

humble and subservient. This is the beginning of the caste system, the curse of foreign monarchies. Corporations, too, demand special favors. Syndicates destroy competition. Are we not then drifting upon the rocky shoals of despotism?

In threading the narrows of our political history let us be guided by the beacons which reason lights before us and history has set behind us. Governments near destruction as they approach man's ideal; perfection, as they approach God's plan. Until they imbibe the principles of the omnipotent king, plowshares will be moulded into swords and rivers of blood will continue to flow. Where governments fail to respect God, right sounds the tocsin of war. This is our revolution. The Creator is mightier than the creature. Capital is the creature of labor. Before Wall street hoarded a single dollar the laborer washed it from the mountain sands. He polished the gems that deck the crowns of kings. His hands raised the columns that form their gorgeous palaces. But the servant controls the master. In a republic every citizen is a king. Where is the poor man's sceptre? No one, endowed with the light of reason, would surrender his rights of citizenship. No one, whose heart is full of purity, would wrest them from him. Ignorance has blinded the eyes of the many while avarice has opened the way for the crafty. Ignorance is the bane of free institutions. Special favors announce its presence. Alacrity to duty maintains its existence. Centralization crowns efforts. The wail of the miner, the strikes of the laborer, and the want of the people tell us that such is our condition. Political reformation, it is argued, would right these wrongs, and give labor equality with capital. Perhaps it would, how long would this last? Capitalists have arisen because of their ample opportunity. The people have surrendered to them their blessings and their privileges. If they would regain and maintain them they must be able to compete in the business world. This they cannot do. The penniless hands of the laborer can never compete with the gold lined palms of the wealthy. The solution is not to be found in legislatures. The light of intelligence must reveal the hidden mystery. The intellectual world must be changed. Its horizon must be extended. Its cloudy sky must be cleared. The people must perceive, through the vista of ages, the effect of a ballot on posterity. They must know when they cast their vote they do not rob themselves. But intelligence alone would make a nation of "cultured devils." The ignorant would become crafty. The crafty would become avaricious.

If then, we would elevate and equalize the people, the standard of ambition must be changed. Extensive bank accounts and railroad stocks must no longer give rank in society. Men are now blinded to every color save the glittering of the yellow. They are deaf to every sound save the clinking of coin. Women pride themselves on rustling silks and sparkling diamonds. The whole race worships and reveres that which betrayed the lowly Nazarene.

So long as culprits disgrace society and pave their way back into social favor with their gold, maidens will weep. So long as legislators sell their votes, humanity will suffer. But when love of virtue shall surpass love of money, and ostracism from society shall be the penalty of the transgressor, villains will disappear. When political death shall be the penalty of the demagogue, political purity will not be an "iridescent dream." When Shylock shall realize that to take a pound of flesh is a crime, and to draw blood is death, Wall street will disband. Such a statute will be written in every heart, and proclaimed from every legislature when honesty, integrity, virtue and godliness shall be the ambition of the race. The millions that are now spent for self-gratification will then be used to lift up the people. The pride of the

individual will be his service to the race and not a high seat in the synagogue.

O! coming man, quicken thy footsteps! Poet, tune thy harp and inspire the dormant to action. Philanthropist, proclaim the immortal principles of right. Reformer, hurl thy lingual darts into the iron hearts of despots. Humanity will then bridge the chasm that separates capital from labor. The two opponents will enter from either end. With the flag of freedom floating over them, and with the abyss of dissension beneath them, they will shake a reunited nation. A ballot in the hand of a righteous and intelligent voter is the sharpest bayonet that ever pierced a nation's foe. Capital will surrender its sceptre and abdicate its tyrannical throne. The political sea will begin to surge. From the north and from the south, from the east and from the west will arise waves of social and political purity. When their crests kiss each other in the sunlight of a hope renewed, the turbulent elements will subside. The ship of state once more on a serene and placid ocean will sail into other harbors of prosperity and peace.

He was very loudly applauded by the audience. He was followed by another number by the Adelphian club: "The Village Blacksmith," by Hatton. They had to respond to encores twice, and their efforts evidently amused the audience by the large amount of unanimous applause they received.

The next orator was Mr. C. E. Winter, of the Wesleyan university. Mr. Winter appeared at good advantage. His deliverable was forcible, smooth and attractive, and better than that of last year. Mr. Winter's oration was upon the subject,

WAR AND REASON.

In the harmony of man's character we find a strange discordance. As in the instrument of music the full stroke sounds the presence of an untuned string, so in man there is revealed a quality that in the gradual chording of his nature has seemingly been abandoned. It is the warring instinct of the savage and the beast, still playing in barbarous discord within his breast.

Pen can but faintly picture the miseries of war. A nation staggering under the weight of contending armies, its mighty resources have been drained away, the hum of industry has ceased, the plow clings rusting in the earth and the fields lie black and desolate; over the bloodstained stretch of battleground the dying and the dead lie strewn, the moans and the cries of the wounded rise as a remonstrance and a curse upon the system that has entailed the awful sacrifice, in their mute agony they cry aloud: Woe be to them whose councils fired the passions that made this possible; in the cottage home the mother and the little ones, struggling with poverty, await the return of him who obeyed the call but who shall never see them more; the widow sits and thinks with silent tears of the brave son whose grave lies near some battle field, unmarked, unknown; the children cry for bread and the widow sinks with sorrow to the grave. The demon of want and woe has breathed upon the land and shrouded it in misery and despair. These are the inevitable results of war. What do the terrible sacrifices accomplish? Men contend for right and justice, against wrong and injustice; but the suffering of the world cannot make wrong right.

The principle of war is wrong. When it attempts to distinguish and declare upon questions of reasons, force fails utterly. Victory may say to defeat: I am master, but it cannot say: I am right. As well may one stand and strike the balancing scales and declare the result the true sign of weight. While under the influence of the blow a preponderance for the one side may be registered, but when the force of the blow is