

ence here I have not yet had dealings with any native who could not write. They are diligent, frugal and apparently contented; the women are treated with great consideration; they take great care of their children, and have a certain dignity and self-respect, particularly observable in the provinces, which are rather impressive. Exceedingly hospitable by instinct and tradition, it is a delight to travel among them.—F. D. Millet, special correspondent of Harper's Weekly.

THE RESULT OF BRUTAL PUNISHMENTS.

We are glad to find a judge protesting against any extension of the practice of flogging, as Mr. Justice Mathew did yesterday at the Birmingham assizes. The assaults on women and children, which are unhappily so common just now, call for heavy punishment, and several grand juries, thinking that penal servitude is too mild a sentence in such cases, have recommended the use of the "cat." But Mr. Justice Mathew declared that to resort to flogging would be neither right nor expedient. It would not be right, he said, because if any Englishman with any good in him—surely a definition that includes all, or almost all—was flogged, "he was either for the rest of his days a broken-hearted man, or he became a reckless criminal." These are precisely the two kinds of results attained by the old system of prison treatment, still in vogue in Turkey, and perhaps nearer home. A rational prison system would either crush out a man's individuality or make him ten times worse than he was before. Mr. Justice Mathew further argued that to legalize flogging as a punishment in these cases would be inexpedient, because it would make the victims less anxious to prosecute and the juries less ready to convict. We all know that crime was never so rampant in England as it was when a woman might be hung for stealing a loaf of bread. And there is reason to believe that undue severity might prove equally ineffectual, even in the case of this peculiarly repulsive class of crimes.—Manchester (Eng.) Guardian, of December 15.

"JUG-HANDLED SOCIALISM."

The war having presented new opportunities for commerce, of which men of business will be prompt to take advantage for their profit, Senator Hanna steps to the front with a bill to subsidize American ships at a cost to the treasury—which is to say, the people—of millions a year. Nobody is surprised. The sight of a ship owner marching

upon the capital asking to be subsidized for engaging in a money-making business, is too familiar, too harmoniously in keeping with the whole protective system to jar anybody's sensibilities. But suppose a body of sailors should march up Pennsylvania avenue, carrying the starry banner and demanding that congress should vote them full wages in addition to those paid them by their employers for pursuing their calling, on the ground that the ships on which they work are American ships—what would be thought of them? Coxey's army that the police drove off the grass had a cordial reception compared with that which would await such crazy, such socialistic sailors. And, yet why not? If the ship owner is to have the vaults of the treasury opened to him in reward for the patriotic service of building and navigating a vessel, that being his business, is the sailor who drudges on the ship's decks under the old flag to be lost sight of? He certainly needs money more than do Mr. Hanna and the other ship owners who appeal to congress to pick the people's pockets and cram the takings into theirs.

The generous Mr. Hanna recognizes the justness of the principle by providing in his bill for a bounty of one dollar a month to each sailor actually engaged in the deep sea fisheries on board subsidized ships. But what's a dollar a month? If one dollar is right ten dollars would be barely decent. Here's a chance for labor. The treasury is open and every manly spirit must feel that the downtrodden workingmen ought to have a rake at it along with the plutocracy. Hanna's bill is simply jug-handled socialism. What it logically leads to is communism, which has at least the moral merit of demanding an even division of the spoils.

Nobody owns the public money here. It belongs to anybody who can get it.—From Arthur McEwen's Washington Letter.

THE TRUE MEANING OF CHRISTIANITY.

Extracts from an article with the above title, by the Rev. Wm. T. Brown, published in The New Time for September.

Christianity is not to me the attitude of life that is forever looking backward. If this record of the life of Jesus is true, then we are called upon to be something better than archaeologists.

Christianity must mean for us as it meant for the first disciples, not loyalty to some one who once lived, but no longer lives among men, but rather our devotion to men in our own present. Where are we to find the counterpart of the

Christ in our time? Where are we to find that which shall take the place in our thought and affection and service of the man who focused the thought and affection and service of the first disciples? In other words, to whom is our discipleship to be expressed? Not to a memory. Not to a character of history. That would be to deny the validity of that first discipleship. The twelve were not holding themselves as servants of some man who had lived in an age that was gone. They were not antiquaries. Their service could not have meant anything, could never have survived themselves, if it had been allegiance to a man who was dead. Christianity is not hero worship. It is service of, enthusiasm for, a man, humanity. It is finding life a mission, that mission the realization of righteousness between man and man, and in the whole structure of society—the realization of the justice of love. . . .

The Christianity of the present time, let us be honest enough to say, is nothing other than the attempt to make the principles of the gospel fit into things as they are. . . .

. . . Are you looking curiously or anxiously into the skies that you may see God? Are you scanning the records of the past that you may find him, or peering into the clouded future that you may get a glimpse of his face? O my fellow men, will you not know the truth written largest on the sacred pages of all literature, that "No man hath seen God at any time"—that the only God into whose face men ever looked wore the face of a needy and suffering man? And will you not know that the only God you and I will ever see is the God that incarnates himself not alone in some unique person who is entitled to be called the Christ, but in the person and need of every human being? Will you not know that the only opportunity for the worship of God or the service of Christ that men ever had was in the service and love of a man like themselves? God is nearer to us than we have dreamed. We have stretched out vain hands into the empty air that we might touch him, when the warm touch of loving service and Christly sympathy with the man at our elbow would have brought us face to face and life to life with God. If we will but listen we shall hear the voice of Christ calling as pleadingly, constantly, commandingly here in the nineteenth century as any one heard the voice of Jesus in the first. And now, as then, it is the call of a man who "is despised and rejected of men, a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief."

