

rible civil war began to rage. The Quakers, being conscientiously opposed to war, could not adopt the emblems of either party, and were, of course, opposed to the hostilities of both. Joseph Goodman, in common with others of his religious persuasion, had always professed to believe, that, returning good for evil was a heavenly principle, and, therefore safe policy. Alice had received this belief as a traditional inheritance without disputing it. But now came times that tested faith severely. Every night they retired to rest with the consciousness that their worldly possessions might be destroyed by fire and pillage before morning, and perhaps their lives sacrificed by infuriated soldiers. At the meeting-house and by the wayside, earnest were the exhortations of the brethren to stand by their principles, and not flinch in this hour of trial. Joseph Goodman's sermon was brief and impressive. 'The gospel of love has power to regenerate the world,' said he, 'and the humble individual, who lives according to it, has done something for the salvation of man.' His strength was soon tried; for the very next day a party of soldiers came into the neighborhood, and set fire to all the houses of those who loved their country better than their king. Groans and shrieks, and the sharp sound of shots were heard in every direction. Fierce men rushed into their peaceful dwelling, demanding food, and ordering them to give up their arms.

'Food I will give, but arms I have none,' replied Joseph.

'More shame for you!' roared the commander of the troop. 'If you can't do anything more for your king than that, you may as well be killed at once, for a coward as you are.'

He drew his sword, but Joseph did not wink at the flash of the glittering blade. He looked him calmly in the eye, and said, 'If thou art willing to take the crime of murder on thy conscience, I cannot help it. I would not willingly do harm to thee, or to any man.'

The soldier turned away abashed, and putting his sword into the scabbard, he muttered, 'Well, give us something to eat, will you?'

The hours that followed were frightful with the light of blazing houses, the crash of musketry, and the screams of women and children flying across the field. Many took refuge in Joseph's house, and he did all he could to soothe and strengthen them.

At sunset he went forth with his serving men to seek the wounded and the dead. Along the road and among the bushes mangled bodies were lying in every direction. Those in whom life remained they brought with all tenderness, and consigned to the care of Rachael and Alice; and as long as they could see they gathered the dead for burial. In the evening the captain of the soldiers returned in great wrath. 'This is rather too much,' he exclaimed. 'We didn't spare your house this morning to have it converted into an hospital for the enemies of our king. Turn out every one of them, or we will burn it over your heads.'

'I cannot stay thy hand, if thou hast the heart to do it,' mildly replied Joseph, 'but I will not desert my fellow-creatures in their great distress. If the time should come when thy party is routed, we will bury thy dead and nurse thy wounded, as we have done for the loyalists. I will do good to all parties and harm none. Here I take my stand, and thou mayest kill me if thou wilt.'

Again the soldier was arrested by a power he knew not how to resist. Joseph, seeing his embarrassment, added: 'I put the question to thee, as a man of war, Is it manly to persecute women and children? Is it brave to torture the wounded and the dying? Wouldst thou feel easy to think of it in thy dying hour? Let us part in peace, and when thou hast need of a friend come to me.'

After brief hesitation, the soldier said, 'It would be a happier world if all thought as you do.' Then, calling to his men, he said, 'Let us be off, men; there's nothing to be done here.'

...A fortnight after, triumphant loyalists again came, with loud uproar to destroy the houses of the patriots. It was scarcely daybreak when Alice was roused from uneasy slumber by the discharge of musketry, and a lurid light on the walls of her room. Starting up, she beheld Colonel Campbell's house in a blaze. The beautiful statues of the Madonna and the winged children were knocked to pieces and ground under the feet of an angry mob. Vines and flowers crisped under the crackling flames, and the beautiful birds from foreign climes fell suffocated in the smoke, or flew forth frightened, into the woods and fields, and perished by cruel hands. In the green lane, once so peaceful and pleasant, ferocious men were scuffling and trampling, shooting and stabbing. Everywhere the grass and the moss were dabbled with blood. Above all the din were heard the shrill screams of women and children; and the mother of Camillo came flying into Joseph's house, exclaiming, 'Hide me, oh, hide me!' Alice received her in her arms, laid her throbbing head

