was held remained. One of these fell in that year and the other in 1861. They were white oaks, and were supposed to have been growing 500 years. Their stumps and roots are still (1893) to be seen. This poem was written before the last tree fell.]

THE ancient oak lies prostrate now,
Its limbs embrace the sod,
Where, in the Spirit's strength and might,
Our pious fathers trod.
Where, underneath its spreading arms,
And by its shadows broad,
Clad in simplicity and truth,
They met to worship God.

No stately pillars round them rose,
No dome was reared on high ;
The oaks their only columns were,
Their roof the arching sky.
No organ's swelling notes arose,
Or vocal songs were heard,
Their music was the passing wind,
Or song of forest bird.

And when his voice fell on their ear,
By man's lips speaking now,
A holy fire was in their eye,
Pure thoughts upon their brow ;
And when, in silence deep and still,
Their souls all glowing were
With heartfelt joy and peace and love,
They knew that God was there.

Those free and simple-minded men
Have now all passed away,
And of the scenes in which they moved
These only relics lay.
And soon the last surviving oak,
In its majestic pride,
Will gather up its falling limbs,
And wither at its side.

Then guard with care its last remains,
Now that its race is run.
No sacrilegious hand shall touch
The forest's noblest one.
And when the question may be asked
Why that old trunk was there ?
It is the place in olden time,
God's holiest altars were.

SAMUEL B. PARSONS.

EXTRACT FROM
THE ARM CHAIR.

TELL me, my Old Arm Chair, when thou wert young,
Were Quaker parlors with gilt pictures hung?
Did any Quaker to his image fall,
A household idol placed against the wall?
Ah, well might honest Catherine cry to pride,
"Abomination!" as she turned aside.
But times are altered; splendid mansions glow,
And gilded mirrors humble Quakers show.
With Turkey carpets are their parlors spread,
While silken curtains hang about their bed!
What contradiction! — grave the dame and sire;
Gorgeous their dwelling, — simple their attire!
Their children moulding to the place they dwell,
In London fashions, Paris manners, swell, —
While parents scarcely wish to set them free —
For what they won't restrain they love to see.

IN THE ALBUM OF LUCY BARTON.

[Bernard Barton requested from Charles Lamb some verses for his daughter Lucy's album. As Lamb was complying with this request, and writing the good advice on neatness in the second stanza, an ugly blot fell, thus making an illustration for his poem. The second line refers to this accident.]

LITTLE book, surnamed of white,
Clean as yet, and fair to sight,
Keep thy attribution right.

Never disproportion'd scrawl,
Ugly blot, that 's worse than all,
On thy maiden clearness fall!

In each letter, here design'd,
Let the reader emblem'd find
Neatness of the owner's mind.

Gilded margins count a sin,
Let thy leaves attraction win
By the golden rules within ;

Sayings fetch'd from sages old ;
Laws which Holy Writ unfold,
Worthy to be grav'd in gold ;

Lighter fancies not excluding ;
Blameless wit, with nothing rude in,
Sometimes mildly interluding

Amid strains of graver measure ;
Virtue's self hath oft her pleasure
In sweet muses' groves of leisure.

Riddles dark, perplexing sense ;
Darker meanings of offence ;
What but shades — be banish'd hence.

Whitest thoughts in whitest dress,
Candid meanings, best express
Mind of quiet Quakeress.

CHARLES LAMB.

THE QUAKERESS BRIDE.

[This poem first appeared in the "Religious Souvenir," one of the "Annuals" so popular fifty years ago.]

No, not in the halls of the noble and proud,
Where Fashion assembles her glittering crowd ;
Where all is in beauty and splendor arrayed,
Were the nuptials performed of the meek Quaker maid.

Nor yet in the temple those rites which she took,
By the altar, the mitre-crowned bishop, and book ;
Where oft in her jewels stands proudly the bride,
Unawed by those vows which through life shall abide.

The building was humble, but sacred to One
Who heeds the deep worship that utters no tone ;
Whose presence is not to the temple confined,
But dwells with the contrite and lowly of mind.

'Twas there, all unveiled, save by modesty, stood
The Quakeress bride, in her white satin hood ;
Her charms unadorned by the garland or gem,
Yet fair as the lily just plucked from its stem.



