

## TO THE OPPRESSED OF ALL NATIONS.

Charles Bradlaugh's Response to a Toast at the Annual Banquet of the "Loge des Philadelphes," in March, 1874: "To the Oppressed of All Nations."\*

To the oppressed of all nations—to the women everywhere; to the mothers who with freer brains would nurse less credulous sons; to the wives who with fuller thoughts would be higher companions through life's journeyings; to the sisters and daughters who with greater right might work out higher duty and with fuller training do more useful work; to women our teacher as well as nurse, our guide as well as childbearer, our counsellor as well as drudge. To the oppressed of all nations—to those who are oppressed the most in that they know it least; to the ignorant and contented under wrong, who make oppression possible by the passiveness, the inertness of their endurance. To the memories of the oppressed in the past whose graves—if faggot and lime have left a body to bury—are without mark save on the monuments of memory, more enduring than marble, erected in such temples by truer toast-givers than myself. To these we drink, sadly and gratefully, to the oppressed of the present—to those that struggle that they may win; to those that yet are still, that they may struggle; to the future, that in it there may be no need to drink this toast.

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## LET EACH BIRD SING ITS NATIVE SONG.

Extracts from a Lecture to the Students of the Inter-laken School at La Porte, Ind., by Prof. J. Ward Stimson, Director of the Arts and Crafts Department.

The material elements of past civilization drop away with time and decay as the blood and tissues of the human frame with death—but Mind, Heart and Imagination build and perpetuate their Eternal Energies through the works of spiritual genius. These never die! Ideals are the abiding forces, and all the aspirations of the evolving ages tend ever upward toward higher and wider beauty. The past leaves us these heroic monuments of her spiritual struggle, and it is our duty to rise to the great responsibility of augmenting and conveying this human heritage to future generations.

The gods did not stop when they came to the waters of the Atlantic. Beauty is universal, is cosmic, and every land is redolent with its own aroma of vital, local and organic inspiration.

\*From "Charles Bradlaugh: A Record of His Life and Work," by his daughter, Hypatia Bradlaugh Bonner. Published by T. Fisher Unwin, London and Leipzig.

If we had but eyes to see, ears to hear, hearts and hands to feel and do—the charm of our old New England home country; the broad expanse of our Western plains; the terrible grandeur of our Rockies; the somber mission houses of California, remnants of monastic life and of passing civilization; the taciturn red man; the glorious achievement of our steel-built cities—all have a feeling of their own that calls for expression as much as anything in the life of Paris or Europe.

Let each bird sing its native song, and each individual and nation express its own personality. Love, honor and redeem the soul and genius of America—is my cry to you as students, workers, thinkers and poets in the New Age of newer and vaster possibilities, duties and consecrations.

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## KEEP FATHERLESS CHILDREN WITH THEIR MOTHERS.

At the Fourteenth Indiana State Conference of Charities, Held at Vincennes, Mr. Johnson Made the Following Statement, as Reported in the Woman's Journal.

The matron of our Orphans' Home came to me a few weeks ago for advice. She said: "There is a mother, a widow with five children; the youngest not quite a year old, and the eldest only ten. She is very, very poor. It is proposed to take her and her youngest child into the Home for the Friendless, letting her work for her board, and to place the other four children in an orphans' home." I said, "Is she a wicked woman?"

"No." "Is she an industrious woman?"

"Fairly so."

"Is she good to her children, as far as she knows how?"

"Yes."

"Then the man who puts that woman into an institution and scatters her children, I consider to be more wicked, in view of the probable results of his action, than if he would personally abuse the children. The thing to do for that case is very plain. How much would each of these children cost in the orphans' home you talk about?"

She said: "About two dollars a week."

"That would be \$8 a week for four children."

"How much is the proportionate cost of the institution into which you would put those children?"

"I suppose about \$400 or \$500 a bed—say \$2,000."

"Then the proposition is for the State to invest \$2,000 in homes, and pay \$8 a week in support, while if you let that woman live where she is, and give her a pension of say \$5 a week as long as she is doing her duty, could she not live comfortably and decently, and bring those children up?"