

Who rests in peace, mourned by the great
and good.

She'll nothing miss; to keep her memory
green
Statesmen and peers will eulogize her
name,

The bard will sing, the poet chant her
praise,
And wise historians laud her glorious
reign
From age to age through endless coming
days.

I would not take from her, but I would
speak

For those who ne'er have heard earth's
plaudits sound;

For whom no bells peal out, no cannons
boom,

No soldiers stand in ranks to guard them
round;

Who have no castles grand, no equipage,
No miles of sward, no plate, no jewels
bright;

No subjects bowing low, no lackeys trim,
No scores of servants waiting day and
night.

'Tis easy to be good when all goes fair;
But tangle up the lines, and jar the soul
With rough inharmonies, take Love away,
And shackle one to Poverty's hard dole;
Add pain's grim grasp and Worry's wast-
ing power,

The pang of hunger and the debtor's
fear,

The grind of daily effort fruitless still,
Month after weary month—year after
year.

Such burdened souls there are who drink
the cup

Of bitterness unto its bitter end;
Whose lives flow on a leaden stream of
woe,

Whose trials never cease, whose backs
must bend;

Who ne'er will know from birth to Death's
cold touch

One hour of joy unmixed with grief and
pain,

Yet trust that God somewhere in space is
Love,

And hold their faith, and count their ills
a gain.

To such I bow, uncrowned, unscattered
queens,

Who through the long hard years work
bravely on,

Deprived of all that makes life sweet and
dear,

Yet hope 'gainst hope for Heaven's red-
ning dawn—

The patient Hindoo woman starving slow,
The Boer frau desolate on arid sands,

The foredoomed victim of the city slums,
The lonely pioneer in distant lands.

Such hold my pity and esteem. Aye, such
Are watched by God's own angels bend-
ing low.

Their record in the Book of Life is kept,
Their tears are weighed, and all their
hours of woe.

She who lies dead may envy your estate,
Oh, hard-trying souls, where e'er your lot
is cast;

All earthly crowns must surely fade and
fall.

Fight bravely on; Heaven's crown will
come at last.

TOWNSEND ALLEN.

Jan. 30, 1901.

LORD COLERIDGE ON THE SOUTH AFRICAN WAR.

Telegram from London to the daily press,
dated January 11, 1901.

Lord Coleridge, in a letter excusing
his nonattendance at a political meet-
ing, says: "I loathe and detest this
war and the policy that has brought it
about, the mode in which it is conduct-
ed and the undignified excitement over
the defeat of a handful of peasants de-
fending their country at the hands of
ten times their number of trained sol-
diers, backed by the wealth of Eng-
land."

A DEMOCRATIC DEMOCRAT.

A democratic democrat is a man seek-
ing an opportunity to do something
for everybody. A degenerated democrat
is a man seeking an opportunity to do
everybody for something.

For many centuries the world has
heard too much of the divine rights of
kings and the vested rights of prop-
erty. If there is to be a future of
democracy in this trust-ridden country,
it will be because the leaders of men
have secured a following of a majority
who are determined to devote some
considerable time to the consideration
of the divine rights of being men and
women fashioned after the image of
their Maker in their moral and intel-
lectual stature. If there is to be a fu-
ture of the democracy it will be be-
cause the leaders of men in this repub-
lic have educated a majority of the
voters of the land to a belief in the
divine and vested right of labor as
well as the vested right of property.—
Hon. J. J. Lentz, at Jackson Banquet
at Columbus, O., Jan. 23.

THE LAND THAT GOD GAVE.

This is the land that God gave.

This is the landlord that stole the land
that God gave.

This is the farmer that pays the land-
lord that stole the land that God
gave.

This is the laborer that helps the farm-
er that pays the landlord that stole
the land that God gave.

This is the tailor that clothes the labor-
er that helps the farmer that pays
the landlord that stole the land that
God gave.

This is the baker, white with flour, that
has to knead for many an hour to
feed the tailor that clothes the labor-
er that helps the farmer that pays
the landlord that stole the land that
God gave.

