

and belief in it heresy; when the law had become a burden and evasion of obedience a fine art; when the only god or king wanted was one who knew his place and kept it, attending strictly to his own business, and content therein with such bargains might be made in accordance with long-standing custom and arrangement. But this Judaism of the days of the Christ and Saint Paul was no more the Judaism of Moses and Joshua than modern Christianity is the Christianity of the apostles. . . . It has come to pass that the so-called church no less than the world needs conviction of sin as rooted in unbelief and therefore unnecessary, of righteousness as possible through the incarnation, and of judgment as certain because an ever present fact. All talk of necessary evil is infidel. Constant harping upon the string of "our poor weak human nature" is atheistic cant—self-chosen chronic invalidism. Postponement of judgment is simply willful blindness—the stupidity of the ostrich with his head in the sand. Again, the church requires to be taught once more the lesson given to Nicodemus, that the Spirit breatheth where he listeth—that it is as absurd for men to set bounds to his field of operation as it would be to attempt to direct the motions of the planets or the course of the winds. Saint Peter learned the lesson and taught it to the brethren. It seems to have been forgotten. Forgotten also, or willfully ignored, is the fact that such statements of the Christ as these: "No man can serve two masters. Ye cannot serve God and Mammon;" "He that would save his life shall lose it;" "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all necessary things shall be added unto you;" "Except ye be converted and become as little children ye cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven," are of social and ecclesiastical application no less than individual.

No longer is the voice of the church, the voice of the apostle, saying: "Silver and gold have I none; but what I have give I thee. In the name of Jesus of Nazareth, walk." Instead of this, it is the church which is chronically invalid and begging. The modern cry is for endowment, without which (though it be tantamount to indirect taxation of the poor) according to ecclesiastical authority the work in certain districts cannot go on. (Query: What has become of the original endowment of the Spirit of the living God?). . . .

After all, however, the most dismal and heart-breaking failure has been and is in the matter of the treatment of children. In no other sphere of activity is infidelity more manifest or the waste consequent thereon more awful. As Alden truly says:

The newness of life which comes with every generation is a divinely ordained force for our social regeneration. Forever the Master places the child in our midst as a symbol of His kingdom—the power to renew and remold our life. Every child is a fresh manifestation of the Christ, divinely born, sent even as he was sent for our inspiration and leadership; and received in this way a single generation of children would renovate the world. Instead of availing ourselves of this marvelous power, we put these leaders behind us and impose upon them the hard and fast mold of an older life, striving with them to anticipate the Gospel of our Lord in their hearts by the maxims of worldly experience and the forms and traditions of a worldly ecclesiasticism.

Yes. In spite of Christ's solemn warning, the little ones are despised. Instead of trying to be like them, allowing them to convert us, we must needs do all in our power to make them like ourselves, regarding them not as pure in heart and so capable of seeing God as we, alas, cannot; but rather as things empty which we are to fill, as things plastic which by us must be formed and fashioned to make their way in the world. So for five days in the week and two sessions per day we send them to school to be taught by experienced and trained teachers, arithmetic, grammar, geography, etc., and on one day in the week for about three-quarters of an hour to a Sunday school to be taught (?) by the most amateurish of amateurs the things which in theory concern their everlasting weal or woe. We go on quoting the Lord's words, "Suffer the little children to come unto me and forbid them not," and then do we suffer them to come to him? Not exactly. Not quite all the way. We bring them to baptism, send them to Sunday school, and perhaps take them to church. Baptism is a pious custom; they will be out of harm's way in the Sunday school; and they are not likely to hear anything dangerous in church. It is a good habit to acquire—this church going. It pays in the end. So far we suffer them and forbid them not. But let a boy exhibit in ever so small a degree the messianic instinct, let him insist on being natural, let him attempt to live in accordance with the fundamental law of seeking first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and how soon will pressure be brought to bear to turn him from his purpose,

to conform him to his environment, to make of him "a practical man." Worse, if possible, is this: that instead of the presumption being that the child's development may and therefore should be like that of the Son of Mary, a daily increase in wisdom and stature in favor with God and man, the idea is that a certain amount of folly, etc., is inevitable, and that he asserted this. He did no such thing. He did say that there should be occasions of stumbling, and he added: "Woe to that man"—not that child—"by whom the occasion cometh."

The plain truth is that while faithful, brave and godly believers are praying (as such have always prayed, "Thy kingdom come," with intelligent sincerity, the religious classes of to-day, as classes, do not want the kingdom to come just yet. They have no longing for a regime here upon the earth in which respect of persons, special privileges, patent rights, individual and class distinctions are no more. They may do very well in heaven or when the millennium comes—whatever that may mean. But till then let heaven and earth, religious and secular, saints and sinners, rewards and punishments be carefully differentiated. Disunion must and shall be preserved. The modern Pharisees have no heart hunger for or faith in the possibility of a social order in which justice no less than charity shall be swallowed up of love. Society without a leisure class, patrons, policemen, fags and scapegoats is to them unthinkable.

