

shaped and sharpened under the American flag, is in the heart of that Filipino mother, wife of the hunted martyr-chief, divorced by American bayonets from husband and infant son—the baby boy dead in the keeping of American troops—dead, it may well be, for lack of the mother-heart, the mother-love!

Hell!—it is mixed with the breath of the time-serving politician, big or little, who stands and cries to the brute greed of his fellowmen: Kill, kill, kill! wield with Anglo-Saxon muscle the tyrant-sword snatched from the palsied hand of Spain; force the imperial yoke of benevolent-assimilation upon the bruised and prostrate necks of a freedom-loving people, in order that the flag may represent a "world-power," in order that the echo of jingling gold may tickle our ears across 7,000 miles of sea. Yea, if only killing can accomplish it, then killing must be the order of the day; our flag must bespeak a "world-power;" our rum and our cotton must be attracted to Filipino ports, though the ship that bears them need to plow through an ocean of warm human blood!

"The devil taketh Him up into an exceeding high mountain, and sheweth Him all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them; and saith unto Him: All these things will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me."

Hell!—its flames burned brightly, last night, to light the den where the cat-eyed gambler plied his robber's trade; and, last night, it kept pace with the drunkard's staggering form, passing from the saloon to the home to torture wife and children. It has come to church, this morning, and gnaws in the corrupt heart of the man who would away with the wedding vow that might not be lightly, repeatedly broken. It has come to church here, or gone to church somewhere, to-day, in the seared brain of the financier who has no appetite for hymn of praise, or prayer of penitence, so absorbed is he in memory of the swindle consummated yesterday, or in anticipation of the roguery planned for to-morrow!

Hell!—it waits not for the passage through the valley of the Shadow, for the gift of supernatural sight, to stand revealed; it is a fact, here and now, that no sight fails to see, and scarce a heart to feel and know. Happy are we, if there be any such—happy beyond words to say—in whose hearts there is no smell of its brimstone, no scorch of its flame!

And will it last for long, this hell of the thought of Jesus? It will last just as long in this world, or another world, or a thousand, or a million other worlds, as those conditions last, as those sins last, that saddened the Christ-heart, and made it necessary for a Christ to die to reveal the Kingdom of Heaven. As long as one human soul hates another human soul; as long as one human soul is capable of willing the loss, the hurt, the pain, the degradation, the damnation, of another human soul, so long hell will last.

It will last as long as any being created in the image of God sets up an autocracy of self-will to deny, or defy, the universal sway of God's Moral Law. The man who denies or defies the supremacy of the Moral God, does so only by defiling the sacredness of his own eternal selfhood. Defiled selfhood is the primal seat and source of all hell that has been, that is, that shall be!

#### KIMBERLEY AND JOHANNESBURG CONTRASTED.

"Some Vital Facts About Kimberley and Johannesburg, for Workingmen and Friends of the Native," by S. C. Cronwright-Schreiner. Published as leaflet No. 35, by the South Africa conciliation committee, Talbot house, Arundel street, Strand, London.

Kimberley and Beaconsfield may be taken as one town lying around the great diamond mines of Griqualand West in the Cape Colony.

Before the amalgamation of the mines under the De Beers company, they constituted a populous, free and independent community. The streets pulsed with life, the road connecting them was crowded with vehicles, horsemen and people on foot, surging along it all day and almost all night. Around the great du Toits Pan, at Beaconsfield, stood the houses of the most prosperous in a prosperous community. Independent newspapers existed, public meetings of a free people were held, and everything was criticised fearlessly. Natives and whites were free, and the whole of the throbbing townships were happy and prosperous.

That was before the amalgamation.

The picture is very different to-day.

