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The Coming Light

A Monthly Magazine
Devoted to

Higher Thinking,
Higher Living,
and a
Higher Social
Order

JULY, 1898, SPECIAL.

ITS AIMS ARE

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Woman and Child.

Socially, Religiously and Politically.

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From Limitation to Liberty.

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and Social Development.

CORA A. MORSE
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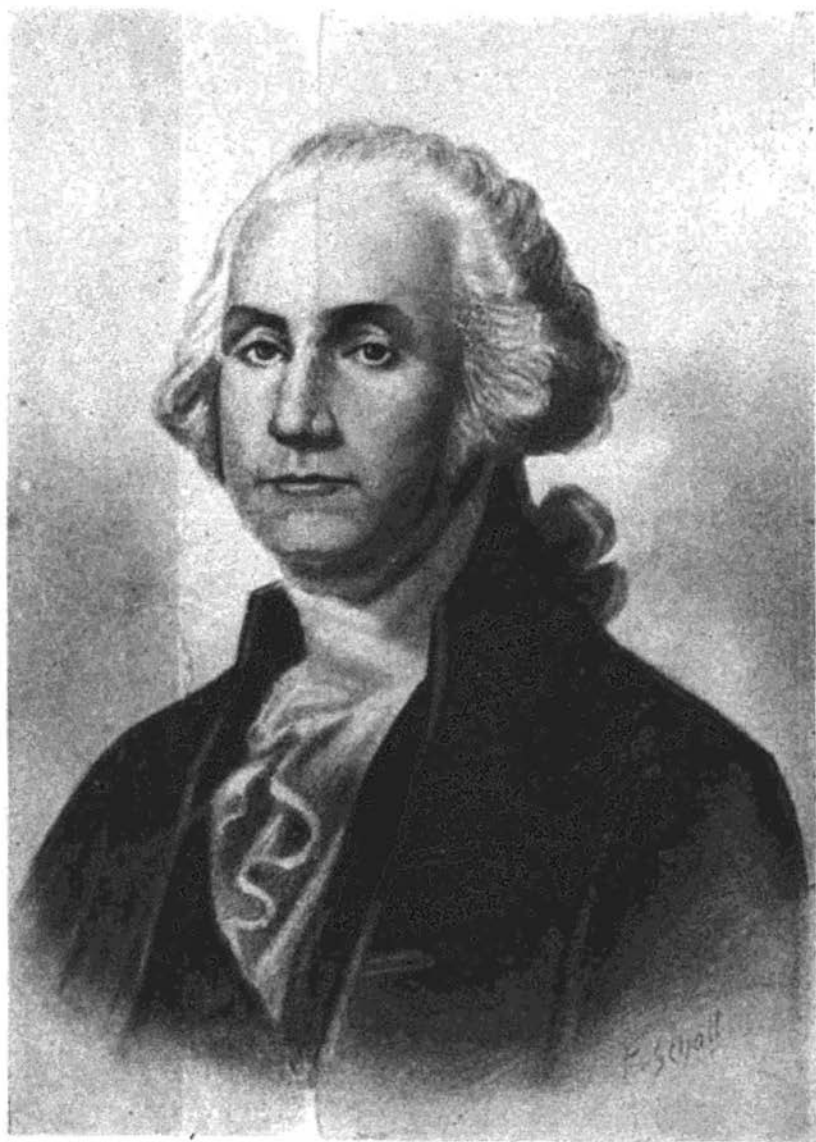
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Washington is dead. That great man fought against tyranny. He established the liberty of his country. His memory will be ever dear to the freemen of both hemispheres.—*Napoleon to his soldiers.*

sensation throughout my whole body. I would have risen up, but the staring of my mysterious visitor made me displeased with her. I attempted again to address her, but my tongue was tied. A certain unknown mysterious, irresistible power overpowered me. I was unable to do anything more than to stare at the apparition. By degrees the room became filled with a remarkable light; the image herself became suddenly luminous and bright. I now had the feeling of a dying person. I could not think, reflect, or move. I am only conscious of this fact, that I looked sternly on the vision.

“Here I heard the voice saying, ‘Son of the republic, look and learn;’ at the same time the figure stretched out her arm and pointed with her finger eastward. Transparent clouds arose in the distance; and these lifting themselves, there was formed a most astonishing figure. Before me there spread all the countries of Europe, Asia, Africa and America. Before Europe and America I saw tremendous waves brandishing; and also between America and Asia. Again the voice repeated, ‘Son of the republic, look and learn.’ Instantly I beheld a darksome image, as of an angel, poising between Europe and America. He dipped water with both hands, and with his right hand he poured it on America, and with his left hand he poured it on Europe. In a moment black clouds arose from both countries, which met half way upon the Atlantic. Here they tarried awhile, and then moved westward, and then covered the terra firma of America. Lurid lightnings flashed through the dark clouds. I heard the deep groanings of the American people.

“Again the angel dipped and sprinkled water as before, then the dark clouds receded and sank into the ocean. Now for the third time I heard the voice, ‘Son of the republic, look and learn.’ I looked up and saw in America populous towns and cities and improvements spreading from the borders of the Atlantic to the coast of the Pacific. Upon this the dark angel turned toward the South; and I saw a horrid grizzly specter approaching from Africa to our town and lands! The population now parted one against the other. As I contemplated this scene, I discovered an angel of

light, and on his head he had a glorious crown with the word 'Union' inscribed. In his hand he bore the American banner and cried out, "Remember you are brethren." Immediately the armed hosts threw down their weapons, became friends, and marshaled under the Star Spangled Banner.

"Again I heard the mysterious sound, 'Son of the republic, look and learn.' The second danger has passed over. And now I saw cities and towns and fields increasing in numbers till the whole land was thickly covered, from the Atlantic to the Pacific; and the people were as the stars of the firmament and the sands of the sea—innumerable.

"Again I heard 'Son of the republic, the end of one century is approaching, look up and learn.' Upon this the dark angel set a trumpet to his mouth and blasted thrice, and dipped water with his hands and poured it on Asia, Europe and Africa. Now my eyes beheld a most terrible scene. From each of these countries arose black and heavy clouds which united in one great mass; through these spread lurid lightning, and I beheld immense legions of armed multitudes, marching and sailing towards America, which soon were enveloped in the black clouds. And now I beheld how these immense armies wasted and burned our towns and cities. And now I heard the thunder of cannon, the furious clash of the swords, and the war shouts of millions encountered in deadly strife.

"I again heard the mysterious sound, 'Son of the republic, look and learn.' After this the dark angel gave another loud, long and fearful blast. Now suddenly broke forth and dispersed the black clouds from over the American country. After this I saw the angel with the glorious crown inscribed 'Union' descending from heaven, accompanied by legions of glorified spirits, having in one hand a sword and in the other the Star Spangled Banner.

"Now again, amid the din of battle, I heard the voice, 'Son of the republic, look up and learn.' After the report of his voice the dark angel, for the last time, dipped water and sprinkled it on the American continent, when the dark clouds with their

armies rolled back instantly, leaving the glorious victory to the Americans. Then I saw villages, towns and cities and improvements arise like magic, while the angel of light planted the Star Spangled Banner amid the vast multitudes of people and cried, 'As long as the stars of heaven endure and the dew falls upon the earth, so long shall this republic endure.' And while he took and set up the Star Spangled Banner, the vast multitudes bending under it unitedly cried out, 'Amen.'

"Now by degrees the vision vanished, leaving nothing but the mysterious and very beautiful female figure, who once more spake: 'Son of the republic, what thou hast seen is thus to be expounded: Three great and dangerous calamities will come over this republic; the second is the greatest. When this event shall come, then the whole world cannot conquer it. Now let every citizen of this republic learn to serve God, his fatherland, and the blessed Union.' With these words the image disappeared. I arose from my chair with the full conviction that this was a revelation to me of the birth of this republic, its progress and its varied destinies."

"All this history," says Mr. Sherman, "I myself heard from the mouth of General Washington."

[NOTE.—When but a small girl "Washington's Vision" was indelibly impressed upon my mind from the fact that my grandmother possessed an old paper containing an account of it which was held quite sacred by her. I remember finding it at one time while "ridding out" some bureau drawers, which privilege was one of the enticements of a visit to grandma's. The worn, yellow paper excited my curiosity to the point of inquisitiveness which led to the reading of it. A feeling of awe swept through me as I carefully handled the paper and read from its pages the wonderful story of this great man's weird experience which foreshadowed such calamity and I shuddered as I wondered where I would be when these terrible things should transpire—little dreaming that I would sometime reproduce the story in a publication of my own. Before my grandmother's death the

HOW THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER FOUND ITS TUNE.

A Personal Reminiscence by NELLIE BLESS'NG-EVSTER.

FORT MCHENRY, BALTIMORE, MD., September, 10, 1812.

DEAR MARGERY: I may not be the first to tell you the news, but it will bear repeating: Cockburn's fleet has dropped down the bay and Baltimore is saved. We have had hot work, and the havoc has been dreadful, but all danger from British invasion is now over and, I pray God, forever. * * * Below are the words of some verses which Frank Key has just given me, and which he composed during the awful night of the 13th, while a prisoner on the cartel-ship *Minden*, to which he had gone, under a flag of truce, to obtain the release of some of his friends. He was not allowed to return; so he witnessed from the deck of the ship what I, from my position, could not—the entire bombardment—and told me that in his intense anxiety he dashed off the words in a red-hot frenzy. You are a better judge of such things than I, but I call those lines poetry. They will be printed in the *Baltimore American* as soon as possible, and deserve to live as long as we have a flag

THIS letter, preserved among our family archives as though worth its weight in gold, was written to my maternal grandmother by my grandfather—one of old Maryland's most gallant sons and heroic defenders, while on duty at the historic old fort which had been built years previous to protect the harbor of Baltimore. He and Mr. Key were citizens of the same old town of Frederick, Maryland; neighbors and political friends. It is no wonder, therefore, that my grandfather, then commanding a regiment of Maryland militia, should have taken time, even though his pulses were still throbbing with the heat of the recent battle, to copy for his wife the remarkable lines whose full significance he could so well appreciate. The British fleet had been anchored in Chesapeake Bay a couple of miles from the fort and beyond the reach of its guns. Having failed to take the beautiful city of Baltimore by land they hoped an attack by water would prove successful. As soon as night came their work began. There was a continuous shower of shells which the garrison at the fort received in silence. Several vessels, with fourteen hundred British troops supplied with scaling ladders, entered Patapsco river and passed by the fort, never dreaming of resistance from it. Already in imagination they had

entered the captured city and were plundering it, when suddenly as they drew opposite the six gun battery, its commander, Lieutenant Webster, opened upon them with terrible effect. The forts poured in their fire, and for two hours a furious cannonading was kept up. One of the barges was sunk, and the rest retreated in the utmost confusion.

