

these seemingly empty rewards are comparable, and nothing so beautiful as the hidden faith which drives its possessor persistently to desire them.

We have spoken of this church as one whose membership includes all humanity; in this sense it is indeed great; but in its more intimate aspect it is always a "little" church, for no man knoweth, or can know, that any besides him is worshipping at its secret shrine. Only in rare instances does the stuff of souls, transcending speech, pass silently from one to another, proclaiming that another breaks the sacramental bread and drinks the ghostly wine of The Little Church of those that Stumble and Rise.

* * *

THE FATE OF CIVILIZATIONS.

From an Article by E. W. Grabill, of the University of South Dakota, in Plain Talk, Vermillion, South Dakota, for January 14.

It is evident that we are on the verge of momentous decisions affecting our economic organization—decisions perhaps resulting in changes of tendency which may ultimately affect the very character and fabric of our industrial and social order. If this is true, our consideration of these subjects should be earnest, unprejudiced by partisan or business affiliation, and fearless. The good surgeon does not shrink from a necessary operation because it may pain the patient, while he will refuse to operate without due reason.

Now, the present organization of society is not one which is the outcome of any human theory which was invented previously to its beginning. It rather grew from very simple beginnings to what it now is. Nor did it grow unobstructedly or continuously along any certain lines. During the few thousand years of which we have any record, the process of social growth has been irregular and spasmodic in a marked degree. Many civilizations which had apparently reached a position of surpassing excellence and of impregnable stability have been overthrown and ground into dust by comparative barbarians in such a manner as to show that they were not really virile, but unsuspectedly and internally diseased. Such were Babylon, Egypt, Rome. Others, like China, existed for thousands of years unprogressive. Nowhere has there ever existed, previous to this of ours, a continuously progressive, prosperous and free civilization.

Our civilization is recent, indeed. It can only be reckoned, at best, from the downfall of the Roman Empire, though the seeds of it were no doubt planted earlier, with the Christian era. If we only go back a thousand years, we shall have to include within our history the disintegration of several great empires. Yet, young as we are, there are already obtrusively apparent the symptoms of the internal disease which undermined

the constitution of Rome. The same contrast of abject poverty and imperial riches, the same great estates, which historians say destroyed the elder civilization. These conditions are less apparent in America than in Europe. They are far less so in South Dakota, one of the youngest of States, whose wealth is greater per capita, and more evenly distributed than that of any other State in the Union. But that they are approaching, and rapidly, the many facts noted by magazine writers, statesmen, economists and political parties, bear most eloquent witness. That we in America, notwithstanding our unparalleled advances in invention, the mechanical arts and commerce, are already sounding the depths of contrast between the richest and the poorest, does not admit of argument. That the next generation, at least, of the fabulously rich, can be and probably will be altogether unproductive and idle, while many of the very poor are energetic if not efficient producers, is equally evident. It is logically impossible for some to have more than they earn without others having less than they earn. If we have a state of things whereby these inequalities are increasing, it must be due to injustice somewhere. If the injustice is not remedied, the mass of our population will eventually reach a condition parallel to that of the European lower classes, and all our energy and invention will not prevent it. That our civilization would eventually meet the fate of all others which have gone before is the final probability.

* * *

THE WORLD'S EASTER.

For The Public.

I sing the World's true Resurrection morn!
 The day-break greets the waiting, prescient eye;
 Its glory lights the cloudy, murky sky.
 The fogs and mists of superstition, fear,
 Dispelled by Easter sun-light, disappear.
 The World's great Soul awakes—the newly-born.
 In deathless sleep for ages hath it lain,
 In fetters—yet with dreams of anguish, pain.
 It struggles—rises! Lo, 'tis coming forth
 From crypt and labyrinth where bound it lay;
 Shrouded no more, in all its native worth
 Rejoicing in its glorious Easter-Day!
 It speaks, and o'er the universe is heard
 Its song triumphant, till all hearts are stirred:
 "Child of creation's King, behold, I stand,
 All good. My birthright claim I at His Hand!"

SARAH MARTYN WRIGHT.

* * *

The Bishop approached the Governor. "You have no more right to rent these mountains than to rent yonder sea," he said, and he stretched his arm toward the broad, blue line to the west. "They belong to God and to the poor. Let me warn you, sir, that as sure as you set up one stone to enclose these true God's acres, I shall be the first to pull that store down."—"The Deemster: A Tale of the Isle of Man," by Hall Calne.