

distribution of the Articles sent them that they proved extensively useful, of which we have reason to believe they will render you an Account."

No account of distribution was received by London Friends direct from Nova Scotia, and in 12 mo. 1790, Philadelphia Friends regret this, and as they have no regular information they send extracts from letters to a member of their Meeting giving some information on the subject, and ask him to remind the Nova Scotians of the expediency of sending a proper account to London.

Which was the Greater Hero?

JONCE sat beside a dying soldier at Nashville while he dictated to me his last words to the wife of his bosom and the mother of his children. He grieved over the forty acres in the backwoods of Wisconsin, over which hung the threatening mortgage. He regretted that the clearing he had left was so small, "But say to her," he said, "that I hope she will be able to hold the forty. It may help raise the children."

Twenty years after that, at a reunion of the "old boys," a poor, prematurely old, shabbily dressed woman sought me. Her hands were horny, her steps faltering and uncertain. She was very conscious of the old-fashioned bonnet she wore. With tearless eyes and unmusical voice she said: "I am Bradley Benson's wife. I have come to tell you that I have kept the forty, but I do not know as I have done well," and turning to the unkempt, physically robust, but mentally untrained youth by her side, she added: "This is Bradley's oldest son. He has helped me. He has been a good boy, but he has had no schooling and he feels it now." Bradley Benson's grave has a marble marker in the National Cemetery at Nashville, and on each return of Decoration Day his country's flag is renewed and flowers are laid upon his grave.

Another twenty years and more have fled since I met his widow. Her body in all probability has found rest in some obscure corner of a Wisconsin graveyard, and the forty acres in the woods have probably passed into other hands. It is not likely that even a flag marks her grave or that flowers decorate it. But I submit that the heroism of his wife makes pale the heroism of Bradley Benson, and the self-sacrifice and devotion of the boy who stood by his mother and grappled with the forest in the interest of his young brothers and sisters indicate as fine and high a spirit as was ever achieved by the father.

JENKIN LLOYD JONES, LL.D., *Peace, Not War, the School of Heroism*, Chicago, 1913.

Believe nothing against another, but upon good authority: nor report what may hurt another, unless it be a greater hurt to others to conceal it.

PENN, *Reflections and Maxims*, i. 145.