

co-operation and friendship, working out in peace and trade the synthesis of a new race. The gods look down on factory-chimneys belching smoke, on kingdoms covered with red-gold corn uncoveted by men of arms, on hurrying trains and the dancing peoples going hither and thither, with smiles and little enchantments and allurements. They look upon the Protestant pulpits where the Puritans preach, on the Roman Catholic Church and the confessionals, on the Orthodox Church, on the Baptists, on the Mormons; and on the way the varying peoples flock around temples, and in and out of church doors, carrying messages, receiving messages. They look upon many developments that we have so aptly called movements—the mysterious “woman’s movement,” the Romanising movement, the Socialistic movement. They look upon a million schools where the children, the second generation of the dancers, are polished and tested and clothed before they in their turn join the throng at the side and go down the middle with their partners.

It is like a kaleidoscope, and at each successive revolution the peoples change their aspects and their pattern; but there is no reverting to the original pattern, as in the kaleidoscope. The constituents of the pattern are divining what the next pattern will be, and it is always a new pattern, something nearer to the great coming unity, the new American nation. In no one particular bosom is the destiny of America; one man by himself