

## An Inspiring Address

THE Annual Commemoration of the birth of Henry George was celebrated in Sydney this year by a public meeting which was well attended. Rev. W. H. Beale, President of the New South Wales Free Trade and Land Values League spoke as follows:

Eighty-one years ago on the second of September, 1839, in Philadelphia, Henry George was born; and on the twenty-eighth of October, 1897, at New York, at the comparatively early age of fifty-eight, fighting the battle of truth, justice and freedom, his life on its earthly side was quenched, and the mournful words trembled on thousands of quivering lips, "Henry George is DEAD!!" But Henry George lives today, more widely and truly in the vibrations of his beneficent influence and in the abiding memorials and monuments of his heroic work, than in the years that spanned and measured his earthly life; and we celebrate not his death but his birth, for—

"He is not dead whose glorious mind  
Lifts thine on high;  
To live in hearts we leave behind  
Is not to die."

### THE WORLD PROPHET OF HIS AGE

Henry George, whose birthday as on last Friday is being remembered and celebrated in all parts of the world and by millions of people, was a distinguished American, who, during his life, attained to world-wide fame as a thinker, writer and lecturer on political and economic subjects in their relation to social organization and progress; and whose writings have in increasing ratio as the years have passed since he left us, reached a circulation in various languages greatly surpassing that of the works of any other writer on the same themes. But he was more. He was a philosopher of rare, keen and penetrating insight into the foundation principles of social organization and life. But he was still more. Taunted in supercilious and cynical scorn by the Duke of Argyle as "The Prophet of San Francisco," the stigma, as in some other notable cases, becomes a badge of honor, and he stands accredited by his life and work, not as the prophet of San Francisco, but as the world-prophet of his age, and in the true line of the succession of "the goodly fellowship of the prophets" of all ages. He was a man with a prophet's vision of the moral significance and relations of material facts, and of the truths not discernible to the common ken; with a prophet's burden of solicitude for the cause of the needy and the oppressed; and with a prophet's fearlessness in confronting wealth, power and numbers, in defence of what he felt to be the cause of truth and righteousness. He was a man of noble Christian character who, with heroic unselfishness held not back life itself from the altar of sacrifice for others;

"One who never turned his back but marched breast  
forward,  
Never doubted clouds would break.

Never dreamed, though right were worsted wrong would  
triumph;

Held, we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,  
Sleep to wake."

### WHENCE HATH THIS MAN THIS WISDOM?

Thin-lipped and venomous sarcasm may dub him "dreamer" and his philosophy a "fad;" ignorance and prejudice, that blindly accept the things that are as the things that ought to be, may decline to turn aside to examine and ponder his teachings; wealth, gorged and fattened upon the existence of the evils, to the removal of which his life was given, may misrepresent and malign the character of his motives and the purpose of his work, as evildoers do the policeman who would wrest from them their ill-gotten gain; a self-complacent and pedantic philosophy may loftily affect to brush aside his teaching and ask, whence hath this man this wisdom, seeing he gained it not by academical courses and the method of the schools; and a smug and ill-mannered religiosity may liken the aims and methods of the reform he advocated to those of burglars and pickpockets; but these are among the identifications which fix for him his place in the true succession of heroes and reformers of all times, for so were regarded and spoken of and persecuted the prophets which were before him.

By the force of a noble personality and of self sacrificing work, and without any of the attractions and advantages of rank or wealth, political influence or scholastic fame, he drew to his side men from among the wisest and best of those of his day while he lived; and when dead a hundred thousand men marched past his bier, and thousands more pressed around the building in which it stood, to pay the tribute of affectionate homage to his character and work. And it may be said of him, in his efforts to liberate his fellow-men from industrial and social bondage, as of his countryman who died to rescue men from the curse of chattel slavery—

"His body lies mouldering in the grave  
But his soul is marching on."

## How Great Fortunes Grow

REAL estate in a part of New York City this year was assessed at a total valuation of \$9,947,323,092. And all of Manhattan Island, about three life-times back, was bought from the Indians for \$25 worth of beads and other junk.

The value of this \$25 investment grew in 300 years to 10 billion dollars because of the labor of the army of toiling human ants that have inhabited New York and because of the tribute the West pays to it. Less than 150 years ago the population of American cities was rated by the number of houses. New York then had about 5,000 dwellings. If you had begun then to toss a \$20 gold piece upon the air and it doubled itself every time it came down you would not yet have 10 billion dollars.

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