

Not novel is the theme; 'tis often told—
The story of this wonderful advance.
But one dark fact o'er shadows all the rest;
Before us one momentous problem looms.

For, while the sense of exultation thrills,
That, by the magic power of thought ap-
plied,

We draw from nature's treasures, for our
use,

Twice tenfold what our fathers' skill could
take;

While some by hundred millions count their
wealth;

While reveling splendor reigns in palace
homes;—

From foul and squalid haunts, stares pit-
eous wants;

Young children toll in crowded reeking
dens;

And men, grim-visaged, seek, and seek in
vain,

The old-time curse, now deemed a precious
boon—

A chance, by toll and sweat, to earn their
bread.

Whence come these cursed ill-begotten
twins,

This monstrous wealth, this monstrous
misery?

What law have we, in ignorance, trans-
gressed?

What baleful lie have we so long believed,
That, entering proud the twentieth century,

We do not yet forsake that fearful way
That blights, distorts and wrecks unnum-
bered lives?

Dost thou believe in God? Insult not Him.
Say not 'tis His ordaining, righteous will.

Ye magnates, who, by man's perverted law,
Absorb the wealth from others' toil de-
rived;

'Tis plainly pointed out, and clearly proved,
By sages, who have pondered long and
well,

What basic error throttles industry,
And robs and desecrates her while she
weeps.

If ye despise her teachings true and wise,
How shall ye answer for this ravening
fiend?

Think not to make your peace with man
and God,

By building schools of learning where the
truth,

That rises to convict you, is suppressed.

Ye legislators, with your truckling
schemes!

Your partial, purchased laws do but in-
crease,

Not lessen, ills at which ye claim to strike.
And thus 'twill ever be, till ye discern,
And strike the cause of causes of these ills.

Ye churches! may God bless your charity.
'Tis noblest of all human ministrles.

But saddest of all facts in human life,
Is this: the need of men for charity.

If justice could prevail, this need were
small.

Your missions and donations palliate,
But not excuse, your slighting of this truth.

Ye worship Him who died upon the cross,
Because He dared to strike at powerful
wrong.

How many, since that sacrifice sublime,
For like offense, have tasted bitter woe!

Beware, lest, like the Pharisees of old,
Ye crucify the messengers of truth.

The message that through nineteen cen-
turies rings,

Contains a meaning, deeper, grander far
Than aught the world has ever understood.

In this, the era of achievement vast,
As opens broad the twentieth century's
field,

May wisdom, justice, charity combine,
To heed, according to its blest intent,

Without which all our triumphs are in vain,
That message: "Peace on earth; good will
to men."

W. J. W.

CIVILIZATION.

Once upon a time some savages,
aspiring to be civilized and observing
with apprehension that the genius of
the Anglo-Saxon race was falling be-
hind in its schedule, resolved to do
the trick themselves.

Accordingly they massacred their
wives and children, burned their
homes and otherwise desolated their
country.

"But who," they now exclaimed, un-
easily, "is to exterminate us?"

The fact that they had not fore-
seen this obvious difficulty shows how
extremely simple they were. For of
course their last state was not sen-
sibly better than their first.—Detroit
Journal.

THE EXTRAVAGANCE OF THE
POOR.

For The Public.

A Bandit used to rob the peasantry,
so that when they began to starve,
they appealed to him for charity.

Said the Bandit: "I will give you
nothing; you are poor because you
are thriftless; my Associated Char-
ities inform me that you waste even
the bones of your meat."

"If you were industrious and hon-
est," said he (as he lifted a sheep),
"the country would be richer, and I
could make more. You waste your
goods, so that there is nothing to
steal, and then we all suffer hard
times."

"But, Sir," replied the Peasants,
"you yourself throw away even the ten-
derloins."

"I can afford it," said the Bandit,
"because I do not have to work for
my living; you Lower Classes would
better pray to heaven for prosperity,
instead of troubling me with your
preposterous discontent."

BOLTON HALL.

