The First Railroad to Span a Continent from North to South.

THE CAPE TO CAIRO RAILWAY.

The Energy and Fertility of Its Promoter, Cecil Rhodes.

By W. T. Stead.

THE following article was written for the August number of McClure's Magazine by Mr. W. T. Stead, the Journal's correspondent at the Peace Conference. It explains clearly and forcibly a problem that is bound some day to affect the whole world.

LAST year, at St. Petersburg, when I was talking to Herr Rothstein, he suddenly surprised me by an observation on the secret forces which appear to dominate the actions of men. Herr Rothstein, although but little heard of outside Russia, is one of the dozen notable personalities who influence the policy of that great empire. He is a Jew, and a German Jew. But he is Monsieur Witte's Jew; and as the financial adviser of the Imperial Finance Minister, he is a man of mark as well as a man of wealth, a man of influence and a man of power. But, although knowing and respecting him as financier and as statesman, I was hardly prepared for the philosophical observation which fell from his lips on the subject of the great transcontinental line which Russia is building across Northern Asia.

"This railway," said Herr Rothstein, "like many others of the same nature, is being built under the

The Present Method of Transportation.

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compulsion of an impulse, or an instinct, which it is impossible to justify on financial, political or military grounds. The sacrifices which the construction entails will never be repaid, at least to the men who make them. From a financial point of view, I could name a score of other methods of investing money within the empire that would pay handsomely, pay far better than this transcontinental railway can ever hope to do. But nations appear to be sometimes possessed by an uncontrollable passion to bring together the uttermost ends of a continent, quite irrespective of rational motives. It is a kind of demon which drives them; and I can only suppose that the impulsion is intended to promote the general good of mankind. Certainly in our case the sacrifices are much more obvious than the gain to Russia."

If this be the case with the Siberian railway, what can be said of the Cape-to-Cairo line but that it is a still more striking illustration of Herr Rothstein's doctrine? From a political point of view, the British Empire will profit even more than Russia by the building of the Asiatic through railway, over which in a few years will pass all the mails between England and her colonies and dependencies in the Pacific. From every point of view, the construction of the line across Siberia is more important to the English-speaking world than the Cape-to-Cairo railway. To shorten the time in which one can travel around the planet from sixty-five to thirty-three days is an achievement of supreme value to the only race that has planted its families all around the world. But the Cape-to-Cairo railway will not materially diminish the dimensions of the planet. After it is built no express will traverse the Continent in less than eleven days. Add to this the four or five days between London and Cairo, and we have fifteen or sixteen days for the overland route, as against seventeen or eighteen days by sea.

From Umtali the telegraph line strikes northward to Tete, where it crosses the Zambesi and joins the telegraphic system of Nyassaland at Blantyre. From thence, it skirts the lake on the western coast to Karonga, which was reached last December.

From Karonga the route lies through Rhodesia to the southern end of Lake Tanganyika. From Abercorn it will enter German territory and skirt Lake Tanganyika on the east. The Germans gave Mr. Rhodes leave to carry his line through German territory, on condition that he would, in addition to his own through wire, lay down at his own cost a separate line between Rhodesia and British East Africa, the wire of which is to be used solely for the telegraph traffic of German East Africa, and to be the property of the German Government, which will keep up the line at Mr. Rhodes's expense. At the end of forty years the German Government may take over the line without paying compensation of any kind.

The Transcontinental Telegraph Company, unlike the Cape to Cairo railway, can be justified as a financial speculation. The cost of telegraphing to South Africa at present is $1.20 per word. Communication goes by cables on the east and west coasts of the continent. The capital invested in the African cables is estimated at from fifteen to twenty million dollars. To keep the cables in repair six vessels are constantly employed, three on each coast. To build the overland line costs from $250 to $500 per mile. Averaging it at $375, the total cost of putting up the telegraph wire across Africa would be less than $2,500,000. The cost of up-keep is also much less for the overland line than for the submarine cable. It may, indeed, be calculated that the cost of maintenance will be largely met by local messages, none of which are, of course, at the command of the cable companies. The net result is that, when the overland wire is in working order, Mr. Rhodes will be able to reduce the cost of telegraphy at once from $1.20 to 84 cents a word, and earn a good dividend besides.

