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THE POST, Washington, D. C.

Germany's Significant Move.

The announcement that Germany has succeeded in purchasing from Spain three different groups of islands in the immediate neighborhood of the Philippines and so situated, in a military sense, as to form a species of cordon about them, will not surprise any one who has intelligently considered Germany's policy for the past ten years and who is aware of the real German sentiment toward the United States. This action was quite to have been expected, and those who knew Germany best expected it most confidently—especially when the official and semi-official press began to preach to us so pathetically about magnanimity to a fallen foe and chivalrous moderation in the hour of victory.

To become indignant over it now and to indulge in childish reproaches and regrets is to confess that we have been outwitted and befooled and to apply, by indirection at least, for a guardian. We know, or should have known, the genuine attitude of Germany toward the United States, and if we intended to play a serious part in international politics, we owed it to our dignity to play that part with vigilance and relentlessness. If we are going into the grisly game of territorial expansion we need cynicism, callousness, and all the armament of the spoliator. We can afford to overlook no points in the tremendous tragedy. We can safely listen to no promptings of sentimental philanthropy.

Germany has taken the trick, and that's all there is about it. No one save a dupe could possibly have expected less. Only a cry-baby would think of whimpering now. The deed is done. The compact has been consummated, and nothing is left to us excepting the compensation of self-reproach and the policy of a new and less simple habit of preparation. It may be—perhaps it were the wisest thing to do—that we shall, after suppressing, for honor's sake, the insurrection in Luzon, perceive our best interests in a transfer of the Philippines to some other power—England, Russia, what you will, but to some power other than Germany. We could retain such naval and coaling stations as might be desirable in our new commercial scheme, and we should be obliged, of course, to guarantee the purchaser in possession. But in this way we could shake off a burden of great responsibility and irritation, without resigning any material advantage. It is a solution worthy of serious consideration.

Meanwhile, however, the German deal with Spain is a completed fact. We have none but ourselves to upbraid—or thank, as the case may be—for this consummation. We could easily have prevented it had we wished or been enlightened to do so. We let the matter pass and we must quarrel with ourselves over the result. If we really want to go into the world's game we have missed a point. But we shall not, in any event, uplift or dignify ourselves by silly repinings and recriminations. Our duty is to stiffen our backs and to see that our ammunition is close by.

Problems at Paris.

The spectacle now presented in Paris is perhaps the most astounding ever beheld in any civilized country. When Dreyfus was first condemned, we could sympathize with the indignation and horror of the French people. The crime attributed to Dreyfus was the most hideous that can be imagined. And when the highest military authorities in the nation united in proclaiming his guilt, it is safe to say that public opinion throughout Christendom would have approved, even if it did not enthusiastically applaud, any penalty imposed upon him, no matter how dreadful and how humiliating it might have been. Up to that point, France and her people had the entire sympathy of this country, and while we regretted the violence of their methods of demonstration and the apparent injustice involved in founding an anti-Semitic movement upon the sin of one member of the race, we felt that France had a right to defend the honor of her army in her own way. She had been wounded in what, for any proud nation, must be the tenderest of spots. She was justified in any vengeance.

What we do not understand, however, is the almost frantic resentment exhibited by prominent people, occupying high places and possessing great social and political influence, over the exoneration of an innocent and wickedly persecuted man. That is a trait of French character we find utterly unintelligible. If the outbreak on Sunday had been a mere demonstration by the sans-culottes of the Faubourg St. Antoine, notoriously a vicious and ignorant and dangerous element, we might have been able to account for it; but when we find in the list of the leaders and promoters of that indecent and abominable outbreak such names as those of Comte Christiani, Comte Dion, Comte d'Aubigny d'Assi, MM. de Clermont Honnerre, de Remuzat, de Beaumont de Villiers, de Neuville, and—think of it—the Comtesse Boni de Castellane, Jay Gould's daughter—when we see scores of such names and are told, besides, that the outbreak was organized by the Jeunesse Patriotes, the Ligue des Patriotes, and the Steeplechase Society—all representing high social circles—then, surely, we may be pardoned for assuming that swell society, so-called, in France is a remarkable, not to say amazing, institution.

The question among thinking people outside of that nation is: Whom shall we accept as the real representatives of France? The Court of Cassation, which is to France what our Supreme Court is to the United States, has declared that Dreyfus is the victim of a conspiracy formed by the highest officials of the army; that he is not guilty; that the infamous crime ascribed to him was committed by others; that the War Office and its officials have deliberately sacrificed this friendless Jew to screen a cabal of the vilest and most odious criminals. One would suppose that what are called the "best people" of France would be not only willing, but glad to accept this undoubtedly just decision and to bestow their sympathies and their compassion upon the subject of so horrible a martyrdom. It seems incompatible with a civilization inspired by humanity and honor, this calculated, prearranged attack upon a government which is pursuing the path of humanity and justice. Such a frightful episode amounts to an arraignment of the sanity of the French people.

