

CHAPTER XIII.

THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN.

THE great increase in the number of organizations and associations of all sorts that have gotten together during the last twenty years is very significant. Men in vast numbers are becoming convinced of the failure and folly of competition, and are beginning to realize that their normal condition is one of association.

The race may be said to be groaning in travail in the effort to realize relationships to one another, in the effort to comprehend the purposes of our being, and to understand what is a self-evident fact to every thoughtful person,— the imperishable fact of our universal brotherhood.

In the earlier history of this country, social ties were weaker than they are to-day. Society was less complex, less interdependent. Every little community in the woods planted its own wheat, and sawed its own lumber, and had little to do with the rest of the world. The functions of government were minimized, and the spirit of independence overpowered the spirit of co-operation. So long as the doors of the Great West were wide open there was not so much need of an organized social system; but to-day, without organization, our civilization would become an anarchistic brawl. We are none of us separate creatures any longer. We are fractions, and the unit is the nation. The co-operative forces have for a long time been operating without our notice, but they are now being recognized as the only hope and salvation of the world.

In the words of Washington Gladden:

There has always been a great deal of competition in the world, but there has always been some good measure of co-operation also. Men have been striving with one another for certain ends, and they have also been combining with one another for certain ends; their contests divided them, but their mutual interest united them; the repulsions of self-interest have been balanced, and often over-balanced, by the attractions of sympathy and good-will. Men compete in their business relations; on the streets their rivalries, even if honest and fair, are sharp and incessant; each is trying to get the lion's share. But they come together in the neighborhood, in the school, in the church, in the secret fraternity, in the literary fraternity, in the literary or musical society, in the political party, and in other associations where their interests are no longer divergent, but common, where the good of each is seen to be the good of all, where they find their profit in combining; and thus they learn to think of one another and to care for one another, and the social sentiments and activities are healthily developed. The co-operative principle and habit are really the cement of society; competition develops individual powers; co-operation develops social relations. As society advances from barbarism to civilization, men compete less and co-operate more. The principle of competition is the law of the survival of the fittest; it is the law of plants and brutes and brutish men; but it is not the highest law of civilized society; another and higher principle, the principle of good-will, the principle of mutual help, begins at length to operate.

HOW THE NEW INVENTIONS MAKE FOR BROTHERHOOD.

All the new inventions in the industrial world, especially in the line of transportation and communication, tend to bring people to a better understanding of one another. The cable, telegraph, telephone, railroads and steamers have transformed the whole world into a village. San Francisco and New York are in reality nearer to each other than were farmers who lived in the same county in pioneer days.

In an article advocating the municipalizing of the telephone, Prof. Frank Parsons says:

There is no better social cement or business developer than the telephone; and besides the utility, think of the happiness of conversing at will with friends

in every part of the country. A nation that is not well telephoned is losing one of the best and cheapest of the comforts and utilities within its easy reach.

Suppose the country were netted with telephone wires, and the rates were such as to bring the service within the reach of the great body of the people, what a mighty power the telephone would be for unifying and solidifying the nation, uniting and harmonizing the interests and sentiments of north, south, east and west. If the trunk lines ran freely across the Rhine, and every town in France could communicate, at a reasonable cost, with any part of Germany, it is probable that, in spite of the limitations of race and language, the telephone would be found a potent means of healing the breach between those two great peoples, which, more than any other thing, except, perhaps, the Turkish and Egyptian questions, threatens the peace of Europe.

If the new telectroscope can be practically applied at low cost, so that we may see the face of a distant person while we speak with him over the telephone wire, distance will, indeed, be vanquished. Friends may talk with each other face to face in spite of intervening mountains and seas. Niagara may be seen and its thunder heard without leaving our homes. The world will be at our feet.

LABOR ORGANIZATIONS CONTRIBUTE TO BROTHERHOOD.

Brotherhood is really what men have always been seeking. They do not really rejoice in warfare. They have sought by various ways to escape the battle of life. They have organized themselves into guilds, lodges, unions, and other protective and fraternal organizations. Few men to-day actually stand alone. We are blindly seeking to get closer together, to know one another better and help one another more.

Trade-unions point in this direction. They are in reality colleges where the first principles of industrial brotherhood are being taught. Workingmen of various nationalities, who had been taught in Europe to hate and make war upon one another, come together as brothers in the trade-union, and realize their common interests. What is called the sympathetic strike is also, in its way, a proof that workers are beginning to regard "an injury to one as the concern of all."

As we have shown in the chapter on "The Organization of Labor," it is the trade-unions, more than any other organiza-

tions, which have endeavored to put in practice the truth that America is to be the brotherhood country of the world. They have not despised any man because he was poor or of foreign birth, but welcomed him into their union and given him the right hand of comradeship.

ALL — FROM HIGHEST TO LOWEST — PEOPLE.

They who speak of the "scum of Europe," and the "scrub emigrants" fail to catch the true American spirit. No man is a foreigner in this country, save perhaps he who wishes to perpetuate the prejudices and tyrannies of older lands. This is an international republic,—the first of the kind the world has ever seen. All the way from a poor, ditch-digging Polack clear down to the richest plutocrat in the land, a man is a man and nothing more.

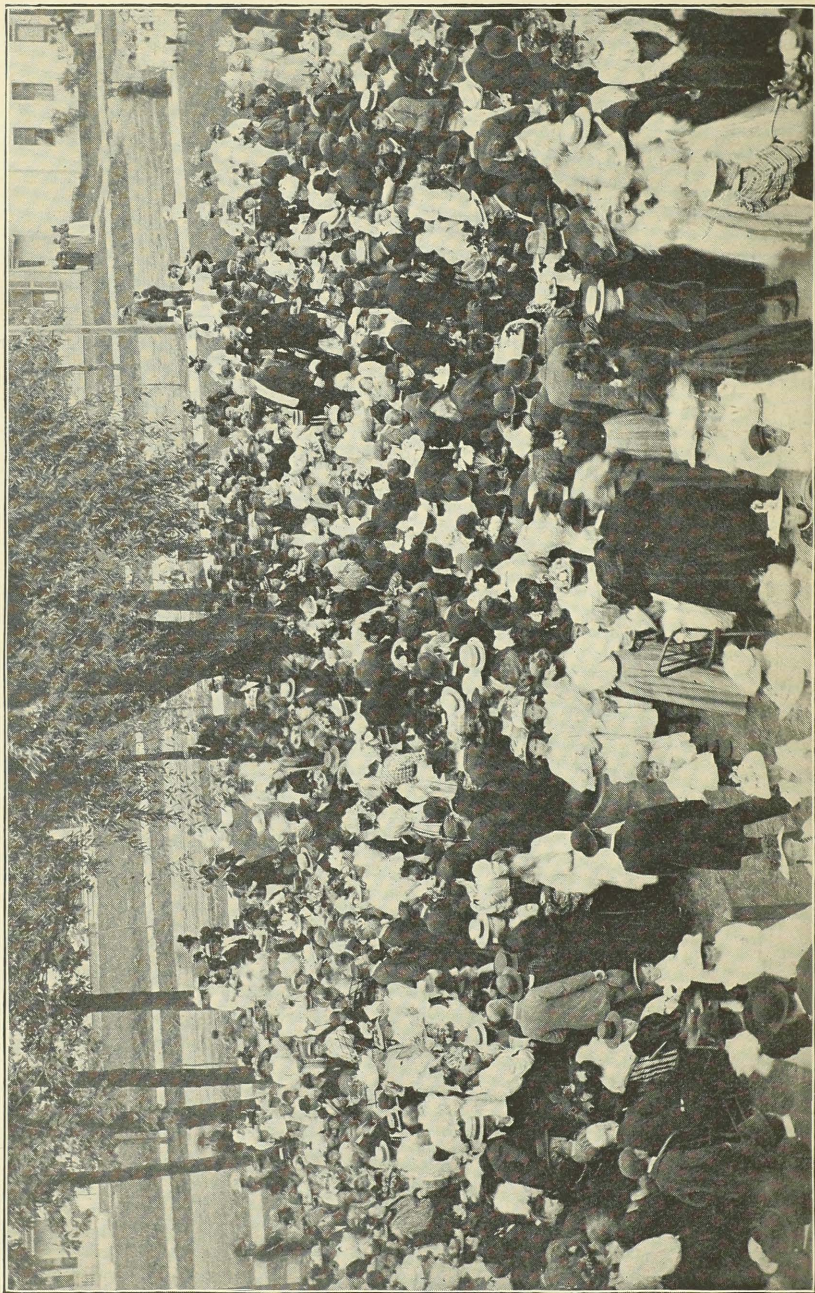
There are whole volumes of evidence to prove that babes taken from the very worst surroundings make good men and women when they have the chance. Dr. Barnardo's tables, which have been carefully kept for twenty-eight years, prove this beyond question. At least, the so-called dregs of our society are as worthy as is the froth. A just and orderly economic system would wipe out both,—it would remove the parasitic poor and the parasitic rich, and oblige every citizen to be a useful partner in the national industry. Uncle Sam is still rich enough to give every newcomer a farm, but the old gentleman is not so wise and impartial as he used to be. He has become the protector of the "Haves," and entirely ignores his duty to the "Have-Nots." When we pay the same attention to making men which we now pay to making profit, we shall have no "scum" in our cities.

