

With his hand on the door of freedom, greed and hate bar the way.

"False dawn! Will the daylight never come? Will men never learn that perfection of the mind is not enough? For it can not do away with greed and hate. The greed of the rich, —without rhyme or reason,—there is enough for all. The hate of the poor—how can poor men learn not to hate when the weak and the ignorant are murdered or brutalized by unceasing ugly toil? And for what?—to make vicious women and degenerate men. There is no need for the John Waldemars to be cunning and ruthless, nor for the Benjamin Hartogensises to be hypocritical and tricky; nor for the men of bigger brains and greater hearts to be caught in this maelstrom of commerce and finance that takes all and gives nothing. It is whirling our civilization around and around until we are so dizzy and dazed that we can not see that it is also driving us upon the rocks as rapidly as last night's storm drove your *Cormorant*.

"It was too late after she struck; it did not matter then whether her crew saw the reef or not. They could only look on helplessly while the great gale tore her apart."

He bowed his head, and it seemed that he prayed silently. But he still continued to speak although so low that his lips seemed scarcely to move; and his eyes, still alight, seemed fixed upon something too far away for Arnold's to follow them.

"Rocks, yes! Greed and hate! And for what? John Waldemar dead by his own hand as surely as if he had pulled the trigger. Benjamin Hartogensis crazy with grief for the disgrace he made for himself. It is so plain, so plain. They must listen this time, they must. And they will, surely they will. The boy is right. It would be needlessly cruel for him to have suffered so much, otherwise. And all those others! But for him, especially, who had no desire to do evil; whose people have served so long, so unselfishly, and so well. And that was why. It needed some one such as he before they would believe. They can not in this case soothe their uneasy