

their power of sympathy contracted within the four walls of a stuffy respectability; and so the one thing which might at the same instant deliver them and the gutter things, and give them both a reasonable interest in existence, is, alas, as matters are, quite impossible. A gulf is fixed; the policeman walks with his truncheon along the curb. A brougham drives up and scatters the ragged ones. A footman obsequiously opens the door; and another leaden-eyed lady wrapped in furs disappears into "Barker's."

It is all very strange. I walk up and down and wonder if it is a dream—some quite solid and indigestible nightmare. Supposing (I think) it were some tribe in the interior of Africa of which we heard that the natives had these customs. That a certain class among them were in the habit of walking up and down a shady promenade, on one side of which are heaped great stores of bananas, mealies, dates, cotton cloth, beads and Sheffield knives—from which heaps said promenaders helped themselves freely to all they wanted; while on the other side, in the burning heat, stood a row of poor creatures (of the same tribe) in continual torture for want of food, waiting for hours and hours and hours, and all their lives, for bits of refuse to be thrown to them. What should we say to that? And yet, whatever plentiful villainous cruelties and burnings and other torments savages (chiefly under the influence of superstition) do perpetrate, I doubt whether any traveler has yet told us of such a scene of sheer cold-blooded indifference as that which I am describing.

And yet it goes on, and will go on—till the frame of this present anti-social "society" is rent in twain. The beggars still stand, offering their ingenious trifles in the gutter; the shops spread their piles of goods (grapes at 5s. 6d. to 7s. a pound, bonnets at 27s. each) in the windows; the policeman and the footman still marshal the show—and between goes the weary stream of stony faces whose aspect chills one to the bone. And this is High street, Kensington, or "that part of Heaven which is called Hell."—Edward Carpenter.

#### SUBSIDIZE FARM WAGONS — WHY NOT?

In these days, when so much is said about the subsidizing of ocean steamship lines, it seems strange and unfair that no attention should be paid to other means of conveyance which are equally useful, though they have no lobby to extol their merits.

It is true that the railroads indirectly receive some recognition from the government in the form of mail contracts, the compensation under which is, to say the least of it, liberal. But, passing the railroads by, there are other means of transportation which are not receiving from the government or the believers in the virtue of subsidies the attention they deserve.

The craft which navigate the great lakes play a most useful part. They carry from points of production to points of consumption immense cargoes of wheat and other grain, of coal, and of iron ore. Then there are the river boats which ply upon the Mississippi and its tributaries and many southern rivers. They carry to the seaboard the cotton of the planter and take his supplies to him. They are useful but ignored instruments of commerce. That they navigate fresh water instead of salt water is no reason why subsidies should be denied them if subsidies are to be given at all. Next come the canalboats which, on artificial highways, still play a great part in our internal commerce.

There are still humbler instrumentalities for carrying on the great work of transportation and commerce. There is the prairie schooner, for instance. The man habituated to palace cars may turn up his nose at it, but it has done more for the development of this country in the past than all the steamers upon all the seas and oceans. The navigators of the lowly craft in question have suffered greater hardships perhaps than any other class of mariners in existence.

The prairie schooner, homely but serviceable, which has carried the American flag over hill and plain, from the Potomac to the Pacific, has been superseded by the farm wagon. Why should not it have a subsidy? Where would American agriculture be without it? The man who guides the devious course of the farm wagon for considerable distances along the muddy roads of a western prairie suffers as much for his country as the man who owns a coal mine or a palatial steamship line running to Liverpool or Southampton.

If subsidies are going around they should be distributed with a generous hand, without partiality or discrimination. The farmer ought to have his share. If it were provided that he should be paid yearly a subsidy for every farm wagon he had in use, the total amount to be paid to depend on the number and length of trips made, he would receive a goodly number of

dollars from the national treasury. He would get more for his crops.

As strong an argument can be made for the farmer as for the owner of the coal mine, who wishes a subsidy so that he can get more for his product. The argument for the farmer is as sound economically as that for the proprietor of the ocean steamship, who undoubtedly would make more money if the government should give him some. If he got money enough from it to make it profitable he would run his vessels to every port where it is unprofitable to run them now.

This subsidy business is promoted by speculators who have an eye single to what they can get out of it. They claim that this country can make iron and steel more cheaply than they can be made elsewhere. They dilate on the facilities which the United States has for manufacturing bridges, locomotives, and other metal products economically and rapidly. They say there ought to be American ships to take these American products abroad. They fail to explain why steel and iron ships cannot be built here as cheaply as in England or Germany.

If they cannot be, and American ships are needed, the best way to get them will be to repeal the antiquated and obsolete navigation laws. If congress will not do that and is resolved to vote subsidies, then all carriers should be treated alike, beginning with the farm wagon and ending with the "ocean greyhound." Every proprietor of an instrument of commerce and transportation should receive his proportionate largess from the government.—Chicago Tribune of Dec. 8.

