

MISCELLANY

SUCCESS.

I drink the foaming chalice,
The cup of earth's renown.
I hear the people's plaudits,
I wear the city's crown.

And I look back, recalling
The path whereby I came—
From the old dreams of boyhood,
On to this goal of fame.

The old, kind dreams of boyhood,
So generous and brief:
How long before the noonday
They withered as a leaf!

The dreams of eager service,
Of perfect brotherhood,
Of a vast people's freedom:
A universal good!

A vain remembrance stirs me,
A trouble alien—
I see the men and women
Who lived and died for men.

And on my life's achievement
They look with steadfast eyes,
Where dwells the deep compassion
I bartered for earth's prize.

They pass, a mighty army
From every race and age—
The just, who tolled for justice
And asked no other wage.

The chivalrous, the loyal,
Who drew diviner breath—
They whom the world dreamed conquered,
Who conquered sin and death.

And though the people's laurels
About my brow I bind—
I know they sought a city
That I shall never find.

They sought a timeless city,
From fear and hate withdrawn.
Its light upon their faces
Was dearer than the dawn.

They climbed the large, steep pathway,
By saints and heroes trod,
To the home of the ideal,
And to the mount of God.

Peace! 'tis the idlest vision
That e'er was deemed sublime;
That spiritual city
Shall ne'er be reared in time.

I face the glowing present,
And all my sky is clear—
The story of my triumph
The nations pause to hear.

Only in dreams there rises
The city alien,
Where pass the men and women
Who lived and died for men.
—May Kendall, in *New Age of London*.

CHINA NOT PERMANENTLY PACIFIED.

The popular idea seems to be that the powers have administered such a lesson to the Chinese people that an uprising similar to the Boxer rebellion can never occur again. Sir Robert Hart, an Englishman, who is chief of the Chinese customs service, and who ought to know whereof he speaks, says that nothing could be more mistaken than this idea. The settlement,

he says, has almost incurably wounded Chinese pride and trust in the world—has outraged an ancient civilization, old when the men of the west were skin-clad savages, and the west must expect no peace.—*Kansas City Journal*.

WHAT NEXT?

That British proclamation to the leaders of the fighting Boers is a new departure in modern warfare. Imagine the Prussians saying to the French—or even the impossible Turk to the Greek: "Unless you stop fighting by September 15 you shall be forever banished from your own country."

For heavy-handed, frank brutality we recall no parallel in civilized war. But John Bull has no intention of being hampered by international customs.

More contemptible still—if possible—is the announcement that the charge for maintenance of the Boer women and children now being maltreated into submission is to be taken from the estates of these banished leaders.

O, John, John! 'Tis things like this that cause your vilest Yankee cousin to blush for the relationship.—*Life*.

WHERE GOVERNMENT COMES FROM.

An extract from "A Yankee at the Court of King Arthur," by Mark Twain (1839).

There is a phrase which has grown so common in the world's mouth that it has come to seem to have sense and meaning—the sense and meaning implied when it is used; that is the phrase which refers to this or that or the other nation as possibly being "capable of self-government;" and the implied sense of it is, that there has been a nation somewhere, some time or other, which wasn't capable of it—wasn't as able to govern itself as some self-appointed specialists were or would be to govern it. The master minds of all nations, in all ages, have sprung in affluent multitude from the mass of the nation, and from the mass of the nation only—not from its privileged classes; and so, no matter what the nation's intellectual grade was, whether high or low, the bulk of its ability was in the long ranks of its nameless and its poor, and so it never saw the day that it had not the material in abundance whereby to govern itself. Which is to assert an always self-proven fact: that even the best governed and most free and most enlightened monarchy is still behind the best condition attainable by its people; and that the same is true of kindred governments of lower grade all the way down to the lowest.

THE GREENWOOD PATH.

The birthday of Henry George was observed in Cleveland, Sept. 2, by a memorial service which attracted a large audience to the Y. M. C. A. auditorium. Mayor Johnson and Mr. Louis F. Post spoke, and also Rev. Mr. Eaton, the pastor of Mr. Rockefeller's church on Euclid avenue. The closing speech was made by Rev. H. S. Bigelow, pastor of the Vine Street Congregational church, Cincinnati. Mr. Bigelow concluded his remarks by paying a tribute to Henry George.

Last spring I visited Greenwood cemetery, in Brooklyn. My guide told me that there was one path in that great city of the dead from which the grass was always worn. We took that path and it led us to the grave of Henry George. Men, sometimes with ill-gotten gains, build monuments to themselves before they die. With libraries and colleges they try to purchase immortality. All of these that gold can buy are not worth the eloquent tribute of that beaten path, worn by the feet of pilgrims whose souls have been illumined by the prophet's truth, and whose hearts have been fired by the cause for which he died. Paths well worn by feet that never weary to carry the standard which he raised, that shall be our sign of loyalty.

I owe more to Henry George than to any other man, living or dead. He has given me hope by showing that it is within the power of man to abolish enslaving poverty. He has strengthened my faith by showing me that were it not for our ignorance of natural law we should find the bounty of nature sufficient for all her children. He has given me a purpose in life, something to work for which is eminently practicable, capable of immediate and progressive application, yet fundamental in its character, appealing to the loftiest patriotism and the purest religion.

There are enough to rear monuments to the heroes of causes long since won. Let us raise a monument of high endeavor to the prophet of this new cause, until the truth he brought shall remold public opinion, send presidents to the white house, teach wisdom to the law maker, humanity to the priest, and lay the foundations of a truly democratic state in which it shall be possible for every honest and industrious citizen at least to dwell in security beneath his own vine or fig tree.

Such a state, founded on a knowledge of natural law and a respect for human rights, is a monument which we shall yet build to the memory of Henry George.