

And all this is done by steam, a small word with a big meaning.
C. J. P.

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THE "CHRISTIAN" SOLDIER.

For The Public.

The recent convention of "Boys' Brigades" in Philadelphia makes pertinent some thoughts regarding their propriety. The brigades are military companies of boys, organized by churches of Jesus Christ. The commendable intent of the churches is that the boys shall be trained in manliness, self-reliance, brotherliness and other virtues. But we find that to secure these objects the church of the Prince of Peace instructs these children in that which was abhorred by Jesus himself, namely the "Art of War." This "art" consists in the skillful maiming and killing of one nationality by men of another nationality; of skillful devastation of smiling fields; of skillful bereavement of wailing women and helpless children,— "with loud lament and dismal misereere."

At best the business is horrible; so horrible that one of its greatest generals declared that "War is hell!" It might be thought, therefore, that churches could find better business in teaching and practising the precepts of their Master. Surely the world has sore need of these, and in such instruction "the laborers are few." But, in strife, its ways and means, there is not any dearth of teachers, from our pugnacious President with his "big stick" down to the corner bully with his blackjack.

Nevertheless the church is found teaching its children militarism. An amazing spectacle! Amazing because the founder of Christianity clearly and persistently forbade his disciples to injure their fellow men. He told them that if they wished to be his friends they must abandon the prevalent idea of "eye for eye and tooth for tooth," but instead they must overcome evil by good. If they were smitten, they should not retaliate, but should love their enemies; even if sued at the law they were advised not to make defense, but to yield rather than to contest.

The Boys' Brigades are armed with rifles, yet one of the ten commandments is, "Thou shalt not kill." Jesus told his disciples that the old commandment was still in force. He went further, and warned them against even being angry with their brethren without cause.

He reproved those disciples who wished to destroy the inhospitable Samaritan village, telling them that "The Son of Man is come not to destroy men's lives, but to save them." Peter is reproved for drawing a sword in defense of his Master. He tells Pilate, "My kingdom is not of this world, else would my servants fight." He prays for those who put him to death.

The Christ idea was that the world should be conquered by love. "Resist not evil"—that is a hard saying, for a man has a natural right to resist evil, but the founder of Christianity advises his followers to suffer rather than to do violence. Almost all men consider Christ's doctrine of "non-resistance" to be foolish. But whether wise or foolish it is unmistakably taught in the "New Testament." Suppose now that Jesus should witness a parade of the Boys' Brigade. Doubtless he would say: "Why call ye me, Lord, Lord, and do not the things which I say?"

The implication is obvious; anyone who takes up arms cannot claim allegiance to the Nazarene. He deceives himself.

Yet we see militarism in churches; we see clergymen acting as army chaplains, thus making war respectable; we hear of "fighting parsons" and "Christian soldiers." And, too, regiments of soldiers, when going to war, are carefully supplied with copies of the New Testament.

Let us speak plain. To be a Christian one must make a reasonable attempt to follow the teachings of Jesus. He cannot therefore be a soldier; not "may not" but "can not."

Christianity and militarism are incompatible. When the early Christians were drafted for military service, they took logical ground—"I am a Christian, therefore I cannot fight." Jesus hated soldiering, and those who would be his disciples must hate it also. A heavy responsibility rests on churches which teach children to be "killers of men."

In the very nature of things there never was a "Christian soldier"; there is not one to-day; there never will be one.

SAMUEL MILLIKEN.

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DEMOCRATIC EDUCATION.

From "The Rebuilding of Old Commonwealths," by Walter H. Page, Doubleday, Page & Company, New York.

No wise man has anything to say against church schools or private schools in their right places; for both have their uses. But the history of civilization has proved over and over again that no church and no private means can ever overcome the social and financial and political and religious differences of people and build a training place for all. Nothing has ever done this and nothing ever can do it but a public institution that is maintained by taxation and that belongs to all the people alike.

And now we come to the very heart of the matter. To talk about education in a democratic country as meaning anything else than free public education for every child, is a mockery. To call anything else education at all is to go back towards the Middle Ages, when it was regarded as a privilege of gentlemen or as a duty of the church and not as a necessity for the people.

If a few men only are to be educated, the accidents of fortune determine which they shall be. These will regard themselves as a special class, set off by themselves; and a false standard of education is set up both in the minds of the educated and in the minds of the uneducated. The uneducated regard themselves as neglected. You have the seeds of snobbery and of discontent sowed over all the wide wastes of social life, and the uneducated part of the state simply adds to its inertia rather than to its wealth and health.

But even this false conception of education is not the worst result of a system that benefits only a few. If only a part of any community be trained, the very part that needs training least is the part that gets it. It is the ignorant that are neglected, and the state thus goes steadily down. For those that are predisposed to ignorance and idleness and a lack of occupation are the very members of the community that ought not under any circumstances to

be neglected. There is, therefore, no way under Heaven to train those who need training most but by training everybody at the public expense.

