
RELATED THINGS

CONTRIBUTIONS AND REPRINT

GLOUCESTER MOORS.

From William Vaughn Moody's Poems, Published by
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A mile behind is Gloucester town
Where the fishing fleets put in,
A mile ahead the land dips down
And the woods and farms begin.
Here, where the moors stretch free
In the high blue afternoon,
Are the marching sun and talking sea,
And the racing winds that wheel and flee
On the flying heels of June.

Jill-o'er-the-ground is purple blue,
Blue is the quaker-maid,
The wild geranium holds its dew
Long in the boulder's shade.
Wax-red hangs the cup
From the huckleberry boughs,
In barberry bells the grey moths sup,
Or where the choke-cherry lifts high up
Sweet bowls for their carouse.

Over the shelf of the sandy cove
Beach-peas blossom late.
By copse and cliff the swallows rove
Each calling to his mate.
Seaward the sea-gulls go,
And the land-birds all are here;
That green-gold flash was a vireo,
And yonder flame where the marsh-flags grow
Was a scarlet tanager.

This earth is not the steadfast place
We landsmen build upon;
From deep to deep she varies pace,
And while she comes is gone.
Beneath my feet I feel
Her smooth bulk heave and dip;
With velvet plunge and soft upreel
She swings and steadies to her keel
Like a gallant, gallant ship.

These summer clouds she sets for sail,
The sun is her masthead light,
She tows the moon like a pinnacle frail
Where her phosphor wake churns bright.
Now hid, now looming clear,
On the face of the dangerous blue
The star fleets tack and wheel and veer,
But on, but on does the old earth steer
As if her port she knew.

God, dear God! Does she know her port,
Though she goes so far about?
Or blind astray, does she make her sport
To brazen and chance it out?
I watched when her captains passed:
She were better captainless.
Men in the cabin, before the mast,
But some were reckless and some aghast,
And some sat gorged at mess.

By her battened hatch I leaned and caught
Sounds from the noisome hold,—
Cursing and sighing of souls distraught
And cries too sad to be told.
Then I strove to go down and see;
But they said, "Thou art not of us!"
I turned to those on the deck with me
And cried, "Give help!" But they said, "Let be:
Our ship sails faster thus."

Jill-o'er-the-ground is purple blue,
Blue is the quaker-maid,
The alderclump where the brook comes through
Breeds cresses in its shade.
To be out of the molling street
With its swelter and its sin!
Who has given to me this sweet,
And given my brother dust to eat?
And when will his wage come in?

Scattering wide or blown in ranks,
Yellow and white and brown,
Boats and boats from the fishing banks
Come home to Gloucester town.
There is cash to purse and spend,
There are wives to be embraced,
Hearts to borrow and hearts to lend,
And hearts to take and keep to the end—
O little sails, make haste!

But thou, vast outbound ship of souls,
What harbor town for thee?
What shapes, when thy arriving tolls,
Shall crowd the banks to see?
Shall all the happy shipmates then
Stand singing brotherly?
Or shall a haggard ruthless few
Warp her over and bring her to,
While the many broken souls of men
Fester down in the slaver's pen,
And nothing to say or do?

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THE IDEAL PATRIOTISM.

From a Sermon Delivered at Christ Church, Pough-
keepsie, July 4, by the Rev. Frederick S. Arnold.

If ever there was an intensely national, patriotic people it was that old people of Israel. The Old Testament is a patriotic book from cover to cover. The Jewish nation was born out of one man's devotion to principle,—Abraham. That man came out from the idolaters, to wander a homeless, Bedouin sheik seeking an abiding country where the corruptions of the heathen should cease. Israel served and suffered in Egypt. God brought them forth with a strong hand and with a stretched out arm. Moses consolidated the nation,—giving them the holy law. Heroes like Joshua and David, fought and died, prophets like Elijah—"the chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof"—worked, preached, reformed, and suffered; Israel was a nation glorious in history, holy and divine.

Yet, if we turn the pages of the Old Testament, we find one thing ever present there that we don't find in Livy, that we don't find in Thucydides, or

any Gentile author of the ancient world. The thing the patriot strove for, the prophet preached for, the hero died for, it never was the mere external, empirical fact, the state as it happened to be, the government of Ahaz, the dynasty of Omri, the monarchy of Saul.

