

climbing, but we must pull up with us what is below. That is brotherhood.

"Patriotism is the love a man has for the spot of ground he calls home." As time develops the nation, this sentiment, so strong in each individual, extends to a protective love for the whole. The nation becomes the larger home—a native land, to be defended and loved as a very part of life. So our forefathers thought of our country. They fought and died for it. Their patriotism was an essential part of their being. No other sentiment ever even partially supplanted it. It secured for us a place among the nations of the earth; it assured safety and honor to us as a people; it opened the way to all the prosperity that we enjoy. But before government of the people, by the people, could be secure, there must be a sterner test. The awful struggle of the civil war, a patriotic struggle in the highest sense, brought political freedom and equality within our boundaries to all men and for all time. The emancipation proclamation was the climax in this development. The political ideal was realized. To-day, this United States of America stands before the world, a vital, organic answer to that question so long guessed at and agonized over by the nations—what is TRUE patriotism? I say, in 1863 we worked out the problem with the blood and tears of a million souls. To-day, patriotism on American soil has provided the surest foothold for the individual he has ever had since the creation.

Let America guard closely her sacred heritage. The fathers laid the foundation of national unity and life; the sons have burned out the plague-spot that threatened it. None of the old hopes and anxious fears that inspired their devotion exist to-day. The very fact that these inspiring springs have been exhausted demands a more constant watch, a more jealous guard over the sentiment of our people toward their native land.

"Ah, what a mighty trust is ours, the noblest ever sung,
To keep this banner spotless, its kindred stars among.
Science may dare the mysteries of earth and wave and
sky,

Till none with us in splendor and strength and skill can
vie;

Yet, should we reckon liberty and manhood less than
these,

And slight the right of the humblest between our cir-
cling seas.

Should we be false to our sacred past, our fathers' God
forgetting,

This banner would lose its lustre, our sun benign his
setting.

Grand as are the results of patriotism already achieved in this country, we have not reached our ultimate goal. There is more to be done. Modern thought has reduced the plan of industrial perfection from a vague, chimerical outline to a definite structure. One hundred years ago there was but an exaggerated, almost superstitious, notion of an ideal democracy. To-day we have the complete architectural design. America has been at work upon the foundation for many years. The corner-stone must be—as was prophesied long ago—the stone that the builders rejected. The world has trusted to its own knowledge of skill and statesmanship until human endeavor has gone as far as it can unaided. We have attacked nature in her very strongholds, and forced her secrets from her one by one. Human energy, in the material world, is conquering every obstacle in its path. To-day, with pulses quickened by victories already achieved, it moves confidently on to final success.

With this tremendous forward movement of the industrial world, the intellectual and spiritual must keep pace. We must be hard at work trying to harmonize human law with the divine. That Golden Rule, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you do ye even so to them," we must be able to declare is on trial in the hearts of thousands up and down this land, who labor and sweat for daily bread. For the brain and heart must keep up with the hand, or that greatest curse of humanity will be ours—irresponsible power. Have you seen a mechanic more skilled with tools than any of his fellows, who understands complex machinery, whose very brain is a machine, exquisitely adjusted to the perfect accomplishment of automatic