

it became his mission in life not to make money, not to win fame, but to teach that truth. Why, one or two such men as he in this community have manifestly, to one like myself who comes as a visitor, created a distinctive atmosphere here of intelligence and sympathy. What a monument he has left himself—a monument of brothers and sisters who knew him and whose minds have been opened and whose hearts have been touched by the gospel of justice and love that he preached! What a fearful thing it is for us men and women to consider chiefly our own needs day by day, to feel no deep concern for the world's suffering, to have no real part in the great world's struggle, to have no real kinship with the prophets, but to be just so much dead human material, eating and sleeping and gathering gold and waiting to die! But thank God there are always a few such as our friend to speak to those who have ears to hear, to plead with those who have hearts to feel, to call us away from that life of living death up into the plane of companionship with the prophets, with those men and women who seek the important truths of their time, who feel the wrongs of their day and who know that the very best they can get out of life is that they should be a part of the real living forces of their own generation, making for religiousness and for the kingdom of God upon earth.

Ah, my friends, men and women are full of the memories of him. Let us teach ourselves that we shall no longer go through life indifferent to the words of the prophets, calloused to the suffering of our fellows, but that more searchingly than ever before, for his sake and for our own, we will ask ourselves, "What is truth?" And we will pray, "Teach us to know the truth, that the truth may make us free." Oh, let it not in any port be said by the wave billows that some light failed on a certain stormy night to shine brightly at the harbor head. Let seamen, by whatever coast they come, call out to each other as they pass by, "Trim the lamps! Let rays ever burn high! There are no lights to spare! There are no lights to spare!"

TAXES upon goods are taxes upon labor.

DEATH OF MICHAEL FLURSCHEIM.

The news of the death of Michael Flurschein in Berlin on April 24 comes to us almost as a personal loss. For we at once recall, not what seemed to us his irritating lapses from clear thinking which made him a protectionist and advocate of land nationalization, but the delightfully sweet and gentle tone of many communications to the REVIEW which disarmed hostility and made us wish that the views he held were the possession of some less rare and lovable personality.

Yet spite of all his curious reasoning which led him to discard truths which to us seem so obvious, it may be gratefully acknowledged that the German movement for the restoration of man's equal rights to the earth—which is now finally directed into a far different channel than Mr. Flurschein would have chosen, owes much to his early teachings. From the consideration of the paramount importance of the land question to all other questions he, at all events, never wavered. His "Clue to the Economic Labyrinth"—a characteristic title, for it was owing to a peculiar intellectual bent that he could not see the forest for the trees—a volume of over 500 pages, contains much that is valuable though much, too, that is curiously self-revealing as to his limitations.

Now is not the time, however, to indicate these intellectual shortcomings. It is enough to say that after long years of untiring and unselfish service to what he deemed the truth a most sweet and gracious spirit has passed from among us. Let us give to his memory something of the great and patient love he gave the world.

THE more land speculators get the less land workers get.

THE more shoddy in the coat the more "protection to wool."

A TAX on improvements on land is a fine on all the virtues.