THE RACE PROBLEM.

The so-called "race problem," that for so many years has troubled the Southern states, is in reality only another phase of the social problem. The people of the South do not object



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(The founder of Hull House, Chicago.)



A SUNDAY AFTERNOON MEETING IN GOLDEN RULE PARK.
(Dr. J. D. Buck, of Cincinnati, addressing the meeting.)

to the negro simply because he is a negro; let him "content himself in the social grade to which Providence has decreed him," and he remains a very acceptable being. He is not looked down upon because he is an intellectual inferior; Booker T. Washington is certainly the intellectual equal of thousands of men and women, either in the North or South, who have white skins, but he would not be accorded terms of equality by the prevailing sentiment of the South any sooner than would be accorded the most ignorant negro. His color is a badge of previous servitude and of perpetual inferiority, and he must remain a member of a lower caste. The negro is freely accepted in the South, as well as in the North, as a servant or laborer. Indeed, it is not an uncommon thing to see a negro woman employed as a wet nurse for white babies, even to-day. Negroes are familiarly accepted in all such capacities as porters on Pullman cars, about hotels and railway stations and as cooks, dish-washers, house servants, barbers, farm-hands, etc. In all of these capacities indeed there is no objection at all to the negro. The white men do not object to converting negro flesh and blood into profit to be expended in wanton luxury, while the lives out of which it was ground are doomed to hopeless poverty.

It is when he steps out on the plane of equality, and indeed the kind of equality set forth in the Declaration of Independence, that is, "That all men are created equal and entitled to certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness"—when the negro assumes to stand upright as a man under the rights set forth by this declaration, the rebellion is aroused in the breast of his white brother, who insists and declares that the "whites have been born to rule and the blacks to serve," wholly unmindful of that other declaration more ancient and perhaps more authoritative than the Declaration of Independence, the statement set forth in God's word, that "He hath made of one blood all nations that do dwell on the earth."

EQUAL RIGHTS OF BLACK, WHITE, BROWN, AND YELLOW.

It seems to me that this statement from the Bible and the one quoted from the Declaration of Independence are both strictly scientific; they recognize the idea of unity, and I do not believe that any system based upon a narrower philosophy can ever solve our problems and bring social peace. I believe in the absolute unity of the entire race. When I say that "I believe in all of the people," I make no exceptions. I believe that I have as much right on the earth as any other man, black or white, brown or yellow, and I do not claim any greater rights for myself than I am ready to accord to every other being. The very fact that we are on the earth is proof, primal, conclusive and final, that we have equal rights to the earth. God did not except black men; neither does the Declaration of Independence except them. How, then, can I except them? "Each of us is here as divinely as any is here." I think this is the platform on which we must work out the problem.

I have repeatedly stated that I do not think our problems are to be fought out; they are to be thought out. How shall we get justice among men? How shall we get into right relation with our fellows? These are the questions that confront us. As no question is settled until it is settled right, so this so-called race problem can never be settled by ignoring it, as seems to be the policy of the present administration. Neither can it be settled on an unjust basis, either to black or to white as some seem to suppose. "Might does not make right," and our policy of conquering the little brown men in the Philippine Islands, simply because we are stronger, will not prove that we are right, nor will it bring social peace any more than the exercise of superior force on the negroes in the Southern states will bring us social peace. The question of the relation between the negroes and the whites is, as I have said, a social problem, more than a "race problem."

PEACE AND FELLOW-LOVE THE SOLUTION.

It is no part of my purpose to enter into a discussion of the physiological causes that have produced the sensual brute in either the negro or the white man. I have repeated often in this book that all of our misery, every form of distress that afflicts humanity to-day, can be traced to social injustice, and I believe it as I believe in my own life. Furthermore, I believe that it can never be eradicated, except through the application of a just system of social relations that will give to every man and every woman their rightful place in society. This is the basis upon which I look for social peace to be realized in these United States, a basis of justice to every man, black or white; and I believe that the realization of this hope is much nearer than the most sanguine expect. People are losing their faith in the power of coercion, in the power of hate to regenerate and save society. All that is needed to-day to put an end to war for all time, so far as this country is concerned, is that the men who do not believe in hate, and do not believe in war, but do believe in love and peace shall say so plainly and loudly, and once having said so that the same men and women shall set themselves about the task of inaugurating a just social order and Golden Rule, do-as-you-would-be-done-by plan of life for every man and every woman of every race and color. With a program of this kind applied to our lives, applied to the lives of the little babies born into this world of ours so that each shall have equal opportunity with every other, we shall find that in twenty-five years the horrid spectacle of murders, lynchings, burnings and the various forms of crucifixion that now horrify us — all the legitimate products of a wicked social system — will have disappeared and the Kingdom of Heaven will have been realized on earth.

A PLEA TO THE MEN OF THE SOUTH.