What is the explanation? Is it conceivable that the leaders of the French Army wish to promote an infamous falsehood, and that the so-called aristocracy of Paris are willing to sustain them? Certainly the indications all point in that direction. But it is difficult, with those who have read the history of France; who have thrilled over its splendor, its chivalry, and its valor; who remember Henry of Navarre, the Duc de Guise, the great Conde, and all that brilliant procession of noble gentlemen who made France the flower of the world—it is difficult, we say, for them to realize or to explain the present problem. For our part, we shall not try. Seen from this distance, and appraised on its apparent merits, that problem is a cause of shame and tears.

A Lone Mugwump's Howl.

Our benighted contemporary, the Springfield (Mass.) Republican, seems to be casting about for slurs on the President's recent civil service order, but, judging from its latest effort, with very little success:

"It will be observed that the exemptions from the civil service law do not enter into the Navy Department or the Department of State. The reason is that Gov. Long and Secretary Hay had nothing to ask for. Other members of the Cabinet asked for exceptions, but they were content with the operations of the reform and declined to help weaken it."

Now, we wonder who told this laborious Mugwump that Messrs. Alger, Smith, Hitchcock, Wilson, Gage, and Griggs importuned the President to open their way to spoils, while Messrs. Hay and Long stood nobly aloof and declined to participate in the disreputable scramble. We can understand that Mr. Long should be provided with a nimbus and a robe of light by the appointed organ of New England superiority. The Yankees have stood together ever since the days of witches, Quakers, Catholics, and other legitimate material for marksmanship. In those days, the good Yankees didn't do a thing but import slaves from Africa and gun for everybody who didn't subscribe to their religious views.

They became earnest abolitionists as soon as they discovered that African slaves could not be profitably utilized in their part of the country, and, afterward, they studiously conducted the slave trade for the Southern States, furnished the slave traders, the slave drivers, and the negro torturers for the whole country south of the Potomac and the Ohio. The descendants of this class are to-day the lynchers, the ruffians, and the agitators of race issues at the South. As the real New Englanders pretend to be better than others at home, so are their degenerates worse than others away from home. The complacent Mugwump of Massachusetts, who can see no good in the South, is merely a different expression of the ex-overseer and slave trader, who perpetrates nine-tenths of the wickedness that furnishes the Springfield Republican et id genus omni with its material of detraction. It's all right about Long, therefore. He must be better than his associates, according to the Republican. Par nobile fratrum!

But the country will smile at the effort on the part of our more or less esteemed Massachusetts contemporary to prove that the President's civil service order was forced by the clamor of Cabinet spoilsmen, with Long and one other as the brilliant and honorable exceptions. The fact is, as has already been shown in these columns, that the order is far more in the line of genuine civil service reform than the various and stealthy abuses of the idea which that order was intended to antagonize. Mr. McKinley has simply contracted the authority of the commission so that it runs between lines of common sense. We have not the slightest doubt that both Secretaries—Hay and Long—approved the President's act. The circumstance—if there be such a circumstance—that the new order does not affect the State or the Navy Departments proves simply that those departments had already protected themselves against the operation of Mugwump nonsense.

A Remarkable Suggestion.

The Cleveland Plain Dealer presents the phenomenon of a party organ that is not foaming at the mouth with real or simulated rage against the trusts, a Democratic organ that instead of seeing in the trusts and combines an issue for the campaign of 1900, calmly proposes co-operation of parties in waging effective warfare against monopolies. The Plain Dealer commends the Ohio Republicans because their platform contains a plank vigorously denouncing trusts and declaring such "unlawful combination inimical to the interests of the people." It says the Democratic convention, when it assembles, will undoubtedly be equally outspoken in denunciation. And then our Democratic contemporary goes on to urge that there should be "no partisan difference" on this question. It says—and it seems to us that it is much nearer to truth and plain common sense than is usual in party newspapers—that "these combinations for the monopoly of production and distribution, the control of wages and prices by aggregated capital against the interests of producers and consumers, are inimical to the public welfare and affect all people without regard to political affiliations, and both parties should make common cause against them."

For months past both wings of the Democratic Party, regulars and bolters, 16 to 1 and gold standard, Bryan and Croker, Altgeld and Van Wyck, have been booming the trust issue. The Bryan Democrats hope to use it as a re-enforcement of 16 to 1, while the bolters, and a good many who did not bolt, having had their fill of 16 to 1, hope to make it a substitute for that decadent cause. It will be remembered that at the Jefferson dinner which Mr. Bryan did not attend, Judge Van Wyck, speaking for Tammany, exploited the trust issue in a speech more remarkable for forceful delivery than for accuracy of statement. The gold-standard Democratic newspapers had given Mr. Croker and his brethren the cue that Judge Van Wyck followed up in what was intended for a keynote speech.

