two other presidents have been killed in that civilized country, the United States.

Here in the Philippines there are no such tragedies, and yet we are considered as relatively uncivilized. Let it be acknowledged that among the mass of the Filipinos there are many who cannot read nor write. We venture to assert that if in an atmosphere of education men are reared like Civil Engineer Morrals, who tried to kill Alfonso at his wedding, or the would-be assassin of the President of the French Republic, or the wretch who murdered President McKinley—we would rather have our own people with its limited present education than one which breeds such vermin. We give the palm to a poor devil of a Filipino who, half naked, climbs his cocoanut tree to gather his fruit honestly, which he sells to maintain his family, rather than to a civil engineer who speaks four languages but manufactures a bomb and assassinates many innocent persons in trying to blow up a boy king. We would rather see our humble Filipino in his hut, ready to invite any passing stranger to share his hospitality and join him in his poor meal, than the rich owner of a hotel who refuses to receive the weary traveler simply because he happens to be of another race, not to mention the impossibility that he would condescend to share a meal with a dark-skinned Filipino anywhere.

If civilization means respect for law, love of order and inclination to work, regard for charity and hospitality, the Filipino nation possesses these and many other of the virtues which fit people for independence.

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ERNEST HOWARD CROSBY.

For The Public.

Crosby, thou are gone!
A sweet true voice is taken from the scanty choir
Of those Heaven-appointed singers
Sent to hymn to men traveling through the night,
Lest they forget the day,
And so cease to labor and to pray for morning.

Thou wast clay moulded for this office.
Once the night seemed day to thee, our civilization
The full blown flower of time;
But sitting midst thine honors and thy wealth the voice came
That showed thy treasures false,
And our vaunted age but a necessary night on the road to day.

Then thou didst arise,
And shaking from thee honors, dull respectability and cant,
In glad renunciation,
Thus setting thine own life to music, went thence forward by
The open way of truth, turning aside for none,
And by the despised but joyous path of frank and simple Brotherhood.

Few understood thee.
Men called thee pessimist, destroyer, one sick and soured by dreams.
Blinded by the worship of their baser selves,
They saw in thee a menace to their ignoble good, and they held thee
Half in contempt, half in dread and awe,
Thus consecrating thee to the Prophets' noble fellowship.

Crosby, thou art gone!
But we are strong, for thou didst sound the universal truth,
And it is ours as it was thine.
Thy song will swell into a chorus till all earth confess it,
And then passing on,
We will hear thy voice again, farther up among the hills of God.

JESSE S. DANCEY.

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"WE HAVE NOT REALLY LOST THEM."

Address of Frank Stephens at the Lincoln Dinner of the Women's Henry George League, New York, February 12, 1907.

There lies a little city leagues away;
Its wharves the green sea washes all day long.
Its busy sunbright wharves with sailor's song
And clamor of trade, ring loud the livelong day.

'Twas long ago the city prospered so;
For yesterday a woman died therein:
Since when the wharves are idle fallen, I know,
And in the streets is hushed the pleasant din.
The thronging ships have been, the songs have been.
Since yesterday it is so long ago.

Since yesterday it is so long ago. Ernest Crosby, Hugh Pentecost, Malcolm Macdonald—yesterday they were with us, living and working with us, so that we were strong in their lives and in their work. To-day, "Behold your house is left unto you desolate," so desolate that the greatness of the loss makes long the days of it. Since yesterday it is so long ago.

Yet we recall these men, and speak again among us these names to which no man will answer more. Not that we may mourn for them—they have fought a good fight, they have finished their course, they have kept the faith. I speak of them not to regret, not to grieve over their going. It is for this only—that we who have yet a little time to labor may realize how brief it is, and, as it passes, how much more worth doing than all else, is the work they did, the work to which we have set ourselves, the work for which this League is banded together.

This that they and we have chosen, is to labor for the freedom of the race. It is the same work for which we honor Lincoln, that for what he saw of it "as through a glass darkly" he wrought manfully; the same for which we honor above all men the Prophet of San Francisco who, looking into the perfect law of liberty, continued therein.

These things let us who follow where they led, keep in mind always. First, this teaching from the wisdom of Herbert Spencer, that though the utmost a man can do to alter unjust social conditions is very little, yet that little is worth all it costs to do it. And then this also: that we are in no way responsible for the accomplishment of results.

If the bringing to pass of results were our affair, the power that through the awakening of men moves the world to good, to that far-off divine event toward which the whole creation moves, would not have taken from us these strong, devoted men whom we have lost. We are responsible only for doing all that we can toward the results—each individually, as though he worked alone, against the world, instead of working, as thank God we do, among the goodliest company of noble men whereof the world holds

record. The result is not the less certain and worth working for because we may not see it. Ours is a faith that in such times as ours must be only the substance of things hoped for, only the evidence of things not seen.

