

and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you." Open the door of your being and find the wonders that God hath prepared for them that love Him. You are a child of the living God now, as much as you will ever be. You need but to realize it. To each he has given a legacy that is without limit. He does not bind his children's feet. They bind them themselves in their ignorance. The only unconquerable world is the one in which we admit defeat. There is nothing you may not know. There is nothing impossible to you. There are only some things you have not yet found out; some things you have not yet done. God plays no favorites. Whatever riches of thought and being that one man has enjoyed, another may experience. But the boundless riches of the world within may be found only by the explorer who has faith that it is there.

RELATED THINGS

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THE LABORER.

For The Public.

All honor to the brown and skillful hand,
 The swell of muscle, and the nerve like steel
 That conquers obstacles—that turns the wheel
 Of progress toward the West; that tills the land,
 And builds the mighty temples, vast and grand;
 That labors for the good and common weal
 Of all mankind, and bears the royal seal
 Of mighty Labor's independent band.
 The master of a trade may proudly sing:
 "I am a power on the earth, and earn
 The right to call myself a man. I learn
 To use my talents well, and feel a king
 Among the drones. The highest plane I yearn
 To reach—to merit all that life may bring."

HENRY COYLE.

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THE SICK MAN.

For The Public.

The Economic Man is sick. Here around the patient throng the doctors, prescribing everything but the right thing. Each has his special pharmacopoeia.

Here is the economic Hydropath. As there is too much whisky, he would prescribe water.

Here is the physician who would give hypodermic injections of charity.

Here, too, is the homeopathist who prescribes little pellets in the shape of profit-sharing, distribution of stock to employes, and like remedies.

The most pretentious of all these economic medico flub-dubs is the faith curist—the protectionist. For though you cannot understand how increased profits and increased prices can raise wages, you are asked to accept it on faith.

These men are not really physicians—they are conjurers, claiming special distinction as sor-

cerers. A kind of consecration is supposed to accompany the utterances of these economic "magi."

There are those who prescribe factory legislation, restriction of child labor, tenement house regulation. These are the economic osteopaths—those who concern themselves only with the framework of society.

Then there are others who advocate daily bleedings and cuppings—as was the manner of the old physicians. This seems incredible, as these old styles of cures have almost wholly disappeared. But they are hinted at even now in the contentions that labor is too highly paid, that the workers should economize, deny themselves, etc.—which recalls the time when wages were regulated by laws which prescribed the maximum return to labor in the interest of social well-being—which is analogous to the now discredited system of bleeding and cupping.

By and by will come along a physician who will say: "Throw these nostrums out of the window. What the patient needs is freedom."

Given that he will soon recover, and all the "remedies" with which he has been surfeited will be like the labels on empty jars in a deserted apothecary shop.

JOSEPH DANA MILLER.

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A PROPHECY.

For The Public.

There's a brighter day coming. There's a day coming when the fogs of superstition will rise, and the mists of error will roll away, and men will see the great white light of truth. The way will then be clear; crooked paths will be made straight; order will grow out of confusion; humanity will walk in pleasant places, and the dismal swamps of ignorance will fade away in the vistas of the past.

When that day comes men will no longer crook the knee to arrogant wealth, nor lick the feet of insolent power. The citadels of monopoly will be destroyed; the palaces of tyranny will be buried in the dust; and above these sepulchers of human misery will rise lofty statues of liberty and majestic temples of equality. The breast of nature will be bared to her children, and poverty will disappear. War will be no more, and despotism will perish from the earth. Virtue will be enthroned, while hideous vice withers and vanishes away. The beastly brothel will be closed forever, and there will reign the loveliness and purity of the home. No longer enslaved by the sweatshop nor haunted by the toll of the factory bell, the children will play in the green fields and listen to the twitter of the birds. Music and fragrance will fill the air. Happiness and prosperity will dwell in the land. The spiritual life of the people will be quickened, culture will rise,