Prior to and since that time Mr. Bryan, Mr. Altgeld, and all who still cling to 16 to 1 have boomed the trust issue with an assiduity unsurpassed by any of the orators at the Croker Jeffersonian banquet. Thus we have the two factions of what was the united Democratic Party before the Cleveland faction stepped out and the Populists and silver Republicans allied themselves with the regulars, agreed on one great question—one of the most important questions of the age. And at this interesting juncture our Cleveland contemporary comes out with the proposition that the Democrats and Republicans, instead of fighting each other, "make common cause" against the trusts. A competition between two great parties in denouncing and slinging epithets at a common target, while each is calling the other hard names because of its past attitude toward or relations to that target, may serve for amusement while the real work of the Presidential campaign is far off, but something more tangible than that will be needed when the fight begins. And that something will be on hand in the familiar shape of the Chicago platform of 1896, reasserted by the Democratic convention of 1900. All the indications point to a repetition of the coinage fight under the old leaders. If the Republicans fight the trusts as vigorously as they promise to from now on till next summer, and if the Democrats display equal zeal in that work, an anti-trust plank in each of the national platforms will cut as unimportant a figure in the canvass as did the tariff or civil service reform in the last Presidential campaign.

Mr. Hanna said he wanted to take a clear conscience to Europe. If he does this he will be sure to have all sorts of trouble with the fussy customs inspectors.

The Ohio Valley Bimetallic League was dispersed a few tears from Hon. George Fred Williams.

Now that Baby Clark has been found, perhaps the Atlanta Constitution will be able to solve the mystery of that St. Louis conference.

Mr. Jim Jeffries will make a serious mistake if he attempts to dodge behind the prayers of Mr. John L. Sullivan.

According to the views of Hon. Dave Henderson, there is no such thing as a Speakership contest.

Hon. John Peter Altgeld ought to be a success as a political undertaker.

If Hon. Jim Sherman were inoculated with a few grains of Mrs. Partington he would bob up and move to make it "ceremonious."

The "value of printer's ink" now has a new meaning. A trust has been formed to look after its manufacture.

It is stated that Mr. De Wolf Hopper is about to take another chance on the sea of matrimony. Is this to be another round-trip voyage?

The valued Cincinnati Enquirer gives the Ohio Republicans a large injection of advice every twenty-four hours, but the patient appears to be inoculation proof.

The fussy Parisians evidently took President Loubet for a sort of Mazet committee.

One of our leading statesmen makes a specialty of retailing petty political secrets with what he is pleased to term an "entry noose" embargo. We fear that pure and undefiled French will never secure a foothold in the Middle West until Hon. Jack Gowdy returns to Indiana and establishes a night school for ambitious statesmen.

We presume that Hon. O. H. P. Belmont carries a large and luscious plug of Hon. "Mose" Wetmore's tobacco in his hip pocket.

If Aguinaldo keeps up his present lick he will soon be able to do a century run every twenty-four hours.

Hon. Sereno E. Payne is going to Alaska. This will doubtless enable him to cool off.

The Birmingham Age-Herald says Mr. Henderson will be the first man of foreign birth to reach the Speaker's chair. Has the Age-Herald so soon forgotten the late Charles F. Crisp?

If things continue as at present, Gen. Joe Wheeler will soon be able to keep an octopus in his back yard.

"Which paper shall we believe?" inquires the Springfield Union in discussing the New York yellows. In order to be on the safe side you should believe neither.

And now it is alleged that Tom Platt has everything greased so that the New York delegation will slide out from under Hon. Jim Sherman.

We infer from Mr. Gorman's latest remark that he is not a patron of Hon. "Mose" Wetmore's chewing tobacco.

Mark Hanna beat the early-bird theory all to pieces. He stayed up all night to catch the Ohio worm.

Mr. Chandler's opinion of the Ohio result will have to be iced before it is fit for publication.

We fear Mr. Quay has abandoned all hope of capturing the Speakership for Hon. John Dalzell.

We trust Mr. Hanna will not crowd his luck to the extent of trying to create a panic at Monte Carlo.

Editor Kohlsaat doesn't display good newspaper judgment when he pays cable tolls to demonstrate that the New York Evening Post is engaged in misrepresenting the situation in the Philippines.

Gov. Benton McMillin has gone to New York to borrow money with which to pay the interest on the Tennessee debt. When Benton feels the hot breath of the money devil on his cheek he will be sure to fire up and say something sultry.

Mr. Foraker had no idea that his tire would blow out just as he began pumping in the home stretch.

Coin Harvey will make the fight of his life to have the Democratic Party adopt "When You Ain't Got No Money, Why You Needn't Come Around" as its battle song.

