

and his contemporaries. But unless one is able to grasp the view of the common man, unless one is, as was Lincoln, in touch with the workers, with the oppressed, the exploited and the downtrodden, unless one is able to understand and express the inarticulate ideal of that great incoherent mass—the American people—that man can never hope to live in the hearts of a grateful people.

It may not be given us to occupy high places, as did Lincoln; but each and every one of us may cultivate the virtues of simplicity and of genuine sympathy for fellowmen. It is not given us to strike at slavery; but each may strike at other giant evils which cause inequality, injustice, overwork, underpay, suffering, crime, degradation, ill-health and premature death, and national degeneracy. It is given to each and every one of us to participate in the movements which aid in making men brothers rather than brutes. Shall we do it? Will you do it, young man? Will you do it, young woman?

* * *

LINCOLN.

For The Public.

All tongues in reverence breath his name;
World-wreathed his brow, world-sung his fame.
He searched the ancient wrong, and stood
For all-inclusive brotherhood.
But ere were loosed the gods of wrath,
He felt the bitter after-math;
His heart was wrung, that thus should he
Preserve a nation's liberty.

Large-hearted man, we love him. God
Has given not many such; he trod
Our world so meekly, vanquished pride,
Sublimely self-repressed. Beside
Wrongéd humanity he stood—yea, stands—
Death could not tie those tender hands
That dared unlink the shackled slave—
They are not rotting in the grave.

Ill-counseled man who thought that he
Could rob the world of him;—we see
Him in our streets today. No time
Can ever turn his locks. The pine
That lit his books has not burned out,
But lights the whole world now. The shout
Which Freedom gave when Hell upraised
A hand to strike—and so amazed
The awe-struck people then—is heard
Still echoing 'mongst our hills. The blurred,
Half-written history of a race,
Becomes an epic, when we trace
His history in it. God affirms
Himself the Author, he its hero; turns
A leaf down here and there and bids
Us read and ponder. 'Twixt these lids,
The coming patriot shall learn, and stand
For higher freedom. Proud the land
That holds as heritage his name
Enrolled among her sons of fame.
He dwells all mortal mists above,
Enshrined in God's great Heart of Love.

DWIGHT MARVEN.

TORY DEMAGOGUERY.

Gilbert K. Chesterton in the London Daily News of
January 29.

The weakness which underlies our latter-day ethics is very clearly shown during or after an election. The modern weakness is that denunciation of sin is not balanced by confession of sin. What makes the ordinary political partisan spiritually unconvincing is, not so much that he points out that his opponent is spotted, as that he implies that he himself is spotless. The true reason for hating crime is not that we could not commit it, but that we could; a better reason still for hating crime is that we have committed it.

Now in these crises there is a clash of rowdy Pharisaism which makes it very difficult indeed to tell the modest truth about anything. We ought not to be discussing where and by whom a vulgar trick was used, as if it were a miracle. We ought to be asking whether amid a mass of vulgar tricks this or that has been unquestionably cruel or indecent. Making this full allowance, I, for one, am quite certain that one or two of the tricks have been cruel and indecent, and that most of these tricks are Tory.

To take but one point out of fifty, I have seen everywhere posters in which the Tories claim as a peculiarity things admittedly peculiar to the other side. If we take the two leaders' names as typical of candidates: I have seen "Vote for Balfour and No Taxes on Food"; the only possible inference being that Mr. Asquith wants taxes on food. I have seen "Vote for Balfour and Old Age Pensions"; the only possible inference being that Mr. Asquith had not introduced Old Age Pensions.

And though Liberal electioneering is full of folly and even foulness, like all electioneering, I have not seen the same bland and impudent lie on our side. I have not seen our posters claim a thing special to our enemies' scheme. I have not seen "Vote for Asquith and Make the Foreigner Pay." I have not seen "Vote for Asquith and Repel the German Navy." I think upon a humble and sober reckoning, and with full consciousness of the unclean machinery of our own politics, it remains true that in a simple and violent unfairness the Tories win.

Nor do I think that this originates in any vital intellectual insincerity about them; nay, rather in their vital intellectual sincerity. The Tory is a demagogue for a very simple reason. It is merely because a demagogue means a man who disbelieves in democracy. If a man sincerely thinks that white Christian men should be controlled like lunatics, it is not dishonest in him, but rather honest, that he should also think they must be soothed and deceived like lunatics. Both Radical and Tory play to the gallery; but it is the Tory who plays down to the gallery. And he is right, on his own quite rational premises.