

knew it, broke it, and am lost. Bid him to keep it, and be safe."

As Chief Justice Story said:

We stand the latest, and if we fall, probably the last experiment of self-government by the people.

Within the next few months it will be decided whether the people will preserve "what they themselves have created," or whether America "is to be added to the catalogue of republics, the inscription upon whose ruins is, 'They were, but they are not.'"

LIDA CALVERT OBENCHAIN.

WHAT PATRIOTISM DEMANDS.

We have sympathized with all oppressed peoples—with Ireland, Greece, Armenia, Cuba. To emancipate the slave we gladly sacrificed the lives of hundreds of thousands of our soldiers. And now the American soldier, who should never shoulder a gun except in a righteous cause, is sent 10,000 miles across the ocean to shoot men whose real crime is that they wish to be free, wish to govern themselves.

To say that they are unfit for freedom is to put forth the plea of the tyrant in all ages and everywhere. The enemies of liberty have never lacked for pretexts to justify their wrongs; but, in truth, at the root of all wars of conquest there lies lust for blood or for gold.

If the inhabitants of the Philippines came gladly to throw themselves into our arms, we should refuse to do more than counsel, guide and protect them until they form themselves into a stable and independent government. What then is to be thought of those who seem resolved either to rule or to exterminate them, believing probably that the only good Filipino is a dead Filipino?

The thought of ruling over subject peoples is repugnant to our deepest and noblest sentiments. It is part of our good fortune, of our providential position and mission in the world, that our country is vast enough and self-sufficient enough to make all desire for conquest an unholy and meaningless temptation. We have room for three or four hundred millions of human beings. If more are required, and we are true to ourselves, British America will come to us without there being need of firing a gun.

We have money enough already and our wealth is increasing rapidly. What we have to learn is how to live, how to distribute our money, how to take from it its mastery over us and make it our servant.

Commercial and manufacturing competition is becoming a struggle

for existence fiercer than that which makes nature red with ravin in tooth and claw. Whereas the tendency of true civilization and religion is to convert the struggle for life into co-operation for life, into work of all for all, that all may have those inner goods which make men wise, holy, beautiful and strong—whereas, this is the tendency of right civilization, our greed, our superstitious belief in money as the only true God and Saviour of men, hurries us on with increasing speed into all the venalities, dishonesties and corruptions, into all the tricks and trusts by which the people are disheartened and impoverished.

We are hypnotized by the glitter and glare, the pomp and circumstance of wealth, and are becoming incapable of a rational view of life. We have lost taste for simple things and simple ways. We flee from the country as from a desert, and find self-forgetfulness only amid the noise and rush of great cities, where high thought and pure affection are well-nigh impossible. How far we have drifted from that race of farmers who threw off the yoke of England and built the noble state; who believed that honor was better than money, freedom than luxury and display! Their plain democratic republic is no longer good enough for us.

We are becoming imperial. We must have mighty armies, and navies which shall encircle the earth to bring into subjection weak and unprotected savages and barbarians.

We are the victims of commercialism; we have caught the contagion of the insanity that the richest nations are the worthiest and most enduring. We have lost sight of the eternal principles that all freedom is enrooted in moral freedom, that riches are akin to fear and death, that by the soul only can a nation be great.

If we but have the courage to look steadfastly and to see things as they are, we shall easily perceive that our true work lies here, and not 10,000 miles away. We are the foremost bearers of the most precious treasures of the race. In the success of the experiment which we are making the hopes of all noble and generous souls for a higher life of mankind are centered. If we fail, the world fails; if we succeed we shall do more for the good of all men than if we conquered all the islands and continents. Our mission is to show that popular government on a vast scale is compatible with the best culture, the purest re-

ligion, the highest justice, and that it can permanently endure. In comparison with this what would be a thousand groups of Philippines? What the most brilliant career of imperial pomp and glory?—"Opportunity," by Bishop John L. Spaulding, of Peoria, Ill.

THE CHURCH AND THE WORLD. For The Public.

Extract from a sermon preached by the Rev Quincy Ewing, in St. James Episcopal church, Greenville, Miss., from the text: "Be not conformed to this age," etc.

The apostle's advice was not superfluous, was no platitude, 18 centuries ago; it was needed, then, for the strengthening of tempting, struggling, Christ-led human souls, and it has spoken to the deeper need, it has appealed to the eternal heart-yearning, of every generation since.

For, my friends, no age has dawned upon earth since St. Paul wrote his epistle to the Romans that any Christian could conform himself to and yet remain a Christian. It is simply flattery of the centuries past and the century present to call them Christian. There has never been a Christian century, or one Christian day, in any land since the Gospel was taught from Olivet and from Calvary. There has never been a time when the strong, sure voice of some apostle was not needed to say to the men and women of it: "Be ye not conformed to this time, but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God!"

The Gospel of Jesus—it has been through all the centuries a steady, white, unique light, blazing upon the highest mountain top of human aspiration; and steadily has it been seen by the eyes of the noblest of the race, and steadily approached by their upward-climbing feet; but there have been lesser low lights innumerable, shining, and flickering, and sputtering, here and there, in the wide valley of human desire, and human passion, and human weakness, and these have lighted the level pathways of most men and women in every age. Always the spirit of the time has attacked and overpowered and undone the Christianity of most Christians, by subtly, gradually, indirectly, conforming them to its less than Christly vision, its less than Christly aim.

It were perhaps an excess of optimism, or lack of true spiritual perception, which should lead us to declare that in our age the apostle's appeal has lost aught of its original timeliness.