I want to say in all earnestness to my brothers of the South, the most warm-hearted, loving, hospitable and generous of all

the people of these states, I see no other opportunity for a settlement of this dreadful problem save along the lines that I have indicated. I do not set myself up as an empiric, presenting a plan and program and insisting upon its adoption; I simply say as a man and brother who loves you and loves every soul into whom "He has breathed the breath of life," that I see no opportunity of making peace through war, but I do see the realization of the dreams of the prophets, sages and poets yet to be fulfilled in our glorious country. It can never come until we recognize the fundamental fact of brotherhood and adjust every relation in life to that scientific truth. Brotherhood is, and is as inevitable in the spiritual realm as in the physical or material. It matters not whether you believe 2 and 2 make 4 or not. The fact is ineradicable. Two and two cannot become any other sum, and if you have a system of arithmetic by which you get another result, it is simply a false system that must lead to endless confusion in your mathematics.

A denial of brotherhood is exactly the same thing, and is the cause of the dreadful strain and social agony of the race in the present day. So thoroughly am I under the conviction of the importance of this truth that, quoting the great emancipator of the black race, William Lloyd Garrison: "I will not excuse, I will not evade, I will not equivocate, I will not yield a single inch, and I will be heard." It is because I see in every man a brother and in every woman a sister, and because I see no possible solution of the problem of life on any other basis, that I plead for the recognition of this fact and for the incorporation of the idea of love into every law of our land, providing equality of opportunity for every one, black, white, brown or yellow. "Equality," "Unity," "Brotherhood" — these are the foundation principles upon which our social fabric must be builded, if we build to endure. There is no other foundation that any man can lay. This is not a statement of sentiment; it is a statement of a fact

as scientific and as easily demonstratable as any fact of arithmetic, and because there is no escaping it, I urge its consideration upon every lover of liberty, and, indeed, upon every lover of humanity.

TRUE GREATNESS AMONG HUMBLE MEN.

One of the great men of my acquaintance was a blacksmith who was in our employ. He was of foreign birth, had not had very much of the finish that comes from books, or association with so-called cultured people. He was not a member of any lodge or any church, but he was a *man* in all that the word means. His society was more enjoyable and profitable than that of the average learned personage, whose education has been a matter of memorizing rather than of observation and reflection.

The "masses" whom we speak of as if they were human nature in bulk are better than our thought of them. As Doltaire, in Gilbert Parker's "Seats of the Mighty," said of the French peasantry: "These shall save the earth some day, for they are of it, and live close to it, and are kin to it."

I like the "common people" because they are most democratic. They believe in one another. They are neighborly and helpful. The rich man has no neighbors — only rivals and parasites.

The uncommon people who are too clever and cultured to render any useful personal service to society could easily be spared without seriously injuring our civilization. They have not sufficient self-respect to be ashamed that they eat food others have prepared, and wear clothes others have sewed, and live in houses others have built, without doing anything for those others in return. They are but wealthy mendicants after all. Their lives are built upon an unnatural and dishonest foundation. Ruskin says that "only the ignorant can enjoy luxury; the cruelest man living could not sit at his feast did he not sit blind-folded."

In spite of all the miseries and hardships that poverty brings, there is more genuine happiness among the working people than there is among the very wealthy. They are free from the ennui which is the curse of luxurious idleness. They live closer to one another and to Nature. There is little that is artificial about their lives. Whatever faults they have are on the surface. Their defects are not so apt to be concealed behind a mask of piety or a veneer of so-called "refinement."

"Better be a fool in revolt against oppression," said Kossuth, "than a learned philosopher forging an excuse for his chains." The workers at least are not parasites in a world where labor is needed. They are standing on their own feet, and not riding on any one's back. The money they put in their pocket on Saturday night is all honestly earned, and no widow or orphan has been made poorer because of what they receive. Their characters have not been blighted by that curse of the ages, irresponsible authority.

Life to the working classes is not a well-devised system of polite hypocrisies. It is not a game of make-believe. It is not a substitution of etiquette for affection, and good manners for brains. It is not a matter of millinery and upholstery.

Political economy to them is not an abstract theory, as it is to the professors; it is a terrible every-day fact. The social problem is to them not a "matter of interest," but a matter of life and death. The evils and abuses which the rest of us discuss in the magazines, they are compelled to endure.

THE WORKERS NOT INTRINSICALLY MORE MORAL THAN THE IDLERS.

Do not understand me to mean that the working people are essentially more moral and intelligent individually than the wealthier profit-taking classes. The poor are not poor from choice. They deserve little or no credit for their safety from the

dangers that property-owning brings. With scarcely an exception every one of them would be a millionaire if he had a chance. The disease of ownership infects us all. There is an equality of folly with regard to wealth. Almost every man is governed by the delusion that riches and authority bring happiness; and no industrial change will regenerate us as long as that delusion has influence over our conduct.

The sturdier virtues of the poorer classes and the selfish frivolities of the wealthy are both caused by their environment. The lives of the poor are more natural, honest and transparent, not because they do not wish to be parasites, but because they are unable to become such. It is as if there were a beautiful castle in the midst of a malarial swamp. Only a few dozen people could occupy it at the same time, and millions gathered on the highlands round about the swamp, and fought daily for the privilege of entering the castle.

Those who succeeded and became dwellers in the castle were constantly suffering from chills and fevers, so that their lives were made miserable. The defeated millions, on the other hand, were quite free from sickness and ill-health, because, though the land on which they lived was hard and rocky, it was high, and the air was purer.

Neither those inside the castle, nor those without, realized the unhealthiness of the swamp. Their one constant endeavor was to get into the castle and leave the highlands behind; so the better state of health among the outsiders was not due to their wisdom or sanitary precautions, but to conditions which they never thought of and even endeavored to escape.

Our present unbrotherly social system afflicts us with two opposite evils — those of idle luxury on the one hand and poverty on the other,— the hardships of the mountains and the malaria of the castle in the swamp. Both these evils can be removed when our irrational warfare is ended, and we have common sense

enough to drain the swamp and make the castle large enough for us all.

REAL EDUCATION NEEDED.

When we partition our neighbors off into educated and uneducated, we generally have a wrong standard of learning. College degrees are too often like the brands on adulterated goods. What is labelled "Choice Dairy Butter" may be the rankest oleomargarine. There are more valuable subjects of study than Latin and Greek and ancient history. To know and appreciate human nature, to detect vice and falsehood under all its disguises, to honor truth and courage, to preserve a healthy mind in a healthy body, to understand how to cultivate the soil, how to build a house or train a horse or do any of the numberless practical things of everyday life, to reverence the mysteries of life and death, and to be open-minded for the reception of every new truth,— these things are not taught in the colleges, but they must be included in any definition of education which the future will indorse.

What we lack is ideals, not idols. Our idol has been the practical man; we must find the ideal man. We have pointed to the individual who, by his superior cunning or prowess and strength has amassed the wealth of his fellow-men, as our model of success. But we are coming to see that all such success is purchased at the price of the failure of the many. Our greatness is to be proved in the days to come, not by pointing to the individuals here and there who are like the anaconda, gorged with wealth for which they have no use, at the expense of an army of paupers and tramps who have no wealth to use, but rather by pointing to a citizenship that is made up of people truly free and truly happy — a republic in which there are neither drones nor idlers, and wherein the interest of all sings us to our work. When we shall have passed up the broad avenues of collective ownership to a realiza-

tion of that condition, who shall be able to fathom our productivity and cheer?

