

Monroe Doctrine's Sequel

Canada and Latin America Will Come Under Our Sway.

By Jacob G. Schurman, President of Cornell University and Chairman of the First Philippine Commission

I am one who believes that the American people would delight to see the European powers gradually but finally get out of any sort of control over the South American States. I do not believe that the annexation of all the West Indies and most of the South American States would be a very agreeable thing for us. But the trend is that way, and there is something more than a possibility in sight that this may be the case. Those countries would not consent to be governed as colonies, and a combination of the Latin States to the South of us, if they must be admitted to the Union as states, would be a constant menace to our peace. But we cannot say to European powers, as we do under the provisions of the Monroe doctrine, "Keep off," without at the same time accepting some sort of responsibility to those European powers that those states fulfill their obligations across the sea.

We are approaching a crisis that would seem to indicate expansion to the south whether we wish it or not. We have reached a point where we must stand as a buffer between those states and the European countries or else abandon the Monroe doctrine, which no party can afford to propose to do.

Now, I do not want to see Santo Domingo one of our states. Yet I greatly fear that the hour of her doom as an independent power has come. We have stepped in and assumed duties that may mean more than appear for the moment. The probabilities are that we shall have to take her wholly under our care. There is a responsibility in the light of the present situation we must face. We have taken the first step that may compel us to take her to ourselves. As this is so I would have it done as we have done with Cuba, under the Platt amendment, with the ultimate hope of giving her independence, if she is able to work out her own salvation, and let us trust she can. This seems to be the only solution of the problem that will be satisfactory to us, and will not be distressing either to her or to the jealous powers across the sea.

Venezuela, too, will soon look to us for relief, and in a protectorate over her will naturally come the step that follows our appearance in Panama. We are planted firmly in the very storm centre of the Far East, and, whether or no, we may soon have to become so planted in the America to the south of us.

Another problem that faces the country is the effect of the immigration of Americans into the great wheat fields of the Northwest Territory, the immigrants carrying with them those American principles that were bound to make themselves felt in the political future of that great country.

What political effect that is going to have I hardly dare trust myself to say. But I look forward to a Canada that will become a free and independent state, and it is my firm belief that if we do not expand in that direction at once, we shall at last be in a position where we will be compelled to clasp her hand as a sister state, striving with us to maintain political and religious liberty such as we now enjoy. She will not long consent to remain a mere colony.

The Food Trust A Starvation Trust

By the Rev. Thomas J. Ducey.

THE starvation or food trust in the United States may be viewed as a huge octopus, or devil fish, spreading its tentacles over every stream of trade to clutch the necessary products that go to feed, nourish, and comfort the children of God. It has not only throttled the essential life of the people, but it has threatened the life of the government of this great republic.

It says to the people of the country, "Pay what we demand, give us our price, or otherwise you will have to go hungry. We control the food supply and the lighting. We are your masters, and what are you going to do about it?"

The answer to their boasts was given when the Supreme Court proclaimed them criminal conspirators. They are criminals before high Heaven's tribunal, and the human decision of a supreme court here on earth gives voice to the justice of Heaven and cries aloud for vengeance on those who have been defrauding the poor and laboring, to hoard up the means of indulging their avarice, greed, luxury, and other deadly sins. The handwriting has appeared on the wall, and the doom of unjust and illegal monopolies and trusts has been sounded.

I thank God that even at this late day men with clear visions are showing their sympathy for the multitude in their wrongs and their distresses, and are sounding the warning to the lethargic and the unjust to be roused from their slumber and blindness and see the truth of God's justice to all the people.

We have become so accustomed to the oil barons and the coal barons that we have lost sight of this greatest of all trusts, the Starvation Trust, monopolizing the nourishing food of the world. Its insatiable greed for gold, more gold, chilled all human sympathy for the rights and the wants of others. It has sought to make this a land, not of the free and the honest rich, but the land of the robber rich and the home of the industrial slaves.

The Curse of Idleness

By the Rev. Thomas B. Gregory.

In a recent address on the subject of amusements, a New York clergyman used these words:

"Let me say at the outset that there are some people that have no right to amusement, and they are the people whose business in life is to seek amusement."

