

onstrate his worth and his love was to "succeed," pile up money, to give her all the luxuries she might crave. And all the while that wasn't what she wanted at all. What she wanted was the man himself. He was giving himself to business. . . . What he did other men by the hundreds of thousands are doing as insanely, as insensately. They work and work and work, originally of course, to benefit those they love, but gradually those they love become subordinate to the work itself. They become perverted in their objects. They miss the real values in work. They become victims of the fixed idea, and, therefore, as truly insane as if they thought themselves fried eggs who couldn't sit down except upon a piece of toast. Their devotion to work becomes a vice just as prudence becomes avarice and material success dismalest failure. . . . Their dread is to be poor. They place poverty at a figure which to the poor is wealth. They forget that not failure but low aim is crime. They wear out their own hearts and those of all who are dear to them. They make wastrels of their sons, and of their daughters they make the dower-bringers for the pensioning of the mistresses of foreign lordlings. They crush everyone in their path, and when they try to give charity the multitude spits upon their gifts. They are failures in their utter destruction of their finer selves, in their deliberate incapacitation of themselves for the enjoyment of ideals. They become wearied, satiated with materialism, yet can turn to nothing else. They become tied to the corpses of their successes. They lose the power to love anything or anybody. They can't even love their work.

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#### The Church's Neglected Field.

New Church Messenger (rel.), July 21.—The necessity for individual righteousness has been recognized by the church since the beginning, and will never cease to occupy an important place in the teaching of the church. It is all important. But the doctrine of the grand man is a new doctrine. It is not only necessary to teach individual or personal righteousness now, but righteousness in the larger and largest man. We have a duty—"a moral obligation"—to fulfill as parts of a larger body—the city—as well as those still larger bodies—the State, the country, the world. Each of these has its own individual sins. Dishonesty in a man is an individual sin, graft in the city government is a municipal sin, corruption in the State government a State sin, and in the national government a national sin, and war is an international sin.

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Progress towards civilization owes its triumphs to the recognition of the principle that moral causes determine the standing and falling of nations no less than of individuals; that the spirit of Machiavelli is as disastrous in international as in domestic affairs; that the end of statesmanship is to raise the standard of political and international conduct to the level which obtains in private relations. "The principle of true politics," said our greatest political teacher, Burke, "are those of morality enlarged, and I neither now do, nor ever will, admit of any other."—G. P. Gooch, in "The Heart of the Empire."

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## RELATED THINGS

### CONTRIBUTIONS AND REPRINT

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#### "DEATH HAS NO PART IN HIM ANY MORE."

Algernon Charles Swinburne, in "Super Flumina Babylonis."

Unto each man his handiwork, unto each his crown,  
The just Fate gives;  
Whoso takes the world's life on him and his own  
lays down,  
He, dying so, lives.

Whoso bears the whole heaviness of the wronged  
world's weight  
And puts it by,  
It is well with him suffering, though he face man's  
fate;  
How should he die?

Seeing death has no part in him any more, no  
power  
Upon his head;  
He has bought his eternity with a little hour,  
And is not dead.

For an hour, if ye look for him, he is no more  
found—  
For one hour's space;  
Then ye lift up your eyes to him and behold him  
crowned,  
A deathless face.

On the mountains of memory, by the world's well-  
springs,  
In all men's eyes,  
Where the light of the life of him is on all past  
things,  
Death only dies.

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#### THE MEANING OF LIFE.

From the Concluding Chapter of "Progress and Poverty," by Henry George.

The truth that I have tried to make clear will not find easy acceptance. If that could be, it would have been accepted long ago. If that could be, it would never have been obscured. But it will find friends—those who will toil for it; suffer for it; if need be, die for it. This is the power of Truth.

Will it at length prevail? Ultimately, yes. But in our own times, or in times of which any memory of us remains, who shall say?

For the man who, seeing the want and misery, the ignorance and brutishness caused by unjust social institutions, sets himself, in so far as he has strength, to right them, there is disappointment and bitterness. So it has been of old time. So it is even now. But the bitterest thought—and it sometimes comes to the best and bravest—is that

of the hopelessness of the effort, the futility of the sacrifice. To how few of those who sow the seed is it given to see it grow, or even with certainty to know that it will grow.

