

those who love and look up to her for the comforts that make for the honor and glory of right living; the man to go out into the field and come in contact with Nature in her sublime moods and there learn that honesty of dealing which lives and lets others live, and the wage-earner to learn to love and respect the toll that God has put in his way? When this is achieved, the most perplexing social and economic problems of the age will be near solution; for all classes will be coming together, touching hands on that high plane of usefulness where, according to the old Egyptian concept, the great god Ra, when he walks in the two countries of the soul—the upper and the lower—will find all men brothers, and when Isis, mother of beauty and of all living things, will find her children giving their true name honestly, and not withholding it, having it written in shining letters on their foreheads,—and that name shall be "Labor," the glory of heaven and earth—Labor, the symbol of eternal happiness; for God so loved the world that he came in His divine human nature and taught us at the carpenter's bench in Galilee the most useful lesson that humanity will ever learn.

Ra, in the sun boat, rises from the East,
The labor of a day dawns in the sky;
Man lifts the sleeping body from the ground,
Life is renewed under the blazing eye.

The sounds of nature rise in melting waves,
The heart of man throbs pure and strong;
The sower seeks the fields of earth,
The maiden laughs at labor with a song.

The sun boat sinks again in western glow,
The laborer leaves his work for honest sleep;
Evening shadows like a blessing fall,
And the souls of men are in God's keep.
—F. Edwin Elwell, in Arena for October, 1903.

"Well, if England evacuates Egypt will you evacuate Manchuria?" they finally asked bluntly.

Russia coughed in a deprecating way. "Pulling up stakes is one thing in the soft alluvium of the Nile and quite another thing in the frozen soil of the Yalu," protested Russia.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Small Catherine spilled the ink over her mother's desk, the rug, the chairs, and her own apron. When her father returned at night, his little daughter met him at the door and asked: "How much does a bottle of ink cost?" "Oh, about five cents." "Five cents!" exclaimed the little girl, in a tone of deep disgust. "And just to think that mamma would make all that fuss about one little bottle of ink!"—Lippincott's.

BOOKS

THAT GREAT LYING CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

Morrison Davidson's latest book is aimed against the English church ("That Great Lying Church of England," F. R. Henderson, 26 Paternoster Sq., London; paper 1s., cloth 2s.) It is significant that in his attack he finds strong support from earnest members of that very church. One of the most devout and zealous clergymen of the American church which especially represents the English establishment recently said: "I hate the church." He said this in spite of the fact that he literally gives his life to the church.

Whence the paradox? Does it not lie in the fact that there are two churches? Is there not a church of the humble, the modest, the faithful and obscure workers, the sincere worshippers who hold to the things of the soul? Is there not, on the other hand, a church of the organization, the officials, bishops, elders, stewards, priests, a church that indulges in the limitations of all other earthly institutions?

History takes account of the latter. This is the church of the council, and of metaphysical dogmas. This is the church that holds conventions and elects dignitaries. This is the church that entered courts in the middle ages, and is loud in modern newspapers.

The other church has ever been silent. It is made up of simple, honest priests and ministers who go about doing good, and of humble members who love true religion, and find consolation in the communion of common prayer and worship.

One may easily hate the one and love the other.

Thus it is that "the best men in the church," as Mr. Davidson himself says, "are the readiest to admit and unavailingly to deplore" the painful shortcomings of the authoritative, institutional, official, governmental forces that stand for the church of Christ. These forces no more represent the real body of the church than the official governments of the world have represented the best thought and will of the humble masses. Not so much; for the loud and aggressive elements have less opposition in the churches than they have in ordinary political life, and they push themselves forward over humble ministers of the church who are busy about their Master's business, and care as little as possible for bishoprics and other orders.

The church would have been dead long ago if its life depended upon bishops, councils and its various official paraphernalia.

The official church has always been on the wrong side. As Mr. Davidson says: "It is impossible to name a single great reform, for a century or more, that has not been met by the episcopate and clergy with cynical indifference or deadly enmity." This state-

ment is painfully true with two amendments. He should have said, for all centuries; but as to the clergy, he should have modified it by saying, those who have made themselves heard. The trouble is that the humble are humble, and have allowed the ambitious to misrepresent the true spirit of the real church. So it has been since Constantine brought officialdom into Christianity, and so it is to-day.

If anyone wants to see a striking illustration of the two churches, let him read the life of Francis of Assisi, and mark the difference between the church which he loved and the church which adopted his work and killed it.

Mr. Davidson's book is a terrible attack, but the official church deserves it.
J. H. DILLARD.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

—Why I Am a Vegetarian, by J. Howard Moore, Purdy Publishing Co., Chicago, 25 cents.

—A Secular Anathema on Fakery in Business, Social and Professional Life, or Twentieth Century Conduct, by Charles Wallace Silver. E. B. Wright, Urbana, Ill., \$1.00.

—Concerning Human Carnivorism. By the Rev. J. Todd Ferrler. Paignton, Eng.: The Order of the Golden Age. Price, 38 cents, net. A series of essays against flesh-eating, in which the subject is treated with reference to history, science, economics, humanity and religion.

PERIODICALS.

It is a high compliment which the Nebraska Independent pays to single tax writers in its issue of December 31: "The editor of the Independent must confess that there is an unguarded place in his heart which the single taxers are always finding, and they do it with a grace and courtesy that come near disarming him." Some old philosopher long ago remarked that the surer the advocate was of his cause, the more courteous he could afford to be in presenting it.
J. H. D.

The following note, which comes from Kansas by way of the Springfield Republican, would have met the hearty approval of Herbert Spencer: "Miss — I wan yue 2 distinctly understand if I kepe susan ote of skul 2 help du the washenan skrubbin it is nun of yurs or the troont offers bisnes its me is runen mi kids and yue an the stalt of Kansas tend 2 yure owen bisnes, mrs —." Mrs. Blank is doubtless all unconscious of the fact that she and her

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