

Softly the zephyr chants runes through the leaves of
the laurel.

Hush! do y u feel on your cheeks its caress as it
passes?

Nay, 'tis a Boreal blast from the caves of the Arctic,
Hurling its arrows of sleet, that we feel in our faces!
Somewhere for others—a few—may blow cinnamon
breezes;

Not for Man yet as a whole are life's sunny Ber-
mudas.

Up the wide beach curl the crests of the beckoning
waters.

Softly they break and submerge the gay circles of
bathers

Stretched on the sands or pursuing each other with
laughter.

Join in their care-free delight, O my brothers, my
comrades!

Nay, through the ice of the ages we strive and go
stumbling!

Far from our reach trend the shores of Man's south-
ern Pacific.

Courage, O thinkers! the systems of men are but
transient.

Only the system of **MAN** is unique and forever!

MAN is the one, the eternal, the mighty, triumphant!
All that is falsehood he spurns as the centuries
hasten,

All that is wrong he outgrows as his vision in-
creases;

Man is himself of his future the master and builder.

Courage then, workers! we strive not in vain in
the conflict!

Upward he climbs—the rude man-child his glory dis-
covers!

Truth shall be won, and mankind through the truth
shall be victor.

Not for a few, but for all, are life's heights and life's
splendors—

Summits of thought and of will! of the soul! of the
spirit!

Hasten, O earth, to Equality, Brotherhood, Freedom!

JAMES HARCOURT WEST.

Boston.

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TOLSTOY AND HENRY GEORGE.

Land Values, of London, for January.

The passing of Tolstoy has been the occasion for publishing various articles and notes of interviews with him. The following are taken from two, written by continental writers, and kindly translated "by another hand."

The first is from a Russian writer, who tells how a discussion was going on in Tolstoy's presence as to the teaching of Henry George, and whether Tolstoy should recommend it.

"George is dear to me," replied Tolstoy, "not because he created his system, not because he showed us this way, but because he, more than any one else, has helped to abolish the prejudice in favor of private property in land. Show me the man," concluded Leo Nicolaevich, "who does

it better, and I will leave Henry George and follow him."

The second is from a Spanish writer who saw Tolstoy at Yasnaya Polyana in 1905. After observing that a portrait of Henry George was near Tolstoy's writing-table, he says that Tolstoy received him heartily and began to ask about Spain.

"I am interested in Spain," he went on, "in her modern state. . . . The burning question in Spain, as everywhere, is the land question. . . . All that is connected with the land movement—all that is included in the social question in Russia and abroad—is the subject of my study. Europe interests me, not by her political organizations, not by parties . . . but by everything connected with the land question, because land must be our and everyone's property. . . ."

Proceeding, he said:—

"In the history of mankind every century has its problem. The nineteenth century has settled the question of slavery. . . . This century will have to settle the question of land monopoly. . . ."

And again:—

"The great reform . . . has its roots deep in our Russian history. What is the usual topic of our villagers? How did our village community arise? . . . Did not the epochs of highest prosperity in Russia and in the whole of Europe coincide with collective land ownership? . . . What were the causes of wars even from of old—Indian, Assyrian, Carthaginian, Roman, and other wars, down to the Transvaal and the Russo-Japanese wars? They have all been on account of the land. . . ."

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HENRY GEORGE AND THE BLACKSMITH.

For The Public.

About 1868 a big, solid, quiet blacksmith appeared at the famous college school in Oakland, California. He was some thirty years old; his classmates were sixteen; he was supporting his mother and sister by making horseshoes Saturdays, and both after school-hours and before them. He afterwards became a State Senator, and he died, a loss to the world of thinking men, in the prime of his powers. His name was Henry Vrooman.

About 1870, when Henry George was toiling at his desk in San Francisco, and was writing that pamphlet published in 1871, "Our Land Policy," which so clearly foreshadowed "Progress and Poverty," Henry Vrooman had a memorable talk with Henry George. I suppose that I am the only person now alive who can tell it as it happened.

Vrooman was in many respects the sort of a man that George Eliot's "Felix Holt" was; both