

THE HOPE OF ENGLAND

The Hope of England

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BY
Z. Henry Lewis



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Dedication.

**To Socrates and Plato, the first disturbers
of my slumbering mind, and to Jesus Christ
who revealed unto me that LOVE which is
the LIGHT and HOPE of MEN,**

I dedicate this Book.

PREFACE.

IN the following pages, dear reader, you will be transplanted to Vision Land, which must become Real Land some day, and how soon, no one can say, but, if I may venture to prophesy, it will soon appear. The People are prepared to enter "Their Kingdom;" all we want are strong Leaders, Leaders who believe in the reality of such an Inheritance. It is Unbelief, not only in a *Theological* sense, but in a *Social* and *Rational* sense that has kept the People so long from taking possession.

But now that the doors are open, will *you* allow the *blind* and *irrational* Egotist to persuade you to linger outside the open gates any longer? Will you allow him to persuade you that such a Kingdom and such a Paradise is a myth and an idle dream? You have listened to that tale and allowed yourself to be a *Slave* long enough. Believe, then, in the reality of our Father's Paradise, and enter its joy now. Make it your *Religious*, your *Political* and your *Social Programme*, and do not be satisfied until it has been established on God's fair and beautiful Earth.

My object, therefore, is to try and show how men would live in a State where LOVE is the Fundamental Principle of Conduct: what Laws would be enacted; what Punishments and Rewards would be meted out; and what pleasures would be enjoyed. The Picture may not be perfect, in fact I know it is not, but it is the first attempt, so far as I am aware to describe a commonwealth whose laws and customs are based upon the Rational and Divine Principle of Love.

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“THE HOPE OF ENGLAND”

CHAPTER I

THE FALLEN GIRL

(The Notes are the criticisms of a friend who is a man of the world and a pessimist who believes that ideals are humbugs, and that all visionists suffer from a disease of the brain).

It was a stormy night, and the wind danced and whistled around our house in a furious manner and seemed to be angry with me—for God knows what, when a young woman, with rather pale cheeks and wet with the rain, was shown into my room. No one was allowed to stand at our door without being asked into the house.* This sometimes caused inconvenience;† but each caller was respected and treated as a lady or gentleman. Perhaps I ought to say that I am a magistrate of my town and take a great deal of interest in the welfare of my county.‡

*A foolish thing to do.

† Of course it did.

‡ This is rather egotistical.

"Miss Rosedale," said my daughter, as she introduced the young lady into my presence. My wife and daughters and two sons were seated around the fire, for my wife was entertaining the circle by reading the story of the woman caught in adultery and the Saviour's treatment of her accusers.*

"I have come to see you on particular business, sir," said my visitor in a low, quivering voice, "and I would like to see you and your good lady alone, if you will be so kind."

"Certainly ;" and we took her into our next room. My good lady gave her a cup of something warm, and made her change her wet garments, before the girl narrated her story.

For six months she had been keeping company with a young man whom she loved intensely, and he, in his turn had professed to love her more than he loved his own life. She was an orphan girl, and had been in service for three years, and bore excellent character for honesty and truthfulness and industry. She had also been a member of our church since she was very young.

The young man she had been keeping company with was also a member of our church, and was a sober, industrious person.

* Rather a *solemn* entertainment.

But nature had proved itself too strong for his grace, and he, consequently, had proved himself too strong for his sweetheart; so she had yielded herself body and soul to his wishes.*

The result was that she in the course of time became the mother of a child.

Now in the old days—the days we lived in the City of Hate, under the Government of Selfishness; in the England that was,—such a girl was much talked about and looked down upon by those who were often worse than herself, though they had, fortunately for themselves, escaped publicity. She would be the talk of her “pious” acquaintances, and the subject of gossip in millinery and dressmaking and social and church circles, and every other rendezvous of women. Some would express pity for her in a patronising and pharisaical fashion, but they would generally wind up by expressing wonder why girls in these days are not more careful; just as if the weakness was unknown when they were young.

In the old days also—under the regime of selfishness—such a girl, if she did not marry, and if she had no home, had the hospitality of

* Just so. Your Religionists and Idealists are exactly like other people after all. *Self* is the greatest god in this world, and it is vanity of vanities to try and depose it.

a workhouse treatment and a workhouse diet. And when she became strong enough to work, she had to leave her temporary home to do the best she could for both herself and her child. Sometimes she would manage to find some good old soul to promise to rear her child for ten shillings a month, sometimes for less, but often, she had to pay more; and then she would, if she could, enter some person's service. Thus mother and child were separated—to the injury of the one and the torture and probable death of the other. But, as a rule under the old regime, the fact that a young woman had given birth to an illegitimate child, was against her entering service at all. The “good” ladies were horrified at the idea of having a “fallen” girl in their homes, so the young girl and her child had to do the best they could. If the mother had a trade, she would try to earn a pittance by sewing for gentlefolks. If she had no trade, then she might find some work in a factory and leave her child to shift as best it could with some careless or cruel good-for-nothing people; or she might find a little laundry work with a few kind neighbours.

But failing all these—? Alas, when I think of the old time! The old, old time! There are many years now since all that was swept

away. I cannot understand how people were so blind, and blind for so long! why they called themselves Christians—whatever they meant by it, I don't know, but they must have meant something very shallow by the way they acted, for they allowed the poor girl to go and earn a bit of bread for herself and her child by prostituting her body and soul—that image of a loving God.*

Of course there were "Rescue Homes," and such like things in those old times, I know, but they all bore the stigma of *charities*. And *Society*—the society of those days *pitied* the inmates of those charities, and looked upon them with a supercilious look and with no little suspicion. And worse than all, dreadful efforts were made in those charities to *convert* the inmates and to *inflate* grace into their poor lost souls. I do not speak against "Conversion"—God forbid. But "Saints" ought not to make people wish they were dead by sanctimonious efforts to convert them. But they did so in those old days. They treated the inmates of those charities as so much clay to be turned and stamped according to the officials' magic.

*This, of course, only applies to the poorer classes, though I must confess the practice of the other class was not more honourable,

Now, that is why so many girls deserted the charities. They knew that desperate efforts would be made to convert them, and that they would be spoken of as *lost* and *damned* souls unless they allowed themselves to be converted. They were not treated as *respectable* and *honourable* persons at all. Hence they were under a *stigma*, and naturally enough they did not like it. In fact, no one likes it. You must treat a man as your equal, if you want to do him good. Have nothing of your superior airs about you, please, for the man in the gutter is a man, and the woman "on the street" is a woman, and in the kingdom of love we treat people with the profoundest respect, for they are our brothers and sisters whatever their condition may be.

Well, then, Miss Rosedale had given birth to her child, and it was six weeks old. A fine bonny boy. Jack Sand, her lover, did not feel inclined to marry her, which conduct we condemn very much.

Now, of old, if the young man did not wish to marry the girl, the law asked him to pay two shillings and sixpence per week upwards, according to the person's rank and income, towards the maintenance of the child. They provided nothing for the mother. But we have changed all that; for being governed by the

principle of love, we consider it cruelty to separate mother and child from each other. The best nurse of the child is its mother—but under the old system, the mother had to place the child with some one to be nursed, while she herself went about her business earning a bit of bread. Now this was cruelty : cruelty to the mother, cruelty to the child, cruelty to those who had the nursing—for no child can be as dear to anyone as to its own mother.

So we have changed the old cruel system of separation. Any young fellow not caring to marry a girl after using her as a wife, we consider wrong ; and so we have enacted a law, or formed a custom, call it what you like, that any person who has used a woman as his wife and obtained a child by her, whether he marries her or not, must regard her as his wife ; and as long as she lives, we do not allow him to marry another ; and we announce his name in all our papers in order that other girls may be on their guard.*

But we meet with difficulties ; for, though our city is governed by the principle of love, and though we are infinitely ahead of our fore-

*This may be very well from a rational point of view, but from a natural point of view it is very hard. The women will encore this, but Plato's disciples will think it *prudish* and *absurd*.

fathers, yet all our inhabitants are not perfect. The day will come, of course, when laws and bye-laws will be unnecessary, for not only will our Legislature be founded upon love, but every inhabitant will also be governed by the same principle; but the inhabitants of our kingdom have not reached that perfect condition yet. And Jack Sand was one of those exceptions.

His reason for not marrying the woman he had used as his wife was the old reason. He had changed his mind. He did not feel now the same love toward her that he used to, and he was afraid that if he married her they would not live happily together. So Jack left our kingdom.

And this was the tale Miss Rosedale had to narrate to me and my good lady that evening. Jack had gone!

The poor girl sobbed, for she loved him in spite of his cruelty. Now this was a new problem for our kindgom. The question was not what to do with the mother and her child, for we had made ample preparations for destitute cases; but our problem was, what to do with Jack Sand? How could we bring him to judgment.

But before I tell you what became of Jack, and what we did with him, let me tell you what

we did with Miss Rosedale. We did not, according to the old regime, separate her from her child. We were too human to do such a cruel thing. Neither did we send her to the *workhouse*; for we have no such place. All our old people live in "Homes," and get all they want. We do not horde our old people together like a lot of sheep or cattle. We treat them as *men* and *women*. But I shall have more to say about this again. So we gave Miss Rosedale a home, and we placed no restriction whatever upon her. She was as free as if she were married or had remained a virgin.

But if she happened to have another illegitimate child, we used a little severity—just as a loving father would with his own child. We would not punish her; but we would not give her quite as much freedom as before; for she and her children should then be sent to our Home Settlement; this is no jail, but a *home* without some of its luxuries. I will explain this home sometime again.

Now about Jack. "The world," thought he, "is long and wide, and I'm not going to allow myself to be considered as a married man for sixteen years."

Now we don't believe that any boy ought to

commence to work before he is sixteen years of age, and for that period the man who refuses to marry the mother of his child is bound to her. Of course, if the young lady married before the period expired, the young man would be free from his responsibility. But to be considered a married man for sixteen years, thought Jack, was too much of a tie.

Poor Jack. He is not the only one whose momentary pleasure has cost him years of agony. Now we do not leave such people free. Under the old government, such fish were not thought worth the catching—but we do. What father does not trouble himself about his lost son? The good woman searches her house for her lost coin, and the shepherd wends his way “o’er moor and crag and torrent,” through woods and deserts, in order to find his lost sheep. And our city does not lack enthusiasm for her wandering children. We track them and send a special man in their search. It means money? Yes, but our city is rich—the richest in the world.*

Now after some six months searching Jack was found. He had gone very far, but not too far for money and love to reach him. But when he was found, poor Jack had made his

* Well, I do admire determination, I must confess.

home with another woman. He had not known her before, but he made up his mind at once that he could love her and live with her ! Poor, inconsistent Jack ! But Jack and his wife had to come to our city. We had made a treaty with all foreign and civilized nations that offenders should be handed over to the Nation against whom they had transgressed. So Jack and his new wife arrived once more in our city, and great was the rejoicing upon his return.