Let us not disguise it. Over and over again has the standard of Truth and Justice been raised in this world. Over and over again has it been trampled down—oftentimes in blood. If they are weak forces that are opposed to Truth, how should Error so long prevail? If Justice has but to raise her head to have Injustice flee before her, how should the wail of the oppressed so long go up?

But for those who see Truth and would follow her; for those who recognize Justice and would stand for her, success is not the only thing. Success! Why, Falsehood has often that to give; and Injustice often has that to give. Must not Truth and Justice have something to give that is their own by proper right—theirs in essence, and not by accident?

That they have, and that here and now, every one who has felt their exaltation knows. But sometimes the clouds sweep down. It is sad, sad reading, the lives of the men who would have done something for their fellows. To Socrates they gave the hemlock; Gracchus they killed with sticks and stones; and One, greatest and purest of all, they crucified. These seem but types. Today Russian prisons are full, and in long processions, men and women, who, but for high-minded patriotism, might have lived in ease and luxury, move in chains toward the death-in-life of Siberia. And in penury and want, in neglect and contempt, destitute even of the sympathy that would have been so sweet, how many in every country have closed their eyes? This we see.

*But do we see it all? . . .*

The great fact which Science in all her branches shows is the universality of law. Wherever he can trace it, whether in the fall of an apple or in the revolution of binary suns, the astronomer sees the working of the same law, which operates in the minutest divisions in which we may distinguish space, as it does in the immeasurable distances with which his science deals. Out of that which lies beyond his telescope comes a moving body and again it disappears. So far as he can trace its course the law is ignored. Does he say that this is an exception? On the contrary, he says that this is merely a part of its orbit that he has seen; that beyond the reach of his telescope the law holds good. He makes his calculations, and after centuries they are proved.

Now, if we trace out the laws which govern human life in society, we find that in the largest as in the smallest community, they are the same. We find that what seem at first sight like divergences and exceptions are but manifestations of the same principles. And we find that everywhere we can trace it, the social law runs into and conforms with the moral law; that in the life of a

community, justice infallibly brings its reward and injustice its punishment. But this we cannot see in individual life. If we look merely at individual life we cannot see that the laws of the universe have the slightest relation to good or bad, to right or wrong, to just or unjust. Shall we then say that the law which is manifest in social life is not true of individual life? It is not scientific to say so. We would not say so in reference to anything else. Shall we not rather say this simply proves that we do not see the whole of individual life? . . .

In life, as we are cognizant of it, mental development can go but a little way. The mind hardly begins to awake ere the bodily powers decline—it but becomes dimly conscious of the vast fields before it, but begins to learn and use its strength, to recognize relations and extend its sympathies, when, with the death of the body, it passes away. Unless there is something more, there seems here a break, a failure. Whether it be a Humboldt or a Herschel, a Moses who looks from Pisgah, a Joshua who leads the host, or one of those sweet and patient souls who in narrow circles live radiant lives, there seems, if mind and character here developed can go no further, a purposelessness inconsistent with what we can see of the linked sequence of the universe. . . .

What then is the meaning of life—of life absolutely and inevitably bounded by death? To me it seems intelligible only as the avenue and vestibule to another life. And its facts seem explainable only upon a theory which cannot be expressed but in myth and symbol, and which, everywhere and at all times, the myths and symbols in which men have tried to portray their deepest perceptions do in some form express.

The scriptures of the men who have been and gone—the Bibles, the Zend Avestas, the Vedas, the Dhammapadas, and the Korans; the esoteric doctrines of old philosophies, the inner meaning of grotesque religions, the dogmatic constitutions of Ecumenical Councils, the preachings of Foxes, and Wesleys, and Savonarolas, the traditions of red Indians, and beliefs of black savages, have a heart and core in which they agree—a something which seems like the variously distorted apprehensions of a primary truth. And out of the chain of thought we have been following there seems vaguely to rise a glimpse of what they vaguely saw—a shadowy gleam of ultimate relations, the endeavor to express which inevitably falls into type and allegory. A garden in which are set the trees of good and evil. A vineyard in which there is the Master's work to do. A passage—from life behind to life beyond. A trial and a struggle, of which we cannot see the end.

Look around today.

