

parts. To ennoble citizenship by turning the criminal into a free and honest citizen.

And what of the nation?

Here, of course, democracy has many duties, but one seems to me supreme—to urge and insist upon a return to the nation's true path, to the development of our democratic system, abandoning this wretched experiment in imperialism into which the reactionary spirit dominating the latter years of the Nineteenth century has betrayed us. Democracy bids us make friends with all mankind; with all peoples in any event, with their rulers if we can. It bids us keep our sympathies always alert for freedom in any guise—as it was in the past with Greece, with Poland, with Hungary, with Italy; as it still is with Ireland; as it should be with Cuba and the Philippines. "This is a world of compensations," said Lincoln; "and he who would be no slave must consent to have no slave. Those who deny freedom to others deserve it not for themselves, and, under a just God, cannot long retain it."

"If we say we must postpone the question," wrote Mr. Gladstone about Ireland, "till the state of the country be more fit for it, I should answer that the least danger is in going forward at once. It is liberty alone which fits men for liberty."

It is democracy's task to turn the Fillipinos from subjects into friends. To help them and all other nations by the force of a great and glorious example, the example of a powerful nation loving liberty itself and insisting upon it always quietly but firmly for others; law abiding in the community of nations; peaceful and upright; protecting every weak people struggling for freedom; loving its neighbor as itself; and loving righteousness above all.

And if the democracy demands in the city, as a necessity in any business system, a strong executive head who shall have a pretty free hand in dealing with municipal affairs so long as he is responsible to the people; on the other hand it demands in the nation's executive a man willing and able to be bound by the restraints of the law. I for one, do not cry for a President who will "do things." I want one who will have the patience to spend sufficient time in determining the right thing to do, and the wisdom to delay when the right course is not yet clear. I want a man who can not only preach the beauty of holiness but whose conscience is in sufficiently good training to permit him at all times to follow his own preaching.

The Democratic party has, as I believe, still a sacred mission to perform, but it must gain success by deserving it. If genuine democracy—the rule of the people—is to be perfected the successive steps can only be gained by a party which believes firmly in itself and its cause.

THE LOST LEADER.

Just for a handful of silver he left us,
Just for a riband to stick in his coat—
Found the one gift of which fortune bereft us,
Lost all the others, she lets us devote;
They, with the gold to give, doled him out silver,
So much was theirs who so little allowed;
How all our copper had gone for his service!
Rags—were they purple, his heart had been proud!
We that had loved him so, followed him, honored him,
Lived in his mild and magnificent eye,
Learned his great language, caught his clear accents,
Made him our pattern to live and to die!
Shakespeare was of us, Milton was for us,
Burns, Shelley, were with us—they watch from their graves!
He alone breaks from the van and the freemen,
He alone sinks to the rear and the slaves!
We shall march prospering—not through his presence;
Songs may inspire us—not from his lyre;
Deeds will be done—while he boasts his quiescence,
Still bidding crouch whom the rest bade aspire.
Blot out his name, then, record one lost soul more,
One task more declined, one more foot-path untrod,
One more devil's triumph and sorrow for angels,
One wrong more to man, one more insult to God!
Life's night begins; let him never come back to us!
There would be doubt, hesitation and pain,
Forced praise on our part—the glimmer of twilight,
Never glad confident morning again!
Best fight on well, for we taught him—strike gallantly,
Menace our heart ere we master his own;
Then let him receive the new knowledge and wait us,
Pardoned in heaven, the first by the throne!

—Robert Browning.

Withers: Oh, yes, I guess Fettle is pretty well posted on turf matters, but he's not a safe man to take tips from; he's color blind.

Mame: Never heard that before,

Withers: It's so, just the same. He told me a dark horse was going to win,

and I put up all I had on a black mare; it was a white horse that came under the wire 'way ahead of all the others.—Boston Transcript.

BOOKS

A BOOK ABOUT ISALAH.

We have in our day many books about books. There is hardly a book that can be called a classic that has not been much bewritten during the past quarter of a century. It may be that we have got the habit of reading more about classics than we read the classics themselves. If this be true it is a pity; for, in spite of Mark Twain's saying—that classics are books we admire but do not read—it remains true that classics are books we ought to read. And when we do read a really great book not only do we admire it, but we have a feeling that only such books are worth reading. After such reading we are apt to form a resolution not to waste time on trifles, but to read only what bears the mark of approved reality and sincerity.

Evidently the best books about books are those that lead us to read the great originals. These great originals are not often easy reading. They are loaded with thought; they may be loaded with local and temporary allusions. They may require notes and expositions and commentaries. Thus it is that there may be a real need for a book that will not only lead us to the reading and study of the great original, but will help us to a clear understanding and appreciation of the master's thought and setting.

Rarely has there appeared a book about a book, which is in itself so great a book and at the same time so fully expository of its theme, as George Adam Smith's *Isalah* (A. C. Armstrong and Son, New York, 2 vols.). The first volume deals with the chapters through the thirty-ninth; the second volume deals with the chapters from the fortieth to the end—the second *Isalah* of the new criticism.

We have two great poems that go by the name of Homer. They are both wonderfully great, great in the knowledge of human hearts and in the description of life and action. There are men who have thought it worth while to spend their time in proving that there was one Homer, or that there were two Homers, or that there was no Homer at all. These men have their fun and get some pay for it; but they do not necessarily touch the real Homer. And the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* still live. A modern critic has proved that Paul's *Epistle to the Romans* is not by Paul, is not an *Epistle*, and was not addressed to the Romans; yet the sixteen great chapters still live. So there may be one *Isalah*, two *Isalahs*, a dozen *Isalahs*, or no *Isalah*, yet there

remains the great book called by that name. And whoever wishes to understand the thoughts and allusions contained in this book of Isaiah cannot do better than to read and ponder this commentary by the distinguished Scotch scholar and preacher, George Adam Smith. Whatever else may have been the thought of the prophets of Israel, there is no doubt that they were the great social reformers or preachers of reform in their day. This fact is abundantly developed in the present work, as a single illustration will show. This illustration will also show the author's happy methods of pointing to the universal and modern application of the prophet's themes. This is, indeed, the essential value of a genuine classic, that it is for all time and places—that its truths are universal; and it is the best service of a commentary like the present to show this universality of the truths presented in the original.

