

compensation for some indifference to religion in the persons of the subscribers. If they would bear in mind that those whom a mission is meant to improve are not likely to be very much in advance of the class by which the mission is possibly supported, there would be less disappointment with the result.—London Spectator.

THE REAL CAUSES OF THE FALL OF POLAND.

An extract from an editorial in The Kingdom on "The Writings and Ideas of Henryk Sienkiewicz," by Prof. George D. Herron.

The political evil lay in the almost total incapacity of the Polish people for collective action. The great nobles viewed the Commonwealth only from the personal standpoint. Each of the magnatés was seeking his own individual power and glory, rather than the common good. Each man shaped his conduct in battle, his policy at the Diet, his relation to other magnates from a personal motive, always with the possibility of the throne in view. The result was that each of the great lords was a kinglet, a sovereign in a state of his own. Jealousy of the possible growth of each other in power and glory brought treason in every great foreign war, and failure in every great internal policy. The national consciousness never rose above self-interest or family consciousness.

But behind the political cause lay a much deeper economic and social cause. The Polish nobles were in greater part the worst and most remorseless oppressors of the peasants and the common people in Europe; they not only were, but probably still are, as one discovers on a visit to Russian or Austrian Poland, where the life of a peasant, on the great estates, is dwarfed, stunted, stupefied, brutalized by brutal oppression, almost beyond thought or words. It was this economic oppression that wrested from Poland the great Cossack territories that are now Russian. The original Cossack life of the Russian steppes had in it many elements of the very highest type of social organization. The communes, or primitive villages, in which all things were produced in common and distributed equally, were full of a really beautiful, happy and promising life. The Polish lords took possession of these original communes. They made serfs of the people, and private property of their lands and villages. They oppressed them even worse than the Tartars and Turks, using them merely as the meanest beasts of burden. To many of the

Polish knights, the life of the peasant was as inconsiderable as the life of a fly. It was against this entire overthrow of an original social and economic system, and the awful oppression that followed, that all Cossackdom arose in the dreadful wars that slew men by the hundred thousand, that turned eastern Europe into a wilderness, and the people into bloody madness. The story of this original Russian village life has been scientifically told and analyzed by Prince Kropotkin and by other Russian scientists and economists.

It was the same oppression in Poland itself that led to Russian conquest and Polish denationalization. Prof. Ashley has called attention to this in his economic studies. The evil of Poland lay within and not without. The Polish peoples turned to the Russian conquerors as liberators from the oppression of their own lords. Poland never could have been conquered from without. Even to-day, Poland is full of a virile and heroic potentiality that would make its capital the political and art center of Europe, if economic and social regeneration could prepare the way for it. But the future of the nation is in the hand of the Spirit that broods over all peoples, and we cannot foresee; we can only trust; but we may trust that no nation was ever born to finally die,—at least, history does not make it seem so.

THE NEW RUSSIAN OCCUPATION OF THE FAR EAST.

Extracts from an article on "Eastern Siberia," by Stephen Bonsal, published in Harper's Magazine for July. Vladivostock is the new Russian port on the Japan Sea, and the terminus of the great Trans-Siberian Railway. Khabarovka is situated at the point where the railway leaves the Amur River, turning abruptly south to Vladivostock, while the river turns as abruptly north to its outlet into the Okhotsk Sea.

In the long, low-lined sheds (at Vladivostock) which stretch along the hillside there were at the moment at least 8,000 emigrants, recently arrived, who were making their purchases and taking a short rest preparatory to starting out for their frontier homes in the wilderness which they were to win for civilization and for Russia. In the first shed we discovered some 1,500 Cossacks, men, women and children; down the middle of the shed ran a broad corridor, opening upon which were numerous alcoves. Each family was allotted two of these, men on the right and women on the left; they were a fine-looking set of people, and evidently would prove excellent pioneers. . . .

One of the Cossacks, evidently a petty officer, having given us a military salute, made us very much at home in his alcove, and between the tea and the cigarettes told us the conditions upon which they had consented to leave their country and become the guardians of the marshes and the fords upon the Chinese frontier. He repeated several times that they had only come at the special request of the czar, and seemed not a little proud that all the frontiers of Russia had to be guarded by his people, even this new frontier in a far-away corner of the empire. He said that the Cossacks are carried free of all expense from their native villages at home to Odessa, and from there transported in vessels of the volunteer fleet to Vladivostock, and from here to the frontier station designated for their residence. They receive, during this transit period, 16 copecks a day for provisions, and for each child eight copecks extra. The head of each family receives 60 acres of land, and an increase for each child. When their new home is reached they are given a small working stock of horses, cows, rifles and provisions, and 20 rubles in cash. This is the end of government assistance, except under the stress of extraordinary circumstances. For two years, while they are expected to be clearing their land and putting it under cultivation, they are not liable to military service, except in cases of emergency. . . .

I found that your Siberian Russian regards our people, particularly our people of the Pacific slope, with very much the same consideration which we have for the unfortunate and never sufficiently to be pitied denizens of Great Britain and Europe. It will be of interest to the people of the Pacific slope to know that 20 years from now all the bread they eat and all their salmon will come from Siberia, and that if Siberia should not care to send her produce to California and to Oregon the people of those states will have to starve. . . .

Khabarovka, this great Siberian city of the future, the St. Louis of this country, which is to become the great port of transshipment for goods going to and produce coming from all the lands that are reached by the waterways of the Amur, the Ussuri and the Sungaru, is not prepossessing upon first view. It is a long, straggling collection of little hamlets, connected by a few muddy roads; the distances are magnificent, and suggest that the builders of the city have built for the next and not for the present century, and are endued with a very sanguine appreciation of the probable impor-

tance of the place in the generations to come.