This is the collier, black with grime,
that has to work on overtime to
warm the baker, white with flour,
that has to knead for many an hour

to feed the tailor that clothes the
laborer that helps the farmer that
pays the landlord that stole the land
that God gave.

The single tax, of which we speak, will
catch the landlord, fat and sleek,
whose place in society is unique, who,
always grasping and never content,
on nature's bounty fixes a rent, and
sweats the collier, black with grime,
that has to work on overtime to
warm the baker, white with flour,
that has to knead for many an hour
to feed the tailor that clothes the labor-
er that helps the farmer that
pays the landlord that stole the land
that God gave.—The Liberator of
Auckland, N. Z.

HALF-MASTING AMERICAN FLAGS FOR FOREIGN SOVEREIGNS.

Mayor Van Wyck, of New York, is be-
ing hotly denounced among a certain
class for refusing to half-staff the flag
over the city hall in evidence of public
mourning for the death of Queen Vic-
toria. "Prig," "boor," "dullard," are
among the least offensive epithets ap-
plied to him, and one or two English
papers, having their attention attract-
ed to the matter, have shown the ex-
tremely bad taste of joining in the
cry.

Now the mayor's position is more de-
fensible than these rather obstreperous
public mourners appear to recognize.
It has not been the practice in the past
for the city hall in New York to recog-
nize in this way the death of foreign
sovereigns. If the English queen is
thus honored, then in the future the
deaths of other European rulers must
be recognized likewise or the German
or French or Italian or Russian popu-
lation of New York might feel offended,
and justly so.

A case somewhat in point comes up
at Washington. The flag over the white
house has been placed at half-mast,
something never done before on the
death of a foreign sovereign. It has
accordingly caused a disagreeable stir
among the diplomatic representatives
of other nations. They say that a fail-
ure to pay a similar mark of respect in
the future when a foreign ruler dies
would be a significant breach of eti-
quette, to which offense might justly
be taken. And why is this not so? It is
said that some of the ministers and am-
bassadors have made the matter a sub-
ject of special report to their govern-
ments.—Springfield Republican, of Feb-
ruary 1.

IS BUSINESS ABOVE MORALS?

An extract from a sermon delivered at
the Vine street Congregational church in
Cincinnati, by the pastor, the Rev. H. S.
Elgelow, during the recent consideration

of the question of having a prize fight in that city.

One aspect of this question is suggested by the argument that the proposed contest will bring business to the city. This may be so. But men who look at a question from that standpoint are apt to shave down their principles to fit their pockets.

One gentleman is reported as offering in extenuation of the fistic art that he once met a prize fighter who was a perfect gentleman. This pugilist, he pleaded, practiced his art only as a business venture, as though that altered the character of the business. This pugilist had over \$100,000 in government bonds. Of course, if a man has \$100,000 in government bonds he must be a gentleman. Those bonds, no doubt, lend a respectability to everything he does.

It is hard for a rich man to enter the Kingdom of Heaven. It is hard for a man who is looking for business to see a moral principle.

Business! Fort Thomas brings business to Cincinnati, but that does not argue that standing armies are necessarily a good thing.

If the state were to locate an insane asylum here it would bring business; are insane people, therefore, a desirable class of citizens?

Business! Some men would be ready to whitewash the character of Satan himself, if they saw the prospect of a little business.

I am not saying that business men deliberately wink at wrong for the sake of increasing their trade. But I am saying that their interest and their training, and their habit of mind, make it difficult to look at a matter of this kind from the standpoint of ethical ideals. These men seem to be in for a prize fight, or any other kind of a fight, when they see an opportunity to open up new markets and extend their trade. It seems to make little difference to them whether they trade in the morals of a city, or barter away the liberties of a people. Business, at any cost, let us have business. He is the modern God for whose passing smile we surrender the pearl of great price.

WHAT DEMOCRACY IS TO DESTROY.

An extract from "The Religion of Democracy," by Charles Ferguson. See review in the department of Book Notices in this paper.