The movement for public ownership is government seeking the good of all as against the individual who seeks only his own good. It is a recognition of the fundamental fact that the humblest citizen is entitled to the greatest degree of comfort that associated effort can provide. It is *organized love*, manifesting itself in service. It is patriotism of the highest and purest type. It is the casting down of idols and the lifting up of ideals. It is dethroning the millionaires and exalting the millions. Happily, we are passing away from the abject worship of mere dollars to a realization of the truth so tersely stated by the simple Nazarene nearly 1900 years ago: "Ye cannot serve God and Mammon." And we are coming to measure the great captains of industry, not by their use of their fellow-men simply as profit-making machines, but by their ability to organize industry and serve their fellow-men. Where can we look for nobler examples of patriotism, or love of country, than to the men and women whose lives have been devoted to the service of their fellow-men rather than to mere sordid worship of wealth, rather than to debauching the machinery of justice and the people's legislators in order to serve their own purposes?

ALWAYS BELIEVED IN PEOPLE.

I am inclined to the opinion that I was always a Socialist, and the awakening to the fact was evolutionary. I do not remember the time when I did not believe in people. As far as I was able to think contrary to the prevailing ideas around me, I was inclined to think that we are all very much alike. I remember when I was quite young, saying to my mother, "I do not see how God can be fair if He planned, as you believe, that some were to be rich, others to be poor; some to be overfed and others to hunger," yet I lived for a large part of my life under the

dark shadow of that superstition, trying to make myself believe that all of the wretchedness and misery, the woe and want, the wrong and outrage, were in some way in harmony with the divine plan. I remember having been told again and again that if it were not so, God would not permit it; the very fact that evil existed was evidence that he permitted it.

It has been through Socialism that I have stepped out into the larger liberty that Paul saw when he exhorted men: "Stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made you free;" but as Paul says of his Roman citizenship, "it was at a great price that I purchased this liberty." It was only after years of struggling with superstition that I finally came to realize liberty in my own person; and after having once tasted of life, having once caught a glimpse of the joys and the glories that await all of us, that are for all and to be enjoyed by all, I find my chief joy in contributing to build up the new, heroic and spiritual world that I seem to feel and know, though I cannot argue out just how, is the manifest destiny of this great American nation. We are coming to a day, and it is not far distant, when one purpose shall inspire us all, and that purpose will be to make conditions of life such that every one will be free to live the largest and best possible life, to bring out the best that is in him. At present very few of us have that liberty; existing conditions tend very largely to develop and promote the very worst that is in us instead of the best.

AN ECONOMIC SYSTEM THAT DENIES LIBERTY.

Have you ever thought how very little real liberty there is about us after all? It is true we have political liberty and religious liberty, but we are, to a very great extent, yet in industrial and economic slavery. Very few people have the liberty that will allow them freely to speak their minds on topics of the day, on questions of politics, religion, etc.

In every large city letters come to the mayor and public officials

suggesting wise reform, but they are often anonymous; the writer might lose his or her place, if he were known to entertain opinions that might seem to be against the interest of his employer. During the senatorial contest in Ohio last winter, one of the leading editorial writers of the State told me that the articles he was writing daily most thoroughly misrepresented his honest convictions; but, said he, "the policy of the paper is dictated by my employers, and I get \$65 a week." This practice prevails all through our social fabric, and it can have no possible effect but to stifle and hinder the struggle that is ever going on within the human breast to realize liberty. Look at it frankly and carefully, and I think you will admit that this is the effect of competition.

So far as we are collectively concerned, the present industrial and economic system is purposeless, planless and hopeless. We are trying to make individual success, but the main purpose of our life, our daily work, our industry, our business, has no collective relations, and if what we do in striving for individual success contributes to the building up of the social fabric, it is an incident merely and not a part of the purpose we set out for. We are all engaged in a wild, harum-scarum, rough-and-tumble scramble for things. There is no point in the scramble where we may cease struggling, but the appetite, feeding upon itself, is ever crying for more, more; and, as a natural consequence of a race in which there was no classification of the participants, in which the strong and the weak, the cunning and simple, the fleet of foot and the laggard, the lame and halt and blind are all entered indiscriminately and told to run for the prize,— we have a few prize-holders, some who catch a glimpse of it, and many who never even catch sight of the coveted goal. Such is the distribution of what is called our national wealth under competition. A few of us are rich, some are in circumstances of reasonable comfort, millions are poor, and many are in pauperism.

THE REAL INCENTIVE FOR WORK.

Men want to help one another. We like to work together. Individualists see no incentive to action save the prospect of getting, but these view the question from the very lowest possible plane, the business plane — “What is there in it for me?” A moment’s reflection will convince any of us that this position is not the true one. The best goods are not bought goods. Solomon said of wisdom: “It cannot be purchased with silver, neither shall gold be weighed as the price thereof,” and yet it must be said that the prevailing idea to-day is that the best things can be had for money.

The fact is, that the best work of the world has never been done for money.

I cannot recall an instance where a poet has been inspired to write or a singer to sing through the love of money. All of the great poems and pictures have found their inspiration in something nobler than dollars and cents.

Burns found the theme for his greatest songs in the common life about him. Neither he nor any other poet was ever inspired to write by contemplating our idol of to-day — the successful business man. Money did not inspire Leonardo da Vinci to paint his immortal picture, “The Last Supper.” Wordsworth could say, in 1830, after thirty-two years of literary activity, that he had not earned enough in that time to pay for his shoe-strings.

Money may inspire such stuff as passes for poetry in the magazines. It may call into being the “pot-boilers” that degrade the name of art. It may guide the thought of many a sermon and control the vote of many a legislator.

But money loses its magic power when a St. Francis, a Thoreau, a John Brown, a Frances Willard, or a Whitman appears in the world.

Noble souls will do their work, will speak their message, whether the world pays them for it or not. Many a great thinker

has spent money for pens and ink when he was in need of food and clothes.

THE IDEAL OF THE COMMON GOOD.

It is only a lower-natured man who can be dazzled by the bauble, gold. Men who have discovered the true wealth of mind and character care little for the wampum of commerce.

I fancy there is to be a change in all our ideas of the thing we call education. The day is coming when all school children will be exhorted to strive to do well instead of to strive to excel. When the better day comes, children and grown folks will strive to outdo one another just as much as now, but it will be striving to outdo one another in doing for others, and people will come to understand what a few of us can already see, that service brings its own reward, and that in serving others we are really serving ourselves. "Love thy neighbor as thyself," or, as being part of thyself, is not the expression of a bit of sentimentalism; it is a command to be wisely selfish.

The civilized world is getting tired of competition. We are getting ashamed of the horrors that are produced by our fratricidal strife. Business men of large experience often tell me that they heartily wish for some way out, but they know not what to do. I believe the way out is easier than we think; it is the evolutionary way, and we are coming to it by leaps and bounds. Here are two facts: the first, men want to love one another; the second, they want to work together. Competition seeks to ignore both of these facts. Men cannot love one another while working against one another, and they cannot work together while continuing in the competitive system; and it is this spiritual fact that is fundamental in human affairs.

In the words of Henry D. Lloyd:

If all will sacrifice themselves none need be sacrificed. But if one may sacrifice another all are sacrificed. That is the difference between self-interest and

other-self-interest. In industry we have been substituting all the mean passions that can set man against man in place of the irresistible power of brotherhood. To tell us of the progressive sway of brotherhood in all human affairs is the sole message of history.

