

nity. Fear nothing. Welcome whatever comes. Even death—let us approach it with the interest of the schoolboy for whom the teacher unravels the mysteries of a difficult problem. The spirit is free. On earth there is no bondage for it. In heaven there is no terror. The days are opportunities. Action is glorious. The higher the aims, the broader the sympathies, the more abundant the life, the greater the joy of it.

You can't expect to lynch the Negro in the winter and have him pick your cotton in the summer.—Booker T. Washington.

"Up to this time th' issue has been measures not men. Th' rayublicans ar-re ashamed iv all their measures an' th' dimmycrats have no measures an' fit."—F. P. Dunne's "Mr. Dooley."

I find three classes of men who are not willing that women should have political equality. First, the fossilized and crystallized class, who cry out against any change in church or state; the man who is "the same yesterday, to-day and forever." Second, the man of colossal conceit, who thinks a woman's brain was cut on the bias, and his own on the straight. Third, the very young man, who is learning to smoke his first cigar.—Kate F. O'Connor.

BOOKS

LETTERS FROM A CHINESE OFFICIAL.

A Philadelphia clergyman has given voice to the humble utterance that "the people of America are preeminently the children of Providence." By his side stands an imposing band who, presumably in like humility, aver that no race can compare in all virtuous qualities with the Anglo-Saxon, no business methods can equal those of America, no culture is so subtle as ours and no religion so civilizing as the one we profess and are willing to share, by means of powder and shell if need be.

There is another band of Americans—as large and as influential, it is earnestly hoped—who, while recognizing the grand achievements of the Anglo-Saxon race, while admitting the American faculty for business, the existence of true culture and the beauty of Christianity, can yet have the honesty, the judgment, and the altruism to see that neither our achievements, our commercial methods and ethics, our religious tendencies nor our culture are what they should be, or can always stand comparison with those of certain other peoples whom we despise and reject.

One of this class, therefore, will receive with openmindedness and lay aside with mingled shame and admiration a book recently published. This is "The Letters from a Chinese Official" (published by McClure, Phillips & Co., New York, 75c.).

The author's name is withheld, and much discussion has arisen concerning the authenticity of the book—the genuineness of its Chinese origin. But since no less a person than the Chinese minister at Washington has vouched for the Orientality of its authorship, averring that he knows the writer, we need not further question. Even without such assurance, it is hard to see in it anything spurious or affected, and we are ready to believe that the author is a Chinaman of the Chinese—one who for many years has lived in England, holding some important post. "A long residence in England gives me some right to speak of your institutions; while absence from my own country has not disqualified me to speak of ours."

And so, although the book was written primarily for the people of England, yet having received many of her distinctive characteristics, and the same blood flowing in our veins, we may rightfully be included in the analysis and may not escape the arraignment of this Eastern critic. For the object of these letters is to analyze the English nation—to study its qualities, its tendencies, its political, social and religious conditions.

It is not an easy matter to select representative passages for quotation, since quotable sentences follow one after the other on every page. There is a vigor and finality about them that cause one to pause and ponder. "With you the individual is the unit, and all the units are free. No one is tied, but also no one is rooted." To this lack of fixity, due primarily to the looseness and indifference of our family ties and relations, he attributes our unrest, our confusion, our lack of morality. He calls our civilization "an economic chaos," and adds: "The salient characteristic of your civilization is its irresponsibility."

These and many more are his judgments—shrewd, clear-sighted and deep-probing, but uttered always with the utmost courtesy and without manifest bitterness or prejudice.

And then having drawn his picture of Occidental life in general, and that of England in particular, he hangs another beside it—that of his own land and people, the life and aims, faith and earnestness of those whom we are pleased to call "heathen." It is undoubtedly a fair scene he puts before us, the colors all aglow and the shadows very faint. It might be urged that his deep love for his country has led him to overestimate the good and

hindered him from seeing the evil. But remembering that his discernment of our defects has not blinded him to the good that is in us, we may trust him to see and to present his country in its entirety. "We measure the degree of civilization not by accumulation of the means of living, but by the character and value of the life lived. Where there are no humane and stable relations, no reverence for the past, no respect even for the present, but only a cupidinous ravishment of the future, there, we think, there is no true society. And we would not if we could rival you in your wealth, your sciences, and your arts, if we must do so at the cost of imitating your institutions." And again: "None is master, none servant; but equality, concrete and real, regulates and sustains their intercourse. Healthy toil, sufficient leisure, frank hospitality, a content born of habit and undisturbed by chimerical ambitions"—these are some of the more pronounced characteristics of his fellow countrymen.

As to their life, their religion, their government, their devotion to the soil, their love of home and attachment to each other, their preference for "the simple life" over "the strenuous life"—all these are noted and justified. And then putting the one picture beside the other, he points out wherein these two great peoples differ—with a difference almost inconceivable—and shows that there is in China no desire to adopt Western civilization; that there is, in fact, and will continue to be most vigorous efforts to keep out of China the aggressive European. For aggressive he is, coming under the pretext of civilizing and Christianizing "the barbarian"—he in reality is demoralizing and defrauding.

And so, as I said, having read this book one will lay it down with mingled shame and admiration: Shame that such things be (for we must admit the truth of the presentation), and admiration for the scholarly Oriental who can thus grasp and express the very essence of a life and condition so vastly different from his own.

As a piece of literature the book is masterly; as a work in ethics, it is salutary.

MARY HEATH LEE.

PAMPHLETS.

Fairhope Colony, which has become famous through widely published reports about it as a successful single tax colony, has published a description of itself (Fairhope, Ala.; price, 10 cents) illustrated with local pictures. The title to the land of this colony is vested in the corporation as trustee for residents, who hold under 99-year leases subject to a ground rent to be annually assessed in accordance with annual appraisements based upon the value of each occupant's holding regardless of the