He was employed in our government works, and *disfranchised* as long as Miss Rosedale remained unmarried. This was the only hardship imposed upon him. And we consider her to be his lawful *widow* and her child his legitimate child. And both are maintained by our State. We also consider his second wife legitimate and her children lawful, seeing that she had married him in ignorance ; and we respect her as such.

Now Jack considers this slavery. But where the slavery comes I cannot see. For he is perfectly free and enjoys most of the luxuries of life. " It is hard," he says, " not to have a voice in the management of one's country ; " but how much harder and crueller was it for him to disgrace a woman and leave her and his child to the agony and misery of disappointed

love. And had Jack lived in old England, Miss Rosedale and her child would have been probably, like many thousands more, ruined! We do not ruin any one, but we try to save, and to keep alive. We do not wilfully injure, for our object is to heal and do good; but we cannot do good always without placing some restraints on certain people.

Now perhaps you would like to hear how we treat our young men should they go further astray. For instance, should a young man, after becoming the father of a child, refuse to marry its mother, and becomes the father of another child by another woman, in that case again we simply disfranchise him, and he becomes what we call a second-rate citizen. But should he express love for this second girl, and desire to marry her, we allow him to do so, if the first girl consents to the marriage. But should the first maiden refuse to give her consent, he cannot marry. This is only fair and just, for the destiny of man should be politically and socially, as well as morally and spiritually, determined by the good or evil he has done to another moral being. The man who becomes a father of a child forms thereby an eternal relation with two immortal souls, and in our kingdom we give expression

to this spiritual relationship by associating fathers and mothers together throughout life in some form or other. For our aim is to do what is right and what is best. Though when an injured girl objects to her former lover's marriage, our people take into consideration their *mutual benefit*, and decide accordingly. But should a young man commit impurity for the *third* time, and for the third time become a father, we then reduce him to a third-rate citizen, and he loses, not only the franchise, but all social privileges. He is allowed the freedom of his own town, and that is all ; but he cannot go away to any other town, and he is refused admission to all social and civic entertainments. But should he again for the fourth time transgress, then he is transplanted to our male colony. I will tell you more about this colony again.

But though I have got into these details, I must again remind you that for many years we have not been called upon to put these laws into force. In the early years of our existence we had a few cases, but we never hear of anything of the sort now, for our young men and maidens have learned not to traduce each other for vain and carnal purposes. Every marriage and courtship here is a case of pure love ; and

young men and women know the awful consequences of transgressing the laws of purity and sexual connection.*

* Readers accustomed to extreme *Utopian* views on the *sex* question, may revolt against my view and throw my book aside as reactionary on this subject. But I may here state, that though I have great sympathy with the platonic view, yet, to me, it destroys the fundamental and essential characteristics of *human life* as distinguished from animal life, viz., the characteristics of *Rational Love*, and *Family Life*, and love of home. Now the platonic view utterly destroys the *Home* and the *Family*; for if men and women are allowed to follow their whims and passions on this question, the *Home* is liable to be broken up at any moment—to the detriment and misery of either husband or the wife. But I cannot imagine humanity ever becoming able to dispense with the *family* circle and with *home* comforts; and both founded on the mutual love of husband and wife and children.

CHAPTER II

HUSBANDS AND WIVES

You won't be surprised to learn after what has already been said, that we have but few divorcements in our kingdom. Nearly all the marriages contracted here are real love affairs. None of our people marry for money, or honour, or ease, or to satisfy a mistaken passion.

So when a couple come to the altar to be joined together in holy matrimony, both vow on their knees their mutual love, and promise by the help of that love to be faithful to each other as long as they live.

But if the relations or friends of either party are able to testify that it is not so, for that they have cause for suspicion, then the wedding is postponed for six or twelve months.

Now you know it was a very easy thing to get married in old England. The young people registered their names, paid the fee and they were declared to be husband and wife, for better, or

for worse, during the remainder of their lives. But such weddings were oftener than otherwise the cause of much misery and pain. But to make things worse, such weddings frequently received a religious sanction. But God had no more to do with such weddings than He had to do with the wedding of Baal and Ashteroth. Now it is our aim to bring all human efforts and thoughts and desires up to the level of God's will. That is—to make the human life in all its aspects *Divine* life. But the divinest thing on earth is love, hence we do our best to bring everything into line with this divinity. And as we are so careful in the contracting of marriages—we are seldom called upon to undo the contract. “What God hath joined together let no man put asunder.”

So we do not allow divorcements as a rule even for adultery. Jesus Christ did *not* approve of divorcement for adultery; this is evident to everyone who will study His words carefully.* To look after a woman or a man to lust after him or her is, in the sight of God, *adultery*, but even in old England and old America you could not get divorcement from a husband or a wife who had been guilty of adultery in *thought*.

* See Mat. v. 32.—He allows divorcement for fornication but not adultery, for *πορνεία* fornication, and not *μοιχεία* adultery.

Now the *act* is not more sinful than the *thought* or *desire*, and we place both on the same level.

Now a person under certain conditions may commit adultery without being unfaithful in love. Such cases were to be found continually in the old world and are to be found sometimes to-day, and will perhaps exist for ever, yet, those guilty of this sin did not always love their wives or husbands any the less.

Besides, the old system of divorcement did not *cure* the person divorced in the least. In fact, it led to deeper and worse sin. It was a foolish system in so far as the *cure* of the transgressor went.

And again, a man does not relieve himself of his responsibility to try and save his wife by divorcing her. We are our brothers' keepers, and we must never shun that responsibility.

So we look upon the old system of divorce as a survival of our selfish pagan nature. But we have out-grown that brutishness, and look at life from a higher point of view.

Now if anything will *save* or *cure* a man it is that treatment which is dictated—not by our natural and selfish feelings—but by our love. Hence the question in dealing with an adulterous wife or husband is—what treatment would be the kindest and most likely to affect a cure?

We have no hard and fast rules. Our people and rulers are wise men and they always consider each case upon its own merits or demerits ; and decide in accordance with the dictates of love.

And we apply this principle not only to those who commit adultery but to other cases. If a husband deserts his wife or a wife her husband, we take both parties into our consideration and do what we consider to be the *best thing for their happiness*. And we act on the same principle if the husband or wife is taken seriously ill, or maimed for life, or becomes insane. In such cases we allow reason and love to dictate what is best to be done.

CHAPTER III

OUR VIRGIN DAUGHTERS

UNDER the old economy men lived for themselves, and then for their own daughters and sons. The fathers speculated and gambled and cheated and sweated other people in order to provide an idle life for their "girls," or prepare them for good matrimonial matches; and in order to enable their sons to be great and reckless spendthrifts.* In old and dusty histories of some of the notable mammon-makers of old England, I read how these old money giants used to leave their money to their daughters in order to enable them to live in luxury and free from care, and in order to enable their useless sons to spend it by gambling or on intoxicants. But it never struck those people that, by providing enormous wealth for their sons and daughters, they were impoverishing hundreds of thousands of poor innocent folk. Yes, thousands were

* But surely there were a few exceptions. At least, for mercy's sake, let us try to believe so,

denied the necessities of life in order to provide luxuries for a few. And they used to call that *just* and *Christian*! You wonder at their stupidity, and so do I, and I cannot possibly understand how those thousands and millions of oppressed people could stand such tyranny and injustice. For every palace on the land there were a thousand hovels and cottages and houses of one, two, three or four rooms, where a family of five, six, seven, eight, and sometimes ten and fifteen, of both sexes lived together like a herd of swine. While yonder there would be a mansion with a hundred rooms in it and only half a dozen people, perhaps, occupying the whole premises—and the so-called owner would never enter half his rooms—and yet, in his immediate neighbourhood there were hundreds of thousands of people living in unventilated, foul, and dark hovels. And those so-called gentry, for *gentry*, I think, they used to call them, professed to be Christians and went to some place of Christian worship on the Lord's Day! Wonderful! Yes, but is it not more wonderful that those thousands and millions of wronged people could suffer such bare-faced hypocrisy! The Christian idea of sacrifice is that one should suffer for the many. But it was not so under the old so-called Christian

Dispensation ; it was the thousands that suffered for the few—the thousands of hard-working men suffered for the few spendthrifts and useless sons, and delicate and tender and sweet daughters of the rich.

But things are different now, thank God. My daughter is as pure and delicate and sweet to me as any other man's daughter is to him. And I want to give all the possible culture of society to her as well as any other loving father desires to give his daughter. And to-day in our city we all treat our daughters with respect and love. But we do not make dolls of them. Girls under the old dispensation were simply dolls for rich rakes to play with.* I don't say that there were no pure girls then. Oh yes, there were many. But they were dolls nevertheless. They could do nothing but amuse their husbands. They were kept simply to amuse. Thousands, yea millions of money produced by the agony and sweat of the poor toiler, was spent annually by the old so-called gentle folk upon their dolls. Drink was a curse in those old days—but what the working man spent upon his drink was doubled and trebled by his rich employer upon his dolls.

*A little too strong, is it not? But, if true, then it only proves that human nature is radically bad.

It is a fascinating story the way women were brought up and treated in those old ages. Those old gentlefolks were called by some of their contemporaries, "Refined Brutes." Where the refinement came in I don't know, unless it was in the very inartistic way they used to dress themselves for balls and all-night revelries. But it staggers me to read of the enormous sums of money those people used to spend on their so-called "refinements." I am not against a man enjoying himself. In fact, we all believe to-day—as well as those old inhabitants of the world used to believe—that, as long as man is part animal and part angel, he must have carnal pleasure; as I will show you when I come to speak about our amusements. This is quite rational. And though we are governed by love, reason is not contradicted or placed out of court. Yes, we know that man is a social being and that he wants fellowship, and we know that no one's society can give him so much pure pleasure as the society of a suitable woman. But we do not believe in spending thousands of pounds on one woman while we impoverish and degrade the lives of a hundred families. No, no! If we cannot get the society of women without sweating and damning the lives of other men and women,

then the law of love tells us to go without it. But we get the society of the best woman without injuring anyone.