A PROPHECY.

In the Manchester (England) Guardian of
November 12 appeared a letter from Olive
Schreiner which was read before a meet-
ing of South African women. The letter de-
clared that England has lost her honor, and
predicts for her empire ruin and desolation.
The Boers, it asserts, will never rest until
they are an independent people. We take
this description of the letter and the fol-
lowing extract from it from the Chicago
Record.

The day is coming when England

will know what the price was of the life
of every South African she has taken.

There is not a beardless Boer boy
or an old man of 70 who has stained
with his blood the kopjes and dongas
of his native land but England would
have found it cheaper to buy his
life at the cost of a million of money.
When that day comes, and it will
come, when foreign troops, Russian,
French or German, are upon the soil
of England; when Englishmen gather
to defend Richmond Hill and Hamp-
stead Heath as we have gathered to
defend the hills and passes of our
native land; when the tramp of for-
eign soldiers is heard in the streets
of London and the ground is wet
at the Marble Arch and the Hyde
Park Corner with the blood of Eng-
lishmen—then when England drinks
the cup which to-day she presses at
our lips, then, in that day, let her
remember South Africa.

But England has lost more than
the lives of her own brave soldiers;
more than the confidence and affec-
tion of the Cape Colonists; more than
the alliance and friendship of the re-
publics. She has lost her honor.

That which South Africa has to
fear is the corrupting, corroding, en-
ervating power of wealth. While we,
the people of South Africa, hold by
the old, simple, brave ideals and man-
ners of life of the founders of the
South African race the future of
South Africa is assured. It is for
the women of South Africa to trans-
mit these ideals to their children.
Freedom first, and wealth, ease, lux-
ury last, if at all. Bathed in blood
and swathed in sorrow as South Afri-
ca is to-day, the time is yet coming
when the land will be the home of
an independent and strong nation.

DEMOCRACY IS THE CONSERVA-
TION OF ANCIENT RIGHTS.

What is Bryanism? In the sense
that Mr. Bryan is the originator of
any political movement the term is
a misnomer. He has never claimed
such a credit.

He is simply one individual among
many who, watching the trend of
events and mindful of the past his-
tory of the human race, see in the
present tendencies every danger
which has imperiled or subverted the
powerful nations which have arisen
and fallen in the ages behind us. His
progenitors have existed in nearly
every century, and in the truest
meaning of the word the principles
for which he is contending should
be denominated democracy. Not "old

line democracy," which consists in having cast a vote for James Buchanan. But that democracy which along down the centuries has been fighting great battles. That democracy which believes that powers of government are rightfully inherent in the people governed; that they do not require the giving and they should not be subject to the taking away; that the functions of government are not to be exploited for the interest of the few, but are to be exercised for the conservation of the interests of the many. It is opposed to that abuse of government which consists in the creation and maintenance of special privileges.

Now this democracy is very old. It is only the reiteration of it that is new. Jefferson was not its originator, nor did he borrow it from Rousseau, for it was enunciated a hundred years before Rousseau by Locke, and the century before Locke by Hooker. Indeed more than 23 centuries ago it was asserted by Aristotle that the only legitimate government is one based on the consent of the governed, and acting in the interest of the whole; that that is not legitimate which is based on the authority of a class and exercised in the interests of that class.

Under varying circumstances and changing environments the eternal struggle has proceeded. In England the king would never have voluntarily yielded Magna Charta. The spirit of democracy plucked it from the king. In France through terrible revolutions it has procured for the burdened people the relief which the royal court would have granted never. In Russia and in Germany it stands as a continual menace to despotism.

But in this country of ours democracy finds itself engaged in a different field. Here arbitrary power never has been enthroned. Our form of government began its existence with an explicit statement, made as strong as words could express, that sovereign powers rest rightfully, and inherently, and only, in the possession of the people. The declaration of independence is a document vitalized by this principle.

