

lemonade, has proved most effective in drying up the smallpox pustules and causing them to fall away without a particle of pitting, while its administration has also greatly modified the severity of the disease.

The observations of the English scientist and the practical demonstration of the American physician suggest a method of attack that we believe will prove effective in controlling if not in entirely stamping out smallpox during the next few decades. Both aim at attacking the disease by eradicating the microbe with powerful germ destroyers; and, moreover, the procedure is strictly rational, scientific and in harmony with the best progressive thought of the age. Dr. Friedrich has done far more than deliver Cleveland from the scourge of smallpox; he has given the world one of the most important object lessons in the practical value of sanitation to be found in the history of modern science.

THEY WERE PACIFIED.

For The Public.

Away in the sea-girt islands
In the land of the rising sun,
Where the feathered songsters warble
From morn till the day is done,
Where the gorgeous tangled festoons
Of vine and bud and flower,
Drape all the land and the forest grand,
Where the graceful bamboos tower—
Fair Freedom came for a day to dwell
In that sweet enchanted bower.

She lifted aloft her banner;
She planted a Christian state;
And added it to the nations
To grow both strong and great—
A beacon light in the ocean blue,
At the heathen's very gate.
And the sore distressed, by Spain oppressed,
No longer for justice cried,
For their hungry hearts and their thirsty souls
By Freedom were pacified.

But from over the calm Pacific
The growl of the dogs of war
Was heard from the western free-land
By those sunny isles afar.
In the name of God and freedom,
And Christian charity,
They strewed the land—the invading band—
With the wrecks of liberty.
"Now yield to foreign sovereignty,
To Columbia free," they cried;
"For not till ye bow to the alien yoke,
Shall your land be pacified."

Then up arose God's freemen—
Sons of a dusky hue—
In defense of home and country,
In the might of manhood true.
From the gently flowing Pasig,
Creeping by Manila's wall,
And from Talarac's weeping willows,
To Malolos ere the fall,
From Calococan to the mountains
That rim in Laguna de Bay,
To the bosom of the forest
In the island of Panay,

Their lives they gave; but the crimson
wave
The oppressor ne'er satisfied.
To make of the land a wilderness,
Was the way they pacified.

And there went forth an edict
From the mighty man of war,
To burn the towns, and the people slay
On the island of Samar—
From the innocents of ten years old,
E'en to threescore years and ten.
And the west-land free, that would cause
the knee
Of a brother to bend, in pride
Proclaimed to the cruel waiting world
That the island was pacified.

Weep for the island's helpless—
The lame, the halt, the blind,
The new-born and the dying,
What succor could they find?
If from the burning dwellings
They were borne, 'twas but to meet
The flashing steel and the Mauser's peal,
In the glare of the burning street.
Stricken with awful terror,
In vain they for mercy cried,
By shot and shell, by fire and sword,
Weak and strong were pacified.

And just on the edge of the city,
In a fragile nipa cot,
Reposed the aged grandsire
And the grandam, dreaming not
Of the cruel fate awaiting
Ere they wake to sleep in death.
The morning broke amid flame and smoke,
And silently, side by side,
Two little mounds of ashes lay,
And old age was pacified.

Away from the burning city
A mother in wild despair
Fled, clasping her babe to her bosom,
While a bullet rankled there,
Till her life-blood stained its forehead
And matted its dusky hair.
Away from the burning city
She turned to the ocean strand,
And there at the lonely midnight
Sank down on the wet sea sand.
Then, with a cry of anguish
To the Christ who was crucified,
With a prayer for the babe on her bosom,
The mother was pacified.

And the babe on mother's bosom
Wailed through the livelong day—
Wept out its desolation,
Till the light had passed away.
Then, in the gloom and shadow,
Mid the sighs of the rising tide,
The babe on its mother's bosom,
By hunger was pacified.

Over the ruined landscape
Wild shouts on the stillness rise—
"Three cheers for the starry banner!
For Old Glory that proudly flies!"—
Over a subject people
In the isles of the eastern sea,
Where the brown man gave his life to save
For his children a country free.
But the Christos veiled with horror
His face in his mantle white,
And shuddering turned from the banner,
Where the beauteous stars of light,
Now set in a field of blood,
Had gone out in the clouds of night.
And the Nazarene's followers meek
Mocked at the crimson tide,
Nor heeded the crown of thorns
Nor gazed on the wounded side,
But waded in human gore
Till revenge was pacified.

Weep, O stricken Visayas!
Weep, sea-girt isles afar,

From the sun-kissed hills and the vine-
clad vales
Of Luzon to lone Samar.
Weep for the day when tyrants
With Christian charity
Marched through the land with an armed
band
To assimilate the free.
Not till the tears of ages
By our Father's hand are dried,
Will thy sons, denied their freedom,
Be finally pacified.

REBECCA J. TAYLOR.

An admirable life of our king has been issued by Religious Bits. It shows how by sheer perseverance our illustrious monarch worked his way up from being mere prince of Wales to his present exalted position. A more encouraging present for a child it would be difficult to imagine.—Punch.

BOOK NOTICES.

"COMMONWEALTH OR EMPIRE."

Very few living writers have a style so clear and interesting as Mr. Goldwin Smith, and he has never written anything clearer and more interesting than this little book of less than a hundred pages, "Commonwealth or Empire, a Bystander's View of the Question" (Macmillan). It has already been briefly noticed in these columns; but its timeliness, its calmness of judgment, its friendliness of criticism, its breadth of view, and its importance as a contribution to contemporary discussion, are such that no one who reads it and sympathizes with his, the author's evident purpose in writing the book, can fail to persist in wishing to extend the knowledge of it among intelligent readers.