Francis Scott Key, then in his thirty-fourth year, stood with his imprisoned friends on the deck watching with indescribable interest the fate of the flag which at twilight he had seen floating from the ramparts of Fort McHenry. As the grey dawn rendered objects visible, how eagerly their strained gaze sought the tower of the fort! A flag was there, but what were its colors? Suddenly, by the first rays of the sun, they discovered upon its gorgeous folds the "stars and stripes." Then, with a throe of joy so intense that it was almost pain, were born the lines—

'Tis the star spangled banner!
Oh! long may it wave
O'er the land of the free
And the home of the brave.

Fifty-six years passed, and the song had begun to "put on immortality." Our civil war was ended, and the now national anthem had become nearer and dearer to each loyal American heart. But how had it found its tune? The inquiry had never come, or, if answered, the world knew it not. And here is the story:

One July day of 1870 I was surprised by a visit from a stately old gentleman of eighty-two years, who introduced himself as having been one of the fifiers in my grandfather's regiment. As we spoke of the first war in our century the blue-black eyes beneath his shaggy grey brows, glowed with the fires of memory. Like the mirage of the desert, which reflects from the beautifully tinted sky to one's eye the pomp and circumstance of the caravan gone beyond the horizon of vision, so through the lens of his recollection the scenes of those stirring times were reviewed. And this is what the old veteran told me:

"Have you heard of Francis Key's poem?" said one of our mess coming in from the city one evening, two days after the



ETHICS OF THE ANGLO-SAXON ALLIANCE AND THE OUTLOOK FOR AMERICA.

BY REV. N. A. HASSELL.

THE recent declaration of Joseph Chamberlain favoring an alliance between this country and England has awakened great interest in this country and aroused the Powers of Europe. We might expect America to be the first to welcome such an alliance; but in general the papers of this country, if not adverse to such an alliance, are not eager in their advocacy of it. Whatever may be the feeling at Washington this is an indication of the feeling of the people. The rejection by our government a short time ago of the treaty proposed by the representatives of the English government, would seem to indicate a disposition on the part of our government not to come into any closer association with England. Recent events, however, may cause the present administration to adopt a different policy. It is quite possible that steps are already being taken toward such an alliance of the Anglo-Saxon nations.

The present war between America and Spain is a movement away from the moral standards in accordance with which the relations of nations have been governed in past centuries toward the recognition and enforcement of a higher code of international ethics. The purpose of the civil war in America was the abolition of the slavery of the individual man. The purpose of the present war is the abolition of the slavery of lesser nations, tribes and colonies to the master nations. England, in the government of her colonies, has advanced a long way toward the recognition of the rights and interests of the lesser nations within her control—toward a policy that has for its object not directly and solely her own profit, but that seeks to protect the rights and to foster the life of the people she governs. Spain represents a past civilization, her colonies are her slaves held for her own profit, and

two parties in that great conflict. Is it not becoming to us of this generation to take the broad view that includes the stand-points of both nations, to study the issue in a calm and rational spirit, and thus to discern the real causes of their separation? We shall find that these were not those that were apparent. Surely a century ought to give sufficient time for the passions of our American people to cool. We must keep in mind, what many Americans to-day seem to forget, that the men arrayed on both sides of that conflict were Englishmen. Each possessed the same elements of character. There must have been as good men on the one side as on the other. And we have no reason to doubt that there was as much honor, truth, and integrity in England as there was in America. If they were equally conscientious and honorable how could they have arrayed themselves against each other? The answer to this question gives the truth which we of this century ought to be able to understand. Each country looked upon the questions involved from different standpoints. Their interests were very different. Though having a common origin each was, unconsciously perhaps, moving out to a different future.

That men should idealize their heroes is natural. The heroes of that first period of our national life have been idealized. We acknowledge, when we think soberly, that they were men of much the same type as the best men of our own day. They were men of many virtues, and also of many faults. They were men of strong emotions and passions, and liable to the mistakes to which men of such strong feelings and convictions are liable. They were heroes in that they were loyal to their sense of the right, and willing to make personal sacrifice for it. We need not fear to subject these heroes to the search-light of truth. Though men with the faults of men they will continue to be justly honored as heroes by us, and by the generations of the future.

We cannot understand such an event in the life of nations, as the war for the American independence, unless we find the causes in the race life itself, above the conscious mind of the individuals engaged in the struggle. They who understand these do

not rest the responsibility of such great issues upon individual men. However we may spell the letter of our faith we must, if thoughtful students of history, recognize the fact that "there is a divinity that shapes our ends" (both for men and nations) "rough hew them how we may." This reconciles us to the course of events. If we have no higher terms we may call this Divinity the Race-Mind. This much all intelligent people know, that this is not a chance world. Nations do not come into existence by chance. There are causes outside the conscious minds of men that fix the times of their appearing and their disappearing. Looking back over a century of national life it may seem to us that the differences that led to the separation of the American colonies from the mother country might have been adjusted; and we may speculate as to what would have been the result had America remained within the English government until this day. Do we say that it would not have been possible for two countries of such vast extent, so widely separated in space, and of such widely differing interests to remain under one and the same government? In saying this we state what were the real causes of what is known in history as the American revolution. It was not the taxation of the colonies, it was not the stamp act, the trade laws, or any other, of the apparent causes that caused the separation of these two countries. The war of the American Revolution was the labor-pains attending the birth of a new nation. Birth must come through pain: it is a law of nature. It was fore-ordained that there should be a distinct and a mighty nation established upon the wide extent of this western continent.

To have kept the two countries permanently under one government was in the power neither of England nor of America. That which separated them was their rapidly increasing difference in interests, in feeling, in thought. That they should become two distinct nations was inevitable. Had not the irritating cause been that of taxation without representation, then it would have been some other. This was the great contention of the statesmen of England who supported the policy of George III. They declared in their memorable speeches that if England yielded to the

nation that in magnitude and strength should take a first rank among the great powers of the earth. The second thing in this line of progress is the re-union of this nation with England, two mighty governments acting in close alliance. Such an alliance of the Anglo-Saxon race will dictate the policy of the great nations of the earth. Such we may regard as the present outlook of America. It will be an alliance not for war but for peace. An alliance not against the interests of the other nations, but to work with them for the recognition and enforcement of a higher code of international ethics, and for the establishment in the near or distant future of universal peace. It would be an alliance of such strength as to demand the respect of the great powers. It would inaugurate a new era in national life. The reunion of the American and English nations after this long separation is along the line of the progress of the race. The spirit of the age demands it. It is being openly advocated by the broadest and most discerning minds in England and in America. The present war of America with Spain is a move toward the new order of national life. In the words of Joseph Chamberlain "terrible as war may be, even war itself would be cheaply purchased if in a great and noble cause the Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack should wave together over an Anglo-Saxon alliance." Is it too much to claim "that at the present time these two great nations understand each other better than they ever have done since over a century ago, when they were separated by a blunder of the British government."

The war with Spain, and the alliance of England and America which is imminent, are only the first steps in a line of movement that must open into a new era of national life for America. What are to be the changes in her system of government the wisest statesmen cannot predict, but that there are to be great changes none can doubt. It is quite certain that the Washington policy of non-interference in the affairs of other nations, of American isolation, can no longer be followed. America is now one of the great powers, and she must take rank with them, and no longer shrink from the responsibilities that in the nature of

things must rest upon her. It is the duty of the strong to protect the weak. This duty rests upon nations as it does upon individuals. This whole question was discussed with great ability by President Jordan in his annual address to the graduating class at Stanford Jr. University. He said that the choice is before this nation, "The federal republic, the imperial republic, which shall it be?" Certain it is that the policy of American isolation can no longer be maintained. Great dangers confront the American republic. As Dr. Jordan says "The crisis comes when the war is over." What shall be done with the conquered countries? Can America surrender them if she wishes to do so, as they will be incapable of self-government? Intoxicated by success will she desire to dispossess herself of them? The possession of foreign countries is contrary to the spirit, the letter and the traditions of the American republic. These are questions the future alone can answer—but we have reason to believe that the policy of this government will experience a great change. It will be forced to assume protection over the weaker nations and colonies suddenly brought within its power. What we have reason to hope is that this republic has attained to that intelligence and moral culture which will make possible the adoption of a new principle in the government of nations—that her power will be exercised not for her own profit, but to protect their interests and to cherish their life. Shall not the alliance of these two powerful nations, England and America, that represent the highest civilization yet attained by the human race, be for the avowed purpose of abolishing the slavery of nations, and establishing and enforcing a higher code of international ethics? Such a purpose would not be too large for the combined forces of these two nations to accomplish.

When "the Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack wave together over an Anglo-Saxon alliance" in a cause so great and noble it will be an alliance that no nation on the face of the earth can resist. May we not hope that it will win the support of other nations and eventually bring all the great powers into an alliance that shall establish a protectorate over all the weaker nations of the earth, maintain universal order, abolish war, and inaugurate the reign of peace and good will? This we acknowledge is an outlook that reaches far into the future. Are we too optimistic in believing that the present movement is toward the realization of these better inter-relations of nations, and toward the better conditions of human life that would inevitably follow?

ON THE TRACK OF YANKEE DOODLE.

BY EVA V. CARLIN.

THOMAS PAINE, in the first number of *The Crisis*, when attacking the mean principles of the Tory sympathizers, emphasizes his point of view by relating an incident of a noted tavern keeper at Amboy, who, after saying all he dared concerning the impending revolution, concluded with the words: "Well, give me peace in my day." While uttering these words he was holding by the hand his little boy, a pretty child of eight or nine years of age; and Paine, moved by the feeling that he embodies in such expressions as "the summer soldier," and "the sunshine patriot" to be found in "times that try men's souls," rebukes the father, claiming that were he a generous parent, he would say: "If there must be trouble let it be in my day that my child may have peace." Regarded in that light, Fourth of July, with its martial pomp and glory and patriotism, ought to be Children's Day, for it was for them that the story of freedom was told,—for their children that our forefathers issued their historic "declaratory charter" of human rights.

With the day is inseparably associated a wonderful blaze of glory as our flag sends up and down and across the wide lands and waters of this vast republic, like the bloom of the orchards, one all pervasive blossoming of red, white and blue; its perfume is borne on every wind that blows from shore to shore across the continent; while, rising and falling with the high hills and the deep valleys, like a tremendous tide of the sea, sweeps the stirring refrain of that historic old tune, which the children have literally made their own in the following curious representation of

Both song and tune are elusive when one seeks to trace them to their origin. The air is claimed by several nations, and assumes significance in each country from its association with some national festival or ancient tradition. In the south of France and in Italy it is the lilting of an old vintage song; in Holland it is the sturdy, merry harvest-home refrain; in Hungary and Germany it is the slender line of tune on which to hang the list of doughty deeds of warriors bold; in the air of the free Pyrenees it is the accompaniment of "the heroic Danza Esparta, or ancient sword-dance of brave old Biscay."

In England, as far back as the time of Charles I, it was fitted to an old nursery rhyme which recounts the thrilling story with tragic import, of

"Lucy Locket lost her pocket,
Kitty Fisher found it—
Nothing in it, nothing on it,
But the binding round it."

