

the Kaffir. When I saw that I said: "White man, look out; they will have you soon." Here it is, and I hear you say impossible. No man working can be employed in the mines that will not work for \$1.25 a day and board. The regular pay of five or six dollars a day will be paid, but only \$1.25 goes to the wage-earner, and the balance will be paid over to a fund for widows and orphans of British soldiers. They are more liberal with the managers and staffs, who will receive about half pay, the balance going to the same fund. At last, my noble British friend, you have found a way to get rid of us foreigners. You arrested hundreds of us and sent hundreds away out of the country for no reason only that we were foreigners. You tried to force us to take up arms against the Boers when we had sworn to be neutral; but that failed; you tried to starve us out, but that would not work; but at last you have taken the right course. This new edict has fairly knocked the wind out of some of these loyal Britishers. Well, I go and leave the Britishers to fight it out among themselves.

AN HONEST MILLION.

In the last few years, during which the industrial question has assumed such great importance in our country, my mind has often gone back to those scenes in Galilee. I have thought of the principal actor, not as a teacher, but as a workingman—the Carpenter of Galilee. Millionaires and multi-millionaires have become numerous in our country, bringing in their wake an army of unemployed, many of whom, by force of conditions, degenerate into tramps and vagabonds. Both these classes, the millionaires and tramps, are a detriment to the best interests of our country. I have made a calculation bearing upon the honesty of these millions in private coffers, and to help us to realize what a sum a million dollars is, and what it is to actually earn a million dollars. All will agree that when a workingman can save one dollar every working day in the year he is doing well.

Our era begins with the birth of this Carpenter of Galilee. Let us suppose that he was able to begin work on the day of his birth, and that each working day he was able to save one dollar above his living expenses. Let us suppose that he never loses a day by sickness or bad weather, and that his life and health and strength are miraculously prolonged until he shall earn one million dollars by saving one dollar for every working day.

Then we will be able to realize what an honest million is.

We will trace our workman who began work on the day of his birth. At the historic time of his death, at the age of 33, what would he be worth? The calculation is easy; 365 days minus 52 Sundays equals 313 working days in each year. Multiply that by 33 years and we have 10,329 days; but we must add eight days for eight leap years. This would make 10,337—and one dollar per day saved would equal as many dollars—\$10,337. Far from a million, yet labor began at birth and never a holiday nor a day lost by sickness! Let us suppose that he had lived the allotted 70 years; then how would the account stand? Only \$21,927! Our workman has a long and weary task before him to earn so large an amount as a million dollars. Our hero must trudge along through summer's heat and winter's storms. Years and decades come and go, until they grow into centuries, and still he works on, for his task is only begun. He sees kingdoms and empires rise and fall, but still he labors on, for the greater part of his task is still before him.

Christians are persecuted in various countries, the Roman empire disappears, the dark ages come, and still he labors on, his task not yet completed. The crusades are fought, America is discovered, modern science awakens the world from its shroud of darkness, and still he labors on. The stirring events of modern history transpire and bring us down to the present moment, and—would you believe it?—Our Carpenter is still laboring on, not yet having saved a million dollars, yet not having missed a single working day from sickness or any other cause in all these centuries. Let us see how his task would stand at this time. We are not counting interest, but purely the earnings of labor. We have seen that his savings would be \$313 per year; this would be \$31,300 per century, but adding 25 days for 25 leap years per century, it would be \$31,325 per century. To determine how this account would stand at the beginning of the present century multiply \$31,325 by 18, and the result is \$561,850, and add \$30,048 for the 96 years of the present century, and the amount is \$591,898. So the task at the present time would be only a little more than half done. Let us in imagination bring him before us. Here he comes, time-scarred, storm-scarred, labor-scarred. We ask him questions. He tells us interesting stories of how he worked on the

Colosseum, the Alhambra and St. Peter's. He mentions familiarly such masters as Michael Angelo. He praises his good fortune in having steady employment during all these centuries, and that his wages are always promptly paid, and that he was allowed to make up the time lost by going from one job to another by night work—but suddenly he says: "I must not tarry. I am the drudge of the ages, with the task of earning a million dollars. I must get it honestly, therefore I must earn it. My task will require many, many years, even centuries yet, so adieu." With this he leaves us. But does he not leave many reflections concerning our millionaires and their millions? What shall we say to those who obtain not only one million, but many millions in the few years of the adult period of a single life?

It is plain that no man can earn a million dollars in a brief human life, however hard he may work. But many have become millionaires, and while it is impossible to do so honestly, in a strictly ethical sense, we will admit that some have done so legally. This shows that these men have been enabled to do this only by the many advantages of the institutions of this country, and aided by the protection of the law.—Dr. C. F. Taylor, in the Medical World.

OPPORTUNITY.

For The Public.

It has been said that Opportunity is master of human destinies and knocks but once at every gate; and, although this is a very pretty figure of speech, it unfortunately contains but a germ of truth in a flood of fatalism.

Opportunities are neither few nor far between, but may be found all around us, like "a cloud of witnesses," and are constantly knocking, knocking at every sensitive heart and brain, with the cry: "Open, open, open unto us, for we are Angels of Light, commissioned to make bright and pleasant the pathway of weary mortals!"

It is not the lack of opportunities, but the lack of power to see what Nature has in store for man, if he would but work in harmony with the Divine purpose. The eye of Genius is required to note the mental, moral and material potentialities of our environment; the wisdom of the Sage is required to sift the chaff from the wheat, and executive ability of no common order is required to so marshal these forces that each shall rec-