

terial interests are made subordinate to what is called the spiritual. At court, in salon, in street, in school, in college, in village field, the priest is all in all. The altar blesses the harvester, and eats the harvest.

Very well. Now, friends, this is not a military age, nor an ecclesiastic age. It is a commercial age, and on this Continent wholly so. We of the States number seventy millions, with an army less than twenty-five thousand troops. One soldier to three thousand citizens. That is all. Our navy is composed of forty old tubs, not half of which will float. Our harbors are protected, not by forts, but by a peaceful policy and the moral impression which the millions of people living back of them make on the world. We can fight, but we prefer to trade. We sooner swap products than lives with other nations. During our late unpleasantness a long-shanked lumberman from Maine and a tall sallow-faced Alabamian were on the picket line. Each was standing back of a tree with rifle cocked. Had either showed the button of his fatigue cap beyond the bark he would have lost it. At last the Alabamian called, "I say, Yank, which would you rather do, shoot or whittle?" "Whittle, by Gosh!" exclaimed the Downeaster, and in a moment the two sharpshooters were seated opposite each other on two logs, whittling and swapping stories. As a nation we are like the Downeaster. We can shoot, but we "rather whittle." The commercial instinct is now a matter of birth. We breed it. Our young men care little for gold lace and straps and gilded epaulets. They like gold in their pockets; gold put into houses and lands,