Next we hear its strains among the gay cavaliers with

"Their perfumed satin clothes,
Their catches and their oaths,
Their stage-plays and their sonnets,
Their diamonds and their spades."

They used the tune to direct their ridicule of Cromwell, who was said to have ridden into Oxford on a small horse, with his single plume fashioned into a sort of knot called a "macaroni" in derision of the dandy Italian fashions so prevalent in England at that time. The words of satire for the great Roundhead leader were these:

"Yankee Doodle came to town,
Upon a Kentish pony;
He stuck a feather in his cap
And called it macaroni."

The use of the term *Yankee* in Cromwell's uprising is curiously linked with the first historic appearance of the tune in America in 1755. Soldiers and sailors had carried it across the sea, no doubt, and our fore-mothers had crooned it to their babies as they thought of fair English meadows. The story goes that when General Braddock was gathering the colonists for an attack on the French and Indians at Frontenac, he marched

"The old Continentals
In their ragged regimentals."

or in no regimentals at all, for these descendants of the Puritans

had forgotten war and the fashion of it in their conquest of rugged New England. A certain British surgeon was much amused at the comical appearance of the new recruits, and he planned a joke upon the instant. He set down the notes of "Yankee Doodle," wrote along them the travesty upon Cromwell, and gave the score to the American band as the latest martial music of England. It was a prophetic bit of fun, for, we are told that the song that tyranny had made to ridicule the champion of religious and political freedom, was adopted by the American patriots and it became the march to greater victories of the same principles of liberty. After the skirmishes at Lexington and Concord there appeared a song of fifteen stanzas; it was called "The Yankee's Return from Camp," and had a lively Yankee Doodle chorus.

The Boston Journal of the Times of September, 1768, recounts the anchoring of a fleet near Castle William, and adds, there was a great throwing of sky-rockets, and people passing in boats observed great rejoicings, and the Yankee Doodle song was the capital piece in the band of music.

"Yankee Doodle's Expedition to Rhode Island" is a Tory account of an unsuccessful attack on the British in Newport in the month of July, 1778.

It is a pity that history does not corroborate the poetic justice that animates the story of the surrender of the army and sword of Lord Cornwallis: This apocryphal account depicts the march of the army of the British commander, (who, feigning sickness, remained in his tent,) to the tune of "Yankee Doodle," into the lines of those same old Continentals who were the victims of a practical joke twenty-five years before. But when the British were allowed to evacuate Boston it is said the brigade under Lord Percy marched out playing "Yankee Doodle" "by way of contempt," but were assured they should dance to it soon in another spirit.

"Yankee Doodle" was destined to achieve prominence once again in the history of our country, for, in that threatening winter of '60 and '61, the South Carolina enactment forbade all future celebration of Fourth of July, and the use of "Hail Columbia," "Star Spangled Banner" and "Yankee Doodle." In a Southern newspaper appeared a "Farewell to Yankee Doodle." The rhymes bristled with such terms as "free niggers," "John Brown," "the gospel creed of Beecher," and closed with the quatrain:

"Yankee Doodle, now goodby,
We spurn a thing so rotten;

Profound independence is the cry
 Of sugar, rice and cotton."

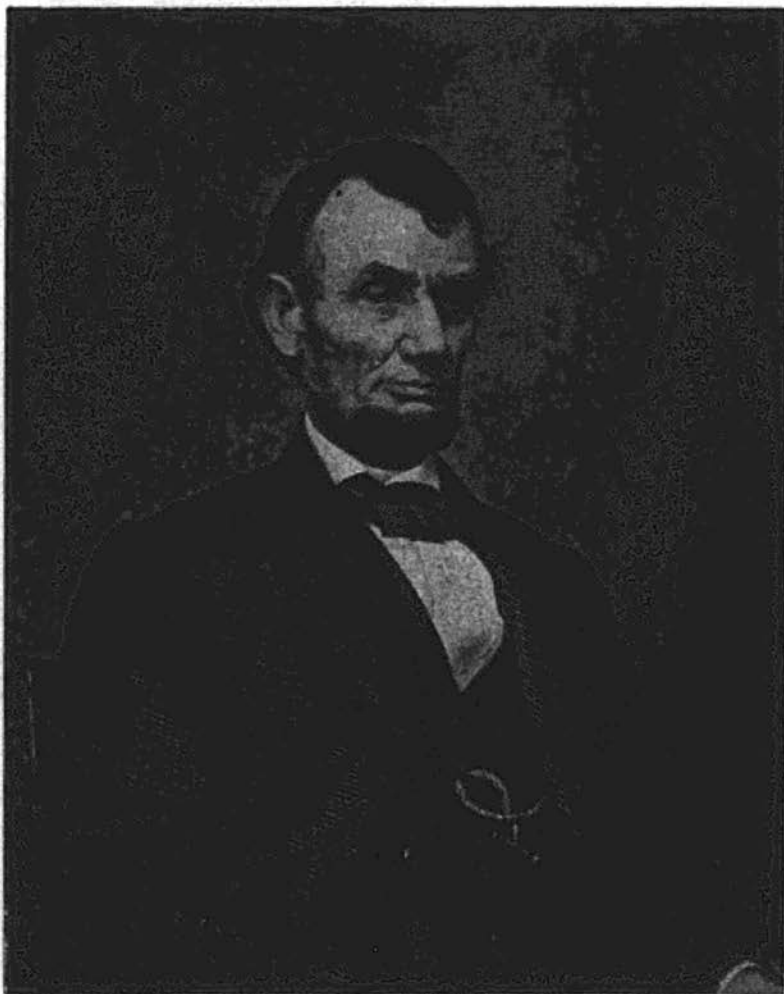
And so they chose for the Southern national, or war song, sweet "Dixie," beloved by the people; "Dixie," which made battles harder for the North, and easier for the South, till at last "Dixie" itself became national property, "by capture" as Lincoln was wont to say. But before the flower of Fraternity, drenched with tears and blood, bloomed again, there lay between *Yanks* and *Johnny Rebs*, four years of war. Think of the Ramah into which rebellion turned the land. Think of the sacrifice of treasure, time, money and vitality. Think of the heart sacrifice of a million Racnells, mothers, daughters, wives, sisters and lovers, of those who gave their lives to the great cause. Think of the costly sacrifice of a half million of men who sleep in a soldier's grave. An extract from a letter by Walt Whitman in April, 1864, shows the power of song and "old glory" to kindle a soul to the color of fame:

"Mother, you don't know what a feeling a man gets after being in the active sights of the camp, the army, etc. He gets to have a deep feeling he never experienced before,—the flag, the tune of "Yankee Doodle," and similar things, produce an effect on a fellow never felt before. I have a little flag, presented to me by one of the wounded. It was taken by the rebs in a cavalry fight, and rescued by our men in a bloody little skirmish. It cost three men's lives just to get one little flag four by three. The man that rescued it tore it from the breast of a dead rebel. The man that got it was very badly wounded; he did not expect to live, so he gave me the little banner as a keepsake. I mention this, mother, to show you a specimen of the feeling."

And we, here upon the western edge of the world, who so lately have seen brothers united in common zeal, under one flag, to answer a gallant people's anguished cry, and to right a foreign wrong, can understand the feeling that overrides all the "pomp and circumstance" of war. May "Yankee Doodle" and the flag lead the victors home.

"Sweet are familiar songs, though Music dips
 Her hollow shell in Thought's forlornest wells."

The words of "Yankee Doodle" are not poetry; the air is no great music. And yet it has swayed popular opinion, inspired armies, and sustained revolutions. With it is associated the spirit of a great time, and the dreams and aspirations of a great people. Let us amend the beatitude of Christopher North, and say, "Blessed be the memory of old songs forever."



I do the very best I know how—the very best I can; and I intend to keep doing so unto the end.—*Abraham Lincoln.*

MUSIC IN AMERICA IN 1776.

BY IDA B. DISERENS.

“IF you were to write an article upon music in America in 1776, what would you say?” I asked a very scholarly musician of this city. “I would say,” he replied, “there was no music in 1776.” The word music to a musician always implies the art in a high state of development, yet if we extend the meaning of the term to all rhythmic tonal expression, there never was a period in the story of man that had not its music. Even as there was always some sort of articulation through which man expressed his desires, his joys and his sorrows and which, with no disrespect to Shakespeare, is called language; so there have been the hardy tonal blossoms of the wayside to adorn life’s journey and accompany man in his labor, his loves and his wars.

Glancing at the old world in 1776 we find many of the giants of music already pouring out the riches of their musical souls, and two of these had finished their life’s work; the mighty Handel, who brought oratorio to a degree of grandeur not yet surpassed, and John Sebastian Bach, the musician’s musician. Beethoven, the Shakespeare of music, had but just stepped upon life’s plane, but Mozart and Papa Haydn—father of the symphony—were in the midst of their career; while Gluck, who adopted common sense principles concerning operas, and was denounced accordingly, was waging his little wars in Paris much as Wagner waged his with the world at a later period.

*“The Puritans who landed in 1620 at Plymouth Rock had brought with them their psalm tunes and their hatred of secular music.” Lacking the impetus of abundant material, church music had gradually reached a condition of dullness and monotony, few congregations being able to sing more than the five tunes

*References—Ritter’s “Music in America,” Matthews’ “Hundred Years of Music in America,” Moore’s “Cyclopedia of Music.”

known as York, Hackney, Windsor, St. Mary's and Martyrs.

The first book printed in America, the "Bay Psalm Book," a compilation of psalms, made its appearance in 1640. That the first book should have been devoted to music is both interesting and significant; as is the fact of its cordial reception, the book passing through seventy editions in a year's time. Other publications of psalm tunes followed in 1712, 1714, 1721 and 1755. In 1764 an important collection was put forth by Josiah Flagg of Boston. In 1773 Flagg had established a band of fifty pieces and gave concerts in Faneuil Hall, Boston. Many other hymn books followed Flagg's, the contents showing a diversity that indicated much advancement in church singing.

In 1776 there was living and working a man whose career marks the beginning of musical development in America. This was William Billings (born 1746) the first native son to attempt musical composition. Billings, who was a tanner by trade, taught singing, and commenced to compose at an early age. He published six different collections of hymn tunes of his own composition. As there were at that time no teachers possessing competent knowledge of harmony and counterpoint, much of Billings' work was crude and incorrect, but there was an originality and fervor in his tunes which endeared them at once to the American people. During the revolutionary war his hymns (of which he wrote both words and music) were sung throughout the country by soldiers, his tune "Chester" being heard from every fire in the New England ranks. Of the tunes that stir the national pulse of to-day only two, "Yankee Doodle" and "America," were associated with the revolutionary war, and both served at first on the British side. "Yankee Doodle," an old air of Cromwell's time, was played by the British bands in derision of the Americans. The other, which is in fact the English national hymn, "God Save the King," was adopted during the present century under the name of "America," after Smith had written for it his immortal lines "Our Country, 'Tis of Thee." The benign manner of adjusting things, so peculiar to the American people, was well manifested when they thus gathered these tunes to their hearts,

turning the first, an expression of contempt, to a song of spirited patriotism; and transforming the second, a hymn exalting monarchy, into an anthem of freedom.

