

without warrant or other process, for debt collection purposes.

If I choose to buy Dominican or Venezuelan securities or permit Hayti or either of the other countries to run in debt to me, it may be that I am a fool from a business standpoint, but my folly does not entitle me to have my debts collected by the navy and army of the United States, and the government of the United States ought not only not to place itself in that attitude, but it ought to go further and announce to the world that, so far as the hemisphere of America is concerned, at any rate, collection of money obligations by bombardment must cease. If a private individual killed another because that other had fraudulently incurred a debt which he refused to pay, we would hang the individual who did the killing.

THE TIRED MAN'S PRAYER.

The following is a portion of a sermon delivered at the Vine Street Congregational church, Cincinnati, June 19, 1904, by the pastor, Herbert S. Bigelow.

"Oh, that I had wings like a dove, for then would I fly away and be at rest." Psalms 55:6.

So long as the world remains what it is, life, for men of conscience and sympathy, must be serious business.

It is pleasant to lie on the shore, watch the stately sails and dream of groaning argosies and distant lands. But the sailor has a truer view of life who knows the sickening monotony of the beating sun and the breathless sea, or who has heard the straining of the timbers, and has seen the waters open like a grave before the floundering ship.

The housekeeper, harried by a thousand cares; the factory worker, distracted by the ceaseless din; the business man, haunted by fears of failure; countless thousands, goaded by daily needs to relentless toil, behold the distant hills from their prison-houses and cry in their hearts: "Oh, that I had wings like a dove, for then would I fly away and be at rest."

Last Sunday night a young man came to me who until two weeks ago had been employed in a Cincinnati factory. He was one of many who had been laid off because of sagging trade conditions. Every day for two weeks he had looked for work. While he could keep himself neat and clean he had hope. But his last penny was gone and there was nothing with which to pay for clean linen or baths, food or shelter. "Do you think," said he, "that it would be wrong for me to take my life?"

He stood at the parting of the ways. One road led to crime. The other led

to beggary. Which should he take? But wait! There was yet another road; the road of self-destruction. Might he not take that to save himself from the other two?

The battle was going against this young man. His desperation had half-crazed him. He had come to understand the Psalmist's cry: "Oh, that I had wings like a dove, for then would I fly away and be at rest."

Look at the faces of these men, standing all the day idle in the market place. Think of the places where they dwell. See the sickly children and the sad old men. A spear of grass will not grow here. The flowers that are planted sicken and die. The deafening noise of the streets, the gagging smells from the gutters, the carousals in the grogeries, staggering men, swearing women—alas, what a civilization! This is what a certain editor calls "our social cellar."

This hurrying, haggling, hateful city—what will become of it? Will some social Vesuvius bury its shame? Will this voiceless despair one day find a Marat and a Robespierre? Or will it sink ignobly into the dust of ages, unconscious of its chains?

Whatever its fate, any man who tries to save it will be taught by his experience the meaning of the Psalmist's prayer: "Oh, that I had the wings of a dove, for then would I fly away and be at rest."

But wings did not come in answer to the Psalmist's prayer. Neither did he organize a colony and bury himself in the wilderness. Apparently he stayed in the fight. He kept the faith. In spite of all his doubts and discouragements, he hoped and labored on.

Whether he lived to see the fruits of his labor we are not told. But whatever the external results may have been, he felt that in hoping when others despaired, and in fighting when others fainted, he had won a moral victory which was worth to him all it cost. His manhood, at least, had never suffered defeat. At the end he could say:

He hath delivered my soul in peace from the battle which was against me.

COLORADO LAW.

Extracts from an editorial in the Denver (Col.) Daily News of June 15, 1904.

The News has not attempted to assail the decision. It has not even hinted that it is not the law. It has plainly accepted it as the law, for hath not the court so decided? All it did and all it will do is to make clear what the court says is the law when it comes to the Governor declaring that

an insurrection exists, whether it does or not, and his arresting and imprisoning citizens without charge, to be bereft of habeas corpus and trial by jury and to be kept imprisoned until it suits the pleasure of his excellency, the Governor, to call off the insurrection.

The Governor and Sherman Bell are working out the clear intent and meaning of the Moyer decision every day since it was rendered. Having declared Teller county in insurrection, they seize citizens by the hundreds, not alone federation miners, but tailors, shoemakers and lawyers, and throw them into a common prison, to later (separating them from their families) deport them at the points of bayonets and the muzzles of guns, into other States, with the direst threats against their lives should they venture to return. Take the case of Hangs. Hangs is a splendid young lawyer, zealous, faithful, unpurchasable and not to be terrified. Because he stood by his clients and quite sparingly exercised some of the rights of American citizenship, Peabody and Bell decided that to suppress "insurrection" he also should be cast into jail, probably to be deported; and what can Hangs or anybody else do about it? . . . Should Hangs apply for release under habeas corpus, what must the court do under the Moyer case? Simply reply, when the Governor filed his answer setting up this insurrection proclamation: "This court can't look into the question of an insurrection, for the Governor has said there is one; and whether you have done any wrong or not we can't inquire, for Sherman Bell says you have, and that's the end of it. True, there is no charge against you, and the courts are open in the county, yet you have no right to a jury trial nor relief through the writ of habeas corpus until the Governor shall withdraw his proclamation of insurrection—which may be to-day or may not be for a year—so back to prison you must go. The courts can give you no relief."

Take the miners who are being forcibly deported. That they are deported is proof positive that they were neither principals nor accessories to the Goldfield explosion. If they were they would be held in prison instead of being sent out of the State. Should they apply for relief from the courts they could get none—for they were arrested in a county declared in a state of insurrection, and the courts are powerless until the proclamation is withdrawn. Both Peabody and Gen.