So much for the telegraph line, which, it is expected, will be in working order in five years' time. It is, however, the Cape to Cairo railway that has most attracted the attention of the world. It is not built yet; hardly half of it is contracted for. But it is following closely on the heels of the telegraph, and Mr. Rhodes recently invited me to be present at the laying of the last rail on January 20, 1899. In ten years' time the line, it is calculated, will be completed and ready to carry the

Laying the Track of the Soudan Military Railway.

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mails from Cairo to the Cape. The cost of the whole line is estimated at $125,000,000. But as over 3,000 miles are at present constructed, the total required for the central section will not exceed $75,000,000. Mr. Rhodes, indeed, put it recently at only $50,000,000. His estimate was that 3,329 miles still needed to be built, and that they could be built at a cost of $15,000 per mile. This, however, is a somewhat sanguine estimate. Since it was framed Mr. Rhodes has seen cause to vary the route, in order to avoid the swamps in the Nile valley—a commendable object, but one which will not diminish the mileage of iron way. The cost of constructing the Cape railway through Bechuanaland was $15,000 per mile; but in Rhodesia, owing to the greater cost of carriage and the increased cost of labor, the railway bill ciphered out at $19,000 per mile. It will be strange if the cost is less than this in the centre of equatorial Africa.

The task of bridging the continent of Africa by a railway has been facilitated by the necessities of war. Hosea Biglow's familiar saying about "civilization getting a lift in the powder cart" was seldom more appositely illustrated than by the recent war in the Soudan. When the Sirdar, General—now Lord—Kitchener, began to work out the carefully calculated plan of campaign which he had matured for striking down the Dervishes of the Desert, he found himself confronted by this almost insuperable difficulty. The heart of the enemy was situate just 1,200 miles south of Cairo. To reach that heart and deal a deadly blow 1,200 miles (chiefly desert) had to be traversed by an army every mouthful of whose food, to say nothing of its powder and shot, its forage and all its other impedimenta, must be dispatched from a base 1,200 miles to the rear of the fighting front. In the previous invasion of the Soudan Lord Wolseley had endeavored to overcome this immense difficulty of transport by utilizing the Nile and dispatching an army in rowboats, past the cataracts, to Dongola. The experience of that expedition hardly justified the repetition of the experiment. If, therefore, the great blow was to be struck at the heart of Mahdism, the desert between Wady Halfa and Berber must be bridged by a railway. There was comparatively little engineering to do. The desert is level. Its drawback is not difficult gradients, but the scantiness of water. Between the starting point at Wady Halfa and the terminus at the Atbara there are only two wells—one place per 175 miles where you can quench your thirst under an African sun cannot be considered an ideal allowance. The line was constructed for the most part by the natives, the Egyptian soldiers lending a hand under English supervision. When the Dervishes were beaten in the earlier campaign their disbanded soldiers eagerly sought employment in making the line along which, a few months later, a force of 23,000 men was to be hurled against the capital of the Khalifa.

Further progress was stopped by the difficulty of bridging the Atbara. It was decided to throw a bridge across the river before the July floods. The time was short. Tenders were invited from British bridge builders on a specification which was so elaborate that, when the tenders arrived, it was discovered that the building would take two years to erect, as it was not capable of being launched. Fresh tenders had to be invited in hot haste, and, to the infinite dismay of the British public, it was discovered that the Americans beat their rivals hollow both as to time and as to price. The order was not a very large one. The total cost of the bridge was only $32,500. But no incident in recent years has brought home to the British public the extent to which the British manufacturer has been beaten by his American rival more forcibly than this matter of the Atbara bridge. No English firm could undertake to deliver the bridge either at the cost or in the time which it was supplied by the Americans. Within thirty-seven days of the receipt of the order the seven spans of the Atbara bridge left New York Harbor for their destination in Egypt.

A railway without a seaport is like a plant without a root, and even this transcontinental line will depend for its prosperity chiefly upon the number and facility of its points of access to the sea. Its northern terminus is Alexandria, once one of the greatest of all seaports and still the most thriving harbor in the African continent. The southern terminus is at the base of Table Mountain, that silent sentinel which looks from the extreme limit of Africa over the waste of water which stretches southward to the Antarctic ice. Between these two extreme ports, separated by 6,000 miles, there is at present only one port from which the Cape-to-Cairo line has access to the ocean. This is where the little two-foot gauge Beira-Salisbury Railway crosses the malarial region of Portuguese South Africa, 200 miles south of the delta of the Zambesi. Beira is the natural seaport of Rhodesia. When Portugal sells her colonies, Beira, with Delagoa Bay, will pass into the hands of the English. But at present satisfactory working arrangements enable the Rhodesians to receive and dispatch merchandise across Portuguese territory to the Indian Ocean.

