

The people of Puerto Rico had the same pro rata representation in the Spanish cortes as the citizens of the empire, in Spain itself. They had 16 members in the lower house, and four members in the upper house. Every citizen of Puerto Rico had the same legal rights as a citizen of Spain. With reference to tariff conditions, for several years preceding the advent of Miles upon their soil, they had a ten per cent. preferential tariff between themselves and Spain. By virtue of a budget which had been adopted and accepted, and by a statute which had been enacted by the Spanish cortes, this tariff of ten per cent. was to expire on the 1st of July, 1898, so that on, and after that date, there would have been perfect free trade between Puerto Rico, and the parent state, Spain. * * * For years, has this island been populated by this white, Caucasian population. It never has had a dollar of public indebtedness. Time, and time again, the island from its own taxation, has loaned to Spain money with which to carry on its various wars; and it has loaned to Santo Domingo and Cuba money for their public purposes. When the American flag was raised over this island, it had a surplus of a million and a half dollars in its treasury.

The people who inhabit this island are a self-respecting, valorous and heroic people.

Four times, during the eighteenth century, unaided and alone, the citizens of Puerto Rico repelled the attacks of the English navy, once under the command of Drake, and once under the command of Abercrombie, and preserved Puerto Rican soil, for Puerto Rico, against the most powerful of foreign invaders, although it was then a dependency of Spain.

Puerto Rico, in 1873, manumitted its slaves without tumult, without disturbance, without bloodshed, without murder, without outrage, and without revolution. With the consent of the Spanish cortes, upon motion of a representative of Puerto Rico, in one moment 39,000 persons who before that time had been in human bondage, became freemen. One day found them slaves; the next day they continued in their employment for the same masters, but working for hire—their own masters. On one day they bent down, bondmen. The next day they stood erect, freemen. This great change was wrought as quietly and silently as the dawn precedes the rising of the sun.

The little island of Puerto Rico paid

for those slaves, by its own revenue, from its own prosperity. Seven million eight hundred thousand dollars in 1873, with a loan that required only 14 years to pay, and, adding the interest and principal, aggregating the magnificent sum of \$12,000,000—paid by whom? By the people that live to-day in Puerto Rico. For what? To emancipate 39,000 human bondmen. This nation of "illiterates," this people to whom we now propose to act the part of a "good Samaritan!" That was a deed worthy of the highest triumph of Christian civilization anywhere. The mechanics of Puerto Rico, consisting of masons, blacksmiths, leather workers, and silversmiths, are superior in their various branches to similar mechanics in nearly every part of the civilized world. The carpenters and cabinetmakers do not rank so high.

THE CRISIS WE FACE.

For The Public.

Every page in the world's history is an oft-told tale. The scenes and incidents of each vary, but the plot is the same—always it is the struggle of the weak with the strong, the "irrepressible conflict" between justice and injustice.

At every crisis in a people's history there have been men wise beyond their times who pointed out the way of right and prophesied the inevitable result of deviation from that way. These prophecies are as applicable to the crises of to-day as they were to the times in which they were first uttered.

More than 125 years ago Lord Chatham stood up in the parliament of England and spoke in defense of the American revolution. With the change of a few words here and there that memorable speech might be aptly spoken again by any English patriot in sympathy with the Boers.

Half a century ago William H. Seward said of the collision between free labor and slave labor.

Shall I tell you what this collision means? They who think that it is accidental, unnecessary, the work of fanatical agitators, and therefore ephemeral, mistake the case altogether. It is an irrepressible conflict between two opposing and enduring forces, and it means that the United States must and will sooner or later become either entirely a slaveholding nation or entirely a free-labor nation.

There are men to-day who think that the collision between capital and labor is "accidental, unnecessary, the work of interested or fanatical agitators, and therefore ephemeral," whereas it is but another "irrepressi-

ble conflict," the issue of which will decide the nation's fate and place her among the slaveholding or the free-labor nations.