Thus democracy in America stands for the preservation of old institutions rather than the inauguration of new. It has been forced to admit by the political phases of the closing days of the century, that the establishment of a government of the people in America is not yet an assured fact, however fondly it has been

dreamed to be, but is yet really in an experimental stage. It is still possible for it to meet the fate which has terminated every similar attempt since governments began on earth.—Dr. J. A. DuBois, in Sauk Center (Minn.) Herald.

A CHRISTMAS LETTER TO THE PRESIDENT AND PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES.

Reprinted from City and State, Philadelphia.

"When the heart is broken, God enters and truth is realized; when peace reigns in the heart, truth is also perceived."

These are the two conditions under which man is permitted to touch the hem of the garment of that which no one can define. Under the commonplace conditions of daily life, when passion and petty ambition distort the mental view, the mind can reach only commonplace truths. The finer moral distinctions can only be realized under the strain and stress of profound sorrow, or else at the opposite pole of human emotion, when the heart and mind are at peace with God and the world.

It was not merely as a dramatic incident that the advent of the Greatest Embodiment of Truth was heralded by a message of peace and good will to man. The scene chosen for the announcement had also a meaning. It was to the shepherds "neath the stars and the silvery arc of the moon," enswathed in the peace-speaking night of the east, that the celestial messengers came. And it is at this same season of peace and good will, when the hearts of men, freed from the sterner things of daily life, are softened and drawn together, when all mankind is under the influence of the Prince of Peace—that I wish to make an appeal on behalf of our sorely stricken people.

I am convinced that if the American people only knew what is happening in the Philippines, the flag of truce would wave over every blood-stained field in our loved island home. But the martial spirit, as well as considerations of national pride and prestige, have dulled the ear of pity and compassion.

In this great land, wherein are enjoyed the blessings of liberty and abundance, there are those who would shrink from the mere idea of killing a fellow-being, yet who, under the influence of martial glory, do not realize that thousands of brave men and equally brave women are being slain by sword and starvation, in a conflict

which can only result in death to one people and withered laurels to the other.

Will we not do well to ask ourselves what is the cause of all this strife and suffering? What is the stumbling-block in the way of peace and reconciliation? I only know that the Filipino people are asking for that which the American people have enjoyed for more than a hundred years. What, then, are our differences? May it not be that "the all-transmuting truth may find affinities in things which are to us the very elements of war?"

At this season of peace I plead for peace. I plead on behalf of the wife and mother down whose cheeks are coursing the silent tears; on behalf of the maiden who has met with her first great sorrow; on behalf of the sad little faces, too young to realize what has happened, but who know that the one who occupied that vacant chair will never more return; on behalf of the patriots who, for good or ill, have laid down their lives for their country's cause; on behalf of the brave soldiers marching under both flags, and in the name and for the sake of Him, the Friend of the oppressed, who suffered unjust condemnation as a rebel against the Lord of Hosts, I plead for peace.

May this plea, written with the blood and tears of our people, reach the hearts of all who share the peace and good will of the Herald Angels' song on this last Christmas of the century.

SIXTO LOPEZ.

Bingham House, Philadelphia, 20th December.

WHY A MILITARY POST IS TO BE ESTABLISHED AT DES MOINES.

In the Chicago Chronicle of December 21 appeared the following special telegram from Des Moines, Ia., under date of December 20:

"Chairman Hull, of the house military affairs committee, wired the local committee to-day that Secretary Root has approved the selection of the Brisco-Denny farms, four miles from Des Moines, as the site for the new army post. The selection of this site is the result of a resolution by congress providing for a gift by the city of 400 acres of land."

What lies back of the establishment of a military post at Des Moines was well set forth by Mrs. Lona Ingham Robinson in an article published last spring in the Des Moines Leader, which we here reproduce in large part.

Just now, as Capt. J. A. T. Hull is wearing a nimbus of glory on account of the plum he has secured for Des Moines from the big military plum pudding in process of distribution, his communications to the press are of peculiar interest. The interview in the Leader of April 10 is especially remark-