

ingly and faithfully for the defense of the flocks and herds of the much-maligned Boer. These folk were perfectly free to come and go; yet I have never known an instance in which an Englishman could keep his or her house full of servants in the same way as the Boer could.—“Transvaal of To-Day” (pp. 197—202) by Alfred Aylward.

Of course the Boers, like ourselves, have been engaged in frequent native wars. Doubtless these wars were often unnecessary and barbarous, like our own iniquitous Zulu war, or our constant Kaffir wars before 1854, our Basuto wars, and Mr. Rhodes's Matabele campaigns. In these wars the Boers took prisoners whom they indentured as farm laborers. That no doubt is an approach to slavery, but our hands are certainly not clean. Hardly more than a year ago we virtually sold a number of Bechuana prisoners of war into slavery. — London Morning Leader.

#### ARRAIGNED.

Those who make private property of the gifts of God pretend in vain to be innocent; for in thus retaining the subsistence of the poor, they are the murderers of those who die every day for want of it.  
—Gregory the Great.

Turn your eyes to these faces. Ah, see what they tell!

All marred with the misery of want!  
Have beasts in the forests no homes where to dwell?

Are they always hungry and gaunt?—  
Is there plenty for creatures that live midst the trees,

And but little for children of men?—  
Are the homeless poor beings that God never sees?

Are hungry ones outside his ken?—  
Is earth made too small—without room for all?

Will God's soil furnish food for but few?  
Does he guard with a wall the green fields where fall

His life-giving rain and his dew?—  
Is not earth, by its plan, the great storehouse for man—

Ever full of the bounties of Love?—  
Then, who shuts the poor, by an impious ban,

From the gifts of the Father above?—  
From the places for homes and the earning of bread,

Who, who turns them hopeless away—  
To the deserts, the streets, and the dens full of dread—

In want to exist how they may?—  
With a price for each use of the All-Father's lands.

Ah, who takes their birth-right to live—  
While to earn daily bread they have skill and their hands,

And the means, the Creator does give?—  
Shall not woe betide him who joins field unto field,

Until there's no room in the land—  
And faces grow wan—and work does not yield

To starved bodies the bread they demand—  
And toiling and struggling, 'tis useless to try

To replace Heaven's gifts that he takes—  
And oh! every day little children must die  
With the hunger his robbery makes?—

Shall not woe betide him whose riches increase  
By the killing of joy and of hope—  
By the breaking of hearts—the destruction of peace—

By the strangling of virtue and love?—  
By this turning God's earth into poverty's hell—  
The where 'tis unaltering fate,  
Side by side with oppressed, oppressors must dwell

Midst the shadows of crime and of hate?  
Ah, what is your right to these bounties of God?

Have you bought them from babes yet unborn?  
Can you tell of a day when to all you gave pay,

For these gifts that from all you have torn?  
Does community's treasure from you have its measure,

For these stores whence all must be fed?  
Or do you, to gain gold, Heaven's free table hold,

And crowd children away from their bread?  
ASHER GEORGE BEECHER.

#### WHY IS INDIA STARVING?

The New York Times is astonished at the frankness of some of the missionaries from India who are attending the ecumenical conference in this city. In discussing the Indian famine they stated that what the people of India need is not grain, but money. “There is plenty of grain in our storehouses,” say the missionaries, “and the natives only lack the money to buy it at the prices at which it is held.” Then the virtuous Times proceeds to haul the grain speculators over the coals, and to recommend that the English government take steps to have the grain distributed, and pay the speculators for the grain.

It seems to me I have read something like this before. Henry George states that Ireland exports foodstuffs regularly to England, famine or no famine. He says the same thing of India. It is likewise, according to George, true of Egypt. Strange, isn't it? It is worth looking into.

Who raised that grain in the India storehouses?

The Indians.

Who are starving?

The Indians.

Why don't they eat the grain?

Because it isn't theirs to eat.

Why don't they buy it with the money they received when they sold it?

Because they virtually received no money for it. It took all the money

they got to pay their taxes, rents and blood money generally.

But hasn't India a favorable balance of trade?

Oh, yes; very favorable indeed. India exports pretty much all she produces, and when the “home charges” are all settled she has little or nothing coming back to her.

What is the matter with India, anyway?

Why, you see, it is impossible to keep her people in a proper state of subjection except by the display of vast pomp, power and circumstance. These things cost money. It costs Lord Curzon nearly half a million a year to keep a proper establishment, and there are hundreds of others who have to keep up establishments, too. Then the army has to be supported, or the first thing you know the Indians would be running their country themselves and lose all the benefits of the Christian civilization which England is piously cramming into them. Who knows but they might try to stop the opium traffic itself?

The people of India don't appreciate their blessings. Just as the English have got the rewards of industry down to the lowest notch, so that India has every advantage of low wages and could cut the industrial heart out of any country on the footstool, the people begin to sicken and die of starvation and their generous patrons and masters have to dig up their wallets and help them tide over the difficulty. It is very unpleasant and diminishes English capital, thereby diminishing wages still further.

It is a hard nut to crack. Between the fact that the Indians cannot govern themselves and the corresponding fact that it takes all the people can raise to pay the English for governing them, the outlook for India is not a happy one.—Stephen Bell, in Justice, of Wilmington, Del.

#### THE GODDESS' REPRIMAND.

For The Public.

(A Dialogue Between the Goddess of Liberty and Her Daughter, Columbia.)

Goddess—My dear Columbia, what is this. I hear about your new pranks, such as going in for annexation, imperialism, and other naughty games, and keeping suspicious company? I'm surprised at you, indeed I am. You, my favorite child, ought to know better.

Columbia (with her hands over her eyes)—Please, mother, I didn't think I was doing wrong. I only felt that I was getting too big for the mantle you gave me, and I wanted to stretch myself. Besides, mother, am I not old