Therefore, although the kingdom of heaven is at hand, and the way thereto wide open, they neither enter in themselves nor do they suffer them that are entering to go in—if they can prevent it. But, thank God, the way is so plain and the open door so wide that they cannot stop them all. And so, in spite of all seeming and in the face of all obstacles and occasions of stumbling, the kingdom of God, the reign of righteousness, is coming in our midst, and will come till it be come indeed.—Rev. Gustavus Tuckerman, of St. Louis, in *The Coming Age*, of March, 1900.

FARM BURNING IN SOUTH AFRICA.

An extract from a letter written by Mr. John Morley, M. P., to the editor of the London Times. We reprint from the Manchester Guardian of Nov. 17.

You seem to quarrel with me this morning for speaking of "a black caldron of confession" in South Africa. Five or six days ago I received

from an Englishman, a man of position and responsibility in the Cape Colony, a narrative for which I hope you may be so good as to find space. It is signed Ellie Cronje, and dated October 15. There is nothing sensational about the story; it is only an ordinary incident of warfare as now conducted in South Africa. The writer, I am told, is educated, and has been brought up in a refined way, the daughter of a better-class yeoman:

Our farm lies three hours' distant from Winburg. My father and four brothers joined the commandos in the beginning of October, the fifth brother left for the front on the 8th of January. One of the four who went first, being ill, came home, but for a short time only. Two of my brothers were taken prisoners, one with Gen. Cronje in February, and one, after being wounded at Koodoesrand, was taken at Bloemfontein. On the 10th of May we had our last visit from my father, since then we have not seen him.

My mother, a lady teacher from the neighboring village, and myself, with our servants, were alone on the farm after May 10. A week after that date Gen. — camped for the night on the farm. Next day we received our passes from two policemen sent out to the farm by order of the provost marshal. Gen. — with his force passed a few days later. They also camped on the farm for the night, the general sending up a night watch to guard the house. Only a few of the soldiers called at the house to buy food.

On July 6 Gen. — camped about half an hour's distance from the house, remaining for a few days. Lieut. M— came to the house with his men and other soldiers; they bought food, some paying for what they got, and others not. They poured into every room in the house except my mother's bedroom; they took many little things from the sitting, dining and bed-rooms. There was a poster on the door of the wagon-house, given by the order of the provost marshal, stating that nothing was to be removed without his orders; of this they took no notice, and took our bullock wagon, meaties, harness and vegetables, also a load of forage, 12 oxen, poultry and other things. We asked Lieut. M— for a receipt; he said we should get one from his men. After he went we asked his men, but they said they had no right to give receipts. So we got nothing for all these things. Our oxen were sent to Ficksburg by one of our own native servants, who on his return gave us his pass, which stated that he was not to be interfered with, as he had been sent in charge of captured stock. This pass we kept for future use, but after awhile the boy demanded it, evidently at the instigation of some one or other, and for fear of annoyance we gave it to him. After this troops passed several times, but gave us no trouble. A force again passed in September; we asked a captain who the A few officers with their soldiers, High-general was, and he told us Gen. —; this — saw 11 punoj uoos am 10j 'os 10u swa landers, called at the house to buy eggs, butter and ham, which they paid for. These men were very nice. Then Gen. — with some of his officers and men came. They were very unclivil. They took the cart, etc., and cleared the wagon-house,

leaving us no means of getting about. They took dried fruits, blankets, and from the loft even servants' clothing was taken. Gen. — marched into the kitchen and told me he was going to burn the house, and asked what reasons I could give that he should not do so. I said: "In the first place it is cruel to treat families as you are treating them, and, in the second, what is to become of my poor mother?" He said: "Oh, you must not think of your old mother now." . . . He also said we would not get an inch of ground, even if my father did come back, and, further, that we were the most cunning, slyest, cleverest people he had ever had to do with. "You send the Boers nice things, have news of your father, and when we come and ask where the Boers are you pretend to be quite innocent, and say we have not seen them for months." He left, and sent two wagons for forage, etc. On September 16 a small fight took place close to the farm. On the 17th six English came to the house and asked who the owner of the farm was, whether he was still on commando, who my mother was, and whether any of my brothers were fighting. We answered these questions. They then asked if the Boers called at the house when passing, and whether any had actually entered the house, and who these were. We told them the Boers did call when they passed; how could we prevent them, our own people, when we could not keep the soldiers out? Mother said she never asked their names, and added: "I do not ask you what your name is; you go away, and I never know to whom I have been speaking." Just before riding away they called the boy aside and told him to tell my mother to carry out her furniture, because they were coming back with Col. —'s men to burn the house. We had about an hour, and carried out furniture from the drawing-room and two bedrooms, our piano and sideboard. While we were busy the troops came. They poured something over the floor to make it burn, and soon the dwelling-house and the outside buildings were in flames, and our comfortable home was gone. My mother, our lady friend and I remained outside amongst the things we had removed and watched the burning.