It is the law of nations as of individuals, that each must slowly develop its own taste—work up from crudeness to culture—independently of others. Hence, we are not surprised to learn that music, the youngest of the Arts, was at a very low ebb among a people whose whole energies were concentrated upon the struggle for life and liberty in a new country. Nevertheless, when the young nation in 1776 lifted its hands to God and declared for "*Equality for All*" it gave out the theme of the greatest symphony yet to be written; the symphony in which every problem of human life shall be resolved. Meanwhile whatever transitions the national life may undergo involving the theme in woe, in discord, in artificiality, embellishment, complexity, and chromatic upheaval, faith will never despair, knowing the theme is heroic and cannot be lost, and that in due time, when the master guiding the work shall decree, it will burst forth justified and triumphant. Then shall this work stand as the model for all the future—the majestic symphony of the American people.



JOAN OF ARC.

BY SELINA SEIXAS SOLOMONS.

ALTHOUGH a small library-full of books has been written about this extraordinary character her story still remains the most wonderful in all history. Born in a shepherd's hut in the village of Domremy, France, in the year 1410, Jeanne D'Arc at the age of seventeen years saw visions and heard voices telling her that she was divinely appointed to save France, which, exhausted by the hundred years' war, was about to become an English province. After adventures calling for incredible perseverance and courage she was commissioned by the king as general-in-chief of the armies, and in a campaign of a few weeks the siege of Orleans was raised, the king crowned at Rheims, and the peasant maid hailed as the deliverer of France. But her star began to set when the envious nobles plotted against her, and the king refused to follow her counsels. Finally she was captured by the English, accused of heresy and witchcraft, and condemned to be burnt at the stake. Twenty-five years later occurred the rehabilitation and vindication of Jeanne D'Arc as the martyr, heroine and savior of France.

The above meagre outline gives but a pitifully inadequate idea of the story, the most romantic, pathetic and tragic that history has to tell. Whoever can read or hear it in all its details without experiencing a thrill of admiration for the sublime virtues, a throb of pity for the trials and sufferings of this "holy child," must be callous indeed. Her virtue, courage, devotion and self-sacrifice, her strength of will and purpose, her keenness of insight and moral force, made a combination of qualities that it is not too much to say has never existed in any man or woman before or since. Nor is the tale at all in the nature of a myth or legend, as the popular conception often mistakes it to be, but on the contrary the record is the most truthful in all history, coming to us direct from the witness stand. Mrs. Catherwood, in her



Ring, Bell! Ring again and
again!

Ring out thy note for each
new generation!

Ring, Bell! Ring of Freedom
for men!

Ring now and forever thy
glad proclamation!

Ring, *Bell*, RING!

Ring, Bell! Ring out God's
command,

Ring His word which thy
metal received in its mould!*

Ring Lib-er-ty, Lib-er-ty
throughout the land!

Ring Freedom for each that
its boundaries hold!

Ring, *Bell*, RING!

—E. B. P.

Scream, O Eagle! 'Tis thy day,
The day when victory crowns thy crest,
When foes are vanquished in the fray,
When triumph swells the patriot breast,
Ay, thy shrill voice befits the day!

Scream! Yet know, O martial Bird,
The day arrives when wars shall cease;
For not in vain the prophet's word
Foretells the lasting reign of peace—

Then shall thy voice no more be heard.

—Edward B. Payne.



*It is a curious fact that this bell though cast twenty-three years before the Declaration of Independence had inscribed on it the Bible quotation: "Proclaim liberty throughout the land unto all the inhabitants thereof."

lately published "Days of Jeanne D'Arc," declares her heroine to be "the only person in history who becomes more admirable and wonderful the nearer you come to the truth about her."

The raising of the siege of Orleans, in the light of the stupendous difficulties overcome may well be regarded as the most remarkable single achievement the world has ever seen. Mark Twain in his great work "Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc," calls her "the sublimest military genius that ever lived," considers that in moral grandeur she surpasses all other heroes, and that the records of martyrdom contain no instance of an equally tragic and undeserved fate.

The appearance of the maid in her peasant dress before the king and courtiers in the great audience chamber, where she triumphantly stood the test with which they had thought to confound her, is a scene more thrillingly dramatic than the imagination of poet has ever been able to invent. When the king to whom she had given a crown and a kingdom would have rewarded her with a patent of nobility, the great-souled girl asked only that her native village might thenceforth be relieved from taxes!

Her betrayal to death during a trial that lasted fifteen days, though harassed and cross-examined by one hundred learned theologians, could not be made to utter one contradictory or incriminating word, will forever stand as one of the foulest deeds in the record of mankind.

Although deserted by her king, hated by the English, basely betrayed by priests of her own faith and nation, and made a victim of ingratitude, treachery, and cowardice in high places, on the other hand the *common people*, whose voice is the voice of God—mark it, O, ye contemners of the "mob"—loved, followed, and acclaimed her to the last!

The career of Jeanne D'Arc is the riddle of history. Never yet has appeared sage or philosopher able to solve it. To reject the theory of supernatural aid, the visions and voices, is to accept the equally perplexing alternative;—to believe that this ignorant girl, scarcely more than a child, was able by native talents to lead armies to victory, and conduct diplomatic negotiations, and was mistress of the arts of war, seership and prophesy. Thus, regarded from whatever standpoint, the career of Jeanne D'Arc transcends all ordinary human experience, and our conclusion is, if it be not regarded as convincing proof of the existence of spiritual forces and the possibility of their manifestation in the sphere of human affairs, then must all human testimony be declared valueless.

waves, and where, planted by the hand of freemen, she shall wave through all time. The armies that to-day march to the rescue of the oppressed, will drive home to *all* nations the conviction that America, "The Land of the Free," will not tolerate anywhere a bondage that degrades both body and soul. This decision is but the beginning of the end, which must come though long delayed.

There can be no such thing as discouragement when we consider the results of our first effort for the emancipation of generic man. As a recognized power, as a united nation, with ignorant prejudice and bigotry waning to their obliteration, the past shall be but as a flickering flame to the full-orbed glory of the noontide sun of our conquests over all forms of oppression, wherever the hearts of men beat high and strong for the liberty we enjoy and can convey to them.

Take but a few of the many examples of the Uncle Tom of to-day—men born as was the original in slavery of body, or attempted bondage of mind and soul—and see what a few years of freedom have done, and you can infer what will follow when, having extended that freedom to another band of brothers, our boys "come marching home."

Mrs. Stowe lived to see the dawning of that light she so desired to promote, the expanding and extending of which she may still witness until it shall fill the whole earth. Men and women who are now working for the unfortunate who linger in bondage, waiting for the hand of free men to strike off their shackles and let *them* become free men, shall see of the travail of their souls and be satisfied. Courage, then, and let us look for a brief moment at a very few of a long list of Afro-Americans who by their own efforts in an atmosphere of liberty have risen to take rank with the most fortunate of the race that once held them from all that makes life dear, or worth having. Seek to know more of their achievements than can be pressed into so limited a space. See what they have accomplished and are accomplishing for civilization and for renovation, and decide of that which has borne such fruit may not be good for all who stand

I did not run away from
Maryland, I ran away from
Slavery

Frederick Douglass



WENDELL PHILLIPS

All literature, all wealth,
all patriotism, all religion
should gravitate toward
emancipation

Abraham Lincoln



FREDERICK DOUGLASS

I will not retreat, I will not equivocate,
I will not surrender a single inch
And I will be heard

Frederick Douglass

in the image of God—Human Beings! Seek to know more of scores of such men as:

Wm. J. Simmons, president of the State University of Kentucky, also editor and distinguished author.

Granville T. Woods, electrician and mechanical engineer, author of the Induction Telegraph and many other important inventions.

Henry Ossawa Tanner, artist and illustrator, whose works have received highest praise from the National and other Academies of Art where his genius is appreciated.

J. E. Jones, Professor of Homiletics and Greek in the Theological Seminary at Richmond.

S. G. Brown, a distinguished scientist.

Prof. F. Greener, a lawyer and metaphysician, logician and orator.

E. S. Porter, physician and surgeon and medical attendant at the State University at Louisville.

J. M. Langston, Dean of Howard University and Professor of Law.

G. W. Williams, historian, legislator, judge advocate, novelist, poet, orator, editor, soldier and minister.

M. W. Gibbs, the first colored judge in the country.

B. K. Bruce, United States Senator.

B. W. Arnot, bishop, author, editor and legislator.

J. C. Corbin, a most wonderful linguist, being master of Greek, Latin, Hebrew, Danish, French, Spanish and Italian. He is also a fine organist, pianist and flutist.

H. R. Revels, United States Senator

B. T. Washington, founder and president of the Normal School in Alabama, which is doing so much to secure a higher civilization by promoting the interests and advancement of his people.

Space fails, or the list might be continued almost indefinitely with the names of such men as Frederick Douglass, Dr. H. M. Turner, J. R. Lynch and scores of others who have demonstrated what freedom to be and to become, may bring to man—and equally to woman, though for the present they are not brought into the category. From the lessons taught us by this one race, whose cry was heard, and heeded, let us take heart and not stop at *Free Cuba*, but, by the God of Battles, swear we and our children *shall* yet see freedom for the whole family of man; for it is in The Law, and is the assured birthright of every child of God.