Mrs. Stetson's poem on "Nationalism" strikingly illustrates this truth. She says:

The nation is a unit. That which makes
 You an American of our to-day
 Requires the nation and its history,
 Requires the sum of all our citizens,
 Requires the product of our common toil,
 Requires the freedom of our common laws,
 The common heart of our humanity.
 Decrease our population, check our growth,
 Deprive us of our wealth, our liberty,
 Lower the nation's conscience by a hair,
 And you are less than that you were before!
 You stand here in the world the man you are
 Because your country is America.
 Our liberty belongs to each of us;
 The nation guarantees it; in return
 We serve the nation, serving so ourselves.
 Our education is a common right;
 The state provides it equally to all,
 Each taking what he can, and in return
 We serve the state, so serving best ourselves.
 Food, clothing, all necessities of life,—
 These are a right as much as liberty!
 The nation feeds its children. In return
 We serve the nation, serving still ourselves.
 Nay, not ourselves — ourself! We are but parts,
 The unit is the state — America.

Since this close social unity has become a fact, every one who has not become deaf to the voice of his better nature is becoming aware of his responsibility for the well-being of his fellows. Our business affairs have suddenly become enlarged, so that they include the affairs of the whole city and nation. We feel the force

of those words spoken by Marley's ghost in one of Charles Dickens's Christmas stories: "Mankind was my business. Justice, mercy, truth, were my business. The dealings of my trade were but a drop in the comprehensive ocean of my business."

OUR COMMON RESPONSIBILITY.

If we do not know that there are any worthy, industrious, intelligent men and women who are on the verge of starvation in our own city because they cannot find work, it is because we have been too blind to see them and too deaf to hear their cry.

As an able English writer says:

A few weeks of frost, some little dislocation of industry, some exceptional depression of trade, and the amount of suffering down in the lower industrial classes of London is something unspeakably sad.

I have visited their rooms and listened to their tales of sorrow and suffering, and seen it all written in their haggard faces and in the squalor and destitution of their surroundings, and I have come away sick at heart and positively ashamed of the very modest comfort of my own home. May it not be just possible that we may gradually develop some better social and industrial system than that under which any falling off from the highest point of commercial prosperity plunges whole strata of our population into such depths of destitution and despair, and entails upon the rising generation all the physical, moral and mental mischiefs of chronic starvation?

Is it not, I earnestly ask you, the bounden duty of us all to be extremely careful that we do not allow mere bogus objections to stand in the way of any possible remedy for evils of so serious a character?

"I didn't make the world, and I am not responsible for it," said a country clergyman to me, when discussing with him some of our social difficulties. No, sir. You didn't make the world, and you are not responsible for it. But if the power that did make the world is manifestly working out under your very eyes a grand scheme of social redemption for those suffering masses, and you, in your willful blindness and culpable ignorance, set up your puny back to hinder and obstruct it, if you do your best to thwart and discredit movements which you have not taken the trouble to understand, if you nurse your class prejudices and defend your class privileges, and are ever ready to stand forward as the upholder of things as they are, and to oppose all efforts to put them as they ought to be — then, sir, I say you are responsible, even though you didn't make the world.

We have been on the wrong track in our Christian work. We have been building costly churches, with cushioned seats, stained-glass windows and expensive pipe-organs; we have been supporting an immense standing army of ministers, singers and organists; we have been spending millions for display and comfort, while hungry men walked past the church doors in an agony of despair and bitterness of heart, unable to provide bread for their wives and children.

We have been "worshipping" in comfortable pews with the complacency of Pharisees, and singing hymns of consecration to the Divine will, while around the corner and up four flights of stairs, a friendless factory girl lay on her narrow bed, gasping in the last stages of consumption, and destitute of every sick-room comfort. We have driven in our carriages on Sunday evening to hear an exquisite song-service by the high-salaried quartette choir, and on the way we have passed throngs of unemployed laborers, with desperate thoughts in their minds, and bitter feelings in their hearts against God and man; and we have gone past them with an indifferent glance and a half-conscious feeling that it was very disagreeable to have such rough, uncultured creatures in the world. It has never dawned upon us in the blindness of our selfishness that Christ referred to just such people when he said: "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto Me."

Pink teas and necktie socials and boys' brigades and jolly Christian Endeavor conventions are not Christianity. They do not constitute religion any more than a few dead autumn leaves make a forest. It is well enough to have a pleasant clubhouse, such as many churches are becoming, where we can meet congenial friends and hear essays on ethical abstractions once a week, but our duty to our unfortunate fellow-creatures is not fulfilled by such church membership.

"If a man love not his brother whom he hath seen, *how* can

he love God whom he hath not seen?" This is the unanswerable riddle which condemns all such exclusive, pleasure-worshipping churches.

There is still a multitude to feed, to heal, to teach, to love, to lead into the straight path of honesty and truth. If the church ever intends to follow Christ again, it must take up the question of the loaves and fishes. We have not yet discovered a plan by which they can be fairly distributed among the people. Christ never insulted an audience of poor people by talking to them of the joys of heaven while they were suffering the pangs of hunger. His plan was first the loaves and fishes and then the Sermon on the Mount. The social problems of our day are all spiritual problems. They concern the welfare of man's whole nature, and our attitude toward them is the real test of our religion.

PREACHING CHRISTIANITY AND PRACTICING PAGANISM.

We all profess to believe that the life of Jesus was a perfect life; we all know that measured according to the standards of to-day his life was a perfect failure. He had not the den of a fox nor the nest of a bird that he could call his own; moreover, he repeatedly warned his followers against the danger of subordinating their lives to things. "A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of things which he possesseth," yet the whole thought of the business world to-day is how to get more things. "Lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth," yet we ignore the plain teaching of the life which we profess to believe to be divine, which we profess to believe to be perfect, and we are exhausting ourselves in either striving to lay up treasure, or in formulating rules to guide our children in so doing.

I know that the republic cannot endure and that our mock Christianity must perish from the face of the earth unless those of us who claim to be both patriotic and Christian are able to demonstrate by the sacrifice of service that our

claims are well founded, by redeeming our beloved country from the cruel grasp of selfish greed that would destroy, and make it what God designed it should be—a haven for the oppressed of all the earth. This we can only do by or through the realization of brotherhood, and even organized greed in the form of the trust and the monopoly is aiding on the glorious work. They are teaching society a valuable lesson. They have ceased to destroy one another, and have combined in a brotherhood (limited) and turned their attention to plucking the people. Let the people be wise. Let us enlarge the present idea of the trust and the monopoly until they shall take us all in on the basis that every man who is willing to work has a right to live.

To quote from that interesting book, "The Social Horizon:"

For nineteen centuries men have been preaching peace, and praying for peace, and proclaiming the Gospel of the Prince of Peace, and now that an era of social and industrial concord really begins to slant its first rosy beams over the hilltops, many of them are crying off in dismay: "Peace, if you please, but not to this extreme. Put down competition, indeed! Abolish industrial rivalry, bring all men into harmonious and helpful relations with each other, and how in the world are you going to get along? Where is your motive power?"

"What will become of your race of heroes," we used to be asked, "if you put down the clash of arms? Men must fight or they will degenerate into spiritless poltroons." And just in the same way we are assured now that they must exert their strength, one against the other, if they are to develop characters with any muscle and sinew in them. It is absolutely necessary that they shall wrestle in competitive strife, and if you don't appeal to their individual self-interest, how are you going to get them to strive?