Now, let me tell you how we do it. But remember, first of all, that we have no dolls. We have no women who exist solely to drain men of their money and strength and character. We have no so-called women whose sole fortune is their face and the colour of their skin, and the size of their foot and waist. Such articles are kept in our wax-works as relics of the folly of antiquity. Now our girls are naturally charming and beautiful. It is not artificial beauty. Art, we hold, cannot improve nature, any more than paint can improve a cloud or a sunset or a landscape. Even the old "duffers" acknowledged that they could not produce or paint a better tree than the one that grew in the forest, and yet, they thought they could produce and improve on the Venus of natural womanhood by powdering and staying themselves. Fools! Yes, of course, and big ones too. But it is not so now. And our women and girls and old mothers even are charming. They are charming at sixty, and did their hair not grow grey, you would not be able to distinguish between the woman of sixty and the woman of thirty.

But our women are not only beautiful, they are also useful. Our women can cook and nurse and sew ; they can also read, write, and *think*. Oh, it must have been horrible to eat the food of some of those old so-called "ladies." No wonder there was so much indigestion, and consumption, and other ailments in the old world. It was terrible ! The poor doctors of those olden times were on tramp from door to door, from morning till night and from night till morning. Cookery was a rare art in those days. Young girls were brought up in what they used to call a "stylish fashion," that is, they were taught to play fiddles, and pianos, and to ride horses and drive them, and read a lot of useless nothings—nothings about courtship and marriage, divorcements and breaches of promises, etc. What nonsense ! And the poor girls knew no more about real life and the duties of motherhood and wifehood and sisterhood, than the antiquated man in the moon. Poor girls ! And what a hubbub those gentlefolk used to make about *servants*. Their histories testify solemnly that good servants could not be had for love or money. And yet in those homes where there was such a terrible dearth for servants, there were a number of girls—gentle girls who only soiled their tender

fingers on the keys of a piano, or turned the pages of a useless book. But it never struck those old gentlemen and ladies who cried out for servants, to make servants of their own daughters and wives. What idiocy to cry out for servants when they had daughters at home idling their time away in a useless manner. And those gentle folk had the impudence to blame working men for endeavouring to bring their daughters up in a similar fashion to the rich folk. "Why not," they used to say, "allow your daughters to be our daughters' and wives' slaves, just the same as you are our slaves? Why do you educate them and teach them to play pianos, and read novels; why not make them work?" Blind wretches! Was not the working man's daughter as good and sweet and tender and capable at a piano or a fiddle or a book, as a rich man's daughter? Of course she was. But such was the love of those old so-called Christian people toward each other!

But we have no servants now. Our daughters and wives know how to cook and wash and scrub and sew, as well as play fiddles and read novels, or drive in their carriages around our Parks. We have no dearth therefore of servants. And if a wife happens to be

ill with us, and she has no daughter or mother to do the necessary work ; she has no need to advertise for a servant, for half-a-dozen maidens, if necessary, from the same neighbourhood, are prepared to do the work. Women are wonderfully kind to each other in our kingdom. It used to be quite different. But this change has been brought about by the government of love. When people tried to govern the world upon the principle of Mammon, it proved a miserable failure. It had come about before the end of the old economy, that money could not purchase labour of any sort. Not only had servants become scarce, but skilled workmen were dreadfully scanty : the better class had made lawyers or doctors or teachers, parsons or priests, and clerks of their sons, and the market had become awfully overcrowded with that class ; while a good carpenter, shoemaker, mason, farmer, you could hardly obtain. The old Mammon system had hung itself. A leading statesman, I think they called him *Rosebery*, at the close of the Nineteenth Century, in an address to students of one of the old colleges, cried out bitterly for men. England, said he, wanted *men*, but his cry was not heeded. Old England went on seeking gold—gold and ease, and hung itself.

But we are not above labour to-day, and the glory of our sweet girls is that they are true helpmeets to the men. They are not dolls—but helpmeets just as God intended them to be. But they are not slaves or drudges remember, not at all. * We have no drudges, for no woman works with us after midday. The old style was for the poorer women to keep on working continually. They had a saying then that “woman’s work never ended.” Poor things! But you won’t see a woman with us in her *deshabillé* after midday. Every woman with us gives the morning to work, and there is no exception to this custom; and then they give the afternoon and evening to pleasure, edification, religious exercises—though we do not divide life into religious and secular. Our whole life, we reckon, is religious, for by religion we mean love of God and man.

But let me tell you something about how our girls enjoy themselves. We make no invidious distinction between men’s compartments and women’s compartments, for we believe in allowing the sexes to associate as much as possible in companies. This, we find, is the safest protection to purity. We have no strictly private rooms and private houses in our whole city. And no one or two can make a place—if they

desire it—impurely *private*. Too much of this private affair was the curse and ruination of the old world. The young people of the old world used to say two are company, three are not—but we distinctly encourage our young people to associate in companies as much as possible. Young men and women have no separate apartments in reading rooms, pleasure halls, and parks with us, but they mingle together freely everywhere.

In our pleasure halls our young people dance together, and have all sorts of games. Yes, we believe in dancing. It was one of the earliest modes of the ancients to express joy and gladness and victory. It is a very pleasant way of spending a few hours; and, besides, it adds gracefulness to your walking. It is natural to dance, and life—youthful and joyous life—always dances. Gay! yes, our young people are really gay—but they are not proud or fast: they are as pure and transparent as the crystal water in your garden well. Now one reason for this is that we do not give them any intoxicants. There are no intoxicants in our city. Parents don't give poison to their children—if they love them. Now we cannot help smiling at the ridiculous practice of the old gentle-folk in allowing themselves and their

children to dance and drink intoxicants until three and five o'clock in the morning. No wonder the old histories and daily papers were full of scandalous news in high life. But since we have abolished these two terrible evils of intoxicants and dolls—since we have abolished drunkenness and idleness, we find no difficulty whatever in keeping our daughters pure virgins. Again, we have all the excellent amusements of ancient times for our girls without any of their absurdities and cruelties.

In old England, the higher-class ladies were passionately fond of their drives in parks, hunting, drawing-room parties, socials, etc., and we are not behind in such amusements. But there is a vast difference between the manner in which we conduct these things and the persons who enjoy them to the manner in which they were conducted in olden times, and the few in comparison who were able to partake in those expensive luxuries.

These pleasures are not confined by us to a few wealthy and idle people, but they are free to all. The wife or daughter of even our boots can go to our imperial stables and hire a horse and carriage, free of charge, and take a drive in the open air, and enjoy themselves in our drawing-rooms and "At-Homes" as if they

were the wives and daughters of ancient dukes and lords.

For we are too just to confine the luxuries of life to a few. Our policy is to place them as far as possible within the reach of every honourable citizen. And honour in our city, as you shall see by and by, is not gained by superior talents or amount of wealth, but by faithfulness to duty and loyalty to the spirit of love. Any person in our Kingdom, whatever his abilities may be, if he does his duty and is faithful to the principle of our constitution, is considered an honourable citizen. Men cannot help their inferior natural gifts, so why should they not enjoy all the social privileges of our Kingdom as much as abler men? Hence the standard of honour with us is man's own fidelity to his powers and gifts, whatever they may be. And this, we consider, is the only rational standard, for it is the standard of Heaven itself." *

* All this appears to me very just—if it were practicable.

CHAPTER IV

THE DRINKING MANIA

IN one of the old books on social reform which I accidentally came across some time ago I was not a little amused by the kind of argument the old people used to produce in favour of intoxicants. How those wise people of the 19th century—and even a goodly number of medical men—could persuade themselves and persuade others that intoxicants were splendid beverages and stimulants and a necessary article in a genteel and social home, I do not understand. For our boys and girls know better, and they would no more think of taking a pint of beer, or a glass of whisky as a beverage, than they would think of taking a pint of quinine or a glass of cod-liver oil. In fact, they prefer the latter, for they know it is a far superior and more stimulating commodity.

But the fact of the matter is, the so-called nineteenth century was not so advanced as the

people of that time thought it was. The mass of the people, according to the most authentic accounts, were deplorably ignorant. Their knowledge of science and ethical laws and sociology was miserably deficient. For thousands of them could not even read a book even in their own language or sign their own names. The registers of that period are full of crosses which stood for their signatures. And the records of that period amply testify that the bulk of the people did not read at all, and those who did read, excepting a few, read books of the lightest sort. If a book reached a circulation of a million copies, it was considered marvellous; a few thousands being the average. Whereas now the average is a couple of millions.*

Of course, we can easily understand this. The people then spent their time in public houses, hotels, gin palaces, in drinking and gambling, sometimes from morning till night and from night till morning. It is marvellous the quantity of intoxicants those people used to devour and the money they used to spend for it. In fact, they kept themselves poor

* The other Idealists, I notice, abolish books nearly altogether from their *utopias*, because they are non-productive. Well, I like books !

while they enriched a number of brewers and publicans.

And the strangest thing of all, perhaps, is that the so-called Christians—bishops, deans, canons, ministers of the Gospel—had financial interests in the trade and abetted and upheld and defended it. These *good* people would tell any would-be drink-reformer that he was a fool, and that the appetite for drink was ingrained in the people's nature, and that they would have intoxicants, do whatever you would. Their argument seems to me to be very similar to the arguments of the old slave dealers and serf lords. And it was not for the want of knowing that their business was the most damning of all. The horrors of drink were writ in letters of fire on their horizon ; they saw the terrors in denuded homes, barefooted children, starving families, wrecked manhood, degraded womanhood ; their unions, their asylums, their homes were filled with the awful results of drink ; and yet they persisted in protecting the trade and defending it as necessary to the Commonwealth.

But we have changed all that, and our people don't want intoxicants. We have entirely abolished the trade. We do not allow the trade to exist in any shape or form. Alcohol with us is

used simply as a medicine, when prescribed by the doctor. You won't see a public house in our whole city, and our hotels are what they used to call temperate hotels, but we do not call them by that name, for we have none of the other sort. We have no temperance hotels because we have no "intemperance" ones. We call these places visitors' homes, and fine palaces they are. Each home has a splendid hall and library attached to it, and also a large tract of land suitably arranged for outdoor games.