I did not run away from
Maryland, I ran away from
Slavery

Frederick Douglass

WENDELL PHILLIPS

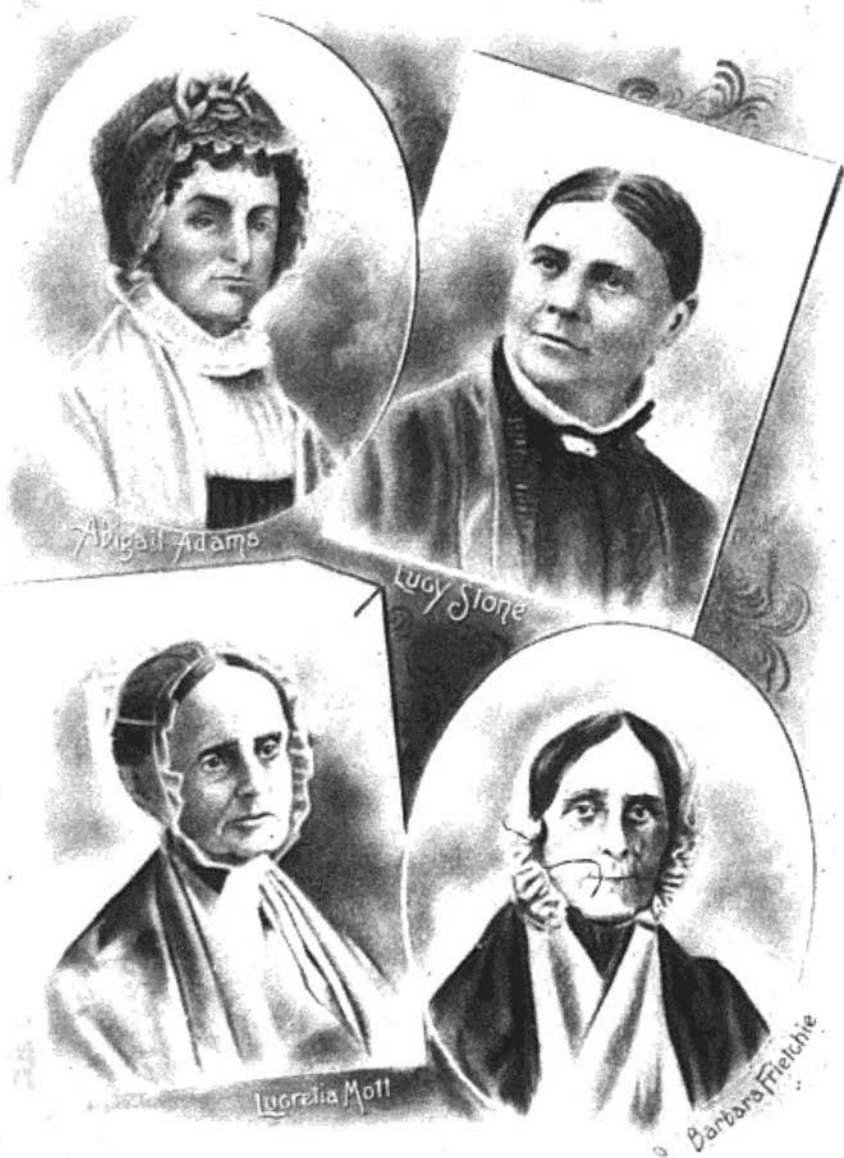
All literature, all wealth,
all patriotism, all religion
should gravitate toward
emancipation

Wendell Phillips

LAURA GARRISON

I will not retreat, I will not equivocate,
I will not shrink a single inch
and I will be heard

Laura Garrison



Some of the women who have championed the principles of justice and whose names we revere.

FOURSCORE and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived a liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.—*Lincoln at Gettysburg.*

The first declaration of independence:—

No woman should be taxed who has not political representation.—*Abigail Adams* (in a private letter to her husband.)

When in any country there are uncultivated lands and unemployed poor, it is clear that the rights of property have been so far extended as to violate natural rights, for the earth is given as a common stock for man to labor and live on.—*Thomas Jefferson.*

WAR, slavery, injustice, and oppression, and the idea that might makes right, have been uppermost in all such governments; and the weak, for whose protection governments are ostensibly created, have had practically no rights which the strong have felt bound to respect. The slayers of thousands have been exalted into heroes, and the worship of mere physical force has been considered glorious. Nations have been and still are but armed camps, expending their wealth and strength and ingenuity in forging weapons of destruction against each other; and while it may not be contended that the introduction of the feminine element in government would entirely cure this tendency to exalt might over right, many reasons can be given to show that woman's influence would greatly tend to check and modify this barbarous and destructive tendency. At any rate, seeing that the male governments of the world have failed, it can do no harm to try the experiment of a government by man and woman united.

The laws which determine the destinies of individuals and nations are impartial and eternal. We shall reap as we sow. There is no escape. The conditions of success are universal and unchangeable. The nation or people which shall comply with them will rise, and those which violate them will fall, and perhaps will disappear altogether. No power beneath the sky can make an ignorant, wasteful, and idle people prosperous, or a licentious people happy.—*Frederick Douglass*.

As long as our civilization is essentially one of property, of fences, of exclusiveness, it will be mocked by delusions. Our riches will leave us sick; there will be bitterness in our laughter; and our wine will burn our mouth.—*Longfellow*.

The world belongs to those who take it.—*Anna Dickinson*.

THE tyrant, Custom, has been summoned before the bar of Common-Sense. His majesty no longer awes the multitude—his sceptre is broken—his crown is trampled in the dust—the sentence of death is pronounced upon him. All nations, ranks, and classes have, in turn, questioned and repudiated his authority; and now, that the monster is chained and caged, timid woman, on tiptoe, comes to look him in the face, and to demand of her brave sires and sons, who have struck stout blows for liberty, if, in this change of dynasty, she, too, shall have relief.

It is a settled axiom with me, after much examination and reflection, that public sentiment is false on every subject. Yet what a tyrant it is over us all, woman especially, whose very life is to please, whose highest ambition is to be approved. But once outrage this tyrant, place yourself beyond his jurisdiction, taste the joy of free thought and action, and how powerless is his rule over you! His sceptre lies broken at your feet; his very babblings of condemnation are sweet music in your ears; his darkening frown is sunshine to your heart, for they tell of your triumph and his discomfort. Think you, women *thus* educated would long remain the weak, dependent beings we now find them? By no means. Depend upon it, they would soon settle for themselves this whole question of woman's rights. As educated capitalists and skillful laborers, they would not be long in finding their true level in political and social life.—*Elizabeth Cady Stanton.*

Freedom can never yield its fullness of blessings so long as the law or its administration places the smallest obstacle in the pathway of any virtuous citizen.

I hold it necessary to liberty and good government that the press should comment with the utmost freedom upon public acts and opinions of all men who hold positions of public trust.—*James A. Garfield.*

I AFFIRM that this is the lesson of our history—that the world is fluid; that we are on the ocean; that we cannot get rid of the people, and we do not want to; that the millions are our basis; and that God has sent us this task: "If you want good institutions, do not try to bulwark out the ocean of popular thought, educate it. If you want good laws, earn them." Conservatism says: "I can make my own hearthstone safe; I can build a bulwark of gold and bayonets about it high as heaven and deep as hell, and nobody can touch me, and that is enough." Puritanism says: "It is a delusion; it is a refuge of lies; it is not safe; the waters of popular instinct will carry it away. If you want your own cradle safe, make the cradle of every other man safe and pure."

Standing on Saxon foundations, and inspired, perhaps, in some degree by Latin example, we have done what no race, no nation, no age, had before dared even to try. We have founded a republic on the unlimited suffrage of the millions. We have actually worked out the problem that man, as God created him, may be trusted with self-government. We have shown the world that a Church without a bishop, and a State without a king, is an actual, real, every-day possibility.

To be as good as our fathers we must be better. They silenced their fears and subdued their prejudices, inaugurating free speech and equality with no precedent on the file. Europe shouted "Madmen!" and gave us forty years for the shipwreck. With serene faith they persevered. Let us rise to their level. Crush appetite, and prohibit temptation if it rots great cities. Intrench labor in sufficient bulwarks against that wealth which, without the tenfold strength of modern incorporation, wrecked the Grecian and Roman States; and with a sterner effort still, summon women into civil life as reinforcement to our laboring ranks in the effort to make our civilization a success.—*Wendell Phillips.*

ENGLAND proposed taxing the colonies. One party held that protection gave them the right of taxation.

The other said the British Constitution gave the government no power to tax, unless the persons were represented in Parliament. They declared their resolution to pay no taxes without representation. Much was said about the rights of man. And when at last a three-penny tax was laid upon tea, the men, being brimful of patriotism, cared nothing for the tax; it was the principle they cared for, and they would fight for their principles. How very sincere they were, let the millions of wives answer, whose very existence is ignored in law. There was one thing women gained by that contest; they gained a clearer knowledge of their rights, a better understanding of their wrongs, which, according to Blackstone, are a deprivation of rights. A knowledge of these has produced a strong desire to seek a remedy.—*Mary Mott.*

Slavery is a state of war. If we can drive slavery out of one county it will weaken the system throughout the State, it will mean the emancipation of the world.—*John Brown.*



wornout issues of free silver and free paper money, and are turning to public ownership.

V. That the reform movement itself is being deepened and purified. A better spirit is growing. The disputatious, unfeeling, idealess, kicking crank, who has given reform a bad name, is being weighed and found wanting. Character is needed in reform; good brains and—if the word can be uttered without cant—good hearts. Even reformers with cast-steel skulls are getting tired of that brainless, heartless species of Socialism that has been standing on its head in public for some time.

VI. That in this very hour of darkness and national folly the American Idea is emerging toward realization. For one hundred years the people have lived in the presence and training of the unique conception, Liberty, Fraternity and Equality. They have accepted these mighty ideals as their prospective law. The soul of the people has been moulded to require the progressive realization of these principles. And now, that a counter doctrine appears with tremendous material strength in the persons of the millionaire aristocracy, the real depth of the sentiment of Liberty, Equality and Fraternity begins to show itself.

Do not be down-hearted, friend, whoever you are. The people will do what is right. They have not believed in Liberty and Equality for a brilliant seed-time century to no purpose. There *will be* Liberty and Equality, beginning quietly and serenely in the cradle years of the twentieth century. Do not be deceived by false appearances. The power of wealth is on the decline already. Have you ever seen a sleeping athlete regain his consciousness? Have you observed that the American people, bound by the spider-webs of monopolists, are beginning to yawn and stretch and think? To-morrow you will look in vain on the surface of America for those spider-webs.

If you were to ask me *how* you should celebrate, I should reply: Do not dance or burn red lights. Go out into the country and meditate on what you can do yourself to make America of some moral value to the world.

"MY COUNTRY 'TIS OF THEE."*

By



'TIS a strange fancy of modern times that patriotism must needs die with the advance of civilization, that generalization of thought and grasp hinges on universalism of race, language and religion, that the unit must needs level the many, and variety ultimately perish in the bosom of the *One*.

When all mineral life shall be manifest in the same species of rock, when all plant phenomena shall appear in the same form of tree, when all organized flesh shall stride about in the same type of man, when all stars shall become suns, and all suns of the same magnitude, when monotony shall sit on a throne under the name of Unity, and shall beat down variety to the level of a Dead Sea—then, *and not till then*, shall the passion of patriotism go out.

While we of all people seek the indissoluble bond which binds man to man, country to country, race to race, while we trace it even into the spaces and note how it holds planet to planet, sun to sun, constellation to constellation, while we reiterate the axiom that as is cosmos so is microcosmos, yet as vehemently, as emphatically do we assert that the figure *one*, standing for a celestial, indivisible unit, implies the figure two, three, four and so on endlessly. And though we discover constant law and eternal principal in mind, we at the same time stumble over divisibility and variety in matter under the guise of the shifting phenomena of change. Keeping before our mental telescope then the two suns, revolving as double or single stars according to the length of our sight, we daringly affirm that forever and forever there will be shades of difference in the lives and environments of ani-

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mals, men, and angels, that shall necessitate variety of location and habitat. In consequence, an inextinguishable patriotism.

"My Country 'tis of Thee." As surely as man becomes *individualized* will the very vales, rivers, and mountains of his native soil cry out the story; not only in the architecture of its temples and palaces, but in the very poise of its mountains and the song of its streams. The environment takes on the dignity of the man; by some subtlety it catches the spell that is on him, and the very stones and grasses preach. When I sing of my country, I sing of myself. The battle hymn of my republic is mine; my flag is dyed with my own heart's blood, and starred with my very eyes; my heaven is in it, and its stainlessness is my honor. My power *to be* is my country's power, and when an exile I carry my land with me in a ceaseless dream.