The church, which scarcely existed as an organized institution in St. Paul's time, and in its feeble strength was joined in bitter battle for existence with the black army of paganism—the church we know now as a mighty, recognized factor in the thought and life of the race; and, because this is so, we are likely to imagine that the spirit of the age in which we live, the age in which the church plays so notable a part, is necessarily the spirit of Christ. The church, and that portion of the world outside the church, we are accustomed to think of as opposites; we contrast the one with the other, and imagine that the Christ-ideal, already dominant—as we say—by reason of the church's work and influence, will be everywhere fully accepted, and everywhere entirely loved, as that work is continued and extended; as, day by day, that territory, that province, is claimed and possessed by the church, where formerly was planted the standard of the world.

So we think and say. But we forget that, while the church is engaged in conquering the world, the world may be engaged in conquering the church. We forget that, while the church's ideal may be felt as an upward-lifting force in the world, the world's ideal may be acting as a downward-pulling force in the church. We forget that the spirit of the world, the unchristly spirit, is not a thing passive and quiescent, while the spirit of the church acts and works—nay, but is at all times itself active, aggressive, militant—changing its tactics, revising its strategy, from age to age, from day to day; adopting this method when that fails, fighting here when defeated there; making never in our time any open, direct, foolhardy attack, attempting to destroy the church from without; but employing all its energy, concentrating all its forces in the steady, silent, unceasing effort to destroy the church from within; to destroy it, by lowering its moral and spiritual standard to a depth where it reflects no light from the face of the Living God; to destroy it from within, by joining with it in the soulless worship of a fictitious Christ, after the real Christ has been driven from its sanctuaries!

As the Great Master struggled in the grappling embrace of His supreme foe when He was tempted to possess the world by becoming Himself worldly—by unchristing his Christliness—so the supreme temptation of the church is now, and has ever been, to possess the world by adopting for itself the kind of Christ that the world approves of and is willing to accept, rather than

by grimly struggling and battling for the recognition of its own high Christ on the part of the world unwilling!

Is there no black shadow of paganism hovering about us and threatening the existence of our Christian life by paganizing its sentiments and its aims? Do we—who could find our places in these pews, or at altar rail, blind-folded—do we hold fresh in memory no sound of any voice bidding us reach and take and possess the perishable blessings of worldly well-being, on condition that we stoop and pay with the worship of an eternal soul? And is conscience clean of all memory that we accepted the condition and fulfilled it? Are we, by the white purity of our purposes, the pure whiteness of our endeavors, making it impossible for the world not to behold the Great Christ resurrected, lifted up, in us?—or are we eager to follow the world's standards, to win the world's provinces, willing to wear its stains to reap its rewards—making it quite possible for the world to believe of Him we name and bend the knee to, that He was lowered from His cross, long ago, and laid away, and never lifted up, never resurrected, in the hearts of His followers? Are we, in brief, fighting Christ's battle for Him and with Him, and conquering though we seem to fail, by declining to compromise His ideal? or are we fighting our own small battles—and failing though we seem to conquer—by dwarfing our Christian discipleship to so poor and pitiful a stature, that no worldly eye needs to look at it, and measure it, by looking up?

PEACE.

Written on reading the noble address of Charles M. Sturgis on "Hast Thou Killed and Also Taken Possession?"

O Christ, who didst bestow thy gift of peace,
Sweet offspring of thine own eternal love,
And bid the blasting curse of war to cease,
That earth might mirror forth thy heaven above;
Grant, that our country, guardian of the free,
No more may wander from thy holy sight
To rob and murder by the eastern sea
The races that look up to us for light!
Grant, that thy church may not condone the crime,
Nor gloss with specious words this act of sin;
But, rising in her majesty sublime,
O'er hate and strife a glorious victory win;
That peace may be our heritage once more,
And liberty our song from shore to shore!
—John Anketell, Presbyterian of the Diocese of New York, in Springfield Republican.

"'Oh, for a lodge in some vast wilderness!'" sighed a weary listener during a great speech at the mass meeting.

But the speech was not shortened on his account, for sometimes it takes more than a mere expressed wish to make Henry Cabot accommodating.

I, as a Catholic, lest there should be any mistake, a Roman Catholic, who lived in Ireland until I was a man big, and understand all about landlords, the glebe lands, and the established church, I don't want to see my church going into the landlord business in the Philippines or anywhere else under the protection of the American flag.—Capt. Patrick O'Farrell, of Washington, at Cooper Union, New York.

Jimmy—I hear yer an uncle, Billy?
Billy—I'm two—it wuz twins!

Hays—I thought you told me that Castic, the canning factory man, was in favor of Bryan?"

Flowers—I did.

Hays—But you must be mistaken. All his products are labeled: "The Real McKinley Brand."

Flowers—Do you know what his products are?

Hays—No.

Flowers—Boneless cod fish and chicken.

BOOK NOTICES.

When a famous British visitor to this country was asked to summarize the vital difference between his people and ours, he said that the English had got their rights one by one, with great difficulty, and were jealous of them all, whereas the Americans had got theirs in a lump, and were letting them go one by one. This is the keynote of Orlando J. Smith's "The Coming Democracy" (New York: The Brandur company), for at page 32 he says: "The history of England for the century is a story of the curtailment or of the abolition of privilege; the recent history of America is a record of the growth of privilege." By England, however, Mr. Smith means "the England which recognizes the dignity, freedom and sovereignty of its own people—democratic England," and not imperial England. These reverse changes are accounted for by the differences in the constitutions of the two countries. The founders of the American government, to forbid retrogression, framed a constitution which forbids progress and obstructs popular action. But in England the popular mandate is absolutely and immediately effective. Mr. Smith's specific remedy for the apparent failure of democracy in the United States, caused by our past-iron constitution, is what he calls the "free man's ballot"—a system of proportional representation which seems to have over other proportional systems the advantage of great simplicity. His ideal is a government in