Hence it was a falsehood what those old people said—that people *would have Intoxicating Drink*. It was an insult to human nature to say such a thing. All those old evil habits and appetites of men were more or less contracted by association. Man, if redeemed from an evil and degrading environment, will adapt himself to the new state of things. Man has a wonderful power of adaptability in his nature. He can live with angels as well as with pigs, though he is more at home with the angels. And does not this prove that he is more of an angel than a pig after all? Now the old philosophy wanted to make out that man was little better than a pig, and that all efforts to reform him would end in vain. He would have the mire

to lie in and the wash to drink, though you gave him a bed of down, and the sweetest milk. But that philosophy has had its day. Man has proved himself to be more of an angel than a pig, and more of a god than a brute. One of the old arguments in favour of the drink trade was that you must not interfere with the liberty of the subject. You must allow him to do as he likes. If he wishes to drink and ruin himself and his family you must allow him to do so. Now those who used to speak after that fashion knew nothing of liberty. It is not liberty or freedom to do as you like. I suppose a fish does pretty well as it likes, and so does a bird. But you are a very prosaic and unimaginative person if you say that the fish or the bird is free. In fact, no one is absolutely free. God himself is not free in the sense the old people used the word. We are all limited by some law or instinct or circumstance or motive. You may as well talk about man's omnipotence and omniscience as talk about man's freedom. Now human freedom we define as opportunity to do what is humane; in other words, opportunity to do whatever is rational: or, to be more definite still, opportunity to do what is in harmony with the ideal self.

Man has the power to do that which is con-

tradictory to the ideal or rational self also ; but when he does so, he is not free, but a slave to his irrational or brutish self. When a man utters a falsehood he acts in accordance with his lower self, and he is a slave to the false. Now to allow man to live in accordance with his lower and brutish self is not to give him freedom it is to give him license to enslave himself. To give man freedom you must allow him opportunities to act in accordance with his rational and ideal being. And that is just what we do. We do not allow men to kill each other or to kill themselves. To allow a man to kill himself by taking intoxicants is to allow a man to become his own slave and his own executioner. And is it not marvellous, that the people who hung men for killing others, could not only allow them, but defend and encourage men to kill themselves ! It makes a person think that their heads must have been screwed right round and that they looked at things upside down. Well, whatever was the wonderful cause of it, it is a fact that those old people allowed a thousand things to exist that reason itself, not to mention love, emphatically forbids.

So our people to-day are free. That is, they are able to live in accordance with the rational and ideal self. We lay no restraint upon

reason, but rather encourage all humane conduct. And our people are wonderfully happy : they spend their evenings—either at home devouring books or in parks or in pleasure halls or in churches. In the park we have fine lakes where they can boat, a garden where they can study flowers, a bath where they can swim, and gymnasiums. In the hall we have lectures, debates, discussions, games, etc. But books have taken the place of the old intoxicants. Our people are wonderful readers. They have a wonderful passion for knowledge. In the old days a graduate was considered something wonderful by the ignorant masses. Knowledge was rare in those days. But a graduate is simply an elementary scholar in these days. Most of our working men are graduates. And a labourer to-day knows more than a professor of Oxford did in the old days. Napoleon once called the old inhabitants of England a “nation of shopkeepers,” but were he alive to-day he would call us a nation of book-worms—of scholars, thinkers, and working men. But beneath all this we are wonderfully kind. The wisest among us is not proud and arrogant or thinks himself superior to his brethren, and more entitled to respect than others. Not at all. The wisest to-day is the meekest, the kindest, the

most unassuming. He is ever conscious, not of what he does know, but of what he does not know.

Of course we did not arrive at this happy condition in a day. In fact, it took us centuries. How many I don't know—neither does it matter very much, for we have reached the goal of perfect sobriety at last. Yes, it cost us a good deal of labour and trouble too, but once our men—the men of love—became the majority in Parliament, we were not long afterwards. The first thing we did was to make it difficult, terribly difficult to obtain a new licence. And indeed, it was only granted when two-thirds the population wherein the licence was sought for demanded it. But even when the two-thirds could be obtained, we demanded a very high price for the licence. I think we started by demanding £1000 for a liquor licence; then we raised it to £2000. And I think the licence fee was raised to £5000 before the people gave it up and our present abolitional condition was reached. But during that interval we taxed intoxicants at a very high rate, and we kept on taxing until a pint of beer cost ten shillings, and a glass of liquor cost twenty shillings. We also limited the hours of sale to, from 8 a.m. to 9 p.m., and afterwards from 10

a.m. till 5 p.m., and I think that the hours stood there when we abolished the trade entirely and our present era commenced. Public house after public house was closed after two convictions, and we gave no compensation.²

Of course we found a great deal of trouble with individuals. They formed themselves into clubs or companies, and made intoxicants on the secret. Such people and all drunkards, upon the first offence, we severely rebuked upon the second offence we reduced their luxuries, upon the third we took away some of their civil privileges, but upon the fourth offence we placed them in our Industrial Homes, where they were allowed every liberty and pleasure, excepting opportunities to drink. But we made rapid strides with this question after our people became strong enough in our City's Councils and public bodies, for we made temperance one of the subjects in our elementary schools' curriculum, and every citizen in the course of years looked at alcohol from the scientific point of view and regarded it as a poison only to be used for special diseases and complaints. So now we have no difficulty at all. The appetite for drink has been entirely erased from the desires of our people and they are all as sober as angels.

CHAPTER V

RELIGION

WE have only one religion, the religion of love; only one creed, the creed of love, and only one dogma, the rule of love. Of course, we have men who believe all sorts of things, but the fundamental doctrines and the test questions are founded on the doctrine and practice of love. For instance, if one of our members says and promises to do all the good he can to everyone and never to wilfully injure even his enemy, we accept that person as a member, though he may confess to a difficulty in believing the doctrine of the trinity, the deity of Christ, the atonement or even the immortality of the soul. We do not make creed a standard of membership and orthodoxy, but *life* and *practice*. We do not ask our members what doctrines they believe, but we ask them what deeds of kindness they have done and what sacrifices they are prepared to

make. Yes, religion with us is a matter of life and practice, and not a matter of intellectual orthodoxy.

The failure of the old ecclesiastical world to distinguish between creed and conduct was one of the chief causes of its downfall. For in purely intellectual matters men will never agree. The only subject our people do agree upon is the moral subject of love, that principle which enables men to do all things with unselfish motive and with a desire to benefit the object. This is one of the conditions of progress and happiness. Let a man know *all* that can be known and let him be certain that his knowledge is true and he will cease progressing. And once a man ceases to search he ceases to be a man.

It was foolish, therefore, and exceedingly blind on the part of the old leaders to seek uniformity in men's creeds. This was the cause of so many rival sects and antagonistic communities. How jealous those old religionists used to be of each other! How they used to excommunicate and anathematise each other in the name of Christ! And all because they differed with each other on some petty doctrine or ritual.

But we have abolished rival sects, and

antagonistic denominations. We have only one Church, though there are in that Church many societies or guilds. We have a society of Friends, of Unitarians, of Agnostics, of Searchers, of Mystics, of Deists, and of Infidels. But they are all members of our Church, though we have separate meetings as a rule. And we all meet together at least once a year in our general conferences when we discuss these different points of our religion and social or civic topics.

I shall not soon forget our last Conference, Dr. MacKownot, who is an agnostic, gave us an able and brilliant lecture on the Unknown. We all enjoyed it, though the great majority of us were Trinitarians. Personally I believe in a triune God; not in three Gods, which is an absurdity, but in a threefold God. I believe that God has manifested Himself in Jesus Christ. To me, therefore, Jesus is God. This is the faith of the majority of our city, but we all nevertheless enjoyed Dr. MacKownot's lecture as a perfect intellectual treat. We were not angry with him, nor did we howl him down. Why should we? We are too wise for petty jealousies over these mighty and eternal things. We do not howl a man down because he says things that we do not agree with and things

that we cannot answer. To howl a man down when you cannot fairly answer him, is cowardly. But this was the custom of the old debaters of ancient England. How many political, social, and religious meetings were broken up in the old days by foolish and ignorant men? And indeed, one of the darkest blots of the 19th century is that the Government itself towards its close excused such cowardly and inhuman conduct, which was a proof of its degeneracy and a prophecy of old England's downfall.

The searchers are a new society. They are the mean between the agnostic and the believers. They say that truth may be found, but that the whole truth will never be known. Truth is eternal. It is the I AM of the universe. So the society of searchers correspond somewhat to those old people who used to call themselves scientists, with this exception, that the searchers' field of search is wider, and they are not so dogmatic in their assertions. They are broad-minded and liberal people—they never scorn the superstitions of the simple, but always try to find out the grain of truth that is embedded in everything. They are an excellent society and they do excellent work. They have great influence in our Church.

Of course we had great difficulty in getting

some people to fall in with this arrangement. They thought we were making the Church too broad and secular. How can an agnostic be a Christian, they said, and how can a Deist be a Christian? A Christian to those people was a person who believed a certain doctrine, but you see, a Christian with us is a person who lives a certain life—that is, a pure, noble, loving life. Jesus Christ never emphasised doctrine: he always emphasised the importance of love and a noble life.

But now let me inform you as to how we conduct our meetings. All our societies do not conduct their meetings alike. Each society is perfectly free to conduct their meetings in their own way. But the majority of societies have adopted a plan somewhat similar to the following. Early in the morning we have a praise meeting. Our people do not go to work till 10 a.m. and they generally finish their day's labour about 3 p.m. So every morning at 8 a.m. we have a service of praise. In this meeting we sing, and hold fellowship with the Great Father of the universe. In the evening we have addresses, lectures, discussions, etc., for those who wish to attend, chiefly on intellectual and emotional subjects.

Every seventh day is a general holiday, and no man is allowed to do any work. But the

religious services are about the same. We have no sermons or Sunday schools in the old sense of these terms. Of course we have expository discourses, lectures, and admonitions. Our young people meet together at a certain hour when a spiritual and interesting address is delivered to them by some competent teacher. But we have nothing cut and dried in our meetings. Sometimes our teacher will give us the history of some good man of whom he has been reading ; and other times he may treat us to an edifying novel. I have heard him give us parables and then ask some of us to explain them. We are also fond of music and poetry. Our singing is charming. Those of our people who possess exquisite voices, and have a taste for singing, are maintained by the community and they are not compelled to do any other kind of work, unless they care to do something now and again for their own amusement, which is often the case.