Beaconsfield, which was the principal center, is a desolate mass of ruins. Its population has so diminished that where once ran busy streets, crowded with people and lined with shops, now lies only the silent veld, with here and there small heaps of partially overgrown brick mounds which look like the graves of the life

that once throbbed along the silent place. The houses round the great Pan have gone, except for a few shanties. You will see a few trucks of "blue" being hauled along to miniature "floors," or a little "debris washing" on the long gray heaps—this representing De Beers' sop to Cerberus, its "kindness" in allowing the mines there to be worked a little that the white people who live in Beaconsfield may be kept quiet—the crumb which the rich company tosses to the town which its operations have desolated, depopulated and impoverished. There is now no freedom of public life, and not much of private life, in Beaconsfield. Its great mines are scarcely worked, because the De Beers company does not need their output now. It pays sufficiently to work the two principal mines (the Kimberley and the De Beers' mine) which lie in Kimberley itself. Beaconsfield, having its mines practically shut down, has become a desolate ruin.

Let us look at Kimberley.

What life exists there now is centered around its two great holes.

Before the amalgamation, it was very much what I have described Beaconsfield to be. What is it now? Its population, like that of Beaconsfield, has dwindled down, and its freedom has departed. Kimberley does not, in its center, present the ruined appearance of Beaconsfield, out its outskirts and suburbs are a scarcely less terrible sign of the blighting and desolating power of monopoly. Beaconsfield has, so to say, been wiped out, but Kimberley is reduced and enslaved. Public life is dead, the natives who work in the mines are shut up in prisons, euphemistically called "compounds," and the whites are held in the hollow of the hand of "the company." De Beers dominates everything, from the town council and the club to the hospital, and permeates and terrorizes even the privacy of families. It has built a village called Kenilworth, in which its white employes mainly live. Its miners and others are no longer free and independent men; they are inevitably subservient to the company. They are tied, it is true, with a golden chain studded with glittering pebbles, but it is a chain. On great occasions, such as when Mr. Rhodes visits the town (it was the same when Mr. Barnato was alive), they go to the station—for instance, when a "reception" is needed to impress the public—and pull the "boss" and his satellites about in a carriage. Happy creatures!

The commercial life is no less dominated by "the company;" the pressure is often indirect, but it is there all the time, and every tradesman and merchant and professional man knows it. There is no freedom for white people in Kimberley, unless they "stand in" with the company, and but little social pleasure even.

And what of the "compounds?" These are prisons built around the orifices of the mines, in which the natives are incarcerated. When the natives enter these compounds they surrender their liberty, and are largely at the mercy of the company. In these "compounds" the company has shops at which the natives have to supply themselves. The natives are paid wages by the company, and then they have to spend such portion of those wages as they need to in the shops of the company; for, as they remain in the compounds several months together, they must, during that time, make their purchases in the shops of the company. Thus the spending power of the natives (about 8,000 to 10,000) is withdrawn from circulation among the general community outside and practically confined to the company. Is it surprising that the general population has dwindled?

During these months of incarceration the natives are separated from their women folk and families. The consequence is one of the most striking and shocking features of the compound system. A number of the lowest, drink-besotted, colored prostitutes, estimated at about 500, have collected at Beaconsfield, where, so to speak, they constitute a colony, occupying a revolting, sad quarter of that once beauty-thronged and happy township. When the natives come out for a short spell these unhappy women receive them. It is no doubt convenient, from the standpoint of the company, to have them there; it probably prevents the natives from going away, for most of them come long distances. This moral cancer is one of the direct and inevitable outcomes and concomitants of the compound system. If it were rigorously put down, I have no doubt it would react "injuriously" on the supply of native labor.