There was a charm and freshness in the life of this rude settlement at the junction of the great Siberian rivers which I know not how to express. But I know that a day in Khabarovka was as exhilarating to my mind as a plunge in ice cold water proves to one accustomed to the tepid enervating baths of the lazy east. Here our race and our people, our civilization and our religion, though transplanted, to be sure, have come to strike deep root, to grow, to broaden and expand, and though exotic, they give every prospect of a permanent, vigorous growth. Here the Europeans do not come and go, hurried travelers through strange lands, or traders who work and toil and plan and scheme, and then some day sail away, never to return again. In the English and French, the Spanish and the Portuguese, and in the Dutch possessions, though in a less degree, the white men follow each other, flight after flight, like ducks who seek the low-lying paddy lands where the wild celery grows, and fly away when they have eaten their fill.

But here there are no transients; these settlers will never go back to Russia, but they will draw Russia to them in closer union with every decade. These pioneers are great, sturdy fellows, capable of bringing the rude land, which has been so long a waste, into subjection, and then to make it produce; from their loins will spring a race of men born to eastern conditions, who will control and people this continent as far south as it is habitable for men of our race; and certainly that vast country from the Amur to the Yellow river, and perhaps as far south as the Yang-tze, is as suitable for the conditions of life of the Russians as are the middle states for us; and their women, too, are women fit for the duties, the responsibilities, and the emergencies of frontier life—great, deep-chested women, strong and quick of limb, wearing spurs, and using them, too, as they straddle their ponies man like, and gallop down the unpaved streets to do a little "shopping," with great masses of flaxen hair falling down over their shoulders; and when at home, what a number of babies there are clinging to their short skirts!

There are no windows, no glass, and no shutters as yet in the town, with the exception of a few residences of officials. In the humble dwellings of log and plank and mud which are springing up in hundreds with mushroom rapidity, these luxuries are unknown,

so the intimate life of the home is open to those who walk the streets, as I did, studying the present situation, and drawing from it a horoscope of the future. The women went about their household duties bright and fresh and hopeful, and wearing the neat white apron and the many-colored velvet petticoats, and with gay kerchiefs twisted around their heads and hair; and I remember so vividly one of these homely scenes, which I will endeavor to describe, however imperfectly, because I believe that it reveals the essence of the leaven with which Russia is working miracles in East Asia to-day. It was evening, under the smiling image of the Ikon, the protecting saint, which, smiling down upon the humble bed and board of the colonists, faces towards the door, as ever in a Russian home, so that whoever enters may know that he has come among those who believe, and who work and rest under the protection of his covenant. The house before me was very small, belonging evidently to the very poor among the colonists; it was unfinished, as there were still many weeks before the season of the great cold, and through the windows and incomplete walls I could not help seeing, as I passed, the intimate life of the pioneer family. Two little children sat upon logs upturned to serve as chairs, before a rough-hewn table; the mother, with grave and gentle face, was cutting them slices of their daily bread, so difficult to earn, so sweet to give, and, as I passed on, the father of the household came in from his work, covered with dust, and placed his great hand upon the little heads; then he kissed their buttery mouths, and the good wife sang happily a song of the Volga.

THE TRUE PURPOSE OF SCIENCE.

Extract from a recent article by Count Leo Tolstoy, on "The Superstitions of Science," translated by Charles Johnston, Esq., and published in *The Arena* for July.

In the case of science, which finds its subject, not in the study of how people should live, but in the study of what is, and is therefore preeminently occupied with the investigation of dead bodies, and leaves the structure of human society as it is, no achievements and no victories over nature can improve the condition of the people.

And medicine? You forget the beneficent successes of medicine. And the inoculation of bacteria? And the present operations? exclaim, as usual, the defenders of science, as a last resource, bringing forward the successes of medicine as a demonstration of the fruitfulness of all science.

We can guard against diseases and accomplish cures by inoculation, we can perform painless operations, we can take out internal organs and cleanse them, we can straighten hunchbacks, generally say the defenders of science, holding for some reason or other that to cure one child of diphtheria from among all the children, fifty per cent. of whom in all Russia, and eighty per cent in institutions, normally die, must convince people of the beneficence of science in general.

The structure of our life is such that not only children, but the majority of the people, owing to bad food, inordinately hard and injurious work, unhealthy dwellings, and insufficient clothing, do not live half the term of years they ought to live; the condition of life is such that children's diseases, syphilis, phthisis and alcoholism lay hold of an ever-increasing number of people; that the greater part of their labor is perverted to preparations for war; that every ten or twenty years millions of people are destroyed by war; and all this takes place because science, instead of spreading among us true religious, moral and social ideas, as a result of which all these evils would disappear of their own accord, occupies itself on the one hand with justification of the existing order, and on the other with playthings, and, to demonstrate to us the fruitfulness of science, points to the fact that it cures a thousandth part of the ills which overtake us simply because science does not do its duty. If even a small fraction of the effort, attention and labor which men of science spend on trifles which occupy them were directed to establishing right religious, moral, social, or even hygienic ideas, there would not be a hundredth part of the diphtheria, hysteria, spinal curvature, and the like, on the cure of which science so prides itself, accomplishing these cures in hospitals, whose accommodations cannot be extended to all.

This is just as if people who had plowed badly a field sown badly, with bad seed, were to go about the field, and to cure the broken ears in the crop, which grew beside diseased ears, at the same time trampling down all the rest, and were to bring forward their art in curing the diseased ears as a proof of their knowledge of agriculture.

Our science, in order to become science, and to become truly beneficent, and not injurious to mankind, must first of all renounce its empirical method, according to which it considers itself bound to study only what is, and must return to the only wise and fruitful understanding of science,