

question the solution of which devolves upon the student of social science. In Russia the government is despotic and the power of the Czar unchecked, but by his fears. In America, the people govern themselves. In Russia, educational institutions are the hot-beds of a revolutionary spirit that seeks to overthrow the existing form of government. In America, education is the surest pledge of the stability of existing institutions. Russia faces the past; America, the future. Russia is conservative, and clings to the traditions of the past. American civilization is progressive, constantly seeking to realize better conditions. Yet Tolstoi and Henry George stand on common ground. They propose the same remedy of self-renunciation for widely different evils.

Theoretically, Tolstoi and Henry George are both right; but the theories of both apply only to a perfect state of society, when men love each other, and live for the good of each other; when selfishness is unknown; when courts and prisons are empty for lack of criminals; when in short, the millennium dawns, then, and not before, can such theories be put into a practical application. Truth is both abstract, and concrete; both theoretical, and practical. A truth that is not both, is only half a truth. It has no value in itself. Its value lies in its utility. The theories of these men are valueless, except to theorizers, because they are impracticable. No teacher of art would have his pupils begin their study by copying a masterpiece of Raphael, or of Michael Angelo. The pupil must first be taught to draw in outline. So the reformer must treat men as imperfect, and propose reforms that will apply to men in existing conditions.

Measured by this standard, the two radicals, as reformers, are not practical. Both propose the same reform, while the conditions are different, and the two nations have few things in common. Both set up a standard of perfection beyond the capabilities of natural man. Both would overthrow the natural law of growth, and reach perfection at a single bound. Failure, under such circumstances, is inevitable.

Mr. Tingley spoke slowly and distinctly, with sincerity of tone and manner. He was a little stiff and formal, and both subject matter and delivery lacked enthusiasm.

C. B. Newcomer followed with a tribute to

SIR JOHN ELIOT.

Sir John Eliot recognized and advocated the individual rights of man. He was the Elijah of the revolution; he helped to prepare the way for it. His bold and ardent spirit urged him on in times that tried men's souls. He anticipated the great impeachments of Pym and Hampden, and paved the way for Cromwell.

The Stuarts claimed the divine right of kings. Sir John Eliot believed in the divinity of man as man. He recognized the sovereign, inherent, inalienable rights of the individual, with which no tyrant might justly interfere. He had an instinctive hatred of tyranny and oppression, from whatever source they might come, whether from king, from favorite, or from Parliament itself. He opposed Charles I, not because he was king, but because he unjustly oppressed his fellow-man. He did not question his right to rule, being king, but he opposed the usurpation, by him, of power and authority granted to the people and to Parliament by the Great Charter.

Sir John Eliot was a statesman. At a time when the affairs of religion were ruled by the state, he took a statesman's view of religion. He was neither a Puritan fanatic nor a zealot of Rome. Although a high-churchman, no one more consistently advocated religious toleration. With him, natural justice and equity transcended all sectarian claims. In defense of these his courage never failed.

Charles I never called a Parliament except to relieve his necessities. He even preferred to lose his subsidies, or to raise them by illegal measures, than to have Parliament investigate his illegal acts of oppression. The power behind the throne was the favorite, the Duke of Buckingham, the least able, the most tyrannical, the most debauched minister ever employed in state-craft. Sir John Eliot boldly declared that he was the cause of all their grievances, and was met with a hearty "Well spoken, Sir John Eliot," from all sides.

As events drive forward, great scenes come to view,—a whole House in tears! That Parliament was no common assembly, not a company of weak persons, but of strong, sagacious lawyers, daring, resolute men, men of learning and culture, aghast at the ruin falling upon the country. Eliot was the chief actor in this, one of the most exciting and memorable, as well as one of the most important, scenes in the history of the House of Commons. Amid repeated knockings of the Black Rod for admittance, his voice rang out clear, firm, and strong, uttering his last words in Parliament: "As for myself, I further protest, as I am a gentleman, if my fortune be ever

again to meet in this honorable assembly, where I now leave off, I will begin again anew." But he never appeared in public life again. The next day he was a close prisoner in the Tower. Four years of illegal imprisonment killed him. When his son asked for the body, the king replied, "Let Sir John Eliot's body be buried in the church of the parish where he died."

Sir John Eliot marks an era in British Parliamentary eloquence. His short, clear sentences were in marked contrast to the verbosity of contemporary orators. He was always in earnest. His firm and magnetic presence commanded universal attention and respect. He had, in great perfection, some of the highest qualities of an orator,—clearness of statement, facility in handling details, richness of expression, and power in declamation. The vehemence and passion of his words, his vivacious and caustic allusions, and his fearless invective, struck a new note in English eloquence. He never turned aside or lost the grasp of his subject. Directness of aim, relentless pursuit of principles to their logical consequences, inflexible personal vigor and persistence distinguish his speeches from those of all his contemporaries.

Few great reformers live to reap the fruits of their labor. Nearly every great cause demands, as the price of success, the blood of some martyr. Sir John Eliot closed his career when the conflict was raging. But he bequeathed his spirit to his successors. Without an Eliot there would never have been a Pym or a Hampden. Pym and Hampden made Cromwell possible. Without Cromwell there would have been no revolution of 1688, with its bequest to the world of a broader idea of political freedom. If to-day there is a universal recognition of the rights of man, as man; if equality before the law is conceded to all classes of men; if the accidents of social and official position are coming to be less esteemed than the inherent rights of men as men; if individual liberty is becoming less a name and more a reality; if the atmosphere of political life is purer, freer, more invigorating than ever before, it is, in part, at least, because Sir John Eliot had convictions, dared the remorseless power of the king by uttering them, and sealed his loyalty to them with his life.

Mr. Newcomer's tone was scarcely natural, though his voice was flexible, and he spoke too rapidly. He was perfectly at ease, and though no gestures were used, there was no monotony.

As a brief respite from oratory Mme. Weber sang "Cavatina," from "Robert le Diable," with much skill and expression.

O. W. Fifer then appeared. His oration was entitled,

TWO PRE-REVOLUTIONARY PATRIOTS.

James Otis and Patrick Henry were braver patriots, in a more critical time, than the signers of the Declaration of Independence. That document declared that the freedom of the American colonies had become a necessity. It meant that the people were ready to begin a revolution, and to appeal to force of arms to defend and to maintain their rights. The declaration was a brave act. Those that signed it put their lives and fortunes in jeopardy. But the courage and patriotism that produced it had been awakened, fifteen years before, by the two apostles of American freedom—James Otis and Patrick Henry. When John Hancock, as Wendell Phillips said, "wrote his name so large that George the Third could read it across the ocean," three millions of people, the entire population of the colonies, were as fully committed to the act as he, and stood ready to justify it with blood and with treasure. But, fifteen years before, Otis and Henry stood alone against the usurpations and exactions of the crown. They began the contest single handed.

It has been well said that, "the American Revolution was not dramatic, but heroic." It was not the sudden outburst of passionate men, but the calm determined action of men who had been almost driven to arms. The like of the American Revolution has never been seen. It was the culmination of centuries of struggle between freedom and despotism. The colonial patriots did not begin it until they were filled with the true heroic spirit of liberty.

That spirit of liberty was born far from American shores. It had passed its youth in the forests of Germany. It had shown its might at Ruzyne. It had mocked at the "Divine Right of Kings." It had caused the revolution of 1688 in England. It had been transplanted to America. For over a hundred years it nourished its mighty youth; then like Milton's vision of England, rousing itself and shaking its invincible locks, it startled the world by its boldness and activity. When attacked, it became fierce and aggressive. It stirred the hearts of the colonists to their deepest depths. The