

With the weird minor music of yearning they sung.  
And the ear of the nation was tortured and tingled,  
Till the blood of her masters at length ran mingled  
And free from the sword-shock and dread cannon-  
crash

With the blood of our fathers drawn under the lash.  
And when Justice rose up on the fields of the dead,  
And the warrant of death to our bondage was read  
To set the torn heart of the nation at rest,  
The faith of our fathers had weathered the test.  
And none could aver that the Pilgrims, forsooth,  
Had been more than our fathers the soldiers of truth,  
Or that Plymouth more surely had wrought for the  
nation

God's good than Virginia's tobacco plantation.  
And had not the way to the great Appomattox  
Been blazed long ago by the falling of Attucks?  
And have not the battlegrounds carried since then  
Been bought by the blood of the darkest of men?

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Spirit of God, let the children hold fast  
To that faith of the fathers that lifted our past  
From ravage and hate and the slough of despond.  
Let them answer the cry of the World-spirit:

"Ever beyond

To a still wider freedom we fare.  
Thy hoping of evil is lost on the air.  
God's pleasure still follows a reverent meekness,  
His purpose still runs through the channels of  
weakness,

And, maugre oppression, his people are strong  
Wherever they work with a prayer and a song.  
Though we have suffered every loss,  
And felt the thorns and borne the cross,  
Though still we walk with fainting breath  
Through many a shadowed vale of death,  
We cry no vengeance, hate or spite,  
But hold us hard to God and right.  
Be ours the victory of those  
Who triumph over all their foes,  
Not by the strong man's brutal course  
But by the sword of Moral force,  
By still believing through the night  
That there will come the morning light,  
By work that swerves not from its aims,  
By wills that fall not in the flames  
Of doubt or prejudice or hate,  
By love that watches soon and late,  
By hearkening to God's old commands,  
By training heads and hearts and hands  
And all our dormant powers profuse  
To every worthy skill and use,  
Till we whose birthrights are denied  
Shall be the nation's strength and pride.

"If this be not the upward way, and still the journey  
be vain,  
Then time and the world and God are nought, and  
the sun in the sky is a stain."

LESLIE PINCKNEY HILL.

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We cannot always help it that our gain is another's loss. Clearly. Because of that, we should help it where we can.—George Elliot, in "Daniel Deronda."

## SOME OF DOBBS'S THINKS.

Remembered by Jackson Biggles.

For The Public.

Once upon a time somebody said: "In time of peace prepare for war." Somebody else thought it was a wise remark, and wrote it down and had it printed, so that we cannot forget it, even if we want to ever so bad. About the time we get it partly out of our minds and begin to feel something like real Christians, some one that is interested in the small arms business, or in the steel plate manufacture, hires a magazine writer to tell us how defenseless we are, and that Japan or Tierra del Fuego is likely to capture us before we can say, "Jack Robinson," or anything else for that matter.

Then we forget our comfortable frame of mind, and begin to dream of battleships and torpedo destroyers and brass buttons every night. Our Christian sentiments become barbarously militant, and the small arms business and the armor plate manufacturers become so prosperous that sites for palaces become hard to find and very high priced.

Not having these matters clear in my mind I asked Dobbs what he thought about it. Dobbs never saw the inside of a university, so he never learned anything about the university think, but has to rely on the plain homemade article. Some times you can understand him, which is a virtue not to be despised.

As near as I can remember, for it was last week that Dobbs made these observations, they were something like this; and, as Captain Cuttle always insisted, the "point of them lies in the application on't." If the application is wrongfully made Dobbs is not to blame.

"Yes," said Dobbs, "it looks on the face of it like a big chunk of wisdom—'In time of peace prepare for war.' Of course there never was a time in the history of nations when they were not more or less prepared for war, and even when they were fighting the preparation kept right along until the arbitrators were called in to parcel out the territory. After that part of the ceremony was over, both parties began at once to prepare for the next war. As often as not the party that made the most preparation in time of peace was the party that got licked. But that has not seemed to dim the wisdom of the saying. The parceling out of territory is a fascinating and lucrative sort of thing for some of the people, and most of the time. When peace reigns and we settle down to a real Christian frame of mind so many of the people find it hard to make a decent living that they are prepared to become professional killers for the sake of having a job. It may be that this is the real reason that we can never forget the possibility of war, and keep on making expensive preparations for what every-

body must admit is a thing to be avoided except in dire necessity.