O no! he who would seek to pitch all nations to the same tune, who would dress all people in the same garb, and in spite of a twist in the tongue, put the same words in all mouths, who would relegate all forms of worship to a portable church, is devoid the sense of variety which means also the loss of the grasp on unity; for one who is great enough to see the center of the world's wheel will see, also, the spokes and the circumference. That earth is tending more and more to a universal exchange of ideas I will not deny; that wires and bands of steel are on solid ground, as well as in the blue above, and the blue below, I should be a fool to ignore. I simply assert that interchange and exchange do not in any sense have a leveling effect, but on the contrary impel and substantiate a pregnant individuality. The very variety which results from exchange emphasizes the Master in the man, by startling him into a consciousness of his Unit of Force, which for all time, backward as well as ahead, is his and his alone.

"My Country 'tis of Thee." Whether its shores are washed by two seas or encircled by one, whether its flag flaunts many colors or a lone star, whether it be edged with icebergs or fringed with lilies, whether its sharp crags pierce dread skies, or its laughing waters are tickled by the sun's fingers, whether it is poor or rich, old or young, "My Country 'tis of Thee." A



Truth will finally and powerfully prevail.—*Thomas Paine.*

jewel on earth's breast, mine eyes have beheld your sparkle since I first opened them to the light—precious beyond compare, though you be but a pebble stone—somehow you have caught the sunlight and flashed it up to me, till I have burned with your reflected fires, and in the mirror of you, all the jewels have glittered. At your very bosom have I sucked the milk of a divine altruism, which thrills me with the intense egoism of its eternal mate.

There is a sword sharper than the famed blade of Damascus, keener than the glittering steel of Japan; 'tis the two-edged weapon of defense, which, ground and shining, ever dangles at the belt of the *individual*. Quick as lightning he draws upon the enemy to his Nation's honor—which means his own—and in cleaving right and left for his country, he vindicates the right of all Nations *to be*, and of all *individuals to live*.

PATRIOTISM, A DEFINITION.

Not the mere holding a great flag
outfurled--

But making it the goodliest in the
world.

WILLIAM JAMES LINTON.

PATRIOTIC POEMS.

MY UNCLE.

By EDWARD A. PAYNE.

MY UNCLE! You know him; his portrait you've seen,
With a sharp-featured visage, an eye clear and keen.
Broad-shouldered, long-armed, angular, lank and lean—
Thus the newspapers picture MY UNCLE.

He dresses in stripes of the Red, White and Blue,
A coat whose long tail is divided in two,
A flare hat on his head that never sets true—
So the artists all costume MY UNCLE.

While yet quite a young man, as maybe you've heard,
A fracas he had, in which blow followed word,
With a certain old chap whose odd name was George Third,
And a relative, too, of MY UNCLE.

The youngster got angry, and sassy, and he
Tipped into the ocean a cargo of tea
Which, with large overcharges, this George had, you see,
Insultingly sent to MY UNCLE.

Then George crossed the ocean to chastize the lad,
But in squabble on squabble got whipped very bad,
And gave up and went home; and since then has had
A wholesome respect for MY UNCLE.

And this, you must know, is the sole reason why
We celebrate now on each Fourth of July.

Ring bells and fire guns, and acclaim to the sky
The spunk and the pluck of MY UNCLE.

His nieces and nephews, each girl and each boy,
Believe and declare, with exuberant joy,
That not all the powers of the earth can bestro
The prestige and power of MY UNCLE.

MY UNCLE just now is in trouble again—
This time with an ancient Señora named Spain,
Who has tried a young damsel to bind with a chain.
Miss Cuba, fair friend of MY UNCLE.

MY UNCLE intends to set this matter straight,
And you may be sure that, as certain as fate,
'Twill be done in the same blessed year, ninety-eight,
On a very misty day MY UNCLE.

But some folks are saying it's all a pretense—
This chivalric stand in young Cuba's defense—
That 'tis but a trick of deep cunning, prépanse,
On the part of my infant old UNCLE.

They say that he covets a slice of Spain's land,
That on her rich islands he'll lay his strong hand,
And thus his own fortune and fame will expand—
So they slander and backbite MY UNCLE.

Now all this I aver is an out and out lie,
MY UNCLE will do the straight thing, or hell die,
And his jealous traducers will see by and by
That they don't know the mind of MY UNCLE.

For wherever he goes, on land or on sea,
MY UNCLE the sincler of all men will be
To secure to all peoples the right to be free—
Is the thought and intent of MY UNCLE.

In his generous nature there's not a mean streak;
He champions bravely the oppressed and the weak;

PATRIOTIC POEMS

On tyrants and despots his vengeance he'll wreak—

This is what to expect from MY UNCLE

So run up his colors! lift the Red, White and Blue!

Show the Stars of the Banner! Beat the Stripes into view!

Sing! Shout! Fire the Guns! Tell the Whole World anew

That we stand by our noble old UNCLE!

A nation's name is not a name
A race from tyrants!

How long since all the nations heard
Our high hymns and scored the world

And dare we now, triumphant, strong,

Forget our duties and our wrong?

THE NATION'S CRISIS.

Forget the light and dark of wrong

Still, just of tyrants and oppressors

From over seas the crash of guns

And in our camps the bugle's strain—

A nation sends her bravest sons

And bids them fight across the main

For love of home the hosts will fight

For love of liberty their aim be true

The pomp and boast of tyrant might

Shall crumble as they come in view

Our ships are girt with walls of steel

And manned by men who know and dare

Before their might the foemen reel

They sink and scatter in despair

Of fear not for your strength of arm

Or strength of heart to stand the strain

America, no foe can harm

Thy shrine or treat thy word as vain

But O! beware the tempter's word!

Beware the greed of land and power!

How long since all the nations heard

The righteous voice of freedom lower!

Now freedom was the cry, and liberty the word;
 Each leaves his leather apron and buckles on his sword.
 The cause, it was good, and the boys, they were tough,
 The times a little squally but they stuck to the stuff, sir.

Chorus:—

Uncle Sam now obtained some allies and a fleet,
 Some bayonets and soldiers, with rations to eat.
 And in taking Cornwallis, so light was the job,
 They shelled him as the farmer does the corn from the cob, sir.

Chorus:—

And now Johnny Bull thought it time to make peace,
 For in fighting for the feathers he had lost all his geese.
 So each made a promise he would do no more harm,
 And they left Uncle Sam with the tools of the farm, sir.

Chorus:—

And since there was now no more cause for alarms,
 Uncle Sam proclaimed the law as he laid down his arms,
 That he who is a Tory should never have a wife,
 And she who is a Tory be an old maid for life, sir.

Chorus:—

THE ARMY OF PEACE.

BY O. T. FELLOWS.

Canst thou tell me, O! my sister,
 If the promised day appears?
 Canst thou see beyond the vista
 Of these sorrow-burdened years?

I can see, O brother! surely, that the dawning light is nigh;
 We have watched and we have waited, O! so long, this glorious
 time,

And our hope have often faltered as the hours have passed us by,
But I see, I see the signals of a coming day sublime.

Look again, O sister! truly,
Can it be the rising day?
Lead us not to hope unduly
After trial and delay.

Brother! wilt thou not believe me? broader grows the hopeful
dawn,

See! its banner red and golden o'er the Eastern gateway floats;
I behold a mighty people, they are swiftly marching on,
And I hear the songs of gladness from a million million throats!

Ah! but songs and pomp and splendor
Ever walked with deepest woe;
Meek compassion, true and tender,
Vaunteth not her coming so.

Listen! from the fields of cotton comes the slogan of the free;
Listen! from the Northern forest is an echo loud and long,
Hark! the billows speak of freedom from the all-encircling sea,
Lo! the hosts of men are brothers for they join the rising song.

Look again, O prophet glorious,
Do they bear within their hands
Swords of conquerors, victorious
From their desolated lands?

Nay, they bear the arms of labor, and they conquer only want,
They have made the desert blossom and the mine give up its store,
But I see no forms o'er-burdened, see no faces pinched and gaunt
And no haunting dread of poverty forever evermore.

Once again, O sister spirit!
This must be the age sublime;
Shall the ill that we inherit
Curse the sons of coming time?

Nay! the curse shall fall and vanish from the happy, happy land,
When the strife shall cease among us there is plenty and to spare;
When the cruel sword no longer shall disgrace a brother's hand,
But a clasp of friendship warmer circle round the world so fair.



"We hold these truths to be self-evident: That all men are created equal: that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."—*Declaration of Independence.*

L-I-F-E—These letters stood out in fire flame when the earth was new, when,

"All that appeared of her form, or her face
Was a bare lurid ball in the vast wilds of space."

L-I-F-E—It moves in the atom and circles in spheres, it laughs in the river and sparkles in light, it flashes in crystals and roars in the storm, it waves in the grass and beckons from trees, it burns in the volcano's breast and smiles in every flower. It is the spirit of Earth, Air, Fire and Water, these four principles underlying all expressed or externalized form.

L-I-F-E—Every letter is dyed with the blood of all living things which creep in marshes, prowl in jungles, swim the sea, cleave the air or walk the earth upright, full born, clothed and in their right minds.

L is mother letter of the words liberty, labor, language, and in its last analysis is—Love.

I is mother letter of the words interminable, integrity, intelligence, and in final analysis—Intuition.

F is mother letter of the words force, fertility, fervor, and becomes in last analysis—Fellowship.

E is mother letter of the words energy, emission, expansion, and in last analysis is—Eternity.

Actuated by our own freedom of choice, or Liberty to do and to be, we Labor to create our own world, which is the *expressed* Language of our own souls and becomes to us, when not interfered with, a full satisfaction, an abiding, *life-giving*, generating Love which serves as the impetus to all our actions.

With Interminable or endless Integrity to a purpose or ideal, we develop an Intelligence that becomes a fixity or coherence of knowledge which defies reason and reaches its conclusions or forms instant judgment through clear-seeing Intuition.

By the Force of imaginative Fertility we push forward in our march of progress, with all the Fervor of intense desire, until we recognize our comradeship universal, and seek to inaugurate that true human Fellowship which makes the whole world kin.

Our inborn Energy, through its physical, mental and spiritual Emissions which are in their nature creative, constantly impregnates the spheres of the vast unknown with its hidden fires, and calls into visible activity all the mind perceives, and all the soul predicts, thus compelling Expansion or growth every instant of time throughout Eternity.

Love, Intuition and Fellowship Eternal—this is the significance of the word life, computed by the formation of its individual and collective letters, and their relative position to each other.

Love—is the fulfilling of the law.

Intuition—is the conscious kinship with all nature.

Fellowship—is a state of mental sympathy and association.

Eternity is the ever present now.