It will be remembered that during his journey through Hell the great Dante happened to get his eyes on a class of whom it was said that they were "hated by God and by the enemies of God," hated by the good and bad, hated by everybody.

It was the same class that the clergyman had in mind—the class of the idle rich, who had nothing to do but to think of the ways by which they may amuse themselves.

They toil not, neither do they spin. In the great activities of the world they take no part. Their hands, their brains are idle. They are human drones.

Poor creatures! Let us pity them for in all the world there is no misery like that which is their constant lot. Their very indolence is a hell, their very satiety is weariness and sorrow.

Let them flit hither and thither, like the butterflies that they are, searching for the honey which they hope will relieve the bitterness of their pleasure-jaded lives.

Don't hate them. They are beneath hating. Don't scold them. They are mentally so dead and morally so far gone that they would not know what your scolding meant.

Leave them, uncoursed by you, to the round of their silly, senseless pleasures. It is a disgusting life that they are leading—disgusting as worthless—but it is all that they know anything about, all, perhaps, that they are fitted to follow.

In the meantime, the rest of us will heartily join in the slogan, "God bless the man who first invented work!" Labor—the being steadily engaged with some useful, world-helping task—is the grandest thing under the sun.

No pleasure of the idle is equal to that which belongs to the man or woman who is doing something every day toward the material, moral and spiritual upbuilding of humanity.

To the worker life is real—beautifully, entrancingly real. The poorest laborer, honestly trying to do his humble part in the world's work, has, in the midst of his toil, the experience which not all the millions of the idle rich could buy.—The American.

THE PULPIT.

AN ELEGANT SUNDAY SERMON BY DEAN F. K. SANDERS, OF YALE UNIVERSITY.

Subject: The Most Beautiful Book.

Brooklyn, N. Y.—In the absence of Dr. A. J. Lyman, the pastor, the pulpit of South Congregational Church was occupied Sunday by Dean F. K. Sanders, D. D., the head of the Divinity School of Yale University. He took for his subject "The Most Beautiful Book in the World," and said:

My theme rests on the authority of one renowned for his literary knowledge, Renan, who is deservedly famous as a student of literature and of the Bible. He declared that the gospel of Luke was the most beautiful book in the world. No one can, of course, test this statement who is not familiar with the gospel. To the superficial reader it is only one of the stories of the life of Jesus. The skill, the power, the pathos and the sympathy of the writer become clearer with every re-reading of the book. An early tradition spoke of Luke the painter, and said he had painted a portrait of the Virgin. The tradition, whether true or not, was not very far from right. It may be said that he gave us, in a fashion, the most beautiful picture of Mary of Nazareth; it stands out before us with lively distinctness. Everything goes to show that Luke was a Greek, familiar with the best literature of his day, a keen observer and careful investigator. He seems to have had unusual opportunity for observing and describing the life and personality of the Lord. Among other things he gives evidence of possessing the true historic spirit. You will notice how he is interested in tracing the Lord's active ministry from place to place. The story is told in an orderly fashion that helps us to arrange the facts far better than the other gospels could. You will notice also that Luke is fond of following up the physical and moral growth of our Lord. He is also careful to connect his story with the history of the time—with Roman and Syrian history. He is careful to place the life of Jesus in its larger environment and to show what Jesus was in relation to the world about him, and we shall see why it was that that point of view laid such hold upon him. This was natural to a cultured Greek, and it was necessary if his purpose was to influence his cultured countrymen.

What is it we may ask, that constitutes a beautiful book, and does this third gospel possess those attributes in a supreme degree? It would seem to me that a beautiful book ought to have in the first place a noble conception, which in some way awakens and dominates the soul, and it ought to have a skilful, but simple plan of development, which is grasped and enjoyed. There must be good taste and right judgment in the choice of the material which enables us to grasp details and to see the gradual unfolding which the writer sets forth. And there should be felicitous expression of everything which the writer seeks to set forth. These are the fundamentals of a beautiful book.

