

of these United States, sons of the sires who, in field and in legislative hall, helped the immortal Washington to become Father of a Country, sires who boldly acquired Louisiana, Florida, and Texas, sires who, on yon blue Lake Erie water one day met the enemy and he was ours, a victory repeated at New Orleans, sons of those sires, I say, called to decide between more British bunting before our windows and a more spacious residence for ourselves, will make quick and honorable choice.

Well, then, has democracy seen its day? Has its sun gone down forever? Is there, for the common man, no hope of securing progress or a decent life by reasonable and conservative agitation, so that, for chance to better his lot, he must become some kind of a revolutionist?

I do not believe so. Pessimists and cynics, I know, are abroad. The bacillus "croaker" is epidemic now. Moreover, he is lively and of a malignant type. Fight him. Despair of the Republic is akin to treason. If any man attempts to haul down the American flag, shoot him on the spot. Make it dangerous even to approach the halliards. Some cry that heartless plutocracy, others that brainless anarchy is our sure lot. Each of these fell spirits is no doubt within us, and each is a kind that goeth not out save by prayer and fasting. But both of them can be, and surely will be, exercised by a due use of means.

While the old, happy-go-lucky sort of democracy can never again lift its head, the kind that with no policy of its own occasionally gained power through the enemy's follies, I dare to predict a new age of

democracy, a strenuous, studious, wide-visioned, progressive, daring liberalism. I expect renewed enthusiasm for humanity, to come from the insights, that the aim of social striving now, the weal of man, is as hopeful as ever, and that a promising method of promoting it, neither radical, revolutionary, nor otherwise dangerous, is open to society and awaiting use.

Fully appreciating, I think, the difficulty of elevating common mankind to a rational life, I cannot but regard it astounding that so many so readily renounce the task as hopeless. Properly, no very serious effort to that end has yet been made. Society's infinite resources for the uplift of its lowest lie as good as untouched. Despair, so soon, is criminal. Shame on us, brothers of the Third Estate, if we let go the hands of our Fourth Estate kith and kin struggling to rise! We are no more deserving than they, only more fortunate, or, perhaps, less scrupulous. For myself, spite of the painful, staggering evidence contra, I still believe in men's brotherhood, in the essential nobility, by nature, of every man, wherever resident, however occupied, wearing a crown, carrying a dinner-pail, or begging his bread; and because I hail them all, without a single exception, as of my own blood, I cannot believe that the stronger will leave the weaker to perish.

Altruism is in penumbra now, not extinguished. Men will see it shine full orb'd again, as when it was burning slavery out of existence. Economic motives contributed to that end, but the change was not mainly economic. Philanthropy led in it. And philanthropy led in the enfranchisement of the Third