

AMERICA.

For The Public.

Dear land, we cannot see in wildest dream
Thy hand upraised to menace, not to
bless.

Thy heart must beat to succor, not op-
press;

Thy bannered stars with peace, not war,
must gleam.

Tho' clouds and darkness swirl about thy
feet,

Thy brow is aureoled with Heaven's light,
Thy feet are planted on the rock of right,
And from that rock shall nevermore re-
treat.

Tho' alien greed with blatant mouth bow
down

To calf of gold confessed its only god,
Thou hast with bleeding feet His high-
way trod,

And felt the pressure of a thorny crown.
A heart of light in time's rough breast we
feel thou art,

Struck from the altar fires, which light
shall not depart.

GRACE ADA BROWN.

Mount Lebanon, N. Y.

Long before the year 2,000 taxation
will have been so adjusted as to en-
courage, not discourage, the fullest
improvement of land; public fran-
chises will be so universally operated
direct by the public, that a street
railway company or private water-
works for public supply will seem as
archaic as personal government by
royal charter, or the farming of
taxes.—Hon. John De Witt Warner, in
Johnstown (Pa.) Democrat.

Jasper—Young Rocky spends his
money in lumps without enjoying it.

Jumpuppe—Well, that's all right.
His father made it in lumps without
earning it.—Life.

"Yes, Ching Lee," said the Russo-
German, "the Caucasian surpasses the
Mongolian in all things."

"Alas!" answered Mr. Lee, "I begin to
realize the truth of your statement
when I see what an insignificant ex-
hibition our atrocities make in com-
parison with yours."

G. T. E.

"Mornin' paper, sir?" sang out the
newsboy. "One penny, sir."

"Here's three cents, boy," replied
the facetious customer. "Keep the two
pence, buy a cake of soap with it and
give your face a washing."

The newsboy handed back the money
with great dignity. "Keep the change
yourself, sir," he said, "and use it to
buy a book on etiquette, sir."—Tit-Bits.

Student—Why do you object to an-
swering the questions asked of you
by earnest seekers after truth?

Philosopher—My son, if these people
knew enough to understand the right
answers to the questions they ask they
would know too much to ask them.—
Puck.

BOOK NOTICES.

In "The Religion of Democracy," by
Charles Ferguson (Funk & Wagnalls Com-
pany, New York and London, 1900), we have
something better than the "epoch-making
book," which, according to the reviewers,
appears about once a month; we have
rather an epoch-recording book. Mr. Fer-
guson believes that "only once can the
world turn prodigiously on its axis, shift-
ing its center of gravity from the tem-
poral to the eternal," and that at this very
time "the old order is passing, and the
new is swiftly preparing."

With the startling boldness of a Carlyle,
and the spiritual optimism of a Sweden-
borg, Mr. Ferguson brings us face to face
with the ideals that democracy has been
blindly groping toward through the ages
when all that was mighty, all that seemed
to be wise, and all that claimed to be re-
ligious, was arrayed against it.

Of your own need to be an absolute dem-
ocracy he says:

If you pass by the least considerable man,
you pass by all the humanities and the di-
vinites, and set your heart on what is
transient and cheap. There is a wide ocean
of difference between taking in the last
man and leaving him out. It is not a ques-
tion of one man, but of humanity. If you
leave anybody out, you must leave your
own soul out, and must live thenceforth by
the butler's standard.

Of the absolute verity of the God of dem-
ocracy he says:

The churches of the past might conceiv-
ably have been the inventions of priests
and princes; it is possible to imagine that
they might have existed even though there
were no God. But the church of the mod-
ern expectation is frankly impossible if
there be no God. It is possible for men to
get together on the basis of a sacramental
theory or a proposition in divinity, whether
the theory or the proposition be true or
false; but it is not possible for men to get
together on the ground of the eternal rea-
sonableness and justice, unless indeed
there be an eternal Reasonableness and
Justice to whom they all alike have access.

And this he calls the creed of democracy:

To say that the sovereignty is in the
people is the same as to say that the King-
dom of God is within you.

What old ideals must be rejected if we
are to play our parts in opening the doors
of the world to a new spiritual life? Mr.
Ferguson tells us that we must turn away
from a sham world "wherein religion is
made a question of credulity and of being
baptized;" we must turn away from the
fallacy that we are put into the world to
improve our own individual minds, and
better our own individual conditions. The
ideal of the "self-made" man, beautiful,
intelligent, moral, turns now to dust and
ashes.

If he is nothing but the Finest Thing
Made, then it is all over with religion and
great art, and it is all over with magnani-
mity and valor.

The new faith, he tells us, is that "the
free spirit of man is uncreated, is not made
by God, but begotten of Him."

This faith fears not materialism.

It is not so bad to be a materialist. If
you keep to the facts you will not get away
from God. The moral laws are not sep-
arate from matter. They are wrought into
the fiber of the material world. You can-
not dig anywhere without striking them.

This faith will lead us to believe in this
world:

The faith of the Bible is not a conviction
about God, a conclusion stubbornly stuck
to, or dictated by authority. It is not a
conviction at all; it is a willingness, a reso-
lution, to take risk that this world really
is at bottom what it ought to be, and that
it can in its very nature fulfill the heart's
longing.

It will lead us to believe in the unity of
the universe.

The way of valid science is the way of
the modern spirit. It begins with an act
of faith—an immense assumption—to wit,
that the whole world is constitutionally at
one with itself; that it is a universe; that it
has no alien elements, no unassimilable
fate, no intrinsic contradictions. This as-
sumption is the great adventure of the age.
We are committing ourselves to it without
calculating the consequences. It distin-
guishes this age from all other ages as,
par excellence, the age of faith.

And this faith will lead us to appreciate
"the vast orderliness of the moral uni-
verse."

Nor does Mr. Ferguson stop with faith.
Such faith as this of the new day impels
to labors—to labors which, like the faith,
partake of the character of divine advent-
ure. "It is a rugged, narrow path through
the world-crisis; but it is a highway of
great discovery."

The first work is destructive.

The broadest, the basic fact of the old
world which democracy comes to destroy,
is that it has got its bread with injustice.

Always one class has preyed upon
another class. The strong, from the begin-
ning, have stolen their bread; and, what is
worse, they have despised their bakers.

Mr. Ferguson tells us what needs to be
destroyed:

America shall be the crossroads of the
world. The nations shall flow into it, and
pass through it. We renounce old habits.
We have no patent on democracy; we
will not make the abolition of privilege
itself a privilege.

We will make here a clearance of every
law-made privilege and monopoly, and we
will make it intolerably hard for other
countries to maintain privileges and mo-
nopolies.

And again:

The programme of the new era is to put
the people in possession of the earth—to
put the whole people in possession of the
whole earth.

In settling the economic question we shall
settle all the rest:

It has been supposed that we could first
settle the bread question and then proceed
to finer issues. But there are no finer is-
sues—there is nothing finer than common
bread, unless it be bread of a finer kind; or
than a cup of water, unless it be a cup of
wine. The palpable, real world is unfath-
omable, mysterious, spiritual, and there is
room in it for the most magnificent advent-
ure of the ideal. It is not necessary to go
apart from it in order to think or to aspire;
the dignity of thinking is in labor, and the
dignity of labor in thinking. The sphere of
economics is without bounds; it takes in all
the fine arts and the unnamed finer arts,
and there is no magnanimity or love that
cannot be expressed somehow in terms of
bread and wine.

And we are to do all this putting of this
world in order, "not because this world is
all, but because it is not all." More than
all others, our spiritual ideals must be ab-
solutely democratic. Perhaps the greatest
word of this remarkable book is to this
point:

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