

the cross; and, in that supreme moment, while all the hosts of heaven listened, and men, exhausted by the frenzy of their hatred, rested for a space, hark!—

Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.

Black was right. Men may prophesy and women may pray, but peace will come to abide here on earth only when the dreams of childhood are the accepted charts to guide the destinies of men. Not till men become as little children will peace come to abide here on earth.

But Black spoke, not as an exponent of this doctrine of the Christ, but as a scoffer of it. Hear him:

The fate of nations is still decided by their wars. You may talk of orderly tribunals and learned referees; you may sing in your schools the gentle praises of the quiet life; you may strike from your books the last note of every martial anthem, and yet, out in the smoke and thunder will always be the tramp of horses and the silent, rigid, up-turned face. . . . If the pressure is great, the material to resist it must be granite and iron.

No doubt, so long as the scoffers of peace, who sound the praises of war, are dominant, the silent, rigid, up-turned face will mark where passed the man of granite and iron; for war is the instrument by which the men of granite and iron decide the fate of nations.

But, you may talk of world powers, and the glories of battle; you may voice from the forum the wanton eulogies of strife; you may blot from your books the last note of every paean of peace and love, and yet, forever upon Calvary will appear the silent, up-turned face of One who died under the iron heel of the men of granite; died, without so much as lifting His almighty arm in His own defense; and in so dying, branded eternal infamy upon the hellish front of war. And over the crests of the centuries, wafted on airs of heaven, we hear the matchless words:

Except ye become as little children ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven. . . . Peace on earth, good will to men.

And when (God hasten the day!) the will of the common people—the multiplying hosts of Christian democracy—shall have wrenched the helm of human destiny from the crimson hands of self-seeking demagogues, then war shall end, and peace shall usher in the blessed reign of human fellowship and love, beautiful as the dreams of childhood.

EDWARD HOWELL PUTNAM.

The slave that is content is twice a slave, for not his body alone is in bondage, but his soul also.—C. V. Burke.

THE GREED OF A FEW A PERIL TO THE LIBERTIES OF THE MANY.

From the editorial columns of the Detroit Times of May 5, 1904.

We see in the near future a crisis approaching that unnerves us and causes us to tremble for the safety of our country.

As a result of the war, corporations have been enthroned, and an era of corruption in high places will follow, and the money-power of the country will endeavor to prolong its reign by working upon the prejudices of the people until all the wealth is aggregated in a few hands and the republic is destroyed.

We feel at this moment more anxiety for the safety of our country than ever before, even in the midst of war. God grant that our forebodings may be groundless.

Monarchy itself is sometimes hinted at as a refuge from the power of the people. In our present position, we could scarcely be justified were we to omit to raise a warning against the approach of returning despotism.

It is not needed or fitting here that a general argument should be made in favor of popular institutions; but there is one point with its connections, not so hackneyed as most others, to which we ask brief attention.

It is assumed that labor is available only in connection with capital; that nobody labors unless somebody else owning capital, somehow, by the use of it, induces him to labor.

Labor is prior to and independent of capital. Capital is only the fruit of labor and could not have existed if labor had not first existed.

Labor is the superior of capital and deserves much the higher consideration.

We bid the laboring people to beware of surrendering the power which they possess, and which, if surrendered, will surely be used to shut the door of advancement for such as they, and fix new disabilities and burdens upon them until all of liberty shall be lost.

In the early days of our race, the Almighty said to the first of mankind, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread," and since then, if we except the light and air of heaven, no good has been or can be enjoyed by us, without first having cost labor.

And inasmuch as most good things have been produced by labor, it follows that all such things belong of right to those whose labor has produced them.

But it has so happened, in all the ages of the world that some have la-

bored and others have, without labor, enjoyed a large portion of the fruits. This is wrong and should not continue.

To secure to each laborer the whole product of his labor, as nearly as possible, is a worthy object of any government.

It seems strange that any man should dare to ask a just God's assistance in wringing bread from the sweat of other men's faces.

This country, with its institutions, belongs to the people who inhabit it.

P. S. There is no doubt that this editorial is pretty fierce. Doubtless there are those among the solid, conservative "sane" element who will declare that it is actually "socialistic," since labor is declared to be the "superior of capital," and entitled to all of its product. The suggestion that the Republic is in danger of destruction if the concentration of wealth be permitted to go on a little longer, will also doubtless be regarded as the product of an overwrought imagination. In fact, this editorial contains so much "dangerous" doctrine and so many extravagant statements that we should not now print it were it not for the fact that it was written by Abraham Lincoln 40 years ago, forming part of his Message to Congress in 1864. In reprinting it we have changed the Lincoln "I's" and "my's" to "we's" and "our's," but otherwise it is word for word as Lincoln wrote it.

We trust this explanation will be considered sufficient justification for printing so incendiary an article.

POLITICAL ECONOMY.

By Louis F. Post. Written for and published in the first number of the magazine "Successward," of San Antonio, Tex., and reproduced here by permission of the editor-in-chief, E. G. Le Sturgeon.

"Economy" is a term which refers to the management of resources. It names the process of adapting appropriate means to desired ends.

We know something, for instance, of the "economy" of birds, of the "economy" of squirrels, of the "economy" of beavers. They adapt the means or resources at their command to the ends they desire—the satisfaction of their respective wants.

So with man. He adapts the means or resources at his command to the ends that he desires—the satisfaction of his wants.

In the case of a Robinson Crusoe, this process of adapting means to ends is wholly individual. It is in no sense