The joke on Germany will be intensified if the Czar's peace scheme is successful and islands and coaling stations become a drug on the market.

After a little independent snorting the Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune is trotting along under the Republican wagon with the utmost complaisance.

Hon. Joe Blackburn took the platform at Louisville the other day and cussed the money devil to a standstill. There is no use mincing words with a great evil.

Only a Question of Time.

From the Philadelphia Record.

The steel industry has thus far been a Northern rather than a Southern industry in the United States, but before many years shall have passed the South will come to the front with its steel, as it has with its pig iron. It is only a question of time for development.

A Necessary Precaution.

From the New York Evening World.

"Yes," said little Archie, addressing the visitor, "mamma will be down pretty soon. She said, when she seen you comin', that she s'posed she must slick up a little or you'd think she done her own work, and hurry around and tell the neighbors about it."

His Turn Will Come.

From the New York Mail and Express.

Uncle Richard Bland, of Missouri, is being studiously ignored by the Bryanite leaders in that State. It will be Uncle Richard's turn to engage in the ignoring business next year.

Where Custom Fails.

From the Boston Traveler.

In Paraguay a gentleman is enjoined by the laws of good society to kiss every lady to whom he is introduced. This sounds alluring unless you happen to have met a lady in Paraguay.

Merely a Coincidence.

From the Yonkers Statesman.

Beacon—When a man is in love everything about looks different to him.

Egbert—Yes, it's the same way when he knocks his head against a gas bracket.

GOSPEL AND EXPANSION

Christianize Our New Islands, Says Dr. Talmage.

THEY MAY BE GOD'S CHOSEN LAND

He Has Started for the Conquest of Nations, and Nothing on Earth or Elsewhere Can Stop Him—The Gates Are Open for a Speedy Introduction of the Gospel Among These People—Lessons to Be Drawn from Ancient Kingdoms.

Rev. Dr. T. De Witt Talmage took for his subject yesterday, "Expansion." Speaking from the text, Genesis, xxviii:14: "Thou shalt spread abroad to the west and the east," he said:

"Since the Americano-Hispanic war is concluded and the United States Ambassador is in Madrid and the Spanish Ambassador is in Washington, the people of our country are divided into expansionists and anti-expansionists. From a different standpoint than that usually taken, I discuss this all-absorbing theme. I leave the political aspects of this subject to statesmen and warriors, and pray Almighty God that they may be enabled rightly to settle the question whether the islands in controversy shall be finally annexed or held under protectorate, or resigned to themselves, while I call attention to the fact that a campaign of moral and religious expansion ought to be immediately opened on widest and grandest scale.

"At the close of this war God has put into the hands of this country the key to the world's redemption. Heretofore the religious movement in pagan lands had to precede the educational. After, in China and India and the islands of the sea, the missionaries labored fifty or seventy-five years, the printing-press and the secular school came in. Now, to better advantage than ever before, religious and secular enlightenment may go side by side, and so the work be accomplished in short time and more thoroughly. Starting with the fact that in Cuba and Porto Rico and the Philippine Islands at least three-fourths of the people can neither read nor write, what an opportunity for school and printing-press! Within five years every man in those islands may be taught to read not only the Bible but the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States and the biography of George Washington and of Abraham Lincoln.

Give for Their Education.

"It seems to me that the government of the United States ought, by vote of Congress, afford common schools and printing-presses to those benighted regions. Our national Legislature by one vote appropriated $50,000,000 to give bread and medicine to Cuba. Why not by a similar generosity give $50,000,000 for the minds and souls of those ignorant and besotted archipelagoes. In the name of God, I nominate a school for every neighborhood of Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippines. As soon as the gavel falls at 12 o'clock of next December 4 on the table of Senate and House of Representatives, and the roll has been called and the preliminaries observed, let some member of our national Legislature, with mind and soul and voice strong enough to be heard not only through those halls, but through Christendom, propose a measure for the mental and moral disinthralment of the islands in controversy.

"What has made American civilization the highest civilization the world has ever seen? Next to the Bible and the church, schools, common schools, schools reaching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from British America to the Gulf of Mexico. Five years under such educational advantages, and this whole subject that keeps our public men agitated, some of them to frothing at the mouth, will settle itself. Give those islands readers, spellers, arithmetics, histories, blackboards, maps, geographies, globes. Let the State Legislatures at their next meeting, some of them assembling in early autumn, take parts of those islands under their especial educational patronage. What is needed is State and national action in this matter of schools.

Send Them Printing Presses.