No practical proposal, it need hardly be said, has ever been made as yet to construct the Cape-to-Cairo line. All that is at present in negotiation is the construction of the northward extension of the Bechuanaland Railway to the gold and coal regions of Rhodesia, which it is necessary to tap in the interest of the colonists themselves. Even if there were no Cape-to-Cairo grand trunk line in the air, the building of the railway to the gold region of Gwelo and the valuable coal fields of the Mafungabusi district would be indispensable. The Bechuanaland Railway Company needs coal. At present it has to carry its fuel as well as its freight from the Cape to Rhodesia. Hence its cars return empty. When the Mafungabusi area is tapped, where seventy miles of coal beds lie waiting the pick of the miner, not only will the railway find fuel, but it will also find mineral to fill the cars at present returned empty. The hundred miles from Bulawayo to Gwelo are all surveyed and pegged out ready for the constructor. From Gwelo to Mafungabusi, a distance of 150 miles, another section is surveyed and will be taken in hand at once. Beyond Mafungabusi there are only 150 miles to cross before the line will reach the Zambesi. This river it is proposed to bridge just outside the Portuguese frontier, about 500 miles east of the Victoria Falls, where a short bridge of a quarter of a mile will carry the line across the one great river it will meet on its northward way. Mr. Rhodes hopes to cross the Zambesi in five years' time.

Up to this point the Cape-to-Cairo line may be said to have materialized or to be in a fair way to materialize. North of the Zambesi the line exists only on paper and in the imagination of Mr. Rhodes. No regular survey has been made, and it is quite possible that the line of route at present contemplated may be abandoned. The telegraph route, for instance, differs widely from that which the railway will follow. It is easy to sling a telegraph wire across ravines without regard to gradients which would baffle the engineer of a railway. The telegraph line crosses Portuguese territory at Tete, and makes its way to Blantyre, and then skirts Lake Nyassa to Karonga. The original design of the railway is to run it west of Zumbo, midway between Nyassa and Bangweolo, along a healthy open plateau which skirts the Loango Valley to Lake Cheroma, 220 miles north of the Zambesi. From thence it will strike 280 miles across country to the southern end of Lake Tanganyika. The cost of constructing the line from Bulawayo to Tanganyika is estimated at about $15,000,000—900 miles at about $16,000 per mile. Land costs nothing, labor is cheap. In the diamond mines Mr. Rhodes pays his stalwart native as much as $300 a year. But on the Zambesi labor is plentiful at $18 per annum. The men employed in pegging out the telegraph line between Nyassa and Tanganyika are paid in a currency of calico estimated at less than a dollar a month. The engineering difficulties are not great, being chiefly confined to the crossing of the valley of the Zambesi and the rapid descent from the plateau to the shores of the Tanganyika.

Such, in brief, is a sketch of the Cape-to-Cairo line. It is the first great trunk railway ever designed to span a continent from north to south. It is the first railway projected to cross the equator at right angles, and the only railway in the world which has ever been designed to cross territory across which no road, trade route or human track way has yet existed. No government is at the back

of it. No financial syndicate hopes to make money out of it. That it should exist even in the realm of imagination is due solely to the creative genius of one man, and that the man who only three years ago was stripped of all his official positions and solemnly censured by a Parliamentary committee. But the greatness of Cecil Rhodes is not dependent upon official positions. His official positions, indeed, were only the certificates of an influence which existed before they were granted and which their withdrawal was powerless to affect. The Cape-to-Cairo Railway is only the shadow of the African Colossus falling athwart the continent which is dominated by his personality.

New View of the Crucifixion.

THE CONFLICT OF CHRIST WITH CIVILIZATION.

Religion and Politics.

By George D. Herron.

THE following is a chapter taken from the book, "Between Caesar and Jesus," by Professor George D. Herron, just published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. The subject is the relation of the Christian conscience to the existing social system.

THE chief priests therefore and the Pharisees gathered a council, and said, What do we? for this man doeth many signs. If we let him thus alone, all men will believe on him: and the Romans will come and take away both our place and our nation. But a certain one of them, Caiaphas, being high priest that year, said unto them, Ye know nothing at all, nor do ye take account that it is expedient for you that one man should die for the people, and that the whole nation perish not.—John xi., 47-50.