Now as to our religious instructors, you may be surprised to learn that we maintain bishops. But they are all generally over thirty. Our very loving and earnest young men who are anxious to become religious instructors we send to college, where they undergo special training in the sciences, and arts, and crafts, and then

we make them teachers of our young people and children. The most spiritual, and diligent, and popular of them we make our bishops. Our agnostic friends and our deists have their own bishops and professors; and these teachers also are all maintained by the community. But we have no separate colleges and schools. All our children, till they are fourteen years of age, undergo the same regime, which is more play than hard mental work; then a classification is made and the children follow the bent of their own minds. This we find working splendidly, for until the children are fourteen we do not bother them with the great controversial questions. But when they are fourteen years of age they enter the higher forms of training and receive two years special education. When they are sixteen years of age they commence their different callings. Now one of the curses of the old times was the jealousy with which parents trained their children. Unity in the matter of education was impossible. The agnostic scorned the so-called Christian schools, and Christian teaching, and the Unitarian despised the Trinitarian schools and so forth. Roman Catholics, Anglicans and Nonconformists were continually rivalling each other in educational matters, and the great

cause of it all was because they magnified the doctrinal and the intellectual part of education, and ignored the moral, the aesthetical, and emotional, and practical part. On intellectual matters there could be no unity, but in moral matters there could be the greatest harmony. But the silly people, instead of agreeing on the great questions of duty and aesthetics, kept on quarrelling for centuries about matters of dogma and creed. Some of those old people were so jealous of their creeds that they would not allow the Bible, that noble storehouse of ethical and spiritual truths, to be even read in their daily schools. Why they could not agree that the Bible and especially the New Testament should be studied ethically as well as historically, I am quite at a loss to understand.

But we do not object to the Bible being taught in our schools doctrinally also. The old people, I understand, used to allow Homer and Virgil to be read and studied both historically, ethically, and doctrinally in their seminaries. The reason of course is clear. They did not regard these authors as infallibly inspired, and they regarded themselves as having infinitely outgrown Homer and Virgil. There was no danger of their children ever

adopting the polytheism of the Greek and Roman writers. Their children were above such crudities. But with the Bible it was different; for they regarded it as a divinely inspired and infallible book. Everything the Bible taught was infallible. But we look at the Bible as they used to look at Homer, or Virgil, or Shakespeare, only perhaps with a little more reverence. But we do not regard it as infallible by any means. It is the expression of the experience of the ages in which its writers lived. It is a noble expression, a noble experience, but by no means infallible. The Bible contains an unique experience of God, and we have that experience in its climax in Jesus Christ, for He told us what God is. Beyond this we cannot go. So we judge the Bible by its own light—the light of its glory and consummation. So the doctrines of the Bible with us are secondary things. Hence our agnostics and infidels do not object to the teaching of the Bible, simply because we do not make a fetish of it. We regard it as a book, a noble book, and on the whole, the best of books. There is nothing like the Gospels in the whole world, for they contain the portrait of Jesus—the master-heart of the world. If Plato, or Solomon, be the master-

intellects of the world, surely Christ alone is the master-heart of the ages. There is no one like Him in the art of love.

Now all this marvellous change in our opinions came about very gradually, and I must acknowledge that our greatest difficulty came from those who called themselves Catholics. But the name Catholic was a misnomer. They were not real Catholics. They were not willing to be enveloped in our church on any account, though they were willing to acknowledge our Church as a society and a part of the Catholic faith. But we would not do that, so we had a terrible struggle. The Pope would not yield his jurisdiction. He claimed to be Christ's vicar, but we refused to acknowledge his claim, and we declared the Catholics in our kingdom to be a part of the Church universal—the Church, not of doctrine, but of love—the true Church of Christ, and we issued a bull declaring that if the Pope refused our supremacy—the supremacy of the church of love, and the kingdom of love; then he was welcome to withdraw his adherents from our dominions. But he submitted to our jurisdiction, and to-day

¹ This may appear as savouring of intolerance. But it is not. For we did not ask him to withdraw, we simply suggested *that he could do so if he liked.*[†]

[†] You did very wisely.

the old Roman Catholic Church is a society of the Church of Love, and their schools have been merged in the common schools of our community. So there is now one fold and one flock. One Church, and one Lord, and one Faith, and one Baptism. One Faith for we all believe in the supremacy of Love, one Baptism for we are all immersed in the sweet waters of Love, and one Lord for we all obey the ruling of the One Eternal Benevolent Spirit.

CHAPTER VI

WAR

You will undoubtedly be glad to hear that we never go to war. We are wise enough in our kingdom to settle all disputes by arbitration. And the consequence of this is that all the civilised nations have reduced their standing armies to a few officers and their navy to merchant ships.

Of course we meet with some knotty questions now and again, and some of our rudest people cry out for vengeance. For instance, last year a French ship insulted our Flag, and a number of our people cried out for retaliation, but the majority of our people being men of experience and prudence allowed the thing to pass by unnoticed for the time ; but when the incident was reported to our Government, a full apology was demanded. Now, if France had refused to give an apology, a full inquiry would have been made into the circumstances by arbitrators, and France and our Government

would by treaty be bound to comply with the decision of those arbitrators. But you will be glad to know that the arbitrators are seldom required. We settle our disputes without even calling the arbitrators together. The whole civilized world has agreed to govern and to be governed by reason and common sense rather than by greed and bullets.

To us, therefore, the old practice of war seems barbarous in the extreme. It is no wonder that the old nations of Europe had by their expenditure upon their navies and standing armies become bankrupt. Their inhabitants had become absolutely destitute, and their industries were worked out. And even so late as the beginning of the 20th century the statesmen of Europe, with the exception of a few, were blind to the trend of affairs. Bills were introduced for the increase of the European navy and their standing armies.

And the way those old statesmen used to argue in defence of their policy is most comical to think of. Though arbitration was then spoken of, and indeed encouraged by at least one crowned statesman, yet, the would-be wise statesmen of those days would tell the world in their superior manner that a strong navy and a mighty army were an absolute necessity not-

withstanding arbitration. "You can arbitrate," they would say, "but you must increase your navies and armies in order to enforce arbitration upon those against whom the arbitration goes." And again, with more plausibility still, "A strong navy and a mighty army are the best means to ward off an unfavourable decision." Hence at the beginning of the 20th century the nations began to so arm themselves that they might be able even single-handed to demand any terms they desired. It was not enough for England to be stronger than France, she must be stronger than all Europe put together. This was the curse of the nations. They saw no way to prevent war but by being a dread to all the other nations by means of their superior military power. Hence, the people in those days were told: "If you want to avoid war, you must go in for strong navies and powerful standing armies." Foolish people; blind people; pagan people; for they forgot that sooner or later such a navy and such an army only stimulated the jealousy of other nations and enforced them into a similar reckless expenditure, and thereby drained their own resources and the resources of these countries, and brought themselves and others by their own stupidity into utter ruination.

Just as if two little boys, in order to save themselves the trouble and pain and risk of fighting, were to begin to gather heaps of stones in order that each one's pile of stones might frighten the other boy from commencing the attack. But as long as Willie goes on increasing his pile, Albert will go on gathering stones for his pile also, and they won't be more afraid of each other after each one has built his pyramid of stones than they were when they only had three stones each. Why should they? Willie considers his stones as good as Albert's, and Albert considers himself as good a shot as Willie. So why should they be afraid of each other now with their million of stones than they were with only a few.

As a matter of fact—nations, though they doubled and trebled their armaments, did not become more afraid of each other than they were when their armaments were smaller. Not at all. Was England, do you think, more afraid of France at the end of the 19th century than she was at its beginning? Or was France more afraid of England? Not at all. Of course, if you were alive in those days and spoke to ignorant statesmen belonging to those nationalities—the English statesman would tell you that France was afraid of England, but on the

other hand, if you spoke to a French statesman, he would inform you that England was dreadfully afraid of France. But the fact of the matter was, they were not afraid of each other at all from a military point of view ; but they knew it was to their *commercial* interests not to go to war with each other. *Commercial relations*, and *industrial relations*, and *humane considerations* were stronger than their jealousies and piles of armaments. Hence how absurd it was for these nations to go on draining their resources and impoverishing themselves in order to increase their shooting resources and in order to keep each other in perpetual dread.

But people are wiser now. Albert and Willie instead of being in a fret about their piles of stones and losing their sleep in order to watch each other ; and their brothers and sisters instead of toiling and sweating to keep those lads in red coats to watch each other, have scattered their piles of stones and made the lads shake hands—and it has been shaking hands all round between the two families, and Albert and Willie have run off to play and to help their brothers and sisters with the cows and horses and sheep and fruits. That, in a parable, is what we have done with our armies and navies. We told France and the other Powers that it was in-

sanity on our part to increase our armies and navies in order to keep the peace. We told them that as we were men we would be governed by love and reason and not with horns just as if we were bulls. And the Powers were right glad of the proposal and we reduced our navy to merchant ships and our army to farmers, and we have been a happy people ever since.

Now you may think this very fine, but impracticable. But I can assure you that it is far more practicable than the old way. Now I mean by practicable not that which can be done only, but that which can be done with the greatest pleasure and with the happiest results. Of course the old system was practised for centuries—but it was only practicable in an ignorant, selfish, and jealous State. In an enlightened, rational, pure, generous community war is impracticable. We could no more send our sons to war to-day than a gentleman of the nineteenth century would send his sons for the public good to puddle iron or cut coal in a colliery, or to fight a bully on the street. So war is impracticable to-day simply because we look at things from a rational and generous point of view. Were some of our Statesmen to-day in favour of war, I suppose they would have to go to the front themselves. We attach,

in fact, less glory to killing and being killed in war than the old gentry folks attached to cutting coal. The old aristocracy—as the old society novels testify—despised the puddler and the collier and would not think of admitting them to their drawing-rooms; but we treat those who manifest a military spirit with less honour than ever a miner received. But, on the other hand, we honour useful labour of all sorts. The miner is a dignitary in our town. His work is useful, and science has not yet enabled us to get on entirely without him—though this may be the case some day.

Why you look at a warless Nation as impracticable is because you look at us through the coloured spectacles of centuries ago. You are animated with the old Jingo spirit. But you forget that men then acted as brutes and not as rational beings. They were governed by selfish motives and not by humane principles. Men were then brutish enough to defy and refuse arbitration. England to her shame at the close of the nineteenth century refused arbitration in connection with that deplorable war in South Africa. Of course she knew she was wrong, and knew that what she secretly desired if she submitted to arbitration would not have been granted. Of course, given a

nation governed by selfish and brutish motives arbitration is difficult—without plenty of powder and shot to enforce your decision. But you see, men are not brutes now. They are men, and they are governed by the principles of men—by love, reason and justice.