"Blessed are the peacemakers," we would remind them, and we point to the fact that the Bible is full of prophetic visions of a time of universal peace, even for this poor, old world of ours—visions all untroubled by any fear of stagnation and decay. And what the grand, old seers of the Bible saw far away in the distance, so clear and so sweet, our own prophets, the modern poets, see actually on the horizon, and they sigh for its speedy advent:

Ah! when shall all men's good
Be each man's rule, and universal peace
Lie like a shaft of light across the land?

This doctrine of Jesus that man must be ruled by love instead of hate, although taught so plainly by the Nazarene 2,000 years ago, comes to most of us to-day, and especially to the members of Christian churches, with the shock of a new revelation. In the beautiful words of Sir Edwin Arnold:

The echo, not the meaning, of Christ's speech
Lives; and men tell it sadly each to each,
With lips, not hearts; sadly, from tongue to tongue,
The Ages, unpersuaded, pass along.
The dulcet message, like a dream bygone
Which was for happy sleepers, but is flown.

* * * * * *

What man could do, man hath well done
To blot with blood and tears his track divine,
To sweep his holy footsteps from the earth.
In steel and gold, splendid and strong and fierce,
Host after host under that Mount has marched
Where he sate saying: "Blessed are the peacemakers!"
In rage and hatred host with host has clashed
There where he taught: "Love ye your enemies!"
Banners which bore his cross, have mocked his cross,
Scattering his land with slain.

The seed of Christ's teaching was planted deep in the soil of human life. It was covered with the rubbish of superstition and the stones of militarism, so that for a score of centuries it seemed to be lost or trampled under foot by warring men. But in these more fortunate days, we can see the green shoots appearing above the ground, not so often in the ecclesiastical gardens as here and there beside the roads and highways, and in the "waste places of the earth."

That which has been barren faith is becoming fruitful fact. The tree of morality is beginning to have fruit as well as leaves. Human brotherhood is being proclaimed in the streets and in the daily press. Progressive and altruistic ideas which would have

led the thinker to the rack and the stake a few hundred years ago are now freely spoken everywhere. There is, in spite of the bitterness of competition, more "peace and good will among men" than there ever was before.

The very influences which to-day are causing poverty and suffering will yet bring prosperity and pleasure, when we have learned how to direct them. For instance, the machinery which is now throwing workers on the street will, when it is socialized, cut down the hours of labor to five or six a day, and bring leisure to all the overworked toilers. The trusts which are bankrupting and impoverishing so many, and causing business to be so uncertain, will under public ownership establish business upon a rock and bring peace and plenty to every home.

No change for the better can come save by education and the awakening of the public conscience. Reformers cannot work in any more effective way than by holding up to view the hideousness of our economic conditions. I really believe people can be reformed through being made ashamed to live by eating the flesh and drinking the blood of their fellow-men, that is, by denying them the chance to work and thus taking away their lives, and by working them and taking the product of their toil in profits.

MORE THOUGHTLESS THAN HEARTLESS.

We are more thoughtless than heartless. Thousands of kind-hearted men and women actually do not know that there is any undeserved poverty in the country. Their horizon is no wider than the small circle of their friends and relations. They imagine that wealth is obtained by labor and thrift, and are under the hallucination that fortunes are still possible to all who are worthy of them.

They are completely unaware of the omnipotence and despotism of trusts, or of the influence of labor-displacing machinery. The tramp at their back door is to them an abnormal and vicious creature, whose proper habitation is the jail or workhouse.

When they understand the real conditions of the struggle for bread, they will interest themselves in social reform, and cease to be indifferent to the cry of the poor. It is ignorance, not wilful sin, that perpetuates the miseries of the world.

A vast amount of educational work must be done to prepare the people for their industrial inheritance. It is a sad fact that most of those who are now the "under dogs" in the fight, who are denouncing monopolists and bankers, would be quite willing to be capitalists themselves if they had the chance. The capitalist is just what we have made him — he is the natural product of a vicious system. We have admired and taught our children to admire the "successful man;" and by success we meant nothing more than money-getting.

The average young man growing up in America has no conception of success that is not associated with wealth. While this ideal of success remains, all of our raillery against capitalists will be insincere and futile.

We must persuade people to give up the money-getting craze as a hopeless delusion, and to see that the good of the individual is only to be found and conserved in the good of all. So long as men believe in, and uphold by their votes, a dog-fight industrialism, it is impossible to abolish poverty for any save the victorious few.

SERVICE FOR SERVICE THE ONLY JUST RECOMPENSE.

Service for service is the only final and just payment, but we might as well attempt to get a race of idolators who had been trained for ages to worship a graven image, to rise at a single step to the realization of the spiritual truth of the unity of all things and to the fact that God is love, as to expect the wrongly taught masses to imagine the possibility of a moneyless civilization.

"The next great word is 'Association,'" says Joseph Mazzini.

Opportunities for the thing called "success" are so nearly exhausted under present commercial and industrial conditions that the outlook for that thing is practically hopeless for the masses. The great field that is "white for the harvest" and that is positively alluring to every man, young or old, who has the Christ spirit, may be found in the enlarged opportunities for work for the good of all. I would not lift my finger to help any individual young man to get rich, because I would not know how to tell him to do any good with the riches obtained in a dishonest social system; but I gladly give my life to the work of helping all men to realize the kingdom of God, which consists of brotherhood relations, of men looking upon and acting toward all men as brothers. This is what Frances Willard called Christian Socialism and of which she said, "Oh, that I were young again, it should have my life! It is God's way out of the wilderness into the promised land. It is the very marrow and fatness of Christ's gospel. It is Christianity applied."

NO IMMEDIATE PANACEA.

Social reformers are frequently unjustly blamed because they have no definite, "presto, change" plan by which the masses can at once be extricated from all their difficulties and made prosperous in the twinkling of an eye.

Social regeneration is not a small half-day's task. Millions of men and women labored for it before we were born, and we simply continue the work from where they left off. It is a terrible fact that countless thousands will yet be ground to powder by the merciless wheels of our present industrial system, before the people are educated up to the level of co-operation and brotherhood.

By another class, social reformers are sometimes called "young men in a hurry." Compared with the apathy of most people, it is natural that the earnestness of those who wish to make the world

better should seem to be rash and iconoclastic. Those who have studied the causes of poverty and social evils have discovered that nine-tenths of the world's misery is *preventible*, and they are of course eager to prove it to those who stand still, with folded hands, and say "These things always were and always will be."

But every student of social evolution knows that it takes more than a well-devised plan or code of by-laws to regenerate society. Ready-made millenniums are always a poor fit.

These pert young interrogators of social-reform lecturers who inquire for a "definite remedy," and seem to expect some "Patent Prosperity Restorer," put up in bottles and marked down to thirty-eight cents for this day only, have not the slightest conception of the nature of a *social* reform.

The main thing is not to plan a "model city" somewhere in the woods, or to devise some marvellous system of currency that is warranted not to get into the control of usurers, but to move along step by step as opportunities present themselves, always teaching the doctrine that men are brothers, and that business and politics and religion and everything else must rest on a basis of fraternity.

We must always take into consideration the various kinds of people who compose society.