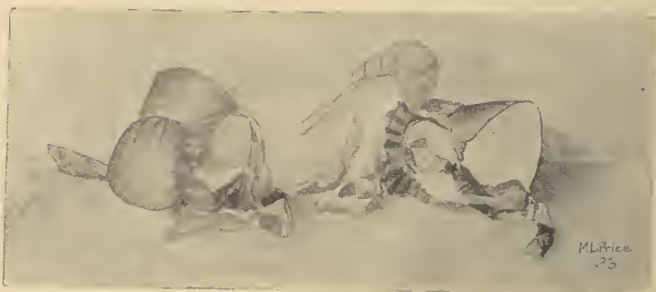
A YOUNG FRIEND OF 1800, PHILADELPHIA.

A tear glistened bright in her dark shaded eye,
And her bosom half-uttered a tremulous sigh,
As the hand she had pledged was confidently given,
And the low-murmur'd words were recorded in Heaven.

I've been at the bridal where wealth spread the board,
Where the sparkling red wine in rich goblets was
 poured ;
Where the priest in his surplice from ritual read,
And the solemn response was impressively said.

I've seen the fond sire in his thin locks of gray,
Give the pride of his heart to the bridegroom away ;
While he brushed the big tear from his deep-furrowed
 cheek,
And bow'd the assent which his lips might not speak.

But in all the array of the costlier scene,
Naught seemed to my eye so sincere in its mien,
No language so fully the heart to resign,
As the Quakeress bride's — "Until death I am thine."



DRAB BONNETS.

THEY may cant of costumes, and of brilliant head-dresses,

A la Grecque—a la Françoise—or what else they will,

They may talk of tiaras, that glitter on tresses

Enwreath'd by the Graces, and braided with skill ;

Yet to my partial glance, I confess the drab bonnet

Is the loveliest of any,—and most when it bears

Not only the bright gloss of neatness upon it—

But, beneath,—the expression Benevolence wears !

Then let fashion exult in her vapid vagaries,

From her fascinations my favourite is free :

Be folly's the head-gear that momentarily varies,

But a bonnet of drab is the sweetest to me.

Though stately the ostrich-plume, gracefully throwing
Its feathery flashes of light on the eye ;
Though tasty and trim the straw-bonnet, when glowing
With its ribbons so glossy of various dye !—
Yet still I must own, although none may seem duller
Than a simple drab bonnet to many a gaze —
It is, and it will be, the favourite colour,
Around which my fancy delightedly plays :—
And it well suits my muse with a garland to wreath it,
And echo its praises with gratefullest glee,—
For, knowing the goodness that oft lurks beneath it,
The bonnet of drab beats a turban with me.

Full many a rare gem,— the poet has chaunted,—
In the depths of the ocean flings round its sheen ;—
And many a flowret, its beauties unvaunted,
Springs to life, sheds its perfume, and withers unseen :
And well do I know that our sisterhood numbers,
Array'd in the liv'ry that coxcombs reprove,—
Forms as fair as e'er rose on a poet's sweet slumbers,
And faces as lovely as ever taught love.
This I know, and have felt ;— and, thus knowing and
feeling,
A recreant minstrel I surely should be,
If, my heart-felt attachment ignobly concealing,
The bonnet of drab passed unhonor'd by me !

I have bask'd in the blaze of both beauty and fashion,—
Have seen these united with gifts rich and rare,
And crown'd with a heart that could cherish com-
passion,—
And by sympathy soften what sorrow must bear.
Yet acknowledging this,— which I can do sincerely, —
Far the highest enjoyment this bosom ever knew,
The glance which it treasures most fondly, most dearly,
Beam'd from under a bonnet of drab-colour'd hue.
'Twas my pleasure,— my pride ! — it is past, and
has perish'd,
Like the track of a ship o'er the dark-heaving sea ;
But its loveliness lives, its remembrance is cherish'd,
And the bonnet of drab is still beauteous to me !

BERNARD BARTON.

THE QUAKER WIDOW.

THEE finds me in the garden, Hannah,— come in!
'Tis kind of thee

To wait until the Friends were gone, who came to
comfort me.

