

attempts to trench upon individual freedom, private property or the right to enjoy the fruits of labor, economy and self-denial. Vain all attempts to persuade ambitious, progressive, self-reliant Americans to abdicate their manhood to the state.

What, then, is the relation of government to industrial organization? The only province, the highest function of the state, is the enforcement of justice between man and man. Justice is the basis upon which all true freedom rests. The only equality possible in society is not equality in brain power, not equality in wealth, but equality of opportunity, the equality of all men before the law. In the administration of even-handed justice, government can give its only relief to social wrongs. From the supreme bench in Illinois it says to corporations, "Respect free corporations, or surrender your franchise." Through acts of Congress it says to private organizations, "Base your contracts upon public policy, or courts of law are closed against you." Backed by the awakening moral sentiment of an outraged nation, it will say to board of trade and stock exchange, "Speculations in futures and options form no exceptions to laws against gambling."

Beyond this government cannot go. Legislation never can equalize inherent inequality, nor can enactment abolish eternal necessity. Not by acts of congress, not by the paternal power of the state, not by a sweeping revolution in form of government is industrial freedom to come, but in and through that upon which they all depend, the eternal and immutable impulse implanted in the mind of man. The law of the universe, material and spiritual, is evolution. From out of the gloomy darkness of mental slavery, the forces of infinite truth and eternal right have been leading mankind to the light of a higher freedom. At each step some shackle has been stricken from human thought, some idea based upon the everlasting truth set free. The Orient said that one was free—the monarch, because he was a monarch. The Greek said that he was free because he was a Greek. Modern democracy says that man is free because he is a man—free to labor, free to think, free to worship, free to unite with his fellows in organizing a state which shall mediate the conflicts which arise while human nature is imperfect.

Vital and enduring change is slow. The invalid shriveled in mind and body does not awaken from the sleep of a night possessed of manly vigor. Neither does a state. Gigantic combinations of wealth, the despotic power of single men, will go down with the unusual opportunities for speculation and accumulation which called them into being. Oppression and inequality will grow less as human thought and conscience are emancipated by an education of reason and a religion of humanity. Centuries, cycles of years may pass away and social struggle will continue. The opposing forces of individual and state will ever live, but the bitterness of conflict will diminish as mind becomes free. The only true freedom is of the mind. Contending armies upon battle fields can never establish it. The strong arm of government can never maintain it. It comes from a realization of the underlying purpose in human existence, a comprehension of the eternal truth as revealed in the universe around us. In palace or in hovel, surrounded by wealth or crushed by poverty,

"He is the freeman whom the truth makes free,
And all are slaves beside."

In the death of Dr. Potter, the world loses one of its brightest scholars. His best work—the work which contained the greatest amount of study, and is the most valuable to scholars—is "Human Intellect with an Introduction upon the Psychology of the Soul."

LITERARY.

The Wind of March.

Up from the sea the wild north wind is blowing
Under the sky's gray arch;
Smiling, I watch the shaken elm-boughs, knowing
It is the wind of March.

The stormy farewell of a passing season,
Leaving, however rude
Or sad, in painful recollection, reason
For reverent gratitude.

Welcome to weary hearts its harsh forewarning
Of light and warmth to come,
The long-for joy of Nature's Easter morning,
The earth arisen in bloom!

In the loud tumult winter's strength is breaking;
I listen to the sound,
As to a voice of resurrection, waking
To life the dead, cold ground.

Between these gusts, to the soft lapse I harken
Of rivulets on their way;
I see these tossed naked tree-tops darken
With the fresh leaves of May.

This war of storm, this sky so gray and lowering,
I write the airs of spring,
A warmer sunshine over field of flowering,
The blue bird's song and wing.

Closely behind, the Gulf's warm breezes follow
The northern hurricane,
And, borne thereon, the bobolink and swallow
Shall visit us again.

And in green-wood paths, in the kine fed pasture,
And by the whispering rills,
Shall flowers repeat the lesson of the Master,
Taught on his Syrian hills.

Blow then, wild wind; thy war shall end in singing,
Thy chill in blossoming;
Come, like Bethesda's troubling angel, bringing
The healing of the spring. J. G. WHITTIER

In the Catskills.

The sparkling little Katerskill comes, trembling, down from the pine-covered heights of Catskills, eddying among the rocks, and whirling through the gorges, till finally, it leaps sheer from a precipice and falls like a mist into the chasm below. After taking this terrific leap, the clear waters flow on smoothly and calmly through the fields and meadows to the little village of Catskill, where they are lost in the mighty Hudson. In its lower course the Katerskill is like many a placid stream in New York. In its upper course, it is like a charming mountain cascade, flowing through numerous little dells of wonderful beauty. Here, in these solitudes, myriads of lovely and interesting flowers bloom each year, unseen and unnoted. No one, except the botanist and the artist, ever sets foot in these primitive dales. The axe of the lumberman has never resounded through these forests. The giant hemlocks, and spruces, untouched by the axe, tower to dizzy heights. In the reeds, which border the crystal springs, is heard the shrill pipe of the cicada; the drowsy bees never cease their droning hum as they fly from blossom to blossom. The little blue nuthatch flits from twig to twig, warbling cheerfully in the solitude; the cardinal bird, partially concealed among the topmost boughs of a linden, ruffles his crest at the intruder and chatters away noisily; the golden shafted flicker hops up the perpendicular trunks, driving his bill into the tough wood in his search for food. The short blue grass covers the ground with a dense sod, as soft as a carpet. The mosses entirely hide the exposed roots of the trees and the red and yellow lichens fresco the tree-trunks. In the denser shades, the ferns unroll their green fronts, and the white