No, often and often the chosen of the Lord is David, head of a new, more righteous house; or Jehu, leader of a revolutionary movement; or again the Maccabees, patriots in arms against a godless state.

And the prophets are the great radicals, the great democrats; Nathan rebuking King David to his face because he had taken the poor man's wife; Elijah denouncing the utter vengeance of God against King Ahab because he had taken the poor man's land.

The thing the patriot strove for, the prophet preached for, the hero died for, was the ideal of the nation, the true Israel, God's commonwealth, the nation as it ought to be. Study the Old Testament and learn God's idea of patriotism—the devotion in the state to all that is best and to all that is going to be better, the fiery war with abuses, the reforming zeal of the prophets, the splendid vision of God's great, free, democratic ideal.

Israel had the holy law: Justice between man and man and equal justice to all men; not infinite delays of justice for the rich and the "third degree" for the poor. Israel was a democratic commonwealth, the land equally secured to every Israelite and no monopoly or privilege for the few.

Israel was a holy nation, a peculiar people, where individual purity and cleanliness of living, exalted family life and simple, economical conditions, were the nation's ideal. Tyranny came indeed, and special privilege, and drunken luxury. In the end they brought defeat, captivity, and exile beyond Babylon. The prophet never lied for them, the patriot never bowed to them. When the bitter days came Jeremiah mourned over the sins of Israel, denouncing the judgment of sin. At a yet more tragic day, one greater than Jeremiah mourned for Jerusalem and for the daughters of Jerusalem. He, the Holiest, denounced woes more awful than the woes of Jeremiah upon the sinful state.

So we come back to our text taken out of the ancient law. There is the religious basis of patriotism and the true spirit of reform; the devotion, not to the faults and errors of a nation's life, but to the national ideal.

"Hearken, O Israel, unto the statutes and unto the judgments which I teach you, for to do them, that ye may live, and go in and possess the land which the Lord God of your fathers giveth you." (Deuteronomy, iv: 1.)

There, from the Old Testament, the inspired oracles of God, is the lesson of the true patriotism

for you and me to-day. It is the devotion to the national ideal; to justice and democracy, to liberty and to equality of opportunity for every citizen of the Republic.

Such were the ideals that Washington fought for, that Lincoln died for, that Jefferson taught, that Wendell Phillips and Lloyd Garrison achieved, that Beecher preached and Whittier sang.

There is a false patriotism that supports abuse because it is our own, that refuses to pull down the flag although maybe the flag never ought to have run up in that particular faraway land, that breathes national hatred and nurses sectionalism and war.

The real patriotism is a holy thing, a religious thing, a moral thing. The real patriotism is the prophet's preaching, the reformer's labor, and hero's service to bring about a better world.

It is not my duty to-day to discuss the living issues of this time, to indicate how public officials ought to act or how the citizens should vote. It is my duty to sound the high note of a consecrated devotion for every man and woman here to the cleanest, freest, broadest ideal of national policy and public life that he or she can understand. In office or out of office, through the influence of the women as well as through the votes of the men, there is work for every one of us to do. Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty. Each succeeding generation has its own political, social, and economic problems that must be met by new expedients and new reformers. Without being blinded by prejudice, without undue subservience to party when our own party may be in the wrong, without a selfish devotion to what we narrowly consider our own class interests, let us go forth from this great service to-day, determined, in the spirit of an enlightened, an ideal, a religious patriotism, to do our little share toward making our America God's Commonwealth.

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WORK OF THE CHICAGO CITY GARDENS ASSOCIATION.

Portions of an Article by Laura Dainty Pelham, Published in *The Survey* of June 19.

If any lingering doubts exist as to the possibility of vacant-lot gardening for those in need in large cities, the present experiment in Chicago, although in its infancy, will materially aid in casting them out. Every suggestion of difficulty in connection with the movement has been triumphantly met and swept aside. Land in plenty was to be had for the asking. Tools and material required in the preparation were at once offered, and the question most frequently raised by the skeptical, "Where will the people come from to till the gardens?" soon resolved itself into the puzzle of how to keep them off, so greatly in ex-