One of the men asked where we intended sleeping that night. I said if I had burned the house, I would have known where to have gone and what to have done. Others said: "You have to thank President Steyn and Kruger for this. Why do they not come and give in? Why do they go about like robbers?" So we said: "They will never give in; they are fighting for their country, and you are fighting women because you know they will not shoot back." We also asked would they give in if we were fighting them and started burning their houses and sending women out in the open veldt without a morsel of food because their husbands, fathers and brothers would not give in. While we were still carrying out things, the cutlery was taken from the sideboard drawers along with a lot of things from the kitchen. That night we slept out among the furniture, standing on the "werf," the wind carrying sparks over our head. Twice during the night the stables caught fire, and twice we got up to put that out, so that we might have some shelter for the next night. Next day we had the stables cleaned and some of our goods carried in there, and there we slept the second night. They took our remaining horses, cattle and other things,

and were going to send and gather the sheep. I asked for one cow to be left; the reply was not one—not one. Thirteen wagons were sent to take all the homeless women to the town. On that day 17 other families had been made homeless. Most of them are very poor and have a lot of little children. We did not want to go to the town, and asked to be left on the farm, hoping to be allowed to remain in the stables. There was no help for it; we had to go. We have our own house in the town, and were promised we might go into that.

At ten we were put on an open bullock wagon and were sent into the town, which we reached at 7:30 that night, after having been exposed to the hot sun all day. The major calmly said: "You are only common working people and used to such a rough life."

When we got to the town they refused to give us our house and sent us to the hotel, paying for us. This was on September 20. On the 23d the commandant came to see us, and said we were to go either to Bloemfontein or to the Colony; should we refuse we would be sent later on with other women in open trucks to Bloemfontein and placed in tents there. These were his orders.

At Winburg there were a number of families less fortunate than ourselves, who were obliged to crowd together. They received food from the military, but were without any comforts for the little children, the sick, and the old women. These people had been able to bring nothing with them. A woman had with her twins of five months old, children of her daughter, who had died soon after their birth. When sent in she had asked for milk for these children, but it was not given her. These are only instances out of many cases of equal suffering. These unfortunate women were told by the commandant that on no account would they be allowed to remain where they were; they would be sent to a woman's camp at Bloemfontein. Can anyone imagine without indignation the misery of such a place, with no privacy, the herding together of young and old, and barely the necessaries of life?

I will not give offense to-day by intruding any unfashionable reflections about humanity, pity and the like, and I go the full length with those who say that if you enter on a war you will have to face squalor, brutality and inhumanity. Of course that is the essence of war, though there are degrees even there. But consider the unwisdom of these fire-raising and of all their attendant abominations. Consider the resentment that is being accumulated in the mind of every Dutch-speaking man and woman in South Africa. "Burning down a farmhouse," well says my English correspondent, "is an easy thing to write about, but only an agriculturist who knows the slow patient toil of years that it costs to make a home in the wilderness can appreciate the full meaning of the work that is being carried out in the Orange Free State and Transvaal. You compared annexation to compul-

sory liquidation in bankruptcy, but what liquidator ever destroyed the assets in the estate by way of settlement?" Is that not an apt and sober question?

THREE DUKES FROM SPAIN.

There came three dukes all the way from Spain,

A courting to my daughter Jane.
My daughter Jane she was so young,
She could not bear their flattering tongue.
They offered love, and rank, and gold;
I schooled her till she grew quite bold.
"Keep all your gold," my daughter said,
"And let me have your land instead.
The noble Don who gives his land,
Alone may hope to win my hand."
One noble duke could not refrain,
His land obtained my daughter Jane.
Jane owned the land, and I owned Jane,
And very soon the duke from Spain—
The meaning of the bargain knew,
I had his land and money too!
—Rev. S. Brazier.

It is computed that at least 3,000,000 of China's population pass their entire lives on the country's waterways, living and dying on the boats on which they have been born. The reason chiefly responsible for this is that existence under these conditions entails a desirable freedom from the attentions of tax-gatherers, police magistrates and recruiting officers for the imperial army and similar drawbacks to residence ashore. Then, there is no house rent to be paid, either, by these boat dwellers, for these floating habitations are in nearly every instance handed down from father to son, from one generation to another.—Chicago Daily News.

Little Waldo—I have come to the conclusion that there is no such person as Santa Claus.