It is still the call of a man to service

of men. Into that discipleship and fellowship of divinest service we are all the while entering or refusing to enter when we permit or refuse to permit the claims of selfish contentment with existing conditions to bar our entrance into the divine democracy of human brotherhood, which is only another name for the Kingdom of God.

O Saul, it shall be
A face like my face that receives thee; a
Man like to me
Thou shalt love and be loved by forever; a
Hand like this hand
Shall open the gates of new life to thee!
See the Christ stand.

SPANISH TAXATION IN THE PHILIPPINES.

An extract from a private letter dated "Manila, Philippine Islands, November 8, 1898."

The natives till the soil; they cultivate sugar, rice, hemp and tobacco, besides the small vegetables with which they supply the markets of Manila. They are a hard working, industrious class of people, and, considering their opportunities for mental development, are fairly intelligent. Contact with the Spaniard, though, has imbued them with a certain low cunning which is distinctly seen when they come to deal with Americans. This characteristic, I am confident, is the result of a long and continuous endeavor to avoid Spanish taxation. Like the great North American tax dodger, the native Filipino never fails to lie like a thief when it comes to paying taxes. But under Spanish rule it was a question of life or death with him. Who shall blame him? He steals, as it were, his own wages fairly and honestly earned, in order to support his family.

The system of taxation in force here on our arrival, was a real slave-maker, a system which looked behind every man's door, the result of church and state—a regular system by the state, and an ungoverned and indiscriminate taxation by the church.

I will cite you an instance—a fisherman. He is the owner of a small dug-out canoe, 12 or 15 feet long, with outriggers. This vessel must be numbered and registered in the office of the captain of the port, and a license paid for the privilege of using it in the pursuit of wealth. Every time the owner enters the Pasig river with fish he must pay a tax to the captain of the port. Having done this, he passes on to the market place, where a monopolist, who has purchased from the Spanish authorities the exclusive monopoly of all the markets in the city, meets him, and as he cannot sell fish on the streets, he must pay this man for the privilege of disposing of his

wealth. Add to this the annoyances and the petty exactions of the understrappers around the market places, and the picture is complete. The baleful influence is found in every man's becoming a briber. The briber is a sort of universal villain in all the Asiatic countries; foreigners are obliged to conform to the everlasting rascality, or "get left" in the struggle for existence. Can it be wondered at that the fisherman defies the law that oppresses him?

A Spaniard said to me the other day that "the natives were very treacherous." I asked him how they were made so. He simply shrugged his shoulders and walked away.

You may search Spanish history in vain for one single instance where that nation has ever raised a subject people even to her own standard of civilization; and the reason is plain to the historical student.

The ruling classes of Spain are the lineal descendants of that old corrupt senatorial party which went to its death after Caesar conquered Pompey. They have "learned nothing and forgotten nothing." They have followed the Roman rule of "taking all the traffic will bear" except a bare subsistence. This rule made it possible for Spain to keep her wealth producers constantly on the verge of starvation. A people so situated are never able to resist oppression successfully. But this is not the worst side of the Spanish system of government. A people kept constantly on the verge of starvation must, as time goes on, produce a criminal class in the state. The anarchists, the dynamiters and assassins of European countries are the legitimate products of this system—a system which takes from the producer of wealth the greatest part of that which he produces, and turns it over to special privileges, the loafer, the drone in the hive. Such a system is hard to destroy because the oppressed themselves hold on to old forms and usages.

TOLSTOI ON HENRY GEORGE.

Now the great merit of Henry George consists in this, that he dissolves into nothingness all these sophistries which are produced in defense of private property in land, so that the defenders of it do not dare to debate any more, but carefully evade this question, and purposely ignore it with silence. But Henry George has also driven them from this attitude of evasion. And in this, again, lies his great merit. Henry George did not content himself with making this question perfectly clear, so that only those with closed eyes can fail to see the unreasonableness and im-

morality of private property in land. Henry George was also the first who showed the possibility of solving this question. He was the first who gave a clear and straight answer to the common objections which are brought forward by the enemies of all progress, and which culminate in the assertion that the demands of progress are chimerical, impractical, and wild phantoms which one can and may answer with silence. The plan of Henry George silences these objections and puts the question in such a shape that even tomorrow committees could be appointed for the examination and trial of the plan and its crystallization into law.

A WARNING.

Ill-fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay.
Princes and lords may flourish, or may
fade—

A breath can make them, as a breath has
made,
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed, can never be supplied.

—Goldsmith.

Dick Norris, seated in the opposite ingle-nook, had just returned from a visit to the United States, with experiences of great anticipatory interest to myself and some old friends whom I had asked to meet him. We had done ample justice to supper, which for the occasion I had had served in my sitting-room, and with pipes and tobacco and other creature-comforts we formed a semicircle before a picturesque fire of oak logs. All was conducive to yarn-spinning. At Dick's command I extinguished the lamp, and firelight and shadow danced mysteriously on walls and ceiling, as if denoting our impatience for the story of adventure we had assembled to hear and discuss.

I have endeavored to write Dick's remarkable story much as he gave it, save that the explanatory portions were mostly elicited by question and discussion.

Here is the story:

The reason of my recent visit to the United States, and incidentally imperiling my life there, was that I wished to see for myself if their socialism were as terrible and inhuman as it is described to be. You shall judge for yourselves.

On board the steamer I mingled with the passengers no more than was necessary to serve my purpose, for they were not sociable. Some seemed to regard me with curiosity, and one asked me the purpose of my trip. I traveled steerage, imagining that among the