And now let me tell you what we do with those Statesmen and nations who refuse the decision of arbitration. First, as to the Statesmen. If the leading Statesmen of any friendly nation refuse the arbitration, we ask him or them to state their reasons—that is, we ask them to call out their arguments, their ideas—not their navy or army. Our wars are not physical but intellectual. These Statesmen meet the arbitrators and state their reasons, and then it becomes a war of wits, and the strongest arguments carry. But should they again fail to agree, the arbitrators are increased and the minority give way to the majority. But should these Statesmen again refuse to comply with the decision of the second court, the whole Cabinet of each friendly nation meets and discusses the question, and again it is a war of wits. If the decision now goes against them, they are expected to pay an indemnity—but if the decision be in their favour an indemnity is paid to them. But should they again refuse to comply, then

we consider them unfriendly and we withdraw our friendship and all friendly intercourse and transactions. But such a thing has never happened—of course, if it did, you can see that it would simply be a step backwards toward the old paganism from which we have emerged. But that is utterly impossible. As I have already said—we seldom even go to the first court of arbitration, not to mention the third. Each friendly State states its case—which is never unreasonable, and the request is always complied with. Quarrels we sometimes have—but fights never.

Now you may think it strange, after what I have told you about our aversion to war, that our people love playing at war and shooting. We have our international sham fights, sieges, surrenders, in fact everything belonging to war—excepting its horrors—the wounding and killing. And I can assure you that it is fine play. It is like an adder without its deadly poison, very beautiful to look at and play with. The old game of football is tame by our international sham fights, and most of our young men and old men too are excellent shots. Shooting is a splendid pastime and it is healthier out shooting than to be indoors playing billiards. So in a sense we are a nation of soldiers. We

love war as a game and an art, but not as an industry. As a game in art it is buoyant, healthy, manly ; but as an industry it is deadly, ruinous, sinful. But we have taken the edge off the sword and given it as a toy to our children, and we have destroyed the Dum-Dum bullets and made targets of trees and stones instead of men.

And you must not think that we are simply teaching and reviving the old military spirit in our children because we allow them to play at war. Not at all. They are as far from war as a man of fifty is from believing in ghosts or in haunted houses. The spirit of these things has passed away, and when the spirit departs from a custom then it leaves only a dead carcass. The spirit of war—of deadly murderous war—has left us, we have outgrown it, so there is nothing left but the toys, and we find these very useful for games.

But this playing at war, you see, becomes very serviceable to our young people when they are out colonizing. Shooting in those foreign regions sometimes becomes more than a game, it becomes a matter of defence. But never more. They never wilfully shoot the coloured people unless in absolute defence. They hate killing, and never resort to this heathen practice

until all humane means have been tried. So we never read of our people abroad raiding the tribes. They have sometimes been compelled to fire on a few dangerous and daring members—but very rarely.

The natives are always consulted with, and humane terms come to when possible. And, as a rule, the natives in every country our children have emigrated to are taught to love them and to respect them. Humane treatment of those coloured people seldom fails of its proper effect. If your beast can appreciate kindness and good treatment, how much more can man do so? And our sons and daughters, wherever they have gone, have taught the whole civilized world—that those coloured people are men after all.

CHAPTER VII

THE LAND

You will not be surprised to hear that our land is the property of those for whom it was made—viz., the people. It is not monopolised by the few descendants of kings' bastards, and favourites, and thieves and warriors. You know that such was the condition of things once in the dark, irrational, tyrannical and pagan days of the England that was. The land was not enjoyed by those who laboured on it, but by those who did absolutely nothing but receive and spend its products. A more irrational thing could never exist than for one man to monopolise large areas of that which he did not produce. It is surprising to me that those old pagans did not go to the expense of enclosing the atmosphere and charge for the privilege of breathing. It would have been quite as rational to monopolise the air we breathe, as to monopolise the land we live on.

Now we have a law in our city that a man has no absolute right to anything which he has not helped to produce either directly or indirectly. That is simple and fair enough. I have not helped to produce the river, therefore I have no absolute right to monopolise it as my own property. I have not helped to produce air, therefore I cannot call it mine to the exclusion of other people. I have not aided in the production of land, therefore land, as such, does not, even an inch of it, belong to me nor to any one else. I could not, were I to live for ever, produce one inch of land. It is produced for me by a power superior to my own.

But we have another law which also guides us in all our affairs, viz., that each man, in so far as he does his duty, has a *relative right to all things*. So you see we have no such creatures as aristocracies and paupers, landlords and slave-owners. Every man with us is a landlord and an owner, but not, remember, in the absolute sense of old England terminology, which is no sense at all, though the old pagans did not know it ; but the relative sense—which is the only real sense. We can say in a very real sense, "All things are ours." Every man in our city has power over land, he has a voice in its management and a real share in its products.

Now, this after all, is real ownership. The old people, I am sorry to say, could not define ownership. They did not know what ownership meant. There were a few who strove to define it, and who had a clear insight to its real import, and they in a sense were the forerunners of our State, but those old inhabitants of England laughed at them and called them fanatics, and enthusiasts, and impracticable dreamers; but, in fact, and if those old people could only realise it, their dust in their cold graves would turn jet black, for the world to-day looks at them as half-civilised people, who were too sound asleep and stolid-minded to distinguish between dreams and realities.

Here are a few definitions from their standard works on ownership, and to mention them is sufficient to convince any man to-day that they were only half-awake, half-civilised, when they wrote and believed and preached and practised such foolishness. "To own," I read in one of the old standard dictionaries, "is to possess, to have the *exclusive right of possession*, to have the absolute management of a thing. To be able to use as one likes, &c." There can be no doubt, therefore, about the meaning the old people used to attach to ownership. They believed a thing was their own when they

thought they could do as they *liked with it*, that is, when an object was at *their absolute disposal*.

But I need not say that ownership in such a sense was altogether imaginary. It was not at all real. A man who had ten thousand pounds in the bank may have thought that it was his own to do just as he liked with it, but his ownership consisted in his own imagination. He could not have done as he liked with it. He might have liked to raise it all and go touring round the world, but he knew that if he did this he would be left penniless to meet after emergencies in life; or, if he spent it, his family would have to go abegging for their bread. Again, he might have liked to raise the money and invest it in safe securities—but what if such securities could not be found—could he do as he liked with it? Or perhaps he would have liked to speculate with half the ten thousand and thereby double his fortune, but as often as not the speculations would prove failures and he would find that he could not do as he liked with it.

Now to say that a man owns a thing when he has the exclusive right of it is the height of folly. When has a man the exclusive right or possession of anything? Think of this. Ex-

clusive right! Absolute possession! To be owner of anything in such a sense a man must be a god, independent of everyone. Now if you had ten thousand pounds absolutely your own, exclusively your own—what good would they be to you? If no one wanted the loan of them, and if no one wanted them, of what mortal use would they be to you? Of course, we will call them yours, yours by law, by virtue, by anything you like, and they are absolutely yours, exclusively yours. But what good are they? If the Bank or the Post-Office or the Railways or the Mines or the Factories or the local tradespeople do not require your money—what good is your ten thousand pounds?

Take land again. If ownership consists in the state of having exclusive right of possession of thirty acres of land, what good is that land to you? If no one wants to build on it, if no cow wants to, or will not graze on it, and if its produce cannot be sold or exchanged, you, in spite of your thirty acres of land, are a dead man in less than three months. Remember the ground is absolutely your own! Exclusively yours! But if a few cows can share it with you, that is, if you can give up your exclusive right of the grass to a few cows in

exchange for their milk, and if you can exchange your absolute ownership of a little more grass to a few sheep for their wool, and again if you can give up its product in way of fruit and vegetables, to a number of neighbours in exchange for their service or goods, then you may live comfortably. But you see how it must be done. Not by selfishly retaining the thirty acres absolutely and exclusively as your own, but by giving them up to cows and sheep and neighbours.

And, in fact, this is what the old people of England had to do in order that they might be able to live, and yet they foolishly and absurdly and illogically defined ownership as absolute possession, exclusive right of possession, and so forth.

Now we define ownership as the power of an individual to surrender himself or any commodity within his power for the benefit of himself and others. True possession, therefore, consists really in one's power to utilise things beneficently. It has always been so, and will always continue to be so. It is in the very nature of things that it should be so. But those old blind inhabitants of our Island, though they practically did the thing themselves, could not see it and would not own it.

A man, therefore, only owns himself to the extent that he can serviceably surrender or deny himself. It is the man who loses his life, or better, the man who gives up his life, that really finds it. The man who does not give himself up and denies himself is a dwarf and cannot grow.

Now I must make this very clear, for it was the rock of offence of the old people, and they were never able to understand it. Now you understand that money and land, in order to become a benefit even to the supposed owner, must be given up for the use of others. A hundred pounds kept in a safe will do no good ; it must be lent, or spent in order that it may do good. That is—it must be in some way or other be given up or used. And it is the same, as I have shown, with land.

Now apply this to the individual. The man who shuts himself up in his castle and does nothing, will soon find himself, not in the castle but in the cemetery. The man who is exclusively and absolutely his own, and does not share his being or his personality with others, is for ever a slave and a lost man. Now a man finds himself, which is another way of saying owns himself, only to the extent he gives himself up to other people by way of conversing

with them or working for them, either manually or mentally. And to the degree man is able to usefully and nobly serve others, to that degree man owns himself or is a saved person.

So when I tell you that most of our people are "saved," you will not misunderstand me. I do not use the word in any theological sense, but in a social sense, which, after all, is the only true theology. Hence all our people find themselves in nobly serving others. So we maintain no "idlers": I mean persons living upon the labour and property of others. And yet, when I think of the olden days, I sometimes feel sad, and I pity the blindness of the old people who used to call their dwarfs and drones by such grand names as nobles, lords, gentlemen. Gentlemen, indeed, to feast themselves upon the sweat and labour of others. Ah, well, the poor people had not realised it, or else they would have revolted long ago. To live upon the labour of others without doing anything ourselves is not only against the law of love, but, common sense tells us, against human nature. All our land, therefore, belongs to the community. We provide everything for the men, and we receive in return the fruits of their labour. If any man wants land we give it to him and we maintain him and his family ;

and in return we receive the product of his labours. But we have a little trouble sometimes with lazy fellows, I mean *lost* men, people who do not give themselves up entirely for their own benefit and the benefit of the community. Drone-like people or parasites. Now we have a few would-be such people but very few indeed. Fewer than some of those old evil prophets of selfishness said we would have. People now know, not only theoretically, but empirically what is the best thing to do, and they do it. People know to-day as they never knew before that, if they want to be happy, they must not only seek their own happiness but also the happiness of others. By giving ourselves up unreservedly we become the true owners, the true possessors of ourselves, and of joy and life and power.