For this reason the colonization idea is not the highest or most useful method of social reform. Little can be gained by segregating. We are in the world, and there is no advantage in playing the part of a monk by retiring from it. Better stay in it and save it by making it intelligent.

Moreover, people can live more comfortably in cities when they become socialized than they can in small isolated communities. It is collective effort which is to make life easier for us.

Our work is not to select a few who are fit for the brotherhood life and pull them away from the thoughtless selfish masses, but rather to encourage them to remain where they are and educate their less fortunate fellow-workers.

The few colonies, or socialist monasteries, which have been formed, prove by their financial failure and internal dissensions that it is unwise to leave the great social current and try to dig little short-cut canals of our own. The people whom we may call stupid and selfish need light and love so much the more. As Christ said, "I come not to call the righteous, but sinners."

The more knowledge we have of these perplexing industrial problems, the greater is our responsibility to those who cannot understand them. "We are all bound up in one bundle of life;" we cannot separate ourselves from our fellows without suffering an irreparable moral loss.

Democracy means, not the survival of the fittest, but the fitting of all to survive, as has been well said. We are not to be like John Bunyan — so anxious to save our own souls that we rush off and leave our wives, and children, and fellow-citizens behind.

THE CURSE OF PRIVATE PROPERTY.

Richard Wagner was not far from the truth when he said: "From possessions which have become private property and which strangely enough are considered as the foundation of good order, proceed all the crimes of myth and history."

Private property has done us great injury in character and morals. A wealthy employer of labor in St. Louis recently said to me: "I feel a personal resentment against private property; it has been a grave injury to me and mine. It enslaves me now; I don't know what to do with it. I can't sell it, and if I did I shouldn't know what to do with the money. It is a poison wherever you put it, in the present industrial scheme."

We are all suffering from what Whitman calls "the mania of owning things." We have written upon our door-posts,— "It is more blessed to receive than to give." We have turned the law of Christ upside-down.

The craze for private property mars every relation of life. It turns the marriage altar into an auction block. It commercializes even the intercourse of the home. It sunders friend from friend. It breeds suspicion, envy, hatred and crime. It takes men who might have been useful and public-spirited citizens and transforms them into forgers, burglars, gamblers and murderers. It hardens the heart against the cry of the unfortunate. It clenches the hand that might have been opened in generosity. It dries up the fountain of tears. It narrows the mind, so that the true and the beautiful and the good become as unreal as the rainbows that hover in the mists of Niagara Falls.

It is private property that creates the partitions of pride between men who would otherwise have been congenial and affectionate comrades. The work of our own hands has enslaved us. We have become the chattels of our chattels,—the unhappy slaves of our own possessions.

We, as a people, are wearing ourselves out in the busy rush and push of business. The most abject slave among us to-day is the successful business man. One of our wealthiest merchants said to me the other day:

I am the worst slave in my whole establishment, chained to my post like a galley-slave. I am here at 7 in the morning and not home till after 6 o'clock in the evening, five days in the week, and on Saturday from 7 a. m. till 11 or 12 at night. On Sunday I am so worn out with the labors of the week that I just throw myself on my bed and lie the whole day in the vain effort to regain strength for the conflict of the coming week. Such is my life. I have no time with my family. I have no time for social intercourse with my friends; and it is perfectly clear to me that I am engaged in a purposeless grind where, after all, I am little better than a galley-slave.

I hail with great delight the signs of the times that point to a growing desire for leisure, rest and recreation. We are a nation of over-worked people. Those who have employment are over-taxed, while on the other hand thousands have no work at all, and are goaded to desperation by the fear of starvation.

We are yet in an immature stage. Our civilization is crude and unfinished. We have no wise plan for the division of labor, or the fruits of labor. Consequently some of us who do not work at all are gorged like anacondas, through other people's toil; while others who labor long and weary hours are starved to the leanness of the "seven lean kine" of Pharaoh's dream.

A man's life is more than "food and raiment," more than working, and getting, and hoarding, and investing; and in our few oases of recreation we learn to know one another better, and find that the men whom we had regarded with suspicion are not bad fellows after all. Only as we learn to respect and help, and love one another better do we really become better citizens, or really learn to work for the perfected republic which was the dream of our forefathers. Deny it if you please, proclaim against it if you will, but we are working toward industrial equality, when business will be so thoroughly organized for the benefit of all that our daily work will be as easy and natural as breathing.

Notwithstanding the craze for property that has cursed this country for so many years, I believe human brotherhood will be realized first in America. There is a heroic and spiritual core to our national life. Less national prejudice exists here than among any other people. We are developing a free-spirited, tolerant robustness of character which will set us free from small and petty conceptions of life. We shall yet have *men to match our mountains, rivers and prairies* — large-natured men, too generous to be tyrannical and too strong to be selfish.

As yet, the American nation is composed chiefly of raw materials. We have gathered together people from every country in the world, full of superstition and national prejudices,— people who have never known the meaning of liberty or democracy, or who have never even dreamed of a world-wide brotherhood, and we are rubbing away their sharp angles, and mixing them together in factories and trade-unions and political parties, until

they discover that a man's a man and that the whole human race is one large family.

AMERICA'S TASK.

This is the task which America has the privilege to be the first to attempt. No work could be more moral or spiritual. It is the practical fulfillment of every poet's dream.

This is to be the "land of comrades,"—the land of large thoughts, large hearts, and large conceptions of the value of every human soul.

What we call ignorance is in reality nothing more than smallness of mind. The ignorant have no comprehensiveness of view. They can see nothing but their own relations and village and personal interests. They do not realize the connection between the past and present, and neither can they conceive of the possibilities of the future. They are like ants who live under a tea cup, and know nothing of the great dome of the skies.

They conceive patriotism to be a hearty hatred of every country except their own, and a bulldog's stupid willingness to fight in defense of their foolish prejudice. Loyalty is to them an unreasoning adherence to "the powers that be," however tyrannical and unwise. Religion to the ignorant is the conceited belief that the Creator of countless worlds is their especial protector, and can be coaxed and bribed to confer personal benefits by songs of flattery and gifts of gold.

The small-minded have no sense of proportion. The tiny spot where they happen to be born seems to them to be the center of the earth. Everything is viewed from their own standpoint. A mole-hill beside their feet appears to them as large as a mountain twenty miles distant. The faults of their own nation seem to be virtues, and the virtues of other nations seem to be faults.

If they happen to be in comfortable circumstances, then —

God's in His Heaven;
All's well with the world.

But when trouble and adversity come to them, then they become pessimists at once and declare that the whole world is going to the dogs.

America's task is to teach larger views of life and duty. We are to interpret that great word, *Humanity*, to the world; so that when travelers from other nations visit us they can understand it. The petty distinctions of birth and wealth have no place in this republic. If we are to have any upper classes, they will be composed of those who know most, and love most, and help most. We shall allow nothing to elevate a man but love for his fellows.

Instead of armories we shall have kindergartens, in which the little children will be taught how sacred a thing human life is. Instead of cannons we shall have electric fountains, tossing the colored spray high in the air. Instead of battle-ships we shall have excursion steamers, giving health and pleasure in place of pain and death. Instead of blaming and punishing those who are foolish enough to sin against the public welfare, we shall teach them, with pity and love, that the path of happiness is the path of useful service.