First, in its beautiful conception, the theme is the active life of Jesus, and it is far more than a mere record of broad life which He lived with others. Luke loses no chance to show how outsiders sought opportunities to come in contact with Jesus and always evoked a response. We see His parents, disciples, friends and casual acquaintances with entire freedom, and we have a skilful, but simple plan of development, which is grasped and enjoyed. There must be good taste and right judgment in the choice of the material which enables us to grasp details and to see the gradual unfolding which the writer sets forth. And there should be felicitous expression of everything which the writer seeks to set forth. These are the fundamentals of a beautiful book.

First, in its beautiful conception, the theme is the active life of Jesus, and it is far more than a mere record of broad life which He lived with others. Luke loses no chance to show how outsiders sought opportunities to come in contact with Jesus and always evoked a response. We see His parents, disciples, friends and casual acquaintances with entire freedom, and we have a skilful, but simple plan of development, which is grasped and enjoyed. There must be good taste and right judgment in the choice of the material which enables us to grasp details and to see the gradual unfolding which the writer sets forth. And there should be felicitous expression of everything which the writer seeks to set forth. These are the fundamentals of a beautiful book.

First, in its beautiful conception, the theme is the active life of Jesus, and it is far more than a mere record of broad life which He lived with others. Luke loses no chance to show how outsiders sought opportunities to come in contact with Jesus and always evoked a response. We see His parents, disciples, friends and casual acquaintances with entire freedom, and we have a skilful, but simple plan of development, which is grasped and enjoyed. There must be good taste and right judgment in the choice of the material which enables us to grasp details and to see the gradual unfolding which the writer sets forth. And there should be felicitous expression of everything which the writer seeks to set forth. These are the fundamentals of a beautiful book.

But to go to the plan of development. It is extremely simple. Mark's gospel consists of a series of scenes which bring out the life of Jesus with startling realism. Luke, and Matthew are more like that. Luke seeks to give the historical association, a plain and simple view of the development of the life, and it is unique in its simplicity. He has two chapters devoted to the infancy and boyhood of Jesus, and in the last two verses he shows the thirty years of growth of Jesus. Then chapters serve to bring us to the point when, in full maturity, and with absolute command over Himself and His purposes, He was ready for the work which opened before Him. So three or four chapters give us the preparation for this public ministry, tell us of John the Baptist, how Jesus came to him, the details of the baptism and temptation; then follows the genealogy, and we are prepared for the actual story of the active work of Jesus. Then comes the story of His ministry, from Galilee to Jerusalem, and then the last week in the garden of Gethsemane, and lastly the resurrection and ascension, easy to follow and comprehensive. Luke adds six out of twenty miracles and eighteen out of twenty-three parables and a great deal of choice material.

In the third place is the exquisite taste and sympathy. Luke's gospel is a universal gospel. He emphasizes the fact that the ministry of Christ was for all. Dante called Luke the writer of the story of the gentleness of Christ. He alone tells the stories of the good Samaritan, the prodigal son, the great supper, the Pharisee and the publican, the dinner in the house of Simon, and, lastly, the story of the repentant robber. All is a part of his great theme. Nor was it accidental that Luke shows us so many types of women and gives them honor and a strange thing in his day. His remarkable delineation of Mary, the mother of Jesus, with her strong, deep womanliness, gentle, trustful and pure, resolute and self-controlled; how is it done? Just a word here and there. Truly we call his the gospel of womanhood, but it is only a part of that broader vision of the true purposes of Jesus and His work. Perhaps the most direct proof of the quality of Luke's gospel is in its charm of expression. Where can you find anything more exquisite than the story of the birth at Bethlehem, or of the scene in the synagogue at Nazareth, or that of the widow's mite, or the widow's son, or of the woman "that was a sinner?" We should need to take a whole book to make such profound impressions. The stories of Mary and Martha and of Zachaeus of that walk to Emmaus—how impossible to read it without having our hearts burn within us also! Luke was truly a portrait painter. An ancient legend said Luke was the founder of Christian art.

