

of commerce; see how the wolves of finance in their insatiate greed by cunning tricks plunder the whole nation that they may wallow in wealth and luxury! How can children whose bodies are stunted, whose minds are weakened by foul air and improper and scanty food, who are brought up in the vice-breeding environments of our city slums, who at an early age must leave the school—this manufacturing plant of future citizens—in order to supplement the meager earnings of their parents—how can they become the material for a healthy race?

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A Sensible Prescription for Anarchy.

Syracuse (N. Y.) Journal (ind.).—Anarchy should not make cowards of us all. Death by anarchy is no more than death by war. It is not more terrible; and certainly it is not more frequent. To say that it is caused by acts more cowardly is to forget that the zealot in this cause gives all. "For what will a man not give in exchange for his life?" But some one says: "The anarchist advocates murder by dynamite!" Bless your soul! So does everybody who advocates war. How many tons of dynamite can a battleship shoot a minute? Suppose somebody advocates shelling the Mohammedans in Morocco, or the capital of the Turkish empire, or the ports of Venezuela. In truth, they are advocating "murder by dynamite." After all, is it not a mistake always to meet words with force? Suppose some hare-brained "prophet" should arise in Iowa and go from house to house among the comfortable farmers advocating a war between the farmers of Iowa and the farmers of Minnesota, would it be wise or necessary to clap him into irons? Is that the way to prevent hostilities between Minnesota and Iowa farmers? No. Why? Because the danger does not lie in the fact that some fanatic is preaching murder by dynamite. If there is danger at all it is to be found in the fact that something is wrong in the relations between the farmers of Illinois and those of Indiana. If there is nothing wrong there is no danger. If there is something wrong the remedy is in correcting the wrong conditions, not in putting irons on the man who preaches another wrong as a remedy. So we come back to the proposition that the proper answer to words is words. The misguided or foolish man who might seek to stir up warfare where there was no occasion for offense would be told that he is a fool. And that would be his proper answer; not force. To oppose force to words has never been effectual. Courts and czars have tried it, but always with the same result. The words of truth live on; the words of error fall of their own weight. And deeds of force never have done aught but confirm some gospel of discontent, which, without such deeds, would fall like that seed which fell on dry and stony ground. This is really what we mean when we speak of our freedom of the press and speech.

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"Mamma, is that bay rum in the bottle on your table?"

"Mercy, no, dear!" she replied. "That is muck-lage."

"Oh!" said little Johnny, "perhaps that's why I can't get my hat off."—The Methodist Recorder.

RELATED THINGS

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A NEGRO INVOCATION.

For The Public.

Spirit of God, come down to thy people, we pray;
Come down and abide with them ever by day and by night;

The World-spirit moves through the land in a menacing flight,

To despoil and to slay.

It moves by the light of the hearth and abroad in the fields,

And almost the heart of thy people, long-suffering, yields,

In the stress of their toil and their weary life-buffets and storms,

To the subtle alluring it sings in a myriad forms.
Wherever the morning breaks, there doth the wing
Of the World-spirit hover, and there doth it sing
Of vantage and ease, of the highway of gain,
Of the right of the strong when the weaker are slain,
Of justice hoodwinked, of righteousness foiled,
Of virtue's white vestures distorted and spoiled.

And a blight goeth forth with its breath where it flies

Over ten swarthy millions of mortals and cries:

"In vain do ye dare,

Poor children of Ham, to shake off the black robe of despair;

That garment shall wrap you, and if ye shall venture to sail

For the golden fleeces of freedom your voyage shall fail.

Not for you is the fruit of the spirit or fruit of the soil;

Cain's mark is upon you, and yours is the guerdon of toll—

The old mark of Eden still branding your foreheads at birth;

And ye shall be meek, but ye shall not inherit the earth."

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Spirit of God, O hark!

Ten millions of men in the heat of the work and the strife

Of the mighty Republic are breathing the breath of thy life!

It was cast into moulds that were dark,

And fashioned to forms uncouth;

But ever that life has been quick with a spark

Of the passion that strains

Through fires and rains

Straight up to the summit of manhood and truth.

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Our fathers groped long in the valley of shame,
But the keener their sorrows the higher the flame
Of prayer mounted up; and the wonderful name
Of the Savior was magic that loosened and stung
Their spirits to hope till the cotton-fields rung