

MISCELLANY

GOLD.

When John on Patmos looked into the New Jerusalem, he saw a wondrous thing; The streets of that fair city were all paved With that which earth most dear and precious holds—

With purest gold, o'er which the happy feet

Of all the habiters of heaven went up And down. So might not this declare for us The proper place of gold in that Society Whose frame to-day we strive with so much toil

To shape according to our Vision's plan? A place of use, in truth, on which to build And act; only for use, to walk upon, To smooth the way to worship and to work?

But we, in earth's old manner, straight Reverse this use and fight God's good intent.

Instead of making pavements of our gold, We beat it out and hammer it into A dome, and raise it up into a sky Above our heads. And then, because we can

No more behold the stars, nor can the sun Shine through; because earth's furious furnace-heat,

Reflected, burns to dust our heart's sweet flowers;

Because our lives begin to pale and faint Within the twilight we ourselves have made,

We bitterly complain to heaven and cry That no kind Providence has planned the world.

—Orville E. Watson.

WE CANNOT PUT OFF LIBERTY.

Much is said of the severity of criticism, the abuse some call it, to which the late president was subjected; but any candid judge must confess that it has come far short of the virulence with which his predecessor of the other party was assailed during his term. That the criticism was without unpatriotic malevolence is demonstrated by the testimony of universal national sorrow for his sad fate. We do not say that Mr. McKinley was never viciously and wantonly maligned; but we do say that comparatively little of the severe criticism passed upon him was of that character, not more than must be expected while human nature remains what it is. Liberty of speech that does not counsel criminal resistance to authority cannot be postponed in a free state until the whole people are regenerate.—Boston Herald.

TRUE AND FALSE OPTIMISM.

Extract from a sermon from the above title delivered at the Vine Street Congregational church in Cincinnati, September 16, by the pastor, Rev. H. S. Bigelow.

He is not an optimist who spends all his time praising the progress which men in the past have achieved. The true optimist believes in achiev-

ing some progress which posterity can praise. He is not the man who believes in letting well enough alone. He holds that the only way to show respect for the past is by improving upon the past. He is not discouraged by present defeat. True success is to remain loyal to the idea. He suffers defeat who is content with less than that. The optimist knows that error may die out, but that truth cannot be stamped out. He does not deceive himself as to the imperfections of society. With him life is a battle, not a dream. He finds his salvation in working for the public good. His love of truth, his trust in its power, the joy he has in working for it—this to him is life eternal. He sees enough good in the universe to believe that he would find it all good if he could see it all. Beneath his hatred of wrong, beneath the pain of hopes deferred, beneath his eagerness to win the victory of the hour—beneath all are the everlasting arms of confidence and peace. For him as for Browning's Pippa:

The year's at the spring;
The day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hill-side's dew-pearled.
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in his heaven—
All's right with the world.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF GOVERNMENT.

Without law there can be no such thing as liberty, the largest, freest life of the individual. But that is possible only in regulated, orderly society, where the individual will is subordinate to the common good.

Law as a means to liberty was not the conception of the past; government was largely by force and was often used to oppress. Government was not for man, but man for government. Among the millions only one will was free, and hence it is not strange that from these dark ages and lands has come the idea that government is not the friend of man, but the enemy.

And when we look out upon the governments of the world to-day, with all their extravagance and luxury, and then look upon the people in their poverty, taxed to support royalty and vast standing armies, it is not strange there should be complaint, and that there are those who think that government as such, and especially by compulsion, is wrong. That is the position of the philosophical anarchist.

Count Tolstoi would have only re-

ligion—the life of Christ; would not resist robbery, murder, but that by submission to suffering or death the wrongs would rest upon the doers and soon work their reformation. It, may be, is all right for martyrs to die for truth and conscience, but it is certainly a religious duty to protect home and family and life against the destroyer. Nor can we see how Prince Kropotkin's idea of government without compulsory power is possible. There is, can be, no such thing as free thought, free government, free religion, for the reason that thought must be under the laws of thought, and government and religion must be under the laws of liberty and morality. But there is, thank God, such a thing as freedom to think and religion of the free. But this is possible only under the law. Here one is not permitted to interfere with the rights of others. There must be authority to compel obedience. And law must have penalty. Nature never lets go of the penalty side of life.

It is against the abuses of government that the protest should be made; unjust laws should be repealed and the use of force be carefully guarded and used.

There is also a destructive anarchy that believes that government is an evil, an enemy, and that it is so entrenched behind custom and law, wealth and power, that reform is not possible; that destroying, killing, is the only remedy.

Not many in our country hold these extreme views, and their numbers will grow less and for the reason that psychologically the conditions do not favor increase. The feeling of our age of reason and liberty is against force and violence and on the side of the peaceful, orderly government of the free.

In the ages of arbitrary rule, resort to force seemed the only remedy. Seven out of the ten of the Roman emperors were murdered in the first century. There were fifty assassinations in the old world in the last century.

But in a government of the free there can be no reason for resort to violence. The peaceful remedy for every wrong is in the hands of the people. The people themselves are the government. Our fathers saw the possible dangers, hence sought to safeguard the rights of all by a written constitution, and it is the solemn duty of every lover of liberty to see that in this land there never shall be any possible excuse for violence; to

see that government is just; is the friend and protector of every man, woman and child without distinction of race, color or religion.