According to the occult law of simple numbers the value of the word love is 8, a double constructive word, both male and female. According to the law of fractional numbers its value is 111, which signifies multiplicity, change. According to the law of compound numbers its occult value is 908,000,000. It has both blue and black vibrations of color, black predominating.

ond, it still proves itself the strongest, deepest, highest, most expansive, and insistent word that human thought has conceived.

Oh Life! our magnificent endowment from the Creator! our inheritance from the forgotten ages! Is it any wonder that we protect it and value it beyond price? Is it strange that our forefathers counted it of divine origin and recognized it as our inalienable right? How sweet are all its promises! But alas, the fulfillments! We allow nearly one-half of the children born on America's free soil to die before they are six months old. We permit children and adults to starve in our streets. We stifle the semblance of life out of thousands of our fellows in sweat shops, mines and factories. We kill out the moral life of millions of both sexes, by failure to interpret to ourselves or to them the full value of this wondrous gift, this life immortal—which no man can give. Because we possess it we are under mortgage to the past with no means of cancelling our obligation except through just and righteous use of our precious gift. Because of it we are a promissory note to the future with no way of paying principal or interest except by throwing all there is of us in the balance of right, in behalf of future generations who look to us for their further endowment. To do less than cancel our mortgage and pay our debt to the world is to fail of the purpose of life. We must climb the ladder of action to the clear heights of the ideal, and this ideal must be made real in a *living love* for all mankind which will raise all people from the lowlands of ignorance and crime through knowledge of this most sacred bequest; this throbbing, thrilling, pulsing thing which creates eternally, forever reaching forward to what we *shall* be when the provisions of nature and the provisions of our Declaration of Independence are made possible of fulfillment.

C. A. M.

LIBERTY

LIBERTY! Theme of forensic oratory! Key-note of patriotic song! Inspirer of noble deeds! Bugle-blast of martial hosts! War-cry of revolutions! Great history-making word of the world!

In the harbor of New York—metropolis of the western hemisphere—stands Liberty's colossal image, to testify that here she dwells; here her beatitudes are known; here she gathers the immigrant peoples under her just and generous sway. "Eureka!" is the chorus-shout of the millions; "this is The Land of the Free."

But is this true? Is Liberty verily realized here? Are the people of this country actually free? This is the question of enlightened patriotism.

Evermore, and for each generation the chains that enthrall are newly forged. Ours today are golden, but none the less enslaving. The glittering links encompass the body politic, and money is king today in America.

Right earnestly, and with enthusiastic conviction of its liberty-working power, have we vindicated and jealously defended representative government. But this has become an entangling web in which the spider of political self-seeking snares the people, binding their will and suppressing their rights.

The whole truth is that the American people have not yet learned the full and perfect meaning of liberty, or felt in the deep of their hearts its invitation, its imperative challenge. Neither have they mastered its basic and constitutive conception. This conception embraces and unites two ideas: on the one hand a perfect, harmonious and vital civic and political order; on the other hand the utmost personal freedom in the conduct of the individual life. The problem is to secure these ends together, and in such a way that the realization of the one shall help toward the realization of the other. It is no small achievement. The difficulties are great and sometimes even the most optimistic are disheartened and doubt for a little the possibility or success in the pursuit of liberty.

Yet it is sure to come. The ages have been in preparation for it. Destiny itself has ordained it: "It is a part of Fate," says Emerson, "that man is fated to be free." It may take years that are made of centuries; it may call for a growth on the part of man that shall shame his present stature; it may involve many a shock and struggle of conflicting ideas and policies, but

From the child who chases the butterfly or bird for the purpose of destruction, to the man who murders his best friend for gain, the race is striving for happiness. In all cases the motive is the same; it is one's action which determines results.

The pursuit of happiness signifies license instead of liberty to those who are lacking in discrimination, and who are not conversant with the law of moral polarity, which is as absolute as are the laws of physical or mental polarity. Just as the right side is the positive and the left side the negative pole or part of the physical body; and as the front is the attractive or negative and the back the repellant or positive pole forming the great physical battery; or, as the back brain is the positive and the front brain the negative pole of the great mental battery; so motive is the positive and action the negative poles of the great moral battery. Our failures are caused by ignorance of the point where the two poles meet in harmonious expression.

All happiness resides in human consciousness and depends upon its ability to fit itself to its external conditions or physical environments. What is true of individuals is true of society.

The fact that the majority of the race are not happy forces us to the conclusion that something is wrong with our social structure, as the real temper of humankind is an innate joy and harmony. Nature is not normally the breeder of discord. That being true, society must be at fault. The right to the pursuit of happiness must be supplemented with ways and means to attain it under normal conditions. So long as poverty, the principal cause of unhappiness, curses our fair land it will prevent our people from educating and developing their inborn qualities, by smothering their best desires and forcing them into indiscreet action toward each other.

A government that divides its people into two great armies, the one of incessant toilers the other of enforced idlers makes of happiness a phantom, which will successfully evade all pursuers. Incessant toilers and enforced idlers are both negations, negative poles in the social machine. The motive or positive pole doubtless exists but never meets its negative in harmonious conformity,

hence our individual and social unhappiness. Happiness will continue to be mere travesty until the problem of equal rights is solved, and the right of each to gratify his earnest yearnings for peace and harmony without infringement of the rights of another is acknowledged. Individually we are helpless; collectively we are all powerful. Our only protection from the deformities of society, our only hope of permanent happiness, is to reorganize upon the perfectly natural basis of pure motive and right action; we will then reach the point where "the road of motive meets the highway of action," and contentment will everywhere reign. When that hour comes we will celebrate our independence not with anvils and bonfires, nor with rockets and guns, but by the burial of all present wickedness and hatred, all our folly and unfairness. We will then rear a monument whose base will rest in the mines of the earth where bent and misshapen humanity was wont to delve, and whose apex reaches the clouds where angels fold their wings. On its sides, looking to the east and west, to the north and south, we will carve this inscription: "No messenger of resurrection will ever touch this dust." Then will the right to the "pursuit of happiness" be a right which we may proudly bequeath to generations yet unborn. Then will the fragrant laurel of "Liberty" gracefully crown their brows, and their thankful hearts will overflow with the exuberance and promise of "Life."

C. A. M.

WHY WE FIGHT.

INDISPUTABLY the object which was originally given out to the people as the occasion for war with Spain was noble and justifiable. It was proclaimed that the sufferings of the Cubans, the brutalities to which they were subjected, and the oppression which had so long characterized the Spanish rule in the island were no longer tolerable and must cease. It was to put a stop to these inhumanities that our navy was sent into action and our troops mobilized. To all this the American people said: "It is right and we will stand by."

a special issue. THE COMING LIGHT could not resist the impulse to join in the hilarities of the national holiday. Hence this display of color, the patriotic songs, the glimpses of history, the portraits of distinguished men and women, and the Fourth of July tone and temper of our editorials. We hope the time will come when we can issue such a magazine as this, or better, each month. As it is, some of the good things prepared for the present issue, and crowded out, will appear in subsequent numbers; and the magazine will maintain its standard and go steadily on its way.

With this number of the magazine many of our six months' subscriptions expire. We trust our readers are sufficiently pleased to renew and to make their subscriptions annual. The high standard of the magazine will be maintained, insuring value received to its patrons. We need your encouragement and support to make it the success we so much desire. Let us hear from you.

Contributors to THE COMING LIGHT will please wait patiently for a report on articles sent. Manuscripts are piled up waiting our time to read and pass upon and will appear as fast as possible if accepted, or returned if rejected, provided stamps for return have accompanied them. It is impossible to reply at once to all who kindly send us their help. Your turn will come.

ALL HAIL! MRS. EAGLE!!—The fact that there is a healthy young American eaglet in Alaska, another in Manilla, and others hatching in Cuba and Porto Rico, suggest that this Nation has been laboring under a delusion for the last century. All hail! Mrs. Eagle and your progeny; may you live long and prosper!



The Birthday of Liberty
for
**SATURDAY'S
CHILD**

BY EVA V. CARLIN.



"The child that is born on a Sabbath day
Is lucky and bonny and wise and gay;
Monday's child is born to health;
Tuesday's child is born to wealth;
Wednesday's child is fair of face;
Thursday's child is full of grace;
Friday's child is loving and giving;
Saturday's child must work for his living."

BIRTHDAYS, silver weddings, golden weddings, Christmas, Thanksgiving, New Year's, Fourth of July,—it is a good thing to celebrate anniversaries and centennaries. It is a good thing for people to "call to remembrance the former times," "to remember all the way the Lord, their God hath led them." No purely historical

or political anniversary, unconnected with a religious association, has ever been celebrated with such zeal and fidelity as the greatest day in the American calendar, the day that commemorates the perils, the sacrifices and the glories of Revolutionary days; and, in recognition of the deeds of the heroes of those days, their courage, their faith; their enthusiasm, and their patriotism—the first fair love of the human heart for freedom. It is fitting that we fulfil the prophecy of old John Adams, and welcome every recurrence of the Birthday of American Liberty “with thanksgivings, with festivity, with bon-fires and illuminations, and with every manifestation of exultation, gratitude and joy.”

All anniversary days are memory days, but also they are hope days. At each complete cycle we look forward as well as back; and it is in relation to the needs of the people of to-day, rather than in praise of the deeds of the people of the past—for we cannot glorify ourselves by what our fathers did—that I would make a plea for patriotism,—the patriotism that is not identified with war alone, however glorious be the cause; but the patriotism that is developed in civic and social and commercial ways. A more glorious and difficult patriotism than that of the soldier is that of the citizen; it beats no drum; it carries no banners; nevertheless it is fearless and steadfast; it is displayed in times of peace, in the struggle for principles, in unselfish zeal for the betterment of social, industrial and educational weal of all; it seeks to improve motive within and method without of all economic arrangements; it is love for law, and love for liberty,—liberty regulated and controlled by law, such as will manifest the will of the people in the methods of government; it is the Spirit of '76 enlisted to fight for modern needs and equipped for modern foes.

Fair business methods, purity in political methods, unbribed and unbought legislative methods, equitable social methods—these are the things that call for the practical performance of the patriotic spirit. Such a patriotism has clear vision of the ideal Democracy contemplated by the framers of our Constitution, conceived by the signers of our Declaration, and embodied in the deathless words, “government of the people, by the people, and for the people.”

Such a patriotism is human. It is as broad as the world, for freedom and for men. Such a patriotism has clear vision of an ideal Republic of God, that sublime prophecy of apocalyptic symbol, “the city that lieth four-square,” and into which shall be brought “the glory and honour of the nations.”