"Then let the editorial associations of the United States, as many of such organizations as there are States, resolve at the next convocation to establish in every region of those islands a printing press, to be supported by people of this country until it can become self-supporting. Each of these State editorial associations sending out to those islands at least one editor and two reporters and enough typesetters, down will go the ignorance and superstition of those islands, as certainly as the Spanish fleet under Cervera sank under the pounding of our American battle-ships, and into their every port will go intelligence and love of free institutions as certainly as into the harbor of Manila went Admiral Dewey on that famous morning when he was not expected. Hoe's printing press! Nothing can stand before its bombardment. Editors of American newspapers and publishers of American books! Take the ordination for such a magnificent service. Eloquence on yonder Capitol Hill cannot meet the exigency. Epigrams of political platforms or in State Legislatures will not hasten the desired consummation one week or one hour or one moment.

When Cubans and Porto Ricans and Filipinos see the morning and evening newspapers thrown into the doorways and hawked along the streets of Havana and Santiago and Manila, those who cannot read, by the force of curiosity will learn to read, so that they may know what information is being scattered and that which may be missionary effort at the start, and carried on by Americans sent forth to do the work, will soon be done by educated natives. Porto Rican editors! Porto Rican reporters! Porto Rican typesetters! Porto Rican publishers! It was a great mercy to take those islands from under the heels of despotism, but it will be a mightier mercy to emancipate them from ignorance and degradation. The expansion of the knowledge and intellectual qualification of all those islandy regions is the desire of all intelligent Americans. Awake all you schools and colleges and universities and printing presses to your opportunity!

Door Is Open to Christianity.

"Still further, here is a wide-open door for Christianity. First of all, we have the attention of those people. The heathen nations are for the most part soporific. The American missionaries heretofore had great difficulty in getting Heathendom to listen. They excited some comment by their attire, so different was the parting of the hair and the shape of the hat and the cut of the coat and the formation of the shoe of the evangelizers; but the questions constantly arose in regard to the missionary: 'Who is he? 'What is he here for?' And then the interrogator would relax into the previous stupid indifference. But that condition of things has passed. The guns of our American navy have awakened those populations. They do not ask who we are. They have found out. They are now listening to what American civilization and our Christian religion have to say on any subject. Now is the time, while their ears and eyes are wide open, to tell them of the rescuing and salvable and inspiriting power of the gospel of Jesus Christ, the Saviour of the world. The steam printing press which secular education plants there may be used and will be used to print religious newspapers and tracts and sermons and mighty discussions of questions temporal and eternal.

"The comfortable homes of those populations, when Christianized, standing side by side with the degraded huts of those who remain pagans, will be revolutionary for good. The Porto Rican and the Filipino will come out from his uncleansed, and low-roofed, and uninviting kennel, and say to his neighbor of beautiful household: 'Why cannot I have things as you have them?' And when he finds that it is the Bible, with its teachings on family life and personal purity and exalted principle, and the church of God that proposes the rectification of all evil and the implantation of all good, he will cry out, 'Give me the Bible, and the church, and the earthly alleviations, and the eternal hope which have wrought for you such transfiguration.'

Now Is Your Opportunity.

"Now, church of God, now, all Christian philanthropists, is your opportunity! Nothing like it has occurred since Christ came. Perhaps there may be nothing like it till His second coming. Here is a definiteness of aim that is most helpful and inspiring. The millions of dollars given for the redemption of the world and the thousands of glorious missionaries who have as volunteers gone forth among barbaric nations were given and enlisted under a great and immeasurable idea; but when we come to add to the great and immeasurable idea, the idea of definiteness, we will infinitely augment the work. More than three hundred million of heathen in India, more than three hundred million of people in China, and more millions of heathen than can be guessed outside of those countries, sometimes stagger and confound and defeat our faith; but here in these islands of present controversy we can farm out the work among the churches, and in five years, under the blessing of God, not only fit the people for the right of suffrage, but prepare them for usefulness and heaven. The difference between the general idea of the world's evangelization and some particularized field of evangelization is the difference between the improvement of agriculture among all nations and the improvement of seventy-five acres put under one's especial care and industry. By all means let the general work go on; but here is the specific field for religious concentration and development. This is not chimerical or impractical. I read this morning that the American Missionary Association of the Congregational Church has already begun the work at San Juan, Utuado, and Albonito, and all denominations of Christians, in six months, will be in those islandy fields, and we all need with our prayers and contributions to cheer them on to take for God and righteousness those regions which our American navy has captured from oppression.

The Banner of Immanuel.

"It has been estimated that this American-Spanish war cost us $350,000,000. It would not cost half of that to proclaim and carry on and consummate a holy war that will rescue those archipelagoes from satanic domination. Who will volunteer? I beat the drum of a recruiting station. Who will enlist under the one-starred, blood-striped banner of Immanuel? Cuba and Porto Rico and the Philippines are stepping-stones for our American Christianity to cross over and take the round world for God. We need a new evangelical alliance organized for this one purpose. In all denominations there are those with large enough hearts and who have been thoroughly enough converted to join in such an advanced movement; men who, putting aside all minor differences of opinion, believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth, and in Jesus Christ, his only begotten Son,' and who would march shoulder to shoulder in such a Gospel campaign. The result would be that those islands, after such a scene of gospelization, would assort themselves into denominations to suit themselves, and some would be sprinkled in holy baptism, and others would be immersed in these warm rivers, and some would worship in religious assemblage silent as the Quaker meeting-house, and others would have as many jubilant ejaculations as a backwoods camp-meeting; and some of those who preached would be gowned and surpliced for the work, and others would stand in citizen's apparel or in their shirt sleeves preaching that Gospel which is to save the world.