To quote from "Wealth Against Commonwealth:"

We are to become fathers, mothers, for the spirit of the father and mother is not in us while we can say of any child, "it is not ours," and leave it in the grime. We are to become men, women, for to all about reinforcing us we shall insure full growth, and thus insure it to ourselves. We are to become gentlemen, ladies, for we will not accept from another any service we are not willing to return in kind. We are to become honest, giving when we get, and getting with the knowledge and consent of all. We are to become rich, for we shall share in the wealth now latent in idle men and idle land, and in the fertility of work done by those who have ceased to withstand, but stand with each other. As we walk our parks, we already see that, by saying "thine" to every neighbor, we say "mine" of palaces, gardens, art, science, far beyond any possible temptation to selfishness, even the selfishness of kings. We shall become patriots, for the heart will know why it thrills to the flag. Those folds wave the salute of a greater love than that of the man who will lay down his life for his friend. There floats the banner of the love of millions, who, though they

do not know you, and have never seen you, will die for you, and are living for you, doing in a thousand services unto you as you would be done by. And the little patriotism, which is the love of the humanity fenced within our frontier, will widen into the reciprocal service of all men. Generals were, merchants are, brothers will be, humanity's representative men.

We are rapidly approaching a time "when business will be friendship, and government will be love;" when a new system of political economy will be evolved that will perform as well as promise, and "rain the luxuries of nature into the laps of the starving poor."

The old form of business, by which the man who got the most property from his fellow-men for the least personal service was rated the most successful, must be laid away in the museum of antiquities in the same room with feudalism and chattel slavery.

The old form of government, which meant the ensnaring of the workers by legal technicalities so that a political clique might become enriched, must pass into the oblivion that hides the dead despotism of ancient times.

The old form of political economy by which a very few ideas were buried under a mountain of words, and the prevailing greed for gold was dignified by being elaborated into a philosophy, must be ranked among the curiosities of literature and laid away upon the top shelves.

Whatever separates man from man, and labor from wealth, and the worker from employment, must go. No matter how firmly entrenched an institution may be, no matter what prejudices may rally to its defense, if it stands in the way of human brotherhood it is bound to be removed. This dark, sad little world of ours is rolling up into the light, and all the hosts of darkness cannot stop it.

"No question is ever settled until it is settled right," and democracy is right. The people make mistakes, but they seldom commit crimes. They are learning rapidly what their rights and

their duties are, and when the time for industrial equality arrives, they will be as well prepared for it as any select and cultured class of society.

Every labor organization has been teaching the practical meaning of brotherhood to wage-earners. The co-operation of the workers in factories and mills and large department stores has prepared their minds for the application of co-operative principles to every department of business. Our large cities have taught us that every individual is only a small part of the whole; and our swift means of transit have broken down the local prejudices which are so common in older countries.

In fact, the civilization of the nineteenth century has been but the scaffolding by means of which we are to build the great *Home* of the human race. It has been but the means to a glorious end, and will pass away only to bring to view the perfected structure of democracy.

THE MOVEMENT ONWARD AND UPWARD.

The moment we begin to look upon our present civilization as a finality, it will begin to deteriorate and decay. Progress is the law of life. The nation that ceases to develop begins to degenerate. Egypt stood still, and was turned into stone. China stood still, and became a nation of human vegetables.

New occasions teach new duties; time makes ancient good uncouth;
They must upward still and onward, who would keep abreast of truth.

Society is like a river, not like a lake. It must, if it is healthy, be continually flowing.

No sensible man to-day uses the old argument: "It always was, and it always will be." We do not value institutions because of their age, and prize them because of their mould and rust. Usefulness is the only excuse which any institution can give for its existence.

The search-light of the press is flashed in every direction, and wherever we discover a defect it is our privilege to point to it and demand a remedy.

If our constitution, written when social conditions were entirely different from what they are to-day, stands between the people and a just income tax, or any other reform, then common sense teaches us that "man is more than constitutions," and amendments to the latter are in order.

If our form of government becomes at any time unwieldy, expensive and oppressive, then we have the same right which Jefferson had, to criticise, oppose or remodel it.

If our system of doing business fails properly to distribute the wealth that is created, if it rewards the unworthy and neglects the useful members of society, then it is not a final system, and is bound to change.

Whatever is injurious to the public welfare should not be regarded as permanent. It may be allowed to remain until some better way is found and agreed upon, but no longer. The well-being of the people is the first thing to be considered. All laws, customs and institutions are secondary to this.

As to the limits of improvement no one can be dogmatic. So far as we can see to-day, the horizon is boundless. Every day some hitherto impossible task is accomplished. Science has countless treasures yet to be revealed. No man is so foolish and blind as he who imagines he can perpetuate things as they are. As well might he attempt to stop the revolution of the earth, and tie it to a hitching-post in the moon. Even Huxley, the cautious, exact scientist, once said: "I see no limit to the extent to which intelligence and will, guided by sound principles of investigation, and organized in common effort, may modify the conditions of existence."

So far as our present duties are concerned, it does not matter to us whether this ideal state is a hundred or a thousand years

distant. I know that brotherhood *is*. It is our realization of the fact that comes so slowly. As Mrs. Stetson says:

We shut our eyes and call it night;
We grope and fall in seas of light,
Would we but understand.

Electricity has always been in the world, but its power was never utilized until the last few years. Water and fire have existed side by side since the earliest civilization, but steam is a recent discovery. Men lived in the sunshine for thousands of years before they even dreamed of photography. They paddled their tiny canoes for ages before they thought of iron steamships.

And so it is in the social and moral realm. We have not discovered and applied all the altruistic forces that exist. The electricity of sympathy has been too much overlooked. But we can even now see the beginning of new influences which promise much for the future. This is the springtime of evolution, and if we never live long enough to reap, we should rejoice that we have at least the privilege of planting.

This capitalistic system is individualism gone mad, and it is doomed as certainly as to-morrow's sun will rise. This is the march of a better civilization. The forces at work just now are preparatory. Many an ancient snowdrift must be thawed out of the path. On the surface, business seems to be a hopeless, reckless jumble, but all things are really "working together for good." There is a "power that makes for righteousness" in human evolution. We cannot always detect it at the time, but those who shall come after us will be able to see it clearly.

Yet I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns.

As I grow older my faith in humanity increases. All that is moral and intellectual in the world is human. The re-

membrance of the struggles for freedom and truth, which fill the pages of history, should make every fellow-being sacred. "It doth not yet appear what we shall be," but we can see that the centuries bring improvement, not retrogression. Love is the goal of our stumbling feet. We were never so near to it as we are to-day, in spite of the frantic efforts of a few to corner the wealth of the world.

BROTHERHOOD.

BY EDWIN MARKHAM.

The crest and crowning of all good,
Life's final star, is Brotherhood;
For it will bring again to Earth
Her long-lost Poesy and Mirth—
Will send new light on every face,
A kingly power upon the race;
And till it comes we men are slaves,
And travel downward to the dust of graves.

Come, clear the way, then, clear the way;
Blind creeds and kings have had their day.
Break the dead branches from the path;
Our hope is in the aftermath—
Our hope is in heroic men,
Star-led to build the world again.
To this Event the ages ran:
Make way for Brotherhood—Make way for man.