More than this (for democracy has the quality of giving constant surprises) it is always more than likely that among the neglected are those that would become the most capable if they were trained. Society forever needs reinforcements from the rear. It is a shining day in any educated man's growth when he comes to see and to know and to feel and freely to admit that it is just as important to the world that the ragamuffin child of his worthless neighbor should be trained as it is that his own child should be. Until a man sees this he cannot become a worthy democrat nor get a patriotic conception of education; for no man has known the deep meaning of democracy or felt either its obligation or its lift till he has seen this truth clearly.

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HOW TO BE HAPPY.

Alice Freeman Palmer, during a hot summer, used to come up to Boston from the seashore once a week, to talk to the slum children at the Vacation School. She told this story of her experience on one of these occasions:

I found a great many girls in the room, but more babies than girls, it seemed. Each girl was holding one, and there were a few to spare.

"Now," I said, "what shall I talk to you about this morning, girls?" This was not a well-dressed assembly of young ladies, who, no doubt, would have sat with stolid countenances and set jaws or conscious giggles. Not so with these children of the slums. What they were offered in good faith they received in good faith.

"Talk about life," said one girl. Imagine! Life! That tremendous subject!

"I am afraid that is too big a subject for so short a time," I said. Then up spoke a small, pale-faced, heavy-eyed child, with a great fat baby on her knee: "Tell us how to be happy?"

The tears rushed to my eyes and a lump came in my throat. Happy in such surroundings as no doubt she lived in! Perhaps dirty and foul-smelling. Happy, with burdens too heavy to be borne, seemingly! All this flashed through my mind while the rest took up the word, and echoed, "Yes, tell us how to be happy!"

"Well," I said, "I will give you my three rules for being happy; but, mind you, you must all promise to follow them for one week and not skip a single day, for they won't work if you skip one single day." So they all promised, faithfully that they wouldn't skip one single day.

"The first rule is, that you will commit something to memory every day, something good. It needn't be much, three or four words will do, just a pretty bit of a poem, or a Bible verse. Do you understand?" I was so afraid they wouldn't, but one little girl with flashing black eyes jumped up from the corner of the room and cried:

"I know; you want us to learn something we'd be glad enough to remember if we went blind!"

"That is it exactly!" I said. "Something you would like to remember if you 'went blind';" and they all promised they would not skip a single day.

"The second rule is: Look for something pretty every day; and don't skip a day, or it won't work. A leaf, a flower, a cloud—you can all find something. Isn't there a park somewhere near here that you can all walk to? (Yes, there was one.) And stop long enough before the pretty thing that you have spied, to say: 'Isn't it beautiful!' Drink in every detail and see the loveliness of it. Can you do it?" They promised, to a girl.

"My third rule is—now mind, don't skip a day—Do something for somebody every single day."

"Oh, that's easy!" they said. And I thought it would be the hardest rule of all. Just think, that is what those children said—"Oh, that's easy!"

Didn't they have to tend babies and run errands every day, and wasn't that doing something for somebody?

Yes, I assured them it was.

Well, at the end of a week, the day being hotter than the last, if possible, I was wending my way along a very narrow street when suddenly I was literally grabbed by the arm, and a little voice said: "I done it!"

"Did what?" I exclaimed, looking down and seeing at my side a tiny girl with the proverbial baby asleep in her arms.

"What you told us to, and I never skipped a day, neither," replied the child in a rather hurt tone.

"Oh!" I said, "now I know what you mean. Put down the baby, and let's talk about it." So down on the sidewalk she deposited the sleeping infant, and she and I stood over it and talked.

"Well," she said, "I never skipped a day, but it was awful hard. It was all right when I could go to the park, but one day it rained and rained, and the baby had a cold, and I just couldn't go out without leaving baby, so I thought sure I was going to skip, and I was standing at the window, 'most cryin', and I saw"—here her little face brightened up with a radiant smile—"I saw a sparrow taking a bath in the gutter that goes around the top of the house, and he had on a black neck-tie, and he was so handsome!"

It was the first time I had heard an English sparrow called handsome, but I tell you it was not laughable a bit—no, not a bit.

"Then there was another day," she went on, "and I thought I should have to skip it, sure. There wasn't another thing to look at in the house. The baby was sick, and I couldn't go out, and I was feeling terrible, when"—here the most radiant look came to her face—"I saw the baby's hair!"

"Saw the baby's hair?" I echoed.

"Yes, a little bit of sun came in at the window and I saw his hair, and I'll never be lonesome any more." And catching up the baby from the sidewalk she said, "See!" and I saw the baby's hair.

"Isn't it beautiful?" she asked.

"Yes, it is beautiful," I answered. You have heard artists raving over Titian hair. Well, as the sun played on this baby's hair there were the browns, the reds, the golds which make up the Titian hair. Yes, it was truly beautiful.

"Now shall we go on?" I asked, taking the heavy baby from her.

The room was literally packed this time, ten times as many girls, and as many babies as your mind will conceive of. I had not much more than got in at the