WE are in the habit of saying that Jesus had nothing to do with institutions or with politics; that he went about appealing to individuals to "be saved." We have a fatal way of viewing Jesus apart from his history and social perspective, apart from the human facts which form the setting of his career. "Theological writers have not," says Dr. Baring-Gould, "laid sufficient stress on the great social revulsion with which the Jewish world was threatened by the teaching of Christ."

It is absurd to suppose that Jesus was put to death for going about healing sick people and appealing to individuals to "be saved," or to "be good," as we understand these terms. He was crucified for disturbing the existing national order of things; crucified as a national menace, because he was aiming at the wrong at the heart of the nation. His avowed purpose was to make the Jewish people a messianic and redemptive nation to the world. When he was rejected, it was a governmental as well as an ecclesiastical rejection. His death was brought about by the politicians, who were also the priests, or belonged to the priestly party. The chief actors in the drama of the crucifixion were such as we call the "good people," or "judiciously progressive," whose plans Jesus spoiled, and to whom he seemed altogether unamenable to reason.

But we are not dependent upon the critics. We have only to read the Gospels, with even a little historic sense, to see that the career of Jesus was as certainly political, in relation to his times and nation, as the career of Joseph Mazzini in Italy or that of Joan of Arc in France. His words reveal him in closest touch with the political situation and the economic and social facts of his day. He planted his feet amid the actual conditions and problems of Jerusalem, spending a large part of his ministry there in vain before he turned into Galilee. His hands were always in the human clay, and he went about his work with a knowledge of the complications and forces with which he had to deal. He was no pietist or mere dreamer, but a re-maker of men and of the conditions that make men. The first year of his ministry was spent in trying to get some sort of a national recognition. We must believe that he was sincere, not making believe or acting, when he sought to gain acceptance at the hands of the rulers of Jerusalem; that he was honest in offering himself to them as their King and national Messiah. Nothing more truly lays bare his heart than the cry, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem!" which went forth from the baffled patriot on the slopes of Olivet to the beloved capital of his doomed nation.

There is one instance of Jesus's political action which has been a subject of much dispute. According to John the first public act of his ministry was to go up to Jerusalem and clean out the Capitol. Whatever attitude we take toward this action, whether we place it at the beginning or the end of Jesus's ministry, it has a significance which we have too long evaded. The Jewish temple, which Jesus purged, was the political Capitol of the nation. He did precisely what one of us would do if we should go to Washington and suddenly drive from the Senate chamber the lobbyists, the chief of whom are our elected Senators—elected to represent the corporations for which they are paid attorneys.

Any genuine religion must be a science of righteous politics—a science of individual liberty. It is a Hegelian principle, as well as the substance of Hebrew social philosophy, that the political life of the nation is the final revelation of the moral worth and living power of religion. The real religious creed of the people, the unmistakable evidence of what they actually believe, is their politics. A corrupt state is simply the expression of a decadent and formal religion; and a merely respectable religion is the worst human enemy.

Professor G. D. Herron.

If any one doubts the fundamental antagonism between existing civilization and the teachings of Jesus, let him read certain editorials in the New York Post, which is the ablest organ of the new bourbonism and of the present order of things. These editorials are not exceptional in their tone, but are indeed fairly typical of the protests which abundantly issue from the public press, the political platform, the representative pulpit, the academic chair. Certain college professors, whose crime is that they have sought social justice through the application of Jesus's teachings to social conditions, are classified as "offenders who must not escape." These seekers are accused of inflaming the masses "with passion to overthrow the courts, to the end that they might place themselves where 'law cannot touch us'—that law which college professors told these poor men, many of them newcomers in America, was only a synonym for injustice. They have told the ignorant who looked up to them for instruction that Jesus Christ was an anarchist, and that every good Christian nowadays should be the same, and sent away their audiences with murder in their hearts." "We have said," continues this editorial, "that these men and their like have not been indicted, and probably cannot be punished under any laws on the statute book—though their offence differs little in its essence from that of Parsons, the Chicago anarchist, who was convicted and hanged for inciting others to murder rather than for actual participation in the killing." Hear the conclusion: "Even if the statute book does not yet contain a penalty for such offenders, they can still be made to suffer. The power of public opinion can be brought to bear, and the indignation of the right-minded can be directed against them. They should be made to feel that the people recognize their guilt, and will take care that a repetition of such incitements to crime shall be properly punished." In another editorial the tender wisdom and touching discrimination of this same writer appears: "The church for ages did excellent work in preaching content to the poor and unfortunate, for there was then really no escape from their misery. These teachings have now been dropped, or fall on leaden ears. The new doctrine that no man should be content, that all should try to rise, has been converted into a proposition that all can rise, and that if anybody does not rise, it is because somebody is keeping him down. Herein lies the source of all our woes. Anybody who goes about spreading this view is really an accessory before the fact to all anarchist crimes." Put over against all of this a cry from the beautiful soul of George William Curtis, not long before he left us: "Is there anything more certain than that the Christendom which actually rejects the Christian ideals and principles as impracticable, denounces most savagely those who practically illustrate them, even if they theoretically reject them?"