#### WE DO NOT WANT THE KINGDOM TO COME.

Christianity or the "way" was no more a religion than the Mosaic dispensation was a religion. The latter became such, it is true. So that Paul, the apostle, when describing his ante-Christian life, naturally and truthfully uses the term, saying that "after the strictest sect of our religion I lived a Pharisee." But he is referring to degenerate days—to a time in which the old national boasts of the presence of God and the possession of a glorious and righteous code were no longer heard; a time when instead of these exultant cries there fell, from the lips of the high priests upon the ears of the kingliest man the world ever saw, these words: "Away with Him! Away with Him! Crucify Him! We have no king but Caesar!" Yes, a time when the propinquity of God was a nightmare

and belief in it heresy; when the law had become a burden and evasion of obedience a fine art; when the only god or king wanted was one who knew his place and kept it, attending strictly to his own business, and content therein with such bargains might be made in accordance with long-standing custom and arrangement. But this Judaism of the days of the Christ and Saint Paul was no more the Judaism of Moses and Joshua than modern Christianity is the Christianity of the apostles. . . . It has come to pass that the so-called church no less than the world needs conviction of sin as rooted in unbelief and therefore unnecessary, of righteousness as possible through the incarnation, and of judgment as certain because an ever present fact. All talk of necessary evil is infidel. Constant harping upon the string of "our poor weak human nature" is atheistic cant—self-chosen chronic invalidism. Postponement of judgment is simply willful blindness—the stupidity of the ostrich with his head in the sand. Again, the church requires to be taught once more the lesson given to Nicodemus, that the Spirit breatheth where he listeth—that it is as absurd for men to set bounds to his field of operation as it would be to attempt to direct the motions of the planets or the course of the winds. Saint Peter learned the lesson and taught it to the brethren. It seems to have been forgotten. Forgotten also, or willfully ignored, is the fact that such statements of the Christ as these: "No man can serve two masters. Ye cannot serve God and Mammon;" "He that would save his life shall lose it;" "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all necessary things shall be added unto you;" "Except ye be converted and become as little children ye cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven," are of social and ecclesiastical application no less than individual.

No longer is the voice of the church, the voice of the apostle, saying: "Silver and gold have I none; but what I have give I thee. In the name of Jesus of Nazareth, walk." Instead of this, it is the church which is chronically invalid and begging. The modern cry is for endowment, without which (though it be tantamount to indirect taxation of the poor) according to ecclesiastical authority the work in certain districts cannot go on. (Query: What has become of the original endowment of the Spirit of the living God?). . . .

After all, however, the most dismal and heart-breaking failure has been and is in the matter of the treatment of children. In no other sphere of activity is infidelity more manifest or the waste consequent thereon more awful. As Alden truly says:

The newness of life which comes with every generation is a divinely ordained force for our social regeneration. Forever the Master places the child in our midst as a symbol of His kingdom—the power to renew and remold our life. Every child is a fresh manifestation of the Christ, divinely born, sent even as he was sent for our inspiration and leadership; and received in this way a single generation of children would renovate the world. Instead of availing ourselves of this marvelous power, we put these leaders behind us and impose upon them the hard and fast mold of an older life, striving with them to anticipate the Gospel of our Lord in their hearts by the maxims of worldly experience and the forms and traditions of a worldly ecclesiasticism.

Yes. In spite of Christ's solemn warning, the little ones are despised. Instead of trying to be like them, allowing them to convert us, we must needs do all in our power to make them like ourselves, regarding them not as pure in heart and so capable of seeing God as we, alas, cannot; but rather as things empty which we are to fill, as things plastic which by us must be formed and fashioned to make their way in the world. So for five days in the week and two sessions per day we send them to school to be taught by experienced and trained teachers, arithmetic, grammar, geography, etc., and on one day in the week for about three-quarters of an hour to a Sunday school to be taught (?) by the most amateurish of amateurs the things which in theory concern their everlasting weal or woe. We go on quoting the Lord's words, "Suffer the little children to come unto me and forbid them not," and then do we suffer them to come to him? Not exactly. Not quite all the way. We bring them to baptism, send them to Sunday school, and perhaps take them to church. Baptism is a pious custom; they will be out of harm's way in the Sunday school; and they are not likely to hear anything dangerous in church. It is a good habit to acquire—this church going. It pays in the end. So far we suffer them and forbid them not. But let a boy exhibit in ever so small a degree the messianic instinct, let him insist on being natural, let him attempt to live in accordance with the fundamental law of seeking first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and how soon will pressure be brought to bear to turn him from his purpose,

to conform him to his environment, to make of him "a practical man." Worse, if possible, is this: that instead of the presumption being that the child's development may and therefore should be like that of the Son of Mary, a daily increase in wisdom and stature in favor with God and man, the idea is that a certain amount of folly, etc., is inevitable, and that he asserted this. He did no such thing. He did say that there should be occasions of stumbling, and he added: "Woe to that man"—not that child—"by whom the occasion cometh."

The plain truth is that while faithful, brave and godly believers are praying (as such have always prayed, "Thy kingdom come," with intelligent sincerity, the religious classes of to-day, as classes, do not want the kingdom to come just yet. They have no longing for a regime here upon the earth in which respect of persons, special privileges, patent rights, individual and class distinctions are no more. They may do very well in heaven or when the millennium comes—whatever that may mean. But till then let heaven and earth, religious and secular, saints and sinners, rewards and punishments be carefully differentiated. Disunion must and shall be preserved. The modern Pharisees have no heart hunger for or faith in the possibility of a social order in which justice no less than charity shall be swallowed up of love. Society without a leisure class, patrons, policemen, fags and scapegoats is to them unthinkable.

Therefore, although the kingdom of heaven is at hand, and the way thereto wide open, they neither enter in themselves nor do they suffer them that are entering to go in—if they can prevent it. But, thank God, the way is so plain and the open door so wide that they cannot stop them all. And so, in spite of all seeming and in the face of all obstacles and occasions of stumbling, the kingdom of God, the reign of righteousness, is coming in our midst, and will come till it be come indeed.—Rev. Gustavus Tuckerman, of St. Louis, in *The Coming Age*, of March, 1900.

#### FARM BURNING IN SOUTH AFRICA.

An extract from a letter written by Mr. John Morley, M. P., to the editor of the London Times. We reprint from the Manchester Guardian of Nov. 17.

You seem to quarrel with me this morning for speaking of "a black caldron of confession" in South Africa. Five or six days ago I received