Will Have Their Great Men.

"Mark you well that statesmanship, however grand it is, and wise men of the world, however noble, cannot do this work. Mere secular education does not moralize. Some of the most thoroughly educated men in all the world have been the worst men. Quicken a man's intellect, while at the same time you do not make his morals good, and you only augment his power for evil. Geography and mathematics and metaphysics and philosophy will never qualify a people to govern themselves. A corrupt printing press is worse than no printing press at all, but let loose an open Bible upon those islands, and let the apocalyptic angel once fly over them, and you will prepare them to become either colonies of the United States government, or, as I hope will be the case, independent republics.

"God did not exhause himself when he built this nation. Those islands will yet have their Thomas Jeffersons, qualified to write for them Declarations of Independence; and George Washingtons, capable of achieving their liberties; and Abraham Lincolns, strong enough to emancipate their serfdoms; and Longfellows and Bryants, capable of putting their hills and their rivers, and their landscapes into poems; and their Bancrofts and Prescotts, to make their histories; and their Irvings to write their Sketch Books; and their Charles O'Connells and Rufus Choates, to plead in their courtrooms; and their Daniel Websters and John J. Crittendens to move their Senates.

Christianity Will Come.

"The day cometh—hear it, all ye who have no hope for those islands of bedwarfed and diseased illiterates—the day cometh when those regions will have a Christian civilization equal to that which this country now enjoys, while I hope by that time this country will be as superior to what it now is as to-day Washington and New York are better than Manila and Santiago. Do you see by this process of gospelized intelligence those archipelagoes will as a nation be protected from the two woes prophesied in regard to this country, the one woe prophesied by the expansionists, and the other woes prophesied by the anti-expansionists? It is said by those who would have us take all we can lay our hands on as a nation, that unless we enter the door now open for the enlargement of our national domain we will decline the mission which God, in his providence, has assigned us. But surely the woe will come upon us, or upon them, if we Christianize them, as we now have the opportunity of doing. The political technicalities are nothing as compared with the importance of this movement. I implore all political expansionists to augment us in this work of moral and religious expansion, for unless those islands are moralized and elevated in intelligence and habits, we do not want them, and their annexation would be political damnation. On the other hand, I implore all anti-expansionists to take a hand in the gospelization of Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippine Islands. The only way to prepare them to take care of themselves is to give them the ten commandments that were published on Mount Sinai, and let them hear the groan of sacrifice that was breathed out on the heights of Golgotha. What they most want is the gospel, the pure gospel, the omnipotent gospel, the gospel that helps heal the wounds of the body, and irradiates the darkness of the mind, and achieves the ransom of the soul.

Make Republics of Them.

"But on this platform the so-called expansionists and so-called anti-expansionists will yet stand side by side. Though I am not a prophet or the son of a prophet, within five years, if this religio-educational work is properly attended to, there will be a Cuban republic, a Porto Rican republic, and a Philippine republic, none of them on a large scale; but they will all have their schools and printing presses and evangelical churches, their Presidents, their Senates and House of Representatives, their Mayors, and their constabularies, and as good order will be observed in their cities as now reigns on Pennsylvania avenue, Washington, or Broadway, New York.

"Christ has started for the conquest of the nations and nothing on earth or in hell can stop it. The continents are rapidly rolling into His dominion, and why not these islands, which for the most part are only fragments broken off from continents, the interval lands having been sunk by earthquakes, allowing the ocean to take mastery over them. Each mother continent has around it a whole family of little continents. If the continents are being so rapidly evangelized, why not the islands? If America, why not Cuba and the Bahamas? If Asia, why not the Philippines and the Moluccas? If Europe, why not the Azores and the Orkneys? If Africa, why not Madagascar and St. Helena? The same power that broke them off the mainland can lift them into evangelization.