If the teachings of Jesus are dangerous and destructive, if He spake impracticable things which He did not understand, if His words are the cries of an over-wrought enthusiast, then let us quit worshipping Him and put an end to this colossal thing we call Christianity. If Jesus is the Son of God and the Redeemer of man, if He is the true teacher of practicable teachings, then while it is yet day, before dreadful judgment comes on, let us begin to preach what He taught, and to divinely enforce the justice of His love.

We shall meet with misunderstanding and complaint, as we speak against the existing order of things in the name of Christ, but we may meet it with loving faith. We have the whole of Christian history behind us; it was to show this, that I briefly and rudely sketched two great scenes in the on-going drama of Christian conquest, and pointed to our own place in the scene now upon the stage. What else can the humblest disciple do, and be true, than stand for an order of life that shall incarnate the ideal of his Lord? "Revolution is for us," says Mazzini, "a work of education, a religious mission." No disciple, without being apostate, can suffer any order to exist or crystallize short of Jesus' goal of the realized kingdom of heaven. We are not here to preserve the existing order, but to establish the Christ order. "The existing order of things," said Judge Gaynor in Brooklyn, not long ago, "may be the worst possible order of things. The existing order of things crucified Jesus because He was a denouncer; and in this enlightened nation the existing order of things, even during the lifetime of those of us who are still called young, was that one human being might own another, and good men were mobbed for objecting to it. We owe all that we have to the steady advance of the human race against the compact mass who always cried out, and still cry out as lustily as ever, 'Don't disturb the existing order of things.'"

Do We Utterly Lack the Power of Repose?

"AMERICANITIS"—THE NATIONAL DISEASE.

Consequences of the Pursuit of Wealth.

BY EDWIN MARKHAM.

AMERICANITIS is the new disease. I have not seen it described in the books of diagnosis; but its symptoms are apparent on half the faces one sees on the streets of a great city. It gives a strained, uneasy look to the features, a jerky, unmusical motion to the walk. The sufferer has a hunted look; has many foolish, unmeaning movements of the hands and feet. There is an utter lack of the power of repose.

With all this go dyspepsias, headaches, vertigoes, fears and tremblings, melancholias, suicidal manias, doctor bills, new-made graves.

What is this thing? It is the Worry-Disease. It is the result of the nervous strain under which we pursue our enterprises. We live too intensely; we work too feverishly. We lack restraint; we lack poise and repose.

In business, in politics, in society, we live at high-pressure; we fail to keep the law of tranquillity; and at last the break down comes upon us like an avalanche. Then we are hurried away to the hospital, to the Continent, to "a rest cure." Now this catastrophe is more often the result of over-worry than it is of over-work. We die of over-eating, but seldom of over-working. Work is a taskmaster that may weary the mind; but worry is a highway robber that carries away its most precious treasure. Work can be laid aside, but worry clings to the mind like a ghost in a tower.

We are fooled by our worries. They call down upon us the very things we dread. They lead in the very shapes we have conjured up in our forebodings. Fear (which is the parent of worry) breaks down the guards of the body and lets in the disease that we are dreading. We invite what we expect.

Our safety lies in a strong, positive, hopeful attitude. It is not rest that is needed so much as serenity. We need the large composure that quiets all our hurries and our worries.

Worry, working through the power of imagination, has killed more people than all the battlefields. And yet, strange to say, all worry is utterly illogical. There are (says some one) two sorts of things that we should not worry over—those that can be helped and those that cannot. For if they can be helped, go and help them; if they cannot, then worrying over them only makes them worse.

But what has brought our national disease into being? Out of what swamp, out of what sewer sprang its deadly miasma? It comes from many sources. One chief source of it is our feverish desire for wealth. We have put aside the large treasures of the mind in our mad scramble for riches. A golden calf instead of the royal eagle would best represent our national idiosyncrasy.

