

Deserves highest honors from heaven and man.
 Bethink ye of all the improvements in strife
 That lend such renown to the strenuous life!
 Great battles, so-called in my primitive days,
 Are but skirmishes now, and I turn with amaze
 From war toys that once passed for dangerous blades,
 To weapons that now hurl below to the shades
 Whole armies of men in magnificent crash.
 All praise to Herr Krupp! Is there angel would dash
 The crown from his brow? Let him enter and rest—
 His labors well done—in abodes of the blest."

So ended the War Saint. Then midway the throng,
 Was heard a soft voice, clear and sweet as a song.
 'Twas the Angel of Peace, with a dove on her breast,
 Asleep in the warmth of his balmy nest.
 "It ne'er will be thought," said this Angel so mild,
 "That passion, and carnage, and misery wild
 Can find a defense in my heart. I abhor
 The slaughter, the grief and the wreckage of war—
 All its harvest of death, and its embers and tears,
 And a blood trail that leads down the desolate years.
 Is a partner in guilt for this river of woe,
 Not the maker of arms that augment its flow?
 But, strangely to me, a new claim has been made,
 ('Tis echoed by churchmen in robes arrayed),
 That gunmakers now, with their missiles of death,
 Do the carnage check. The sirocco's breath
 Is held in leash by a sense of dread
 That fills the nations, and sends widespread
 So ominous fears of a wrath unchained,
 That Peace and its blessings are best attained.
 The menace of havoc impending all
 Keeps passion fettered; and, like a wall,
 The direful cannon frowns down to-day
 'Twixt Greed and Battle, while Peace holds sway.
 If years to come may this vintage show,
 (I fain would deal justly with friend and foe),
 Let the gunmaker's soul stay without the walls
 Till this claim can be proven or true or false."

Saint Peter arose on his trembling knees.
 "Are there others to speak?" He was ill at ease.
 In his troubled mien, and his anxious face
 Some saintly doubts it was plain to trace.
 "Are ye ready to vote? Shall we order the poll?
 What shall be done with the gunmaker's soul?"

Silence again, like a ghostly pall,
 Fell on the saints in that dazzling hall;
 Till over the throng in sepulchral tone,
 There rolled these words from a frozen zone:
 "Not yet, Saint Peter! Not yet the poll—

I would be heard on this gunmaker's soul!"
 'Twas the voice so deep, so cold, so thin,
 Of the gloomy Reaper who "gathers them in."

All knew his name and his sweep of power—
 This Angel with face "like an asphodel flower,"

His bony feet with nepenthe shod,
 As over the jasper aisles he trod.

"Ye know me well," said the Angel of Death,

As the words came borne on his icy breath,
 "Hated and feared by the sons of earth,
 Savage and sage, from the hour of birth.
 The King of Terrors they call me there;
 They link my summons with grim despair;
 And the tombs they build to their loved and dead.

Embalm my name as the name they dread.
 This hate is the burden of half their song;
 Poor, blinded souls! They do me wrong.
 Could they look in my heart they would find no trace

Of anger and wrath for the human race.
 They little dream of the tears I weep
 When I lay their babes and youth to sleep;
 When pestilence stalks, or when famine holds

Their millions clutched in its fatal folds.
 My heart is sore when floods sweep down,
 Or a hell-blast breaks from the crater's crown.

I would that all mortals might smile and live

Till withered age its own respite give,
 And I come to close their eyelids down—
 My painless rest their toll-earned crown.
 This may not be; under God's fixed reign,
 Disease and disaster are my domain.
 This yoke I bear. But my soul rebels
 At the man-made burden of shot and shells.
 One billion slain by the hand of war
 From the dawn of time—is the damning score.

And this my work? 'Tis a loathsome lie!
 I wield no weapons to make men die.
 For tortured mercy, in wrath I rise
 To hurl my protests from the skies!
 Doth our Sister of Peace beguile her heart
 With carnage checked by the gunman's art?

Vain, vain her dream of a balmy sleep
 When bristling ramparts the vigil keep;
 Hell shall be heaven, and north be south
 Ere Peace doves nest in the cannon's mouth!

Hear, then, Saint Peter, my prayer to thee:
 This gunmaker's soul I would take with me;

Day and night at my side to be.
 Close in my lead he shall follow fast,
 Where men go down in the wild war blast,
 To bend o'er the dying, to count the dead,
 To measure the tears for the fallen shed;
 Gaze on the desert of long, black fields,
 And the shell-torn homes that his life work yields.

I demand it is soul! It is mine I say,
 To have and to use till the Judgment Day!"

There came a hush as of Death's own spell,
 Till these words from the lips of St. Peter fell:

"Take thou yon soul! Till the day of doom,
 Age upon age, through the aisles of gloom,
 On the fens of death, let him stand by thee,
 Counting war's harvest on land and sea.
 The soul is thine till we ask it again."
 And there rose from the angels a loud Amen.

SAMUEL P. BUTLER.

Things do not go wrong of themselves; somebody pushes them.—Puck.

JOHNSON'S VIGOR UNABATED.

Whoever shall conclude that the result of the election in Ohio has shelved Tom Johnson is grievously in error. The statement that Johnson is responsible for the increased republican majority in the state is not confirmed by facts or the unprejudiced statements of impartial observers. Thus in the current issue of the Review of Reviews we find this conclusion:

Mr. Johnson carried his own city of Cleveland, but the Republicans rolled up tremendous majorities at Cincinnati, in the opposite corner of the State. This was due chiefly to the fact that John R. McLean—owner of the Cincinnati Enquirer, and Johnson's rival for Democratic control and political honors in Ohio—used his powerful influence and his great machine against the platform and the State ticket that Johnson had put in the field. Ohio went Republican by an average plurality of more than 80,000, this being a gain of 50 or 60 per cent. over the plurality of the last Presidential election. It must not be too readily assumed, however, that Mr. Johnson's powerful appeals for the taxation of the securities of railways and other corporations have not sown seed broadcast that will bear fruit in years to come. An intelligent and sincere private correspondent takes the grounds, (1) that in the city of Cleveland, where Mr. Johnson had stated his case very fully and completely, the Democratic vote showed a great increase over that of a year ago; (2) that but for the Cincinnati defection, Mr. Bigelow, who headed the Democratic ticket as candidate for secretary of state, would have shown gains everywhere over Kilbourne, who was last year the Democratic candidate for governor; (3) that in most counties visited by Johnson there were gains over the Kilbourne vote; and (4) that it takes time to educate the people on such subjects as taxation, but that Mr. Johnson has been encouraged to work more vigorously than ever for such reforms, and particularly for better city government in Cleveland.

The reforms which Mr. Johnson has attempted to bring about are necessary to the good government, not of Ohio alone, but of all other states, although the necessity for them may be more urgent in Ohio than elsewhere. The success which has attended Johnson and his associates proves conclusively that education of the people is the only prerequisite for success. Perseverance and steadfast devotion to right are fortunately characteristics of sincere reformers, and the outlook for the success of Johnson and the principles he stands for is the more optimistic. It was to be expected that he would suffer reverses. In all history where may the reformer be found who has not met with them, and, if he is made of the right stuff, has not triumphed in them? It is only a matter of time when Johnson will be the master of Ohio politics, and his reforms be incorporated into law.—Dubuque