"In the old Book, which has become a new Book by reason of modern discoveries, especial attention is called to the islands. 'Declare the Lord's praise in the islands' commands Isaiah. 'Let the multitudes of the islands be glad thereof,' says the Psalmist. 'All the islands of the heathen shall worship Him,' writes Zephaniah. 'He shall turn his face to the islands,' prophesies Daniel. 'The inhabitants of the isles shall be astonished at Thee,' foretells Ezekiel. 'Hear it and declare it to the islands afar off,' exclaims Jeremiah. You see from this the islands are not to be neglected. Perhaps they are the Lord's favorites, as in households if there is any favoritism at all it is for the weakest. The islands, too small to take care of themselves, have the eternal God to take care of them. Let nations look out how they tread on the islands, however small and weak, for they are omnipotently defended. They may not be able to marshal large armies, or to send out navies to sweep the sea, but better than that, they have the chariots of heaven on their side and the drawn swords of the Almighty. I have as much faith in the salvation of the smallest island of the Falklands, of the Canaries, of the Ladrones, of the Carolines, of the Fijis, of the Barbadoes, of the Cape Verdes, of the Society Islands, as I have in the salvation of America.

"The continents themselves are only larger islands, and the world in which we live is only a still larger island, and the solar system is a group of islands, and the universe is an archipelago studded with islands of worlds, surrounded by the great ocean of infinitude and immensity. So you see, when God planned the universe He diagrammed it into islands, and He will look after the interest of each of those islands, however small, and England, and Holland, and France, and Germany, and America must not treat the smallest and weakest island that comes under their sway any different from the way they treat the strongest nation of all the earth. God may chiefly deal with individuals in the next world, but He deals with nations only in this world, and when persistently a nation practices injustice against other people, it is only a question of time when the offender will find his doom. The path of time is strewn with the carcasses of nations that, because of their maltreatment of other nations, perished. The higher such offending empires rise, the harder will be their fall.

Government of Christ.

"I believe the United States government will last as long as the world lasts. I believe the fires of the judgment day will leap on the domes of our State and National Capitols while yet they are in their full power. I believe the last earthquake will put its explosion under our national foundations while yet they stand firm. I believe that republican and democratic form of government will be the universal form of government for all nations when they have been evangelized, for then the nations will be capable of self-government and will have demanded and secured that right. It will be either that or a theocracy, which will be the direct government of Christ in His personal reign on earth, as many Bible students believe. Yet that jubilant expectation is founded not on the skill of human statesmanship or human legislation, but upon the belief that this nation will submit to divine guidance, and obey the divine law, and carry out its divinely imposed mission. But if we defy the God of nations, our doom is fixed.

"It required the pen of an Edward Gibbon, through four great volumes of more than five hundred pages each, to tell the story of 'The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire,' concluding his monumental work with the words: 'It was among the ruins of the capitol that I first conceived the idea of a work which has amused and exercised near twenty years of my life, and which, however inadequate to my own wishes, I finally deliver to the curiosity and candor of the public.' What! the Roman empire dead. Did she lack warriors? No. Behold her Pompey and her Julius Cæsar. Did she lack lawmakers and law-givers? No. Think of the masters of Roman jurisprudence, our American attorneys to-day quoting those laws in our court rooms more than fifteen centuries after they were enacted. In poetry did she not have her Virgil and Ovid? In history did she not have her Sallust and her Livy? In eloquence did she not have her Scipio and Cicero? In satire did she not have a Juvenal and a Horace? What pens were wielded by her Cato, her Terence, and her Pliny! All nations heard the cry of her war eagles, the voices of her oratory, and the chime of her cantos. But the day of judgment came for that nation, and Hannibal crossed the Apennines, and the Goths and Vandals swooped, and the Carthagenian fleet assailed, and the Numidian horsemen galloped, and nations combined, and Rome sank. The tourist now on the banks of the Tiber sees the ruins of her Forum, the ruins of her Coliseum, the ruins of her art, the ruins of her aqueducts, the ruins of her catacombs, the ruins of her palaces.

The Way of the Wicked.

"If our nation forgets its duty to other nations and practices injustice against other people, however insignificant, it will not take another Edward Gibbon twenty years, and through four great volumes, to tell the story of the decline and fall of American institutions. By so much as our opportunities have been greater than any nation that ever lived, and the mission to which she has been ordained is more stupendous than any bestowed by the Almighty upon any people, if we forget our God and enact wickedness, our overthrow will be quicker and more tremendous, and yonder Capitoline Hill, with its architectural magnificence, will become a heap of gigantic ruins, to be visited by the people of other times and other nations, who will read in letters of crushed and crumbled marble that which David wrote many hundred years ago upon parchment—'The way of the wicked He turneth upside down.'