We are on the eve of a presidential election which will decide between imperialism and anti-imperialism, and we have again the warning of Theodore Parker, spoken a generation ago:

Do you know how empires find their end? Yes, the great states eat up the little: as with fish so with nations. Aye, but how do the great states come to an end? By their own injustice, and no other cause. Come with me, my friends. Come with me into the inferno of the nations, with such poor guidance as my lamp can lend. Let us disquiet and bring up the awful shadows of empires buried long ago, and learn a lesson from the tomb.

Come, old Assyria, with the Ninevite dove upon thy emerald crown. What laid thee low? "I fell by my own injustice. Thereby Nineveh and Babylon came with me to the ground."

O queenly Persia, flame of the nations, wherefore art thou so fallen who troddest the people under thee, bridgedst the Hellespont and pouredst thy temple-wasting millions on the western world? "Because I trod the people under me and bridged the Hellespont with ships and poured my temple-wasting millions on the western world. I fell by my own misdeeds."

Thou muse-like Grecian queen, fairest of all the sisterhood of states, enchanting yet the world with thy sweet witchery, speaking in art and most seductive song, why liest thou there with the beauteous most dishonored brow, reposing on thy broken harp? "I scorned the law of God; banished and poisoned wisest, justest men. I loved the loveliness of flesh embalmed in Parian stone; I loved the loveliness of thought and treasured that in more than Parian speech. But the beauty of justice, the loveliness of love, I trod them down to earth! Lo, therefore have I become as those barbarian states—as one of them." Oh, manly, majestic Rome, thy seven-fold mural crown all broken at thy feet, why art thou here? 'Twas not injustice brought thee low, for thy Great Book of Law is prefaced with these words: Justice is the unchanging everlasting will to give each man his right. "It was not the saint's ideal, it was the hypocrite's pretense! I made iniquity my law; I trod the nations under me. Their wealth gilded my palaces—where thou mayest see the fox and hear the owl—it fed my courtiers and my courtesans. Wicked men were my cabinet counselors—the flatterer breathed poison into my ear. Millions of bondmen wet the soil with tears and blood. Do you not hear it crying yet to God? Lo, here have I my recompense, tormented with such downfall as you see! Go back, and tell the new-born child who sitteth on the Alleghanies, laying his either hand upon a tributary sea, a crown of thirty stars above his youthful brow—tell him there are rights which states must keep, or they shall suffer wrongs. Tell him there is a God who keeps the 'brown' man and the white, and hurls to earth the loftiest realm that breaks his just eternal law. Warn the young empire that he come not down dim and dishonored to my shameful tomb! Tell him that justice is the unchanging, everlasting will to give each man his right. I

knew it, broke it, and am lost. Bid him to keep it, and be safe."

As Chief Justice Story said:

We stand the latest, and if we fall, probably the last experiment of self-government by the people.

Within the next few months it will be decided whether the people will preserve "what they themselves have created," or whether America "is to be added to the catalogue of republics, the inscription upon whose ruins is, 'They were, but they are not.'"

LIDA CALVERT OBENCHAIN.

WHAT PATRIOTISM DEMANDS.

We have sympathized with all oppressed peoples—with Ireland, Greece, Armenia, Cuba. To emancipate the slave we gladly sacrificed the lives of hundreds of thousands of our soldiers. And now the American soldier, who should never shoulder a gun except in a righteous cause, is sent 10,000 miles across the ocean to shoot men whose real crime is that they wish to be free, wish to govern themselves.

To say that they are unfit for freedom is to put forth the plea of the tyrant in all ages and everywhere. The enemies of liberty have never lacked for pretexts to justify their wrongs; but, in truth, at the root of all wars of conquest there lies lust for blood or for gold.

If the inhabitants of the Philippines came gladly to throw themselves into our arms, we should refuse to do more than counsel, guide and protect them until they form themselves into a stable and independent government. What then is to be thought of those who seem resolved either to rule or to exterminate them, believing probably that the only good Filipino is a dead Filipino?