It is only justice, mercy to ourselves and to destructive anarchy, that assassins pay the penalty of their deeds. But it should be the solemn behest of justice, and not in the spirit of anger or revenge, and one should be just as careful that the innocent should not suffer, and that the right to think and speak be sacred.

England went through this long battle for liberty, and in England today there is perhaps larger mental freedom than in any other country, and fewer destructive anarchists. In Italy and Russia there has been more repression and suppression, and there are more violent anarchists. The teachings of psychological anarchy are, as I think, extremely impractical, but so long as they are peaceful they need not be feared. Error is harmless when truth is free.

What we think, we create, and when the thinking, the feeling, is right, the acting, doing, will not be wrong. The power back of will is thought, feeling. Will is the whole being in action, it is a nation mobilized in war, or quiescent in peace.

We have yet to realize the full power of thought, feeling, will. The revolt, the shame, the sorrow of the millions, is the most powerful protest against the assassination of the president. It will go far to lessen the danger of such tragedies in the years to come. It is the prayer that reaches the heart of humanity, the heart of the universe.

Oh, if all minds and hearts would will the will of God—say: "Thy will be done on earth, as it is in Heaven," then would all lives be free in the Divine order of reason, of justice, peace and love.—Rev. H. W. Thomas, in *The Chicago American* of Sept. 18.

THE TEACHING OF THE TRAGEDY. For The Public.

On rare occasions men awake to a realization of the sacredness of human life and the enormity of the crime which would deprive a fellow-being thereof. Such an occasion is with us now, and, alas! it is only when the public conscience is thus stirred that we are, as a body, capable of realizing the culpable acts committed by ourselves. The conscience which is awakened at the crime of an individual ought to be sensitive to the misdeeds of a nation.

Practically all citizens unite in

strong condemnation of the assassination, and denounce it as dastardly, detestable, cruel and cowardly. All these it certainly is, except, possibly, the last. In a certain sense, it probably is not cowardly, for it doubtless requires a certain kind of brute courage to attack a man at the imminent risk of being torn to pieces by surrounding thousands. It is much the same sort of feverish desperation which we laud as heroism in war.

And if it be dastardly, as it certainly is, to shoot down one man, what shall be said of our national morality which prompts us to shoot down thousands without a qualm? The principle involved cannot be differentiated because the one man is a president. It was not the office which lay suffering in Buffalo. It was the man. William McKinley was mortal. The president never dies. Mr. McKinley passes and Mr. Roosevelt succeeds. If Mr. Roosevelt is taken, Mr. Hay takes his place. There is always a president.

Therefore it is the man with whom we sympathize, and it is because Leon Czolgosz shot a man that we condemn him. We must administer punishment; we must wish him repentance.

But what of ourselves? Have not we been shooting, too? Have we not been killing people who were only engaged in the crime of defending their country, and not even killing them "humanely?"

It is the testimony of correspondents and soldiers in the Philippines that we have, as at Alkay, fired even on amigos returning to their homes, and, as at Legaspi, shot down hemp workmen armed only with wooden hemp-beaters, in a mad scene of carnage. Villages have been reported burned, and others bombarded without the customary warning to non-combatants, women and children, to leave the town. It has been stated that combatants have been killed to save the trouble of capturing them, and that captives have been subjected to torture, euphemistically known as "the water-cure." Some of these reports may be erroneous, but it can hardly be that all are. Have we concerned ourselves? Have our moral sensibilities suffered at the enormities committed in our name? Have we tried to stop the outrages?

But aside from these, let us choose an instance which we not only have not condemned, but have applauded

and rewarded—the capture of Aguinaldo. Let us compare it with the crime at Buffalo.

The assassin approached the president as a friend.

The captor, or his associates, approached Aguinaldo as a friend.

The assassin disguised his weapon with a handkerchief.

The captor disguised his party and person in Filipino uniforms and as captives.

The assassin accepted the hand of the man he was betraying.

The captor accepted succor to save his party from starvation at the hands of the man he was betraying.

The assassin went forward with lying looks and intent.

The captor went forward with lying letters and forgeries.

In the exact moment when amity and confidence were at their highest, each betrayed his victim. We condemn one and rightfully. We have applauded the other, and why?

By what species of casuistry do we make the distinction? It is cheap and idle to excuse ourselves with the word "War." War is only a name. Lying, spying, falsity, forgery, maiming, murdering—call these by any other name, even that of war—and they smell as foul.

The connection between the two incidents quoted lies in one fact. We rewarded the captor with a position of honor and a munificent salary for life, which we tax ourselves to pay to him. Our agent in conferring this reward was the president!

There is sorrow for the suffering and death of William McKinley, fortunately not the theatrical hysterics pictured by the newspaper correspondents, for hysteria is never indicative of real feeling, but a sincere sorrow and sympathy, expressing itself quietly, but earnestly. There is indignation at the deed, and contempt for the misguided wretch who committed it.

This is the general attitude, and it is a great deal more creditable than the incoherencies of lurid writers whose concern in the tragedy was to get plenty of good "stories" out of it, or than the lamentations of some poseurs who stood on the street-corners of the public prints, so to speak, and cried: "Behold our grief!"

Out of the genuine part of this feeling, we ought to gain something—a tenderer care for our righteousness and mercy as a nation, and an avoidance in future of doing to other