In the world about us, commercially—and the world about us is in the main a commerce, a selling of the minds of men, the bodies of women and the souls of children—commercially, socially and politically things do not go as we would have them.

Over and over again has the standard of Truth and Justice been raised in this world, over and over again it has been beaten down, oftentimes in blood. If they are weak forces that are opposed to Truth, how should Error so long prevail? If Justice has but to raise her head to see Injustice flee before her, how should the wail of the oppressed so long go up?

And yet the result for which we labor will come,—will come so surely that we may close our eyes upon our labors certain of that result and that the wisdom of this choice of our life's work is justified already.

As I grow older, as I realize the bitterness of failure in that which I have tried to do, the weary barrenness of political effort, of crying out to those who will not hear, and of pointing the way to blind leaders of the blind, I have my own dream of how that not unwelcome mustering-out will come. The one only reform work that I really love for the work's sake is, with all deference to your several judgments, the colony work. And when our fields at Arden have grown their crop of men and become the village of our dreams, I picture there a village church, maybe like that at Stratford or of Gray's Elegy, and there the end and peace.

To rest beneath the clover sod
That takes the sunshine and the rains,
Or where the kneeling hamlet drains
The chalice of the grapes of God.

Maybe it will come so, or maybe it will come as George has written,—"In penury and want, in neglect and contempt, destitute even of the sympathy that would have been so sweet, how many in every country have closed their eyes." Fall as it may, this life is only, as he said, the avenue and vestibule of another life. We do not really lose our lives. We have not really lost these men who have gone from us. They have not really gone.

So without regret and without bitterness, let us consecrate ourselves to the service in which they died. They have deserved well of the Republic. If the Spartans, holding courage and the endurance of pain to be the highest virtue, did well to bury with all military honors the women who died in childbirth, then no man has merited more glorious memorial than these our brothers who elected to bear in their own bodies the sins of the world and themselves, to suffer with the birth pangs of the new civilization for which the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain. And the highest tribute, that which we can render without waiting for the tardy recognition of a world that still stoneth the prophets and killeth them that are sent unto it, is emulation. The road they trod is open even to us. That cry of the oppressed and him who hath no helper, which led them on, rings in our ears by day and night. That which they achieved is possible to us, even to the end, even to the "Well done, good and faithful servant," even to die beloved as we love them. What more could man ask for the living of this life or the passing into another?

And in this hope and faith let us go from to-night's meeting to take up again the mighty work we have in hand,—joyous in the certainty of its final success.

Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily.
Let not our looks put on our purposes,
But bear it as our Roman actors do,
With untired spirit and formal constancy;
And so, Good Morrow to you, every one.

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THE FUTURE OF THE LAND QUESTION IN GREAT BRITAIN.

Editorial in the London Tribune of January 7, 1907.

We are afraid that English people generally are not very much interested in Scottish Bills. This is partly the fault of Scotsmen themselves, who have been so remarkably successful in keeping all local legislation practically in their own hands; partly of the inferiority of the Southron intellect, which fails to grapple with the legal terminology and many subtle distinctions wherein the countrymen of Hume and Hamilton move with ease. Hence it may be thought that the findings of the Select Committee on the Land Values Taxation (Scotland) Bill* are not a matter of the highest interest. Yet these findings are of very great importance for the future work of the present Parliament. They raise questions on which much of the policy of the Government in the immediate future must turn, and they will certainly be heard of often enough in the coming session. The future of the Liberal Party, it is not too much to say, turns on its capacity to deal successfully with the problems of social reform. The time is gone by when the gifts of civil, religious, and political freedom could exhaust the programme of a great party. The Liberal Government have done something and have yet to do more, in securing freedom. But their work will not in the end pass muster with their supporters if they cannot also do something towards a solution of the pressing problem of poverty. Now, there is great divergence of opinion as to the roots of poverty. Some find it a necesary outcome of the struggle for existence. Some hold that in our free industrial system it is mainly a question of character, and that those who deserve to get on have no difficulty in raising themselves above the level of want. Others at the opposite extreme declare that the poverty of the masses is but the reverse side of the wealth of the few, and that as long as the means of production are in the hands of private people the masses will always be poor. Others, again, occupying an intermediate position maintain that the source of economic evils is in monopoly, and that the two remedies for monopoly are either free competition or public ownership.

Thus, so far as monopolies and any property capable of being monopolized are concerned, the two last-named groups, differing widely in other respects, come to a working agreement. Questions of landed property in particular interest both groups alike, and here, accordingly, it seems most hopeful to secure united action on the part of those who believe

*See The Public of December 29, 1906, page 920.