The procession of progress for our nation in the past century is marvelous; but there is a shadowy reverse to the pageant of bright colors, brass bands, waving banners, gay equipages, purple and fine linen, and the civic parade of "floats" representing commercial and industrial interests, with which features we are wont to celebrate the Fourth, while silver-tongued orators point to an eternally blue sky, radiant with sunshine, stretching over our nation. Along with the brilliant parade of wealth and concealment of poverty is a shadowy array gathered under ragged banners, heralded by no blare of trumpets, but whose "floats," were they apparent, might be considered more truly representative of our present-day civilization. A quiet, thoughtful eye sees here, tableaux of millionaire monopolists; under-paid sewing women; crowds of enforcedly-idle men; hordes of wretched children, half-sized, half-fed, without health, without home, without hope. Here are representations of filthy tenements; unsanitary work-shops, and haunts of vice and misery. Here are "living pictures" typical of sinister social conditions and ideas. We see capital held by the class that did not produce it; labor looked upon with contempt; idleness in high places; we see land in the possession of the few—there are a less number of square feet of the earth's surface to each man, woman and child in some New York City wards than are allowed in the most crowded country graveyard; we see zones of riches and selfish luxury side by side with squalid wretchedness and practical heathendom; we see the heedless casualty of unnumbered thousands of men; we see the prices of necessities rise, and the issue is not determined by right or wrong, but by the side that can hold out the longer; we see the deepest poverty, the wildest intemperance and the densest ignorance as a background to our universities, and we turn away, sick at heart, to ask:

"Is it well that, while we range with Science, glorying in the time,
City children soak and blacken soul and sense in city slime?
There among the glooming alleys progress halts on palsied feet,
Crime and hunger cast our maidens by the thousands on the street.
There the master scrimps the haggard seamstress of her daily bread,
There a single crowded attic holds the living and the dead."

This is the seamy and ragged underside of the splendid crimson embroidery on the robe of our civilization. We must substitute for that the seamless robe—that robe worn by the Master—"Now the coat was without seam, woven from the top throughout." A passion for *oneness* must dominate; men must see that the welfare of each is the responsibility of all, and the welfare of all the responsibility of each. We must find our way to some-

thing like an equitable distribution of economic goods and the benefits of civilization.

In ancient cities there were dark shadows always flung by brilliant civilizations, gladiators and slaves, wealth amid starving populations; but we know now such contrasts to be ominous.

We cannot put our ears to the ground and listen without hearing the low murmur of the swelling protest of the people on the dim border-land of want. This cry should be a trumpet call to the patriotism of America.

Kossuth said in 1852: "Liberty was not granted to your fore-fathers as a selfish boon; your destiny is not completed till, by your aid and influence, the oppressed are made free." American patriotism overthrew political despotism, abolished slavery, stands now as the champion for the regeneration of the oppressed nations,—the patriotic sentiment of brotherhood must remove the bondage of social and industrial life. There must rise some champion of first principles against the despotic spirit of greed that enslaves the children. They must be delivered from task-masters and turned over to schoolmasters, for that country is not free in which the children grow to be the retributive scourge of the civilization of which they are the helpless victims. Securing our own rights and privileges, and forgetting those who are less fortunate is no true freedom, was the teaching of Mazzini; and the purest breath of the modern social spirit that one day yet will demand liberty for Saturday's Child, finds expression in our own Lowell's verse:

"Men! whose boast it is that ye
Come of fathers brave and free,
If there breathe on earth a slave,
Are ye truly free and brave?
If ye do not feel the chain,
When it works a brother's pain,
Are ye not base slaves indeed,
Slaves unworthy to be freed?

Is true Freedom but to break
Fetters for our own dear sake,
And with leathern hearts, forget
That we owe mankind a debt?
No! true freedom is to share
All the chains our brothers wear,
And with heart and hand, to be
Earnest to make others free."



WHAT do you children think about this Philippine business, anyway? I have been puzzling my old head over it for days, and I want to tell you what I have been thinking, and then hear what you have to say. It is almost Fourth of July, and, if we can find out what we think of the Philippine expeditions, we will know what we think about the Fourth of July. So, you see, it is an important matter.

The Philippines, you know, are islands that have been under the rule of Spain. The people there never voted to have Spain rule them, and have done their best to win their freedom, but have been defeated by the Spanish soldiers. That makes it very clear to my mind, on Fourth of July principles, that Spain ought to be sent home from the Philippines, just the same as from Cuba, and the people of the islands be left to manage their own affairs after their own fashion. That is the way we served England a long time ago, and even England now agrees that we were right in doing so.

That makes the meaning of the Fourth of July clear, doesn't it? When we celebrate Fourth of July we are celebrating a principle of right, and that principle is this: "The people of one country should not be governed by the people of another country,

but the people of each country should govern themselves." That is, the little boys and girls in England should not grow up and be your masters; nor should you grow and be their masters. You should be equals, and should love each other, but should each govern yourselves in your own way. In the same way, the Spanish children should not grow up to govern the children of the Philippines. All that seems to me to be clear and right, and I believe in it with all my heart; and I hope you do, for if you don't you have really no right to any part in the Fourth of July. I am sure not one of you will agree to be left out of that.

Now here is what I am getting at. If it is not right for England to govern America, nor for Spain to govern the Philippines, how is it right for the United States to govern those far-off islands? Right is right, and freedom is freedom, and Fourth of July principles are Fourth of July principles all around the earth for every country under the sun, and yet General Merritt, who is leading our soldier-boys to these islands, has made a speech saying that our flag shall never come down from the Philippines. And other public men are talking the same sort of thing, not only about the Philippines, but about many other islands as well. Perhaps the people of the Philippines would like to have a flag of their own; if they read about and admire Sam Adams and Washington and Putnam and Ethan Allen and all the rest of the great men who helped to make the Fourth of July something to be proud of, why then they surely will! What will General Merritt say to them then?

I have thought it all over, up and down and crosswise, and my old head comes out at the same place every time. The English people should govern England; we should govern the United States; and our brothers and sisters in the Philippines should be as free from us and our soldiers and tax-gatherers as we have insisted on being from the soldiers and tax-gatherers of England.

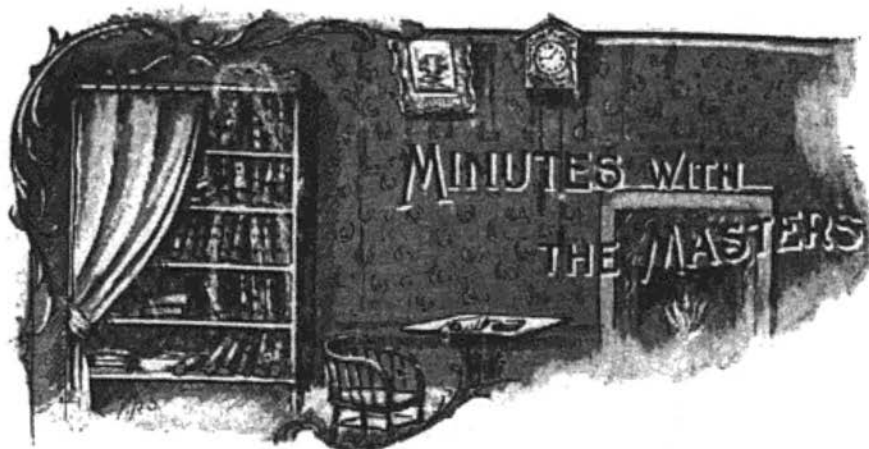
These are Fourth of July principles and they will do to live by and to die by.

"Is little freedom but to break
Fetters for our own dear sake,"

and then put the same sort of fetters on someone else?

We cannot govern the Philippines and keep the Fourth of July from being anything but a sham and a make-believe. No matter how wise or how good a government we might devise, it would not be their government and they ought to fight against it.

Children, it is time that all of you had something to say for the Fourth of July and its principles.



"I have always thought that more true force of persuasion might be obtained by rightly choosing and arranging what others have said than by painfully saying it again in one's own way."—*Ruskin, in Flors Clavigera.*



"'God save the king!' and kings,
For if *He* don't, I doubt if *men* will longer;
I think I hear a little bird, who sings
The people by and by will be the stronger."

—*Byron.*

"With trust in God's free spirit,
The ever-broadening ray
Of truth that shines to guide us
Along our forward way,
Let us to-day be faithful,
As were the brave of old;
Till we, their work completing,
Bring in the age of gold."

—*Minot J. Savage.*

"As the heroes who died for humanity's right,
We, too, will be free from our fetters enslaving!
No more shall our land 'neath Monopoly's blight
But mock the bright banner that's over us waving.
No more will we toil for the Lords of the Soil,
Nor waste Nature's store to replenish *their* oil;
But—our heritage claiming—*forever make true*
The promise and hope of the Red, White and Blue!

—*Frances M. Milne.*

HEROES OF WAR AND PEACE.

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Ay, that is a story that takes one's breath,
How the men rowed out in the face of death;
Rowed as calmly as fishermen may
Who haul their nets at the break of day.

But never was fish net hauled in the weather
That rifle and cannon and shell together
Rained on those sailors who drew from its bed
The wise sea serpent and crushed its head.

Heroes of war are they! Song and story
Shall add their names to the list of glory.

But where is the story and where is the song
For the heroes of peace and the martyrs of wrong?

They fight their battles in shop and mine;
They die at their posts and make no sign.

And the living envy the fortunate dead
As they fight for a pittance of ~~butterless~~ bread.

They herd like beasts in a slaughter pen;
They live like cattle and suffer like men.

Why, set by the horrors of such a life,
Like a merry-go-round seems the battle's strife;

And the open sea, and the open boat,
And the deadly cannon with bellowing throat—

Oh, what are they all, with death thrown in,
To the life that has nothing to lose or win—

The life that has nothing to hope or gain
But ill-paid labor and beds of pain?

Fame, where is your story and where is your song
For the martyrs of peace and the victims of wrong?

—*San Francisco Examiner.*

OFFICE CHAT.

Snap! Crash!! Bang!!! Poor Devil! Just as he was dancing in glee over the success of his flaming proclamation of patriotic words of great Americans, the half-tone press broke; its arms fell helplessly at its side and visions of many of the July illustrations faded away. Our disappointment is great, as we had expected to outshine all former lights so far that the editorial staff would be willing to stay away on a vacation and leave us to generate all future lights. As it is we will be compelled to loan them our remaining illustrations for their August number, and take a back seat.

Still more improvements! Illustrating THE COMING LIGHT properly has become such an important feature that in the future we will have an artist in the office, ready to make the articles more readable, the ads more attractive, and to furnish fine designs for the up-to-date job work in which our printer delights. F. P. Schall, whose artistic creations are already familiar to our readers, will have charge of this corner of our rapidly growing establishment.

A number of new advertisers are introduced to our readers this month: among them are the Dewey Engraving Co., whose half-tones and zinc etchings have often adorned these pages, and the Buickensderfer Typewriter Co., on whose little machine much of THE COMING LIGHT copy has been ground out. The publisher will tell a little story of the experience of one of these machines in the wilds of Arizona, in the next number.

Some of our half-tones were ruined in the making. Among them the one of noted California men and women. These will appear later and will be fine enough to make amends for the delay and may become the nucleus of a California special. "'Tis an ill wind that blows nobody good."

Our friends can assist us materially in making our magazine a success by patronizing the firms who advertise with us, and letting those firms know that their advertisement in THE COMING LIGHT has brought them new customers.

Experience is a dear teacher but we have learned this much while in charge of the office, that the way to get out a vacation surprise number is to have it all ready six months ahead of time.