

"I will neither kill nor help kill." The man who wrote this defiance to President Wilson in the early war days of 1917, offered himself for arrest. He was one of the noblest and truest of Americans and one of the very few consistent Christians. No one could know that sweet and gentle spirit which was called Frank Stephens and not admire and love him. You could not be with him ten minutes without being aware of his utter sincerity, his complete intellectual truthfulness. His very simplicity went home, for it was the humility of a noble soul. This was one of the men that, had Jesus come to us in 1917, he would have sought out and cherished, and another would have been that other glorious jail-bird, Eugene V. Debs.

Perhaps they are all three together now. If they are they must be sitting in some quiet dell looking down upon the world's follies and sins with the completest courage, and the greatest of all qualities—unending patience plus comprehension. That must be a wonderful communion! There would be no need of introduction, no need of sounding out another's views, no clearing of the ground, no probing for horizons, for they would know in advance exactly where each stood. They would begin at once, as men do who have been soul-mates always and have just met again after years of separation. They must be, if they are talking now, speaking on the highest level with all the wisdom of the ages—the wisdom of men who have conquered their own souls and risen above themselves, the flesh, all earthly lures.

Yes, Frank Stephens was of the saints. He toiled, he labored, by his own choice far less conspicuous than those traitors to humanity who so often win the votes to betray themselves and their people. But always with love and good-will in his heart, and with no other aim than a bringing a bit nearer the kingdom which men call God's.

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