Now the last and finest test of perfection is unity. Passages in the book of Luke are like gems in a royal crown. The book is a tribute to a reverent disciple to the Lord Christ, showing His relationship to man and striving to convey the impression of His personality. As if Luke should say: "Cannot you see that He embodied the universal ideal of a perfectly God-like life; that He overcame the possibility of sin and gave in His life the evidence of being divine?" To be appreciated the book must be constantly and reverently read until it is fixed in the memory. Then it will do its constructive work in our souls. It will encourage us, that gospel of Luke, to let the whole Bible have its right of way in our lives, and it will suggest the way in which the Bible can become, in our hearts, the source of genuine and constant upbuilding.

The Pulpit Vitalized. Pulpit power, which for a time seemed to be on the wane, is returning, and it is largely because the preaching is less of a literary character, less of finished essays and topical discussions, semi-secular. It is now more vitalized and energized with the power of the Word. We have heard some of our most famous preachers ten years ago would scarcely believe they were the same men speaking if heard to-day. Dr. Gausaulus, who used to deliver those polished sermons in Plymouth Church, Chicago, ten years ago, could not do the great and the good in the down-town auditorium which he addressed now if he used those old-time sermons, or better ones of the same order. Something seemed to come into this fine man's life a few years ago which admonished him that nothing but the power of God could make a sermon great, and he has been preaching great sermons since that day. Dr. Hillis used to charm a literary audience in Central Music Hall with an essay which glittered like a newly cut stone from the hands of a lapidary, but if reports are true, that is not the kind of sermon that Dr. Hillis is preaching now. Indeed, he himself is quoted recently as saying that oratorical pulpit flights are the bane of preaching, and that clergy and laity shared an equal responsibility in the saving of souls. "The preacher," said Dr. Hillis, "must not treat on topical subjects Sunday after Sunday, but must preach the gospel of Jesus Christ. The church is not the preacher's field; it is his force, and it is the man who has not crossed the church's threshold for years upon whom you have a claim." It is that possibility which makes a preacher's work inspiring, but also tremendously responsible. What Sabbath may he not have among his hearers a soul that is hungry and thirsting for the bread and the water of life? What an awful crime to give him a stone, or quite as bad, a handful of artificial flowers.

Be Good For Something. The highest virtue consists of more than merely being good. It is being good for something; and good for something not to one's self alone, but to others and to God. That negative, self-complacent virtue which is only a strict abstention from evil, is of a quality far inferior to the virtue which suppresses evil or helps another to resist it. Virtue, in the old Latin sense, is synonymous with valor. It implies not only an espousal, but a championship, and, necessarily, a fight. Virtue is not only being good, but doing good, and the better we are the more we ought to do. We believe in these words of R. R. Bowker: "It is bad for the ignorant and the vicious to do ill. It is worse for the educated and honest to do nothing."

Disloyalty. When a Christian is at peace with any sin in his own life, when he is reconciled to any evil habit, or becomes indifferent to anything in his own character which renders him unlikable, he is disloyal to his Master. In like manner, when a citizen of the Kingdom of God is at peace with any sin of society, becomes reconciled to any evil habits of the community or indifferent to anything that is inconsistent with the full coming of the Kingdom on earth, he is disloyal to the kingdom.—Josiah Strong, D. D.

Open the Doors. You close your doors and brood over your own miseries and the wrongs people have done you; whereas, if you would but open those doors, you might come out into the light of God's truth, and see that "His heart is as clear as sunlight toward you. If you would but let Him teach you, you would find your perplexities melt away like the snow in the spring till you could hardly believe you ever felt them.—George Macdonald.

Christ Walks on Our Feet. Christ would still seek the lost, but He must do it now on our feet; He would still minister, but He must do it with our hands; He would still warm and comfort and encourage and instruct, but He must do it with our lips. If we refuse to perform these offices for Him, what right have we to call ourselves members of His body in vital union with Him?—Josiah Strong.

A Wonderful Light. If you are willing to choose the seeming darkness of faith instead of the illumination of reason, wonderful light will break upon you from the Word of God.—A. J. Gordon.



When Marcus Goes to Market.