You will hear that the compound system is good, because it keeps the native sober. True, it doesn't pay the company to let them get drunk while at work. But, outside the compounds, Kimberley and Beaconsfield are the most drunken places I have ever seen. De Beers is supported by the liquor

vote, which perhaps is not surprising when one bears in mind that the proprietor of the two largest hotels in Kimberley with their highly remunerative "bars," is brother-in-law of the late Mr. Barney Barnato. It should be remembered, too, that it was the liquor vote which enabled Mr. Rhodes last session to defeat in the upper house of the Cape parliament a bill for the taxation of land values, which had passed through the lower. As "the company" practically owns not only the townships of Kimberley and Beaconsfield, but also an enormous tract of country in the neighborhood, and large tracts elsewhere, it would have been hard hit by such a tax. But Rhodes, diamonds and brandy threw out the most progressive measure ever submitted to a South African legislature.

That is how Kimberley and Beaconsfield stand to-day.

The cause is the concentration of the whole mining interests into the hands of one company, coupled with the introduction of the compound system. In the political world, this has enabled the company to secure a practical non-taxation of mines, and to obtain mining machinery free of duty. In Kimberley, it has led to the absolute domination of half a dozen men over the whole community, white and black.

Now, Johannesburg is to-day the freest (I say it advisedly) and one of the best governed big towns in South Africa. Compared with Kimberley at a corresponding state of its existence under British rule, it is much superior. It is pulsating with life; it is prosperous and free, because the capitalist does not yet dominate it. The fear of Johannesburg is that the big mining companies will get hold of it and reduce it to a second Kimberley; which is why the bulk of the uitlander population has all along been on the side of the Transvaal as against the capitalist (which is their view of this war).

If the capitalist gets control, what will he do and what will happen in consequence?

He will introduce the compound system, which means the withdrawal from the general community of the spending power of 80,000 natives at something over £3 per month each (say £250,000 a month; that is £3,000,000 a year). Then having withdrawn that, and having incarcerated the natives in the compounds, he will reduce their wages, as he has boldly said. Thus he will pay less out, and at the same time, by having his own shops

in the compounds, he will establish the "truck system" and get back from the natives into his own pockets again as much as he can of the wages he paid out. He will also cut down white wages, and thus reduce the spending power of a very large section of the wage-earners of the country. Then the white population will rapidly dwindle; the business of the town will tend to center in the hands of the agents or friends of the mine owners (for the companies will "stand in" together, and eventually practically amalgamate); an independent press will be impossible; public opinion will be suppressed; and freedom will have departed.

That is the situation!

Beware the speculator-capitalist! He is the menace to Briton and Boer alike!

#### THE MESSAGE OF BISHOP CRANSTON.

"It is worth any cost in money, it is worth any cost in bloodshed, if we can make the millions of Chinese true and intelligent Christians."—From a sermon by Bishop Earl Cranston, at Denver, Col., June 17, 1900.

For The Public.

At altar of his Christ, new kissed,  
Listened a glowing Methodist;  
Seared with its coals, his lips record  
A blistering message from his Lord.

"Peter, swing forth thy sword, and slay  
My willful sheep that wayward stray;  
With cannon's mouth and battle's speech  
My gospels to the heathen preach.

"Let kindle their benighted sky  
Ten thousand roof-trees blazing high;  
The savor mounting to My throne  
In smoldering smoke shall sweet be blown.

"My holy table garnish first  
With human flesh; and for its thirst,  
Mingle the wine with streaming blood,  
And orphans' tears and sorrow's flood.

"Kill! for the coming of My day—  
Its faith must languish shall you stay;  
Kill! for the hopes for which I died;  
Thrust! as they thrust who pierced my side!

"To those who shall survive recount  
My milder message on the Mount,  
For broken hearts will best retain  
Your sowings of its holy grain."

Thus spake the prophet. At his word  
Their loins the gathering nations gird,  
With carnage, curse, and scream of hell,  
To cleanse God's earth with fires of hell.

June 19, 1900.

C. M. S.

#### BOOK NOTICES.

In "An Introduction to the Study of Ecclesiastical Polity" (New York: Crothers & Korth), William Jones Seabury, D. D., a professor in the General Theological seminary of New York, explains and applies to existing facts the elementary principles of Episcopal church government. Though constructed from lectures