"The fact that a nation has had great longevity is no sign of its perpetuity. The Assyrian empire of a thousand years holding the thrones of Semiramis and Sardanapalus, and Shalmaneser, empire of twenty-seven victorious expeditions, the cities of Phoenicia kneeling to her scepter and all the world blanched in her presence. What became of all the grandeur? Ask the fallen palaces of Khorsabad and the corpses of her 185,000 soldiery slain by the angel of the Lord in one night, and the Assyrian sculptures of the world's museums, all that now remains of that splendor before which nations staggered and crouched. Tyre, the atmosphere of the desert, fragrant with spices coming in caravans to her fairs; all seas cleft into foam by the keels of her laden merchantmen; her markets rich with horses and camels from Togarmah; her bazaars filled with upholstery from Dedan, with emerald and coral and agate from Syria, with wines from Helbon, with embroidered work from Ashur and Chilmad. Where now the gleam of her towers? Where the roar of her chariots? Where the masts of her ships? Let the fishermen who dry their nets where once she stood; let the sea that rushes upon the barrenness where once she challenged the admiration of all nations; let the barbarians who set their rude tents where once her palaces glittered, answer the questions.

Stupendous Ruins of Thebes.

"Hundred-gated Thebes—for all time to be the study of antiquarian and hieroglyphist; her stupendous ruins spread over twenty-seven miles; her sculptures presenting in figures of warrior and chariot the victories with which the now-forgotten Kings of Egypt shook the nations; her obelisks and columns; Karnac and Luxor, the stupendous temples of her pride! Who can imagine the greatness of Thebes in those days, when the hippodrome rang with her sports and foreign royalty bowed at her shrines, and her avenues roared with the wheels of processions in the wake of returning conquerors? What dashed down the vision of chariots and temples and thrones? What hands pulled upon the columns of her glory? What ruthlessness defaced her sculptured wall and broke down obelisks and left her indescribable temples great skeletons of granite? What spirit of destruction spread the lair of wild beasts in her royal sepulchres, and taught the miserable cottagers of to-day to build huts in the courts of her temples, and sent desolation and ruin skulking behind the obelisks and dodging among the sarcophagi, and leaning against the columns, and stooping under the arches, and weeping in the waters which go mournfully by, as though they were carrying the tears of all ages? Let the mummies break their long silence and come up to shiver in the desolation, and point to fallen gates and shattered statues and defaced sculpture, responding: 'Thebes built not one temple to God. Thebes hated righteousness and loved sin. Thebes has fallen.'

Babylon and Her Towers.

"Babylon, with her 250 towers and her brazen gates and her embattled walls; the splendor of the earth gathered within her gates, her hanging gardens built by Nebuchadnezzar to please his bride Amytis, who had been brought up in a mountainous country, and could not endure the flat country round Babylon. These hanging gardens, built terrace above terrace, till at the height of 400 feet there were woods waving and fountains playing—the verdure, the foliage, the glory looking as if a mountain were on the wing. On the tip-top a king walking with his queen among the statues, snowy white, looking up at birds brought from distant lands, and drinking out of tankards of solid gold or looking off over rivers and lakes, upon nations subdued and tributary, crying, 'Is not this great Babylon which I have built?' What battering-ram smote her walls? What plowshare upturned the gardens? What army shattered the brazen gates? What long, fierce blast of storm put out this light which illuminated the world? What crash of discord drove down the music that poured from palace window and garden grove, and called the banqueters to their revel and the dancers to their feet? I walk upon the scene of desolation to find an answer, and pick up pieces of bitumen and brick and broken pottery, the remains of Babylon, and as surging of that billow of desolation which is in the silence of the night I hear the rolls over the scene, I hear the waves saying, 'Babylon was proud, Babylon was impure. Babylon has fallen.'

"But our hope is in God and in the righteous behavior of our nation. Warned by the disasters of other nations, we will avoid their mistakes and their abominations.

"We concluded a few days ago the annual decoration of Northern and Southern graves. Three years ago at this season, in memorial sermon, I proposed the twining of two garlands, one to be put upon the grave of the Northern soldier and the other to be put on the grave of the Southern soldier; but this year we needed three garlands, the third to be put upon the graves of those who fell in this American-Hispanic conflict. The third garland needed to be quite as fragrant and as radiant as the other two. These last heroes braved more than bayonets and bombshell. They braved the pestiferous breath of the tropics—whole battalions, whole regiments, whole brigades, whole armies of deadly malaria. They confronted those pestilations of the torrid climes which no sword can pierce, no agility climb, no stratagem flank, no torpedo explode, no courage conquer. Under the awful charge of visible and invisible hosts about 6,000 men went down, some to instant death, and others through lingering pangs in hospital.

Remember the Brave Ones.

"If in this third wreath you twist the crimson rose, suggestive of sanguinary sacrifice, and the white calla lily, suggestive of glorious resurrection, put in also a few forget-me-nots, suggestive of remembrance, and a few passion flowers, suggestive of the love that mourns the slain, and a few heliotropes, suggestive of the fragrance of their memory. Then let the night's dew put the tears into the blue eyes of the violets, and all the soldiers' cemeteries be so many censers burning incense before the throne of God, who has been the friend of this nation from the time of Lexington to the time of San Juan Hill, from the guns of the United States warships Constitution and Constellation, at the beginning of this century, to the guns of the United States warships Ol