But as I have said, we have a few would-be parasites ; so let me tell you what we do with them. What would a wise father do in the old days with a good-for-nothing boy, or a boy that would not work? Well if a boy would not do one thing he would, as a rule, do another thing. If he did not care for mining, he might have liked carpentering or cobbling, or fitting or engineering or writing, etc. But if he would not do anything, he would send him about his

business to live as best he could by begging or doing hack work, and thereby become a nuisance to the community. Now we do everything a wise father would do with his children—excepting the latter. We do not allow our people to become a nuisance. We do not allow them to wander about living idle and aimless lives. First of all, if a man informs our Intelligence Department that he does not care for the land and would prefer something else, we allow him to do so. We do not bind a man to one thing and call him a drone if he does not like it. The curse of the old system was that it practically bound the poor man to the same thing all his life through, whether he had his health at it or not. A man in the olden times if he had no means was practically a slave. He could no more change his occupation than he could command the weather. And this, I believe, was the cause under the old system of so many vagabonds and wanderers and idlers and loungers. Many of those so-called good-for-nothings would have made splendid craftsmen or professionals had the State given them an opportunity.

There were many men in the olden days on the street, as they called it, who would have made splendid architects, doctors, orators, lawyers,

teachers, singers, authors and statesmen had they been given a chance. But it is sad, awfully sad, even at this distance of time to think of the many men who because their constitution or health or capacity did not allow them to be miners or puddlers or masons or carpenters or doctors or lawyers or teachers or authors were compelled, unless they had private means to keep themselves idle or commence business in some other capacity, to become tramps or beggars or paupers, or to die of starvation and misery and vexation. The old system killed its thousands annually by vexation and over-anxiety and misery. The preachers did their best to exhort men to obey the precepts of our Lord, not to be anxious for the morrow, but in a State and under a Government that cared more for its own selfish interests than the interests of the community, such a thing was impossible. When men seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, you need not trouble about the morrow, but when men seek first their own interests, to avoid anxiety is impossible. But we have banished anxiety for ever. That was our first step. Men have been made to feel that if their health and constitution and abilities do not suit them for one calling they will not be allowed to

perish. This is one reason why we have such few parasites. We find something for everyone. But when a man refuses to do anything at all, we place him in our home for drones. It is a colony only fifteen acres in extent at present, because we have only five such people in existence. In that colony they have to do everything for themselves. We keep no women there at all. The drones have to do their own cooking, their own cleaning, and their own washing, and they are only allowed the produce of their own labour. And if they want anything they cannot produce, they have to take fruit or vegetables or credit for some useful work to the stores in exchange for it. This is simple and beautiful, and they enjoy all the freedom they can desire without being a burden to other people. So you see that we have no beggars, no tramps, no parasites, for these very drones are compelled to make their own honey or starve.

And now let me tell you how smoothly the whole system works, for we find no difficulty whatever, and our people are not slaves. It is not by keeping a trained army and a mounted police that we are able to govern our people; in fact, the world did not know what liberty was when one half of the nation had to be kept

in arms in order to keep the other half in slavery. It is not so now. We have no trained army ready to make a target of your poor brains, or a mounted police force ready to make a drum of your poor skull. We give men freedom, perfect freedom—opportunity to do the right and the good and the pleasing; and our people enjoy their liberty and live in bliss.

So you won't be surprised when I tell you that we have no waste land and overcrowded cities. You know how deplorably sad it is to read to-day in our histories of the old condition of things in this respect. Cities and towns were overcrowded. "No room to live" was a common cry, and the daily papers of those old times, and I mean the best of them, of course, were continually revealing sad facts about the "Housing Problem." Fancy a family of 9, 12, 15 living in one room, eating and sleeping and washing all in the same place. It makes you sad and so it does everyone who reads about it—and yet in those old days multi-millionaires with a pious look would ask in half despair—"but what can we do?" Well, I think I know what we would have done. We would have compelled them to give up their tremendous incomes to begin with, and we would have asked them

to take more modest houses for themselves, as a second item, and then we would have converted their big mansions and castles into a number of nice and decent homes for a number of families, and we would have used their private grounds for public parks or pasture land. That is what we would have done as a beginning. Then we would take those poor people from their dens of iniquity and place them in these beautiful homes to be surrounded by these beautiful trees. What a change? Yes, and I can assure you that it would have done more towards civilising and moralising and evangelising and "saving" those degenerated and submerged tenth than any amount of their old so-called system of tract-distribution and mission meetings.*

We would have taught those drones in the next place how to work in the parks and on the land, and we would have made farmers, carpenters, and masons of them according to their inclination and tastes and capacities. And then we would take down the old slums where those redeemed people used to exist in their iniquity and misery, and we would have converted the

*I have been silent for a long time, but I must say here that the description is, in my opinion, absolutely true, and the Reform proposed most feasible.

spaces either into pleasure grounds or decent homes for the people, according to the requirements of the city or town. And we would not ignore the "*rights*" of those old millionaires, but we would give them beautiful houses for themselves, and we would make them superintendents of those new industries. Who so well and capable to superintend the work on the old estates as those who were once their supposed owners? Now that is something after the manner of what we would do, and your common sense, apart from your sense of justice and love, tells you that such a work would be glorious in its practicability. Such a thing could be done easily—all that is required is—love, justice and common sense in the Parliament of the people. By this means the waste land would be utilized and the over-crowded towns and cities would be relieved of their awful burdens.

CHAPTER VIII

MONEY

MONEY! Mighty lord, ancient ruler of many nations! How the old people used to love thee, worship thee, and live for thee!

But the god Mammon is long since dead in our kingdom, though some empty-headed people now and again make strenuous efforts to revive him. Each nation has had and still has its god, but our God is the only true God, and His name is Love. We came from Him, we live in Him, and to Him we shall return. Were we able to read history aright, we would spell the name of the God Love on each page, and men and beasts have only been civilised and made happy in so far as they were governed by the God of our kingdom. Hence the poor and uncivilised peoples are those who lack not the god Mammon, but those who are deficient in Love. But I will tell you more about this again.

Now allow me to inform you as to how our

God Love has taught us to live without the ancient god of the nations—Mammon, and then, before I close this chapter, I shall tell you the story of our little trial with Mr. Riches and the doctor.

But, first of all, I want you to realise and remember that we in this kingdom of love consider that everyone born into our state has as much right to live, and live happily, as any other citizen. We make no distinction between one life and another. Life in our estimation is divine and therefore has a divine right to all its requirements. People, you are aware, used not to think so in ancient times. The old inhabitants of England made an invidious distinction between the life of a king and the life of a pauper. The king's life was valued at so many thousands per annum, while the pauper's life was really considered a useless burden. Now life is life, and it is a very sacred thing, and the pauper's life is as sacred and precious to God as the life of a king ; for in His sight we are all *men*, not paupers and kings. Hence we imitate the Divine example, realising that by so doing we cannot go wrong.

So every child born into our kingdom has the whole wealth of the kingdom at its command. It is richer, in fact, a million times than the

child of any old plutocrat of England ever could be, for in our city every man, woman and child is the humble servant of each other. The whole city is my servant. But you see, the fact that everyone is my humble servant naturally implies that I am also the humble servant of the city. Now in old England they had such articles as masters and servants, tyrants and slaves, but we make no such selfish distinction—for we are all brothers and servants of each other. In other words, we have all our equal rights.

Now this mighty lesson was taught by Christ. "One is your Master—all ye are brethren." It is the brotherhood, not only of material such as flesh and blood, or of covenant, but also of love. We are brothers because we have learned to look at each other with the eyes of love. And this arrangement works splendidly. For you see, each one in our kingdom is indebted to the whole. I cannot expect others to serve me unless I am prepared to serve others, and I cannot expect to receive everything I want unless I am prepared to give what I ought in return. But though this is a very simple and fair principle to go by, yet it was left for us, after thousands of years of the old so-called Christian government, to bring this simple and

just law into force. For in old England, as their histories testify, there were thousands of people who lived in luxury upon the labour and sweat of others, and never did what they *ought* in return to the millions who maintained them.

Take the old landlords and capitalists of England, for instance. They received their thousands annually, and what did they do in return? Nothing! Absolutely nothing but keep their own accounts and spend the money. But by spending the money, you say, they were giving employment to other people and that was a public benefit. But why in the name of reason and justice should one man have the privilege to spend all the money? Why did he not give those who helped to produce the money their equal and just share of it, so that they also might give employment by spending? Why in the name of Love should a thousand men do all the producing and only one man have the privilege and honour and luxury of spending?

But what puzzles me is that the old people used to call such a bad and unjust system—the Equality of Rights. Equality! when one man does all the spending and a thousand men do all the earning and producing.

But we have changed all that, for we have

no slaves who do all the producing and gentlemen who do all the spending. We all do our equal share in producing, and we do our equal share in the spending. So every man in our city does something substantial and beneficial to the community. We are all as free as the birds of heaven and the flowers of the field.

And besides, man in our kingdom chooses his own occupation. You are surprised at this, for you have read that such a thing as a real community would be impossible. But it is not. I remember reading not long ago in one of the old systems of economy—I suppose the statement was made either in ignorance, or in order to persuade the poor slaves of ancient times that they were most happy and free in their slavery and wretchedness. “If you made all men work, everyone would want to do the same thing. If you gave equal advantages to everyone, each person would seek the easiest profession, and then what chaos would be produced.” This translated into plain English means: “If you compel all the present landlords and capitalists to work, they will choose the lightest tasks, and if you educate the children of the poor people and give them equal advantages with the children of the rich,

they will all try to enter the most honourable professions, and there won't be any slaves left to do the dirty and dishonourable work. Therefore, in order to keep people slaves, we must keep them poor and ignorant, and in order to be able to circulate the money and wealth of the nation, we must keep a class of idlers to do the spending."

Now I do not exaggerate when I say that this was the governing principle of old England. Even many good people who wished it otherwise, did not know how to get away from it. But you can see that the principle was selfish, devilish, if I may use the word; though the biggest and nastiest devil I ever read of was a selfish, mean, wicked man. Now, if we must have slaves, why not in the name of reason and love compel the idle lot to take their turn on the wheel? Why, in the name of humanity, compel the same poor and wretched people and their children to do all the drudgery and that for ever? I know what the old aristocrats used to say. It was due, they said, to the law of the survival of the fittest. But if the history can be relied on, there were thousands of people in utter poverty and destitution in old England, who were a thousand times "fitter" to be aristocrats and

members of the "Upper Ten," than many of those who were. "These were the exceptions," you say. Not at all; they were the rule, the exceptions were on the other side.