No difficulty will be found in finishing the book after it is once begun, and anti-imperialists are to be congratulated upon adding to their bibliography a work of permanent literary value.

No one could possibly be found better fitted for preparing such a work than the author. He is not a citizen of the United States, yet he knows the history of the country as intimately as any man living. His political "History of the United States, 1492-1871," apart from any question of agreement with all his views, is an acknowledged masterpiece of historical summary.

His insight into the modern politics of the country is shown on the first page of the

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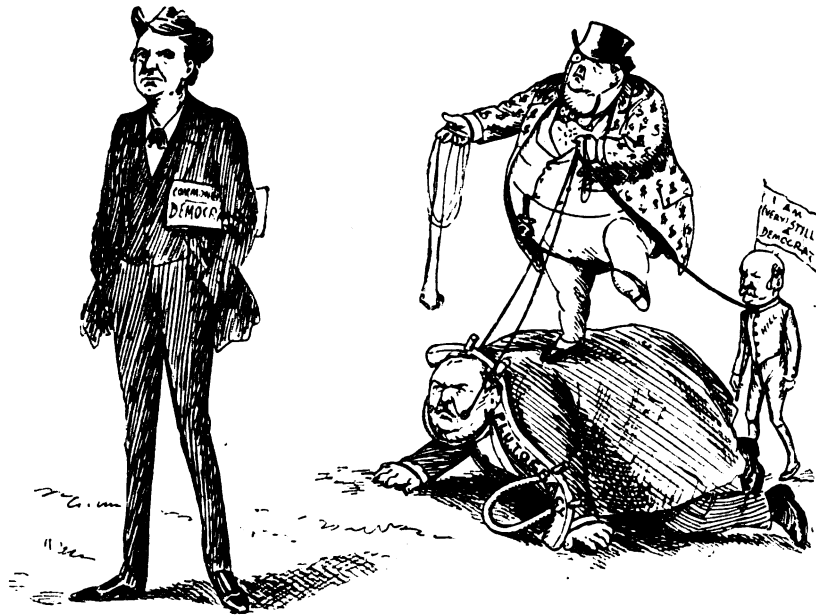
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“HARMONY.”

Cleveland—Come along, Bryan, let us “get together”!

present work, in his recognition of the fact that in the last presidential election the paramount issue—no matter what it was for this or that individual American voter—was, for the world at large, the question of commonwealth or empire. From the first page to the last, the reader will feel the genuineness of the author's good-will toward, and faith in, the “great experiment” of the American Union and many will agree that in writing this little book he has done a real service to the commonwealth in citing the dangers that now confront its preservation.

J. H. DILLARD.

Prof. Oscar Lovell Triggs, of the University of Chicago, has appropriately dedicated to Marguerite Warren Springer, in recognition of her devotion to the cause of industrial art, his “Chapters in the History of the Arts and Crafts Movement.” The book (published by the Bohemian Guild of the Industrial Art league of Chicago) is an inviting volume typographically, and comprises six chapters on art in labor. In one it describes Carlisle's relationship to the new industrialism; another tells of Ruskin's contribution to the doctrine of work; while a third has to do with Morris. Prof. Triggs' economic prophecy is that “voluntary cooperative individualism,” a phrase that is much easier to write than to interpret, “is the goal toward which “the whole world is now tending.” Prints of Julia M. Bracken's medallions of Carlisle, Ruskin and Morris are interleaved in the volume.

PERIODICALS.

The issue of the Church Standard (Philadelphia) for June 21 was a coronation number, containing a full reprint of the coronation service. The numerous Americans who are beginning more and more to delight in functions will find inspiring reading in all the sixteen sections. From section 1, where it is enjoined that “care be taken that the Ampulla be filled with oil and, together with the spoon, be laid upon the altar,” to section 16, where the archbishop kneels down before his majesty's knees, and the bishops, and the princes of the royal blood kneel down, and “they do their homage,” the service is one long procession of solemn ritual. Section 10 is especially rich: “Then the king arising, the armilla and imperial mantle or pall of cloth of gold, are by the master of robes delivered to the dean of West-

minster, and by him put upon the king, standing; the lord great chamberlain fastening the clasps; the king sits down, and then the orb with the cross is brought from the altar by the dean of Westminster, and delivered into the king's hand, by the archbishop,” etc. If any one falls to feel the awful grandeur, he may find the interpretation of the various functions in a leading editorial of the New York Churchman.—J. H. D.

The Atlantic Monthly for July has an entertaining article on “Certain Aspects of America,” which laments in pleasant style our spending all our energies and genuine passions upon industrialism. For religion, art, literature, poetry, social ideals, and political righteousness—though we say they are fine things—we have no real strength left, and our parade of them is a parade. “Phraseology is that form of art which we understand the best. We cling to a phrase made by one of our patriot fathers;” but, “It is like an ancestral chair in the parlor, not to be sat upon.” The author has two remedies to suggest, Contemplation and Discipline. What he says of Discipline is one of the most effective passages of magazine writing which we have seen in a long while. It may be doubted whether Discipline is just the word to embrace what he describes; but, whatever the word, it is something that our youths should get in schools and colleges, and do not get: “the spirit which calls nothing common . . . teaches us to keep distinct and separate the permanent and the transitory . . . teaches us that right and wrong are not matters of sentimentality . . . lies less in wooing success than in marriage to unsuccessful causes.” His eloquent appeal might well be taken to heart by those who have the training of the young; but to save civilization from its absorption in commercialism, to relieve men's minds from constant thoughts of materials and comforts of life, we shall have to go much deeper than our author suggests. Until we lay a better foundation of justice in the industrial world, and so make living easier for all there can be no sufficient release of minds from commercial stress to finer pursuits. J. H. D.

The Public

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