And here comes in one of those terrible judgments that seem to inhere in the very nature of life itself. A man spends a lifetime in the selfish pursuit of wealth,

"Forgetting the large mansions of the mind
That are the rest and shelter of mankind;"

and finally at the end of all his struggles he sees his fortune securely in his clutch—and what then? He finds that his fierce struggle for riches has deprived him of the power to enjoy them.

He has had no serenity in his life, no baptism of silence, no hours of thought on higher things. He has heard perhaps that a library is a mark of leisure and refinement. So he orders his bookseller to fill up so many feet of wall-space with books. He visits the Continent; he wanders through the Colosseum, but it means little or nothing to him. For this august ruin is nothing unless it is seen under the consecrating light of the imagination. It is poetry that gives to it an eternal splendor.

I am now reminded of a certain great American millionaire. He was greedy and selfish to the end. With no humane purpose in view, he had spent the energies of a lifetime in money-grubbing. What came of it all? Well, one day I saw his great white table spread for dinner. There were silver plate and golden candelabra; great sideboards with steaming dishes; servants came and went at a word. Presently the rich man came doddering in and sat down. But what was his share of all these smoking viands? Just one poor bowl of gruel. The devil of dyspepsia was curled up inside of the poor wretch. His dream had burst and left him a little gruel in a bowl!

What does it all mean? It means that we are in a world of strict rewards and punishments. No man breaks the august law, but many men are broken by it. Punishment springs out of the nature of evil itself. We are not punished FOR our sins; we are punished BY our sins.

There is no escaping the consequence of our acts. Whatever we do, for good or ill, comes back at last into our own lives.

"There is a sacred Something on all ways—
Something that watches through the universe—
One that remembers, reckons, and repays,
Giving us love for love, and curse for curse."

And now what is the cure for the nervous breakdown of our people? For one thing we need education; we need a living knowledge of the things that are most worth while. We need a larger vision of life, a deeper insight into the spiritual realities, a stronger hold upon the mighty hopes that make us men. Living in this larger world of ideas, we will be above the little worries of the moment. We can descend again and again into the world of practical affairs, and yet remain superior to its changing fortunes. Man is greater than the world—he is greater than his fate.

In this larger life, we will come to look even on our mistakes as needed lessons. Why, without mistakes and failures, we would have no living experience, no growth, no evolution. What is there, then, to worry about, when failure may serve us as well as victory?

I have a Japanese friend who has solved the problem. He broke a wheel on the highway; he was out on the ground in a moment, repairing the break, his lips rippling with laughter at the joke of it. He has the rare faculty of meeting mishaps with a heart as light as a child's. Of one thing we may be certain—the eleventh commandment is, "Be merry!"

A clear conscience, and a faith that God is behind events—these will help to send repose and stillness on the soul. More of the power of repose—this is the need of our noisy epoch. Only the still pool glasses the star. It is only in the stillness of the heart that Truth opens and upholds her flower.

"The silent rivers deeply flow;
The silent stars for splendor go;
Without a sound, without a sign
The jewels ripen in the mine.
Friend! wouldst thou have thy mind grow young?
Keep company with Silent-Tongue."

My nervous friends, turn away from self, forget yourselves in some quiet and useful labor; some unselfish labor for others is best. Do not fail to keep the silent hour—cease all anxious striving—become as little children—let go all anxieties—be at rest in the peace of God. Keep poise. If insults are offered, answer not. Jesus when reviled, held His peace. This speaks volumes—there is immense life in the deed. Oh, the power of silence! It is as deep as the world. It is next in greatness to the power of Forgetting.

Now another thing needed by both employer and employed is more time for recreation, more time for thought. They need to have more time for meals; need to have fewer hours for work. I make a proposal to the business men of America that they reduce their business hours to banking hours; make them extend from ten to three, or from seven in the morning to twelve o'clock noon. This gives time enough for the people to supply their needs; and the business world would transact the same volume of business. This would give both master and servant time for study, time for thought, time for rest. And it would help also to ward off diseases and to increase the life and health of the people—increase their joy, their power, and their repose.

Of course the whirlwind forces let loose by the competitive system have their deadly share in the nervous waste of our civilization. But of this phase I cannot speak at this time. I have tried to make one thing clear—that the mission of man to the world is not to make a fortune, but to make a life.

EDWIN MARKHAM.