The thought of ruling over subject peoples is repugnant to our deepest and noblest sentiments. It is part of our good fortune, of our providential position and mission in the world, that our country is vast enough and self-sufficient enough to make all desire for conquest an unholy and meaningless temptation. We have room for three or four hundred millions of human beings. If more are required, and we are true to ourselves, British America will come to us without there being need of firing a gun.

We have money enough already and our wealth is increasing rapidly. What we have to learn is how to live, how to distribute our money, how to take from it its mastery over us and make it our servant.

Commercial and manufacturing competition is becoming a struggle

for existence fiercer than that which makes nature red with ravin in tooth and claw. Whereas the tendency of true civilization and religion is to convert the struggle for life into co-operation for life, into work of all for all, that all may have those inner goods which make men wise, holy, beautiful and strong—whereas, this is the tendency of right civilization, our greed, our superstitious belief in money as the only true God and Saviour of men, hurries us on with increasing speed into all the venalities, dishonesties and corruptions, into all the tricks and trusts by which the people are disheartened and impoverished.

We are hypnotized by the glitter and glare, the pomp and circumstance of wealth, and are becoming incapable of a rational view of life. We have lost taste for simple things and simple ways. We flee from the country as from a desert, and find self-forgetfulness only amid the noise and rush of great cities, where high thought and pure affection are well-nigh impossible. How far we have drifted from that race of farmers who threw off the yoke of England and built the noble state; who believed that honor was better than money, freedom than luxury and display! Their plain democratic republic is no longer good enough for us.

We are becoming imperial. We must have mighty armies, and navies which shall encircle the earth to bring into subjection weak and unprotected savages and barbarians.

We are the victims of commercialism; we have caught the contagion of the insanity that the richest nations are the worthiest and most enduring. We have lost sight of the eternal principles that all freedom is enrooted in moral freedom, that riches are akin to fear and death, that by the soul only can a nation be great.

If we but have the courage to look steadfastly and to see things as they are, we shall easily perceive that our true work lies here, and not 10,000 miles away. We are the foremost bearers of the most precious treasures of the race. In the success of the experiment which we are making the hopes of all noble and generous souls for a higher life of mankind are centered. If we fail, the world fails; if we succeed we shall do more for the good of all men than if we conquered all the islands and continents. Our mission is to show that popular government on a vast scale is compatible with the best culture, the purest re-

ligion, the highest justice, and that it can permanently endure. In comparison with this what would be a thousand groups of Philippines? What the most brilliant career of imperial pomp and glory?—"Opportunity," by Bishop John L. Spaulding, of Peoria, Ill.

THE CHURCH AND THE WORLD. For The Public.

Extract from a sermon preached by the Rev Quincy Ewing, in St. James Episcopal church, Greenville, Miss., from the text: "Be not conformed to this age," etc.

The apostle's advice was not superfluous, was no platitude, 18 centuries ago; it was needed, then, for the strengthening of tempting, struggling, Christ-led human souls, and it has spoken to the deeper need, it has appealed to the eternal heart-yearning, of every generation since.

For, my friends, no age has dawned upon earth since St. Paul wrote his epistle to the Romans that any Christian could conform himself to and yet remain a Christian. It is simply flattery of the centuries past and the century present to call them Christian. There has never been a Christian century, or one Christian day, in any land since the Gospel was taught from Olivet and from Calvary. There has never been a time when the strong, sure voice of some apostle was not needed to say to the men and women of it: "Be ye not conformed to this time, but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God!"

The Gospel of Jesus—it has been through all the centuries a steady, white, unique light, blazing upon the highest mountain top of human aspiration; and steadily has it been seen by the eyes of the noblest of the race, and steadily approached by their upward-climbing feet; but there have been lesser low lights innumerable, shining, and flickering, and sputtering, here and there, in the wide valley of human desire, and human passion, and human weakness, and these have lighted the level pathways of most men and women in every age. Always the spirit of the time has attacked and overpowered and undone the Christianity of most Christians, by subtly, gradually, indirectly, conforming them to its less than Christly vision, its less than Christly aim.

It were perhaps an excess of optimism, or lack of true spiritual perception, which should lead us to declare that in our age the apostle's appeal has lost aught of its original timeliness.