Democracy stands to-day at the grand junction and crossroads of history. The world autonomy now announces itself in unescapable contradictions. The old order and the self-

made man have now at length to reckon with the new order and the man of the modern spirit. We can postpone the issue no longer. Democracy now at length, the world over, takes in the last man; and that is fatal to the old way of the world. For the last man is a million—the hitherto bulked, estimated multitude. It was something that the masses should get themselves enumerated, and should become a multitude. But that is nothing to what is in store; the counters are going to take a hand in the play.

This is the very whirlwind of moral revolution. The world has never seen anything like it up to this date. Always heretofore revolutions have meant merely some wider distribution of privilege, more top hats and togas, and that 10,000 instead of ten should mulct the multitude. But now at length it has been decided that the multitude should not be mulcted any more; and this resolution, adhered to, will turn the world around and set the foundations of society on new and hitherto undiscovered bases.

The bottom fact of social philosophy, ranging wide through literature, the amenities and courtesies, religion and the fine arts, is an economic fact. The books and pictures, the etiquettes and rituals, are what they are, according to the terms of the settlement of the bread question. And this, not because flesh is God, but because God is flesh.

Now the broadest, the basic fact of the old world, which democracy comes to destroy, is that it has got its bread with injustice. The old world has been, by the witness of all the wise, a vain world and a liar, a world of dreams and inveterate illusions. And the spring and source of all its lies is theft. Speculative mistakes in the theory of morals may be got along with; it is the practical lie that kills. And theft is the root of all abstraction—the very substance of vanity, the stuff that dreams are made of.

Always one class has preyed upon another class. The strong, from the beginning, have stolen their bread; and, what is worse, they have despised their bakers. They have discredited the natural facts of alimentation, and they have sponged upon the poor. What hope of wise, deliberate science, of joyous, perennial art and permanent civic glory in a world that is ashamed of its stomach, flches its food, and despises the souls of laborers? What hope of religion if you flout the central sacrament of the body of God?

To be sure, there has always been a man that would not lie—an artist, a poet; there have been true books and

pictures, and perfect deeds, an unbroken tradition of democracy. Nobody ever wrote, ruled, carved or painted, and left anyone out, without leaving himself out, and being forgotten. The torch has been carried on, but flickering, like a candle in a cave. And the prophecy is still waiting its fulfillment.

Do you wonder that the fine arts are overfine or underfine; that their beauty is wistful; that the literatures lapse and die, and the great scriptures of the world, given for joy, sound in our ears only of judgment; that history swirls in dizzy, bewildering cycles; that science is full of panic and terror, and philosophy is only a wan surmise? It is to be written on the sepulchers of the old cities: They took the bread of the poor, and they despised the souls of the laborers.

THE FARMER AS A CITIZEN.

From an address delivered by Mrs. George B. Rounsevell at the annual banquet of the Alleghany County Farmers' club, at Belmont, N. Y., December 4, 1900.

The only dereliction of duty which I ever feel like seriously bringing home to farmers is in connection with their duties as citizens. It is a stupendous, and will in the end prove a fatal, mistake to assume that government of the people and by the people will act for the people automatically. It will never do so. No man is good enough to govern another without that other's consent, and it is almost equally true that no man is good enough to govern another without that other keeping an eye on him. In this matter of keeping an eye on our public agents, our representatives and governors of high and low degree, a peculiar obligation devolves upon the farmer on account, first, of his financial independence—not his wealth, observe, but his financial independence, which is a very different and much better thing—which affords him sufficient leisure for study and thought and a fuller degree of freedom in political action than is enjoyed by any other considerable class of citizens; and on account, second, of his precarious and obviously temporary hold upon the outskirts, as it were, of the domain of privilege, which gives, or should give, a vital concern in just and equitable industrial conditions.

I will not waste your time and insult your intelligence by arguing that evils and dangers exist in our social and governmental systems. I need only urge you to accept their existence as a fact, for which no party is