When Marcus goes to market, He buys a wondrous store Of peaches, figs and cherries— A hundred pounds or more; Ten bushels of bananas, And peanuts by the peck; Just what his fancy dictates, With not the slightest check. When Marcus goes a-shopping, He buys without delay Enough broadens and velvets To take one's breath away; And jewels—diamonds, rubies— He brings with open hand; A wondrous merchant is he With wealth at his command. When Marcus comes from market, Across the nursery floor, Our ladder is no richer, Our wardrobe shows no more; But high his basket's empty, And his goods are all in name, We welcome him with kisses, And we thank him just the same. —Emma C. Dodd in Youth's Companion.

Chipmunk Time.

With the springtime comes Mr. Chipmunk. In the park, in the suburbs and in the country he is as much a token of spring as is the bluebird. There are a number of interesting things about him. One cannot but wonder how he knows when it is time to desert his burrow deep under the ground. But he knows well enough. He feels the genial influence of spring. Though he has been some feet underground since early in December, with his store of nuts, he appears as surely as the first crocus, and usually some time before this dainty blossom. One writer says he takes the drumming of the woodpecker as a challenge. At any rate, he appears. The first thing he does is to seek the society of Miss Chipmunk. Despite this courting, Mr. Chipmunk never sets up housekeeping. He prefers a solitary existence, being evidently of a nervous disposition. He simply must have everything his own way. It must be admitted, however, that he keeps bachelor's hall in admirable fashion. His den is as neat as he himself is pert, dapper and clean. Even the summer is not vacation time for this little fellow. He must be preparing for next winter. He lays in all sorts of furnishings, twigs and leaves being most in evidence. Provisions are an important item. All summer and autumn he is busy with these. Grain is industriously transferred from the granary to his den. So are nuts. They have been known to carry home cherry pits, too, and maple keys in their cheeks, which serve as pockets. They are not unsociable. Indeed, they often pay a round of visits of a morning.—Philadelphia Record.

Grumble-Boy and Smiley-Boy.

In the Jones house there are two small boys, Johnnie Grumble-boy and Johnnie Smiley-boy; but no one ever saw both at once. At first they hardly realized, this little boy's father and mother and Aunt Emma, that there were two boys; but, when one morning a little chap came down to breakfast with a big frown on his face, and blue eyes that were so cross that they looked nearly black, and when pleasant remarks from the family had no effect in making the boy look pleasant, they were obliged to make up their mind that a strange little boy had come to take the place of their pet. So they treated him with all the ceremony necessary with a stranger, and pretty soon he found himself feeling strange and queer. But he wouldn't tell any one that he felt strange. Not a bit of it. He was not that kind of a boy. When he came down feeling that way, why, everything was wrong. The oatmeal was too salty, his milk didn't taste right, and his egg was boiled too hard; and he just didn't want to wear his old cap to kindergarten, it wasn't comfortable at all. This sort of thing went on for some time, until Aunt Emma made up her mind that some remedy must be thought out. The mornings when Smiley Johnnie came down, there was the happiest little boy around the house all day, and home was a very different place from what it was on Grumble-boy's days. So Aunt Emma thought and thought, and one day when Johnnie came down, and he found a great change in the atmosphere of the family table. Usually when he came down looking frowning and sour, and complained about everything, the kind members of his family tried to persuade him by cheerfulness that things were not so far wrong as he thought them. But today it was different. "This hominy is too hot," piped a small voice. "It is entirely too hot," Aunt Emma agreed sulkily. "Mine's burning my mouth," moaned said sadly. "Mine's simply scalding," growled Grumble-boy. Grumble-boy looked up surprised, and for five minutes there wasn't a word said. Then came the boiled egg and toast. "My egg's too hard," growled Grumble-boy before he thought, just because he was in the habit of saying it when he felt cross. "So's mine," wailed auntie. "And mine," sobbed mother. "Mine's like a rock, it's so hard," growled father.

A New Party Pastime.