Lo! here, now, in our civilized society, the old allegories yet have a meaning, the old myths are still true. Into the Valley of the Shadow of Death

yet often leads the path of duty, through the streets of Vanity Fair walk Christian and Faithful, and on Greatheart's armor ring the clanging blows. Ormuzd still fights with Ahriman—the Prince of Light with the Powers of Darkness. He who will hear, to him the clarions of the battle call.

How they call, and call, and call, till the heart swells that hears them! Strong soul and high endeavor, the world needs them now. Beauty still lies imprisoned, and iron wheels go over the good and true and beautiful that might spring from human lives.

And they who fight with Ormuzd, though they may not know each other—somewhere, sometime, will the muster roll be called.

Though Truth and Right seem often overborne, we may not see it all. How can we see it all? All that is passing, even here, we cannot tell. The vibrations of matter which give the sensations of light and color become to us indistinguishable when they pass a certain point. It is only within a like range that we have cognizance of sounds. Even animals have senses which we have not. And, here? Compared with the solar system our earth is but an indistinguishable speck; and the solar system itself shrivels into nothingness when gauged with the star depths. Shall we say that what passes from *our* sight passes into oblivion? No; not into oblivion. Far, far beyond our ken the eternal laws must hold their sway.

The hope that rises is the heart of all religions! The poets have sung it, the seers have told it, and in its deepest pulses the heart of man throbs responsive to its truth.

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## JUDGE MAGUIRE'S MEMORIES OF HENRY GEORGE.

James G. Maguire, of San Francisco, in the San Francisco Star of August 21, 1909.

I first met Henry George in the Spring of 1873 and became attracted to him by reason of his masterly exposition, in his pamphlet, "Our Land and Land Policy," of the fraudulent methods by which the public lands of our country had been diverted from the people to the speculators, an evil of that period from the ruinous effects of which my immediate family had then recently suffered severely.

At our first meeting I told him that I had read and admired his pamphlet; and, at that time and for two years afterwards, I really thought that I had read it. I had, in fact, read "Part I" (the historical part) only and had merely glanced at the theoretical part, in which Mr. George had suggested his idea of a remedy for land monopoly.

I was elected to the Legislature in 1875 and Mr. George suggested that something might be done, at the then approaching session, to force *our theory* upon the attention of the public.

I was very much embarrassed because I had not

the slightest idea as to what "our theory" was, and was obliged to admit that, although I could almost repeat the first part from memory, I had never considered "Part II" of the pamphlet worth reading.

Mr. George considered my explanation quite reasonable and freely admitted that a young man who was reading John Stuart Mill's "Political Economy" might well consider a dissertation from Harry George, the printer, on the same subject, not worth reading.

I then read his theory and it filled me with horror. It seemed to me to be a most wicked scheme of spoliation. I so informed him and declined to study or discuss the matter until after the adjournment of the legislature; but I promised to give him a full opportunity to discuss the matter then; although this promise was not due to any interest which I felt in the theory, but solely to my friendly interest in the man.

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He held me to my promise and, as a result, we had our interviews, in the little California Market Grill. One of his answers impressed me so forcibly at that time and so constantly since that time, that it should be repeated.

After I had admitted that land monopoly is a violation of the natural rights of man and that it would be eradicated by taking its economic rental value for public uses, I objected to the arbitrary disturbance of the vested rights to privately appropriate such values, which had been so long recognized.

He replied with the question: "How long do you think this world is going to last?" and added: "Do you think that mankind should continue to suffer this great wrong, through all the future ages of the world, simply because, through ignorance, it has been permitted to exist during the lives of a few generations of men?"

Of course the thought was intolerable and all that remained was the acceptance of his remedy or the suggestion of a better one. No better remedy—indeed, no other remedy—has ever been suggested and, from that day to the present, I have remained a firm believer in the single tax theory.

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Then, as now, there were really great and good men who were wasting their time and energies in efforts to unearth land frauds and to have the fraudulently appropriated lands restored to the public domain so that they might be distributed among the people by honest sales, rushes and lotteries. We were once invited to a conference of public-spirited citizens, on that subject. Mr. George commended the movement in so far as it was intended to curb the avarice or punish the crimes of the land-grabbers; "but," he said (in substance):

"We have no real interest in such a movement.