Little Emerson—Indeed?

Little Waldo—It is hardly possible that one producer should be able to supply the wants of so many consumers.—Puck.

The Beautiful Roe of the Adirondacks trembled piteously.

"Ah, me," she moaned. "The open season has come."

The Lordly Buck laughed at her fears.

"Oh, it's all very well for you!" cried the Roe. "You have horns and are in no danger of being shot! But I look just like a hunter at a distance."

It could not be maintained that her alarm was devoid of logical justification.—Detroit Journal.

It must be confessed that the White Man sometimes adds to his burden by holding up the Other Man and forcibly appropriating his burden.—Puck.

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BOOK NOTICES.

The International Socialist Review (Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co., 56 Fifth avenue), A. M. Simons, editor, contains in the December number a stenographic reproduction of Prof. George D. Herron's speech in Chicago on the 18th of November, in which he advocated socialist unity in politics. There is also an announcement that Prof. Herron is hereafter to edit in the Review a department of "Socialism and Religion," and that he will contribute regularly to no other periodical. Another regular department of the Review is that of "The World of Labor," edited by Max S. Hayes, of Cleveland.

In "A Treatise Upon the Law and Practice of Taxation in Missouri" (Columbia, Mo.: E. W. Stephens, Frederick N. Judson, of the St. Louis bar, has produced a work of value not only to lawyers, but to students of the taxation problem generally. The spirit in which the book is written makes it of more than passing interest to readers outside of Missouri. Instead of confining himself to a legal and technical view of the subject, the author has endeavored to handle it as a historian and an economist as well as a lawyer and the scope of the work is best described in the author's own words: "The law of taxation cannot be understood, even by lawyers, without knowledge of the recognized economic principles, which are based on human experience; and citizens demanding reform in taxation, as

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well as lawyers who construe and apply the law, must know what our taxation is, how it has been developed historically, how it is construed by the courts and enforced in practical administration. The law and practice of taxation should therefore be construed together." The work has an introduction and three parts. In Part I the historical development of taxation in Missouri is traced, and in Part II, "Missouri Taxation in 1900" is discussed. Mr. Judson condemns the general property tax as a failure "in the first requisite of an equal and just system of taxation, the taxation of all property upon the same basis of valuation.

In attempting to reach personal property, intangible as well as tangible, the law is a confessed failure, not only in Missouri, but wherever the system is in force." In Part III, "Taxation of the Future" is considered, and a short chapter is devoted to the work for tax reform in Missouri by the single taxers. The author praises the efficient service they have rendered in "exposing the injustice and inequalities of our 'general property tax,'" in advocating the taxation of franchises, and in opposing license taxes. He pays a tribute to the earnestness of their convictions and to their disinterested public spirit. Although he is not an advocate of "their social theory which denies the righteousness of private property in land," he thinks that the tendency of tax reform is along the lines indicated by the single taxers, but that there will not be a "single tax," because land and taxable franchises will not be the only subjects of taxation. After advocating certain administrative reforms, Mr. Judson comes to the following conclusion: "These forms of taxation, tax upon real estate and tax upon corporate property and franchises (without deduction for mortgage liens), supplemented by an inheritance tax, would, it is believed, make efficient substitutes for the present inefficient system of reaching personal property. The forms of personal property, which are not reached by the first two, would certainly be reached by the latter." From the foregoing quotation it will be seen that the author is under the influence of the "ability to pay" theory of taxation. His failure to realize that a just and equal system must tax in proportion to the benefits received from government is a blemish which vitiates his conclusion and seriously mars the value of the work as a whole. It leads him to practically repudiate the deduction he has drawn from his own investigations in regard to the impossibility and folly of attempting to tax personal property. This he shows with almost the clearness of the late Thomas G. Shearman, and yet when he comes to formulate his ideal scheme of taxation he is led by his theory that "the basis of a fair and just taxation system is taxation of all property in the state once and once only" to devise a new method of "reaching personal property." The historical and descriptive portions of the book (except as influenced by this theory) are admirable. The failures and abuses of the present system are most succinctly set forth. The work is a very valuable contribution to the literature of the subject, economic as well as legal, and is especially worthy of careful study by all citizens of Missouri.

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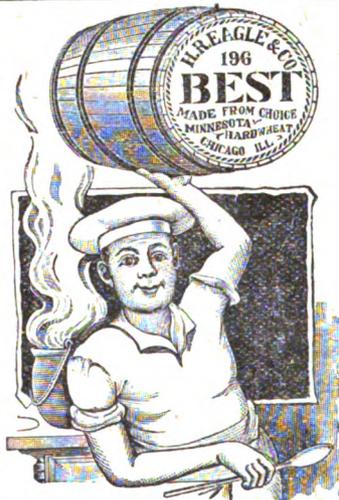
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