The still and quiet company a peace may give, indeed,
But blessed is the single heart that comes to us at need.

Come, sit thee down! Here is the bench where Benja-
min would sit

On First-day afternoons in spring, and watch the
swallows flit:

He loved to smell the sprouting box, and hear the
pleasant bees

Go humming round the lilacs and through the apple-
trees.

I think he loved the spring: not that he cared for
flowers: most men

Think such things foolishness,—but we were first
acquainted then,

One spring: the next he spoke his mind; the third I
was his wife,

And in the spring (it happened so) our children entered
life.

He was but seventy-five : I did not think to lay him yet
In Kennett graveyard, where at Monthly Meeting first
we met.

The Father's mercy shows in this ; 'tis better I should
be

Picked out to bear the heavy cross—alone in age—
than he.

We've lived together fifty years : it seems but one long
day,

One quiet Sabbath of the heart, till he was called away ;
And as we bring from Meeting-time a sweet content-
ment home,

So, Hannah, I have store of peace for all the days to
come.

I mind (for I can tell thee now) how hard it was to know
If I had heard the spirit right, that told me I should
go ;

For father had a deep concern upon his mind that day
But mother spoke for Benjamin,— she knew what best
to say.

Then she was still : they sat awhile : at last she spoke
again,

“The Lord incline thee to the right!” and “Thou
shalt have him, Jane!”

My father said. I cried. Indeed, 'twas not the least
of shocks,

For Benjamin was Hicksite, and father Orthodox.

I thought of this ten years ago, when daughter Ruth
we lost :

Her husband's of the world, and yet I could not see
her crossed.

She wears, thee knows, the gayest gowns, she hears a
hireling priest —

Ah, dear! the cross was ours : her life's a happy one,
at least.

Perhaps she'll wear a plainer dress when she's as old
as I,—

Would thee believe it, Hannah! once I felt temptation
nigh!

My wedding-gown was ashen silk, too simple for my
taste :

I wanted lace around the neck, and a ribbon at the
waist.

How strange it seemed to sit with him upon the
women's side!

I did not dare to lift my eyes; I felt more fear than
pride,

Till, "In the presence of the Lord," he said, and then
there came

A holy strength upon my heart, and I could say the
same.

I used to blush when he came near, but then I showed
no sign ;

With all the meeting looking on, I held his hand in
mine.

It seemed my bashfulness was gone, now I was his for
life :

Thee knows the feeling, Hannah,— thee, too, has been
a wife.

As home we rode, I saw no fields look half so green
as ours :

The woods were coming into leaf, the meadows full of
flowers ;

The neighbors met us in the lane, and every face was
kind,—

'Tis strange how lively everything comes back upon
my mind.

I see, as plain as thee sits there, the wedding-dinner
spread :

At our own table we were guests, with father at the
head,

And Dinah Passmore helped us both,— 't was she
stood up with me,
And Abner Jones with Benjamin,—and now they're
gone, all three!

It is not right to wish for death ; the Lord disposes
best.

His Spirit comes to quiet hearts, and fits them for his
rest ;

And that he halved our little flock was merciful, I see :
For Benjamin has two in Heaven, and two are left with
me.

Eusebius never cared to farm,— 'twas not his call, in
truth,

And I must rent the dear old place, and go to daughter
Ruth.

Thee'll say her ways are not like mine,— young people
now-a-days

Have fallen sadly off, I think, from all the good old
ways.

But Ruth is still a Friend at heart ; she keeps the
simple tongue,

The cheerful, kindly nature we loved when she was
young ;

And it was brought upon my mind, remembering her,
of late,
That we on dress and outward things perhaps lay too
much weight.

I once heard Jesse Kersey say, a spirit clothed with
grace,
And pure, almost, as angels are, may have a homely
face.
And dress may be of less account : the Lord will look
within :
The soul it is that testifies of righteousness or sin.

Thee mustn't be too hard on Ruth : she's anxious I
should go,
And she will do her duty as a daughter should, I know.
'Tis hard to change so late in life, but we must be re-
signed :
The Lord looks down contentedly upon a willing mind.



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