tenderly on her bosom, put back the hair that was falling in wild disorder over her face, and tried to calm her terror with gentle words. Others came pouring in, and no one was refused a shelter. To the women of Colonel Campbell's household Alice relinquished her own little bedroom, the only corner of the house that was not already filled to overflowing. She drew the curtain, that the afflicted ones need not witness the skirmishing in the fields and lane below. But a loud shriek soon recalled her to their side. Mary Campbell had withdrawn the curtain, and seen her husband fall, thrust by a dozen wounds. Fainting fits and hysterics succeeded each other in quick succession, while Alice and her mother laid her on the bed, and rubbed her hands and bathed her temples. Gradually the sounds of war died away in the distance. Then Joseph and his helpers went forth to gather up the wounded and the dead. Colonel Campbell was found utterly lifeless, and the brook where Camillo used to launch their little boats was red with his father's blood. They brought him in tenderly, washed his ghastly wounds, closed the glaring eyes, and left the widow and her household to mourn over him. Late in the night they persuaded her to go to rest; and, when all was still, the weary family fell asleep on the floor, for not a bed was unoccupied.

This time they hoped to escape the conqueror's rage, but early in the morning a party of them came back and demanded that all the patriots should be given up to them.

Joseph replied, as he had before: 'I cannot give up my helpless and dying neighbors, whether they be patriots or loyalists; I will do good to all and harm to none, come to me what may.'

'That is impartial, anyhow,' said the captain. He took some cockades of peculiarly-colored ribbons from his pocket, and added, 'wear them, and my men will not harm you.'

'I cannot conscientiously wear one,' replied Joseph, 'because they are emblematic of war.'

The captain laughed half-scornfully, and, handing one to Alice, said: 'Well, my good girl, you can wear one, and then you need not be afraid of our soldiers.'

She looked very pleasantly in his face, 'I should be afraid if I did not trust in something better than a cockade.'

... The leader of the loyalists was arrested by the same spell that stopped the leader of the former corps. But some of his followers, who had been lingering about the door, called out, 'What is the use of parleying? Isn't the old traitor nursing rebels to fight us again when they get well? If he won't serve the Government by fighting for us, he will at least do to stop a ball as well as a braver man. Bring him out, and put him in the front rank to be shot at!' One of them seized Joseph to drag him away; but Alice laid a trembling hand on his arm, and said, beseechingly, 'Before you take him, come and see the wounded men, with their wives and children whom my father and mother have tended night and day.' A pale figure, with bandaged head, and one arm in a sling, came forth from an adjoining room, and said, 'Warriors, you surely will not harm these worthy people. They have fed our children and buried our dead, as if we were their own brothers.' The soldiers listened, and, suddenly changing their mood, went off, shouting, 'Hurrah for the Quakers!'

Some days of comparative peace followed. Colonel Campbell was buried in his own garden, with as much deference to the wishes of his widow as circumstances would permit. She returned from the funeral calmer than she had been, and quietly assisted in taking care of the wounded. But when she retired to her little room and saw a crucifix fastened on the wall at the foot of her bed, she burst into tears, and said, 'Who has done this?'

Alice gently replied, 'I did it. I found it in the mud where the little chapel used to stand. I know it is a sacred emblem to thee; so I have washed it carefully and placed it in thy room.'

The bereaved Catholic kissed the friendly hand that had done so kindly a deed; and tears fell on it, as she murmured, 'Good child, may the Madonna bless thee!'

Success alternated between the contending parties, and kept the country in a state of perpetual alarm. One week the widow of Colonel Campbell was surrounded by victorious friends, and the next week she was in terror of her life. At last, Camillo himself came with a band of successful patriots. During a brief and agitated interview with his mother he learned how kindly she had been sheltered in their neighbor's house, and how tenderly the remains of his father had been treated. When she pointed to the crucifix on the wall, and told its history, his eyes filled with tears. 'Oh! why cannot we of different faiths always treat each other thus? was his inward thought, but he bowed his head in silence. Hearing loud voices, he started up suddenly, ex-