In dealing with two large volumes it is necessary to take a definite illustration, and in such a work on Isaiah the illustration that may naturally suggest itself is that of the land question. The book of Isaiah contains a number of classic expressions on this problem. "Isaiah," writes the author, "says nothing about the peculiar land laws of his people. He lays down principles, and these are principles valid in every civilization. God has made the land, not to feed the pride of the few, but the natural hunger of the many, and it is his will that the most be got out of a country's soil for the people of the country. Whatever be the system of land tenure—and while all are more or less liable to abuse, it is the duty of a people to agitate for that which will be least liable—if it is taken advantage of by individuals to satisfy their own cupidity, then God will take account of them." Again: "The land question is ultimately a religious question. For the management of their land the whole nation is responsible to God." And again: "Every civilized community develops sooner or later its land-question. . . . Isaiah has nothing to tell us of what he considers the best system of land tenure, but he enforces the principle that in the ease with which land may be absorbed by one person the natural covetousness of the human heart has a terrible opportunity for working ruin upon society. Woe unto them that join house to house, that lay field to field, till there be no room, and ye be made to dwell alone in the midst of the land." And again, speaking of such questions the author says: "Questions they are called by the superficial opinion that all difficulties may be overcome by the cleverness of men; yet problems through which there cries for remedy so vast a proportion of our poverty, crime and mad-

ness, are something worse than questions. They are huge sins, and require not merely the statesman's wit, but all the penitence and zeal of which a nation's conscience is capable. It is in this that the force of Isaiah's treatment lies."

So, with whatever subject this greatest of the Hebrew books may deal, this commentary treats it in a way that brings it home to modern thought. The author writes both freely and reverently. He is both scholar and preacher. He knows the learning of the critics, and retains his reverence for the book. Furthermore, he has historical insight, and can project himself into the life and times of the people. Best of all, he has spiritual insight, and can think the thoughts of the great prophet along the deep problems that affect individual and national life both in the present and in the future. He is thus a representative of the best type of critical interpretation—one who enters into and partakes of the great thoughts of his subject.

J. H. DILLARD.

READY MONEY.

This book, by George H. Knox (Des Moines, Ia.: Personal Help Publishing company), is at once one of the best and one of the worst to put into the hands of a young man. It is one of the best because it is genuinely stimulating to the sluggish or despairing; it is one of the worst because it carries the suggestion that what is commonly called success is the true goal of human life and that industry infallibly achieves it.

Without commenting on the low standard of success which alone the reader is apt to see in the book whether the author so intends or not, we venture a word about the impression which clearly is intended, that intelligent industry will certainly win success.

For the great majority who accept that doctrine, disappointment is sure to come. It is like assuring an athlete that he will certainly win the prize if he trains thoroughly and strives hard. It isn't true. Only when the competing athletes do not train thoroughly and strive hard can he surely win who does. What is true about it is this, that the athlete who trains thoroughly and strives hard will be the better athlete for it whether he wins the prize or not.

So it is in business, which, unhappily and unnaturally, is a struggle for prizes. He who trains and strives will be a better business man than if he does not, but there is no certainty that he will win any prizes. That will depend upon how well his competitors train and strive.

It may be that the author of "Ready Money" knows this; but if he does,

his false idea of optimism has prevented his making it clear to his readers.

NATIONAL ADMINISTRATION.

No comprehensive and systematic work on the administration of national affairs in the United States seems ever to have been published until the appearance this year of "The National Administration of the United States of America," by John A. Fairlie, Ph. D., assistant professor of administrative law at the University of Michigan (New York: The Macmillan Company). Noticing this neglect, Dr. Fairlie undertook to present a general survey of the whole field of national administration, wholly apart from any reference to the legislative and the judicial branches, except as they might be directly related to the executive. The real value of such a book can be determined only after considerable use; but the work appears to have been faithfully done.

Beginning with an exposition of the general and special administrative powers of the President this book proceeds to those of the Senate with reference to appointments and treaties, and of Congress through resolutions, statutes and impeachments. Continuing, it considers in succession the cabinet and its members, administrative organization, and the various departments and bureaus. Every subject is introduced with a paragraph of appropriate references.

The book is much more than a careful classification and explanation of administrative functions and powers. It rises almost to the level of a treatise. While serviceable for reference, it may also be strongly recommended as a text book for studying the executive structure of our national government.

A SOUL'S LOVE LETTER.

But for a formula of scientific socialism, thrust into a bit of prose poetry, with no appropriate background but as if the author knew it by heart without understanding it and couldn't resist the temptation to put it into print when the chance offered,—but for this literary incongruity, "A Soul's Love Letter" (Westwood, Mass.: The Ariel Press. Price, \$1.00) would be a delightful specimen of that most interesting of all essay writing, the essay which is kept alive with the pulsations of a story. It is the story of a poor farmer's daughter with aspirations; not so much a story of her experiences, although enough of these are told to keep her in touch with earth, as of her mental and moral development. The ample opportunities for reflective comment which such a story offers are not neglected, and many of the author's observations are well worth quoting; for example: "While I hope my father was right, I was in hell, but I didn't know; I didn't recognize the place because I thought blisters were only made