"The pitcher that goes often to the well is surely broken, and the man that holds the championship of the pugilistic world always finds some one in the end that licks him. The nation that glories in its strength and fighting ability has always in the history of the world been finally beaten at its own game. In the light of these facts the saying may not contain so much wisdom as is generally accorded to it.

"The idea that the commerce of the world is something that must be fought for, and that we must be the boss of the Pacific Ocean in order to carry on commerce, has no doubt a considerable influence in keeping this constant thought of war in the public mind. Of course you know that trade could not exist if it were not beneficial to all parties in the long run, but the people that spend their time in preparing for war think different. They are so used to seeing traders go down to ruin in competition with monopoly that they cannot conceive of a condition where people may trade without restriction upon equal terms. The greed of conquest yet controls the thought of the controlling forces of governments. The dignity of work is something that is preached to the workingmen at election time, but not believed by many, even of the workingmen. If we should have too long a term of peace the thinkers of the world might produce such an effect on the minds of the masses that privilege would be abolished by law, and thereupon their condition would so improve that they would not care to hire out to become professional killers. In that case the small arms business and the manufacturing of munitions of war would become so unprofitable that it would cease. What then would become of the Krupps and the other makers of man-killing weapons that now fatten on government revenues? From their standpoint the thought is unbearable. We cannot imagine a world without generals and admirals and all the other titles that so dazzle the imagination of the young and blunt the reasoning faculties of the mature.

"Wars are recorded that seemed justifiable on the part of one of the combatants. But a critical examination of the history of such wars would probably disclose the fact that the real cause of the war was that one or both of the belligerents had followed the logic of 'In peace prepare for war,' and got so well prepared that they could not be satisfied without going out to lick somebody. Some cases may be mentioned where the party that never made any preparation was the victorious one.

"Parties that yearn for magnificent navies and big standing armies will have forgotten all such instances as this.

"We may be comforted, Jack, by considering that while the fighting blood makes the most

noise just now, and the thunder of the cannon dulls the hearing of the people, the thoughts of the thinkers are silently doing their work; and that the saying of the Master, 'He that will live by the sword shall die by the sword,' will some day take the place of the fallacy, 'In time of peace prepare for war,' in the minds of the people."

I am violating no confidence in telling what Dobbs said. There are folks that wear better clothes than Dobbs, and don't know more than two-thirds as much. And Dobbs don't tell all he knows, either.

JACKSON BIGGLES.

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### THE FLEET.

#### Edmund Vance Cooke in *The Independent*.

This is the song of the thousand men who are multiplied by twelve,

Sorted and sifted, tested and tried, and muscled to dig and delve.

They come from the hum of city and shop, they come from the farm and field,

And they plow the acres of ocean now, but tell me, what is their yield?

This is the song of the sixteen ships to buffet the battle and gale,

And in every one we have thrown away a Harvard or a Yale.

Behold here the powers of Pittsburg, the mills of Lowell and Lynn,

And the furnaces roar and the boilers seethe, but tell me, what do they spin?

This is the song of the long, long miles from Hampton to the Horn,

From the Horn away to the western bay whence our guns are proudly borne.

A flying fleet and a host of hands to carry these rounds of shot!

And behold they have girdled the globe by half, and what is the gain they have brought?

This is the song of the wasters, aye, defenders, if you please,

Defenders against our fellows, with their wasters even as these,

For we stumble still at the lesson taught since ever the years were young,

That the chief defense of a nation is to guard its own hand and tongue.

This is the song of our folly, that we cry out a glad acclaim

At our slaughtering-ships, in the shadow of which we should bow our heads in shame.

And we call men brave who on land and wave fear not to die, but still,

Still first on the rolls of the world's brave souls are the men who have feared to kill.

This is the song of our sinning (for the fault is not theirs, but ours),

That we chain these slaves to our galley-ships as the symbol of our powers;