Here is a pastime for boys and girls which will keep a large party of young people well amused for an hour and which will take all the stiffness and "hang-backiness" out of any number of youngsters. It requires some preparation, but as the necessary articles can be used over and over again and thus entertain several gatherings of young folk, your trouble will be more than repaid. Get five or six barrel hoops and cover them with stiff paper, so that they look just like the hoops which the clown jumps through at the circus. This can be done by cutting out large paper circles, just a bit larger than the hoops. Lap the edges of the paper over the outside of the hoops and paste it firmly in place. Now let them dry for several hours. You must paint or draw on each hoop a funny figure without a head, its neck ending just at the rim of the hoop, being careful to have them all as different as you possibly can. When this is done and your paint is dry, your preparations are almost complete. Place two chairs with their backs toward each other, at opposite sides of the room. Stretch a strong cord across the room, tying each end of it to the chair backs. Now across this cord lay an old sheet so that it hangs down to the floor. Now for your party. You must have four or five friends to help you, for there must be a boy or girl for each hoop you have made. Each one of you wears a small, black mask and you all stand in a row behind the sheet, each holding a hoop. The sheet comes about up to your waists and you look over it at the other boys and girls who are seated at the other end of the room. They all have pencils and paper and are invited to take a good look at you. Now you all crouch down behind the sheet and swiftly change places; then, at a given signal you all rise, each one holding a hoop so that his or her chin comes over the rim just where the neck of the figure on the hoop meets the rim. Now, altogether, you turn your faces from side to side, first to the right, then to the left, then to the front, make a low bow and sink slowly out of sight again behind the sheet. The boys and girls in the audience must seize this chance to write down the names of the ones they think they recognize as well as the characters of the figures in the hoop, as Willie Jones, sailor; May Brown, clown; Grace Smith, policeman, etc. While they are doing this, you, who are behind the sheet, swiftly exchange your hoop so that no one has a figure he or she had before. Then you slowly rise above the sheet again, was your head, first right, then left; then bow to the front and again sink out of sight behind the sheet. Now the spectators again scribble down the names of the ones they recognized, and the chances are that many will get them all wrong. Now, instead of changing your hoops this time—just change your positions, and when you bob up for the third time you will probably fool more than half the audience, for they will be expecting new faces over the figures on the hoops and will get all mixed up. When you and your four companions have made five changes, each one having looked over all the hoops, you all come out from behind the sheet and examine the papers of the spectators to see how many of them have guessed correctly the boy or girl behind each figure at all five times of the ups and downs. Probably not one of them will have a perfect paper, but the one who is nearest right should receive a dainty little souvenir of some sort as a prize. You and your four companions take your places in the audience while five other boys and girls go behind the sheet and take their turns at trying to mystify the rest of you. It is surprising how much even the smallest mask will disguise a face; and when that masked face is thrust over a funny figure like those on your hoops, it is most bewildering to any one.—New York Evening Mail.

The Way It Works.

"Did Grayce marry young Poorfellow?" "No; the engagement is off." "Why she said she'd sacrifice most everything to marry him." "Yes, but she changed her mind when she found she'd have to sacrifice most everything."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Way It Works.

"Did Grayce marry young Poorfellow?" "No; the engagement is off." "Why she said she'd sacrifice most everything to marry him." "Yes, but she changed her mind when she found she'd have to sacrifice most everything."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Way It Works.

"Did Grayce marry young Poorfellow?" "No; the engagement is off." "Why she said she'd sacrifice most everything to marry him." "Yes, but she changed her mind when she found she'd have to sacrifice most everything."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Way It Works.

"Did Grayce marry young Poorfellow?" "No; the engagement is off." "Why she said she'd sacrifice most everything to marry him." "Yes, but she changed her mind when she found she'd have to sacrifice most everything."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Way It Works.

"Did Grayce marry young Poorfellow?" "No; the engagement is off." "Why she said she'd sacrifice most everything to marry him." "Yes, but she changed her mind when she found she'd have to sacrifice most everything."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Way It Works.

"Did Grayce marry young Poorfellow?" "No; the engagement is off." "Why she said she'd sacrifice most everything to marry him." "Yes, but she changed her mind when she found she'd have to sacrifice most everything."—Louisville Courier-Journal.