But you can see that slavery, ignorance, vice, wretchedness were necessary under the old régime. Is it any wonder, then, that the old governments winked at these necessary evils and would not budge to abolish them, for they were wise enough in their selfishness to see that if they abolished slavery, they would necessarily abolish aristocracy and the "Upper Ten"; and yet they talked about freedom, liberty and equality! It is enough, even at this distance of time, to make even an angel curse.

Now we say that one man has as much right to be educated as another and as much right to seek the highest callings as anyone else. Now right of admission does not carry with it power or capacity to fulfil. Hence, though everyone in our kingdom has equal rights to any position, yet everyone has not equal capacity to fulfil that position. The navvy's son has as much right to be a doctor, a lawyer or a judge as anyone else's son. But his capacity may not be equal or it may be superior, so the right to the position depends upon one's

capacity to fulfil it. Hence we give all our children equal opportunities and equal advantages to all professions and high callings. Now, under the old system it was practically impossible for a poor lad to reach the higher walks of life. These professions were fortified by walls of gold, and a poor lad had no chance to climb over them—unless some monied person took to him. Now we have no such material barriers—we make it as easy for the miner's son to become a bishop or a judge or a prime minister, as it is for the sons of these very potentates themselves. That is, we place no social barrier in anyone's way. The one qualification with us to these higher walks is talent and genius. Hence we have no hard and fast examinations. The old written examinations were very well for plodders, but not for geniuses, and it takes you more than three hours to know a genius. In fact, a genius may not be able to answer one of your technical questions.

Now we believe that the child to a great extent is father of the man. Hence a boy with us showing or expressing a strong desire for any career—is allowed opportunities to manifest his talents. And our teachers report any lads in their classes with special and extraordinary

talents. The result is, that our professions are filled with genuises.

Now a genius was a rare thing under the old régime. Boys were made teachers, parsons, lawyers and doctors under the old system simply because their parents were rich, and not because they had any special capacity for these professions. And history amply proves that many of those old doctors, lawyers, parsons, etc., would have made far better carpenters, masons, miners, than anything else, and many a young man, who would have enriched the world with his genius, had to spend his days in a coal pit.

And besides, we do not close the doors of any department against men in middle age. Some people take a long time to grow and really know themselves. So the doors of our professions are always open to any who are anxious and capable to enter.

But you may be surprised to know that we, in this kingdom of love, do not consider the professional life more respectable or honourable or stylish than the artisan life. Why should we? We want the men who have a passion for bodies and bones, and thank God for them, but we also want the men who are willing to be blackened with soot or coal dust for our comfort also. And, indeed, I believe that our people

bear a certain tender feeling towards these artisans that they do not feel towards the professions; for you see, the one is a labour of love, while the other to some extent involves considerable sacrifice. And moreover, our doctors and bishops and judges, etc., work longer in our city than the artisans. The former are occupied as a rule from six to nine hours a day, while our artisans are seldom employed for more than six hours a day, and some indeed only work for four hours a day. I will tell you more about this again. But I want you to feel perfectly satisfied that we have no difficulty whatever to get men to do our meaner occupations, and you can see the reason. Each workman receives equal honour and equal reward with us.

And let me inform you that individualism, that pet word of the old egotists, is more real with us than it was in the old world. In the old world only a very few in comparison had any opportunity whatever to develop their individualism. The millions who lived in England in olden days had no more individualism about them than birds and fish and pretty flowers. But with us each man is somebody and each man has perfect liberty to develop and manifest his personality. You could hardly do anything in old England without money. Many

a genius died in a garret because he had no money ! But that cannot happen with us. If you have an idea you can develop it without money here. Our city gives you the means. If you have written a book, we publish it ; if you want to make an experiment, we allow you opportunity and means to do so. And if our authorities refuse to comply with your wishes you can call a meeting of the town and place your case before the people and endeavour to gain their consent. And even if the town refuse, you can agitate and agitate until you have gained your point or give up your quest. So you see, our city is not ruled by one or a few, but by the whole community. We do not believe in the rule of one. In olden times one would rule the many, but with us the many rule the one. But on the other hand the one has perfect liberty to endeavour to convert the many. Hence we have no such things as wages, stipends, fees, etc. All the wealth produced by us, whether of knowledge or goods, belong to the whole kingdom, and each producer receives in return everything he requires. And I am sure you will be glad to know that we call a man a producer if he paints a picture, or discovers a new truth, or even spends a lifetime experimenting ; for you see such a person

enriches our kingdom with mind, thought, ideas, beauty, knowledge, which add to our mental and moral wealth. So you see, the old stupid were wrong when they prophesied that people living like we do would under-value mental and moral work, for we do not, and we do not consider the liberal professions as unproductive. But on the other hand, as no man can always be in his book or laboratory or studio, most of our artists and scientists, etc., spend from two to three hours a day on the land or with some other necessary manual labour. But they do this more for exercise than anything else.

I said that all our people get everything they require, and that is the exact truth. Everything they *require*. I don't say that they get everything they ask for. In fact, no father has ever yet given to his child, however much he loved him, everything he asked for, no man ever born, not even the old millionaires, ever had everything they asked for. But we take care that every citizen receives everything he *requires* to make him *happy, wise and joyful*. Now that is more than people, though they worked like slaves, used to get in olden times. If a poor man was ill in the old England and the doctor ordered him to rest, the poor fellow could not afford to do so, without running into his trades-

people's debt, or starve. But if a person is ill with us, and the doctor orders him abroad, he receives a certificate to that effect signed by our local adviser and doctor and bishop qualifying him for a substantial grant from our city fund, which enables him to spend two or three months in other climes. But if our medical adviser simply advises a change of air and rest within our own territories, he receives a free credit pass, by producing which he can get anything he requires for his comfort.

The result is, that our people are happy and comfortable and strong and wise and skilful, and our kingdom is the wealthiest in the world.

But notwithstanding all this fairness and love, we now and again meet with unreasonable people, who cause a little commotion in our city. So I will now tell you of our little trouble with Mr. Riches and our doctor.

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In old England, as you are aware, they had a class of people they used to call rich. People who owned property, many of whom used to live in mansions, and their kings and queens and dukes and lords used to live in castles, and sometimes they would own two, three or four seats, which used to cost them thousands of pounds annually to maintain. Ridiculous!

Yes, very, especially when you consider that there were thousands, yea millions, of men and women and children who had to live in garrets, cellars, caves, barracks, and one-roomed houses. Shame, you say. Yes, when you also consider that many of these people professed to be Christians! Yet such a thing was allowed to exist for thousands of years.

But these castles have been turned into pleasure halls, farmers' homes, rests, gymnasiums, colleges, and suchlike popular buildings. They are no longer the property of one man, but the property of the city.

But you must not imagine that all our houses are the same size, architecture, etc. Neither do we live in barracks, as some of the old false prophets said we would. Neither do we eat together and sleep together. Not at all. Most of our houses are detached houses, and they are all beautifully built in the best style. Why, the old architects followed the same plans from age to age and the masses of the people lived in monotonous streets or terraces, and there was only a brick's thickness between one family and the other—often not so much as that. And then few men in comparison lived in their own houses. But now every man lives in his own house. I mean, he has no rent or ground rent

to pay. Of course, the house technically belongs to the city, and all the land belongs to the community. So strictly speaking we have no private property, and yet in a general sense, everything is private property, for each man owns as much as he wants and that as long as he wants it. So you see—by making away with the old so called mansions and castles, we have also made away with slums, dens, pig-stys, garrets and so forth.

And every house with us is a palace, for few houses have less than ten rooms in them, besides a bathroom and a gymnasium for the children.

But I must tell you about Mr. Riches. He was our local adviser, what the old people used to call a lawyer. Now Mr. Riches was a shrewd man, and his advice to the citizens in difficult cases was considered very ingenious, though not always what we called the advice of love. In fact, he was not a loving man, and sometimes he and the doctor would manage to get money grants to straw men and then divide the money between them. Of course money was of no good to them here, for they had everything they wanted without it. But Mr. Riches, it seems, was one of those of whom there were so many in the old time who loved

money both for its own sake and also for the commodity it would buy. Thus he loved to look at it, to hug it, and to fall down before it and worship it. So he managed to extract from time to time large amounts from our City Treasurer under false pretences. This went on for several years, and thousands of pounds had gone into his possession. The doctor also was in partnership with Mr. Riches in his evil plans, but our bishop was totally ignorant of their infamy. Of course you understand that money was absolutely useless to them as long as they lived in our community, but as there are States abroad where the old system is in vogue, money would of course be necessary for them if they left the territories of our Kingdom. And this was their chief object. Mr. Riches especially had hoped to die in a country where money held the old sway, and where people were honoured not for their *virtue* but for their money. Now Mr. Riches had two daughters—very beautiful girls, but who were rather vain and arrogant. And they were more so since they had been reading the ancient histories and novels describing the old aristocracy. They had not read anything about the hardships and toils and degradation of poor girls, but they had assiduously devoured everything they could

have laid hold on concerning the luxuries of the wealthy. How the daughters of the rich were idolised for their beauty and wealth, and how they used to spend their time in gay society and riding their horses and hunting, and how the poor women and girls used to envy them, and how the rich young lords and nobles used to worship them. Now all that was fascinating to empty minds and selfish souls, so these girls helped their father to his end and their ruin. They expressed their dissatisfaction with our city more than once. How is it that we cannot have girls to wait upon us and be our slaves? they had said. "We are the daughters of the chief magistrate. Our father is the most important man in the city.* Those in our position in olden times were not expected to do anything. They spent their time in playing, reading, riding, dancing, touring, hunting, making love, and spending money. Oh money! It must be sweet. The old rich people could do anything with money. It must be charming."

These words were spoken to Miss Rosa, our bishop's daughter, and a noble girl she was. She was not only beautiful, but chaste, modest,

* That is in their selfish opinion, but not in ours ; he was not more important in our estimation than any other workman.

and full of life and love. "My dear Miss Aple," said Rosa, "and do you not get sufficient time to play, to read, to ride, and dance, and tour, and make love at present? Yesterday I saw you out riding with the Messrs. Potley, and I think you had a ball in your house last night."

"Yes, but we have no servants to be our slaves, and we have no money to handle. Money! oh dear, don't you like money?"

"Well, I don't see what you want with it. Last week your father ordered an oil painting from France, and it was brought to your house and hung on your wall; and a month before, you told me that you had ordered silk dresses of the latest fashion and you had them. You have the finest piano in all England in your home, and I don't think that you have ever told me that anything has ever been refused you; and as for servants—were you ill or unable to attend to your own duties—you know you would have plenty."

"Yes, I know all that but you see—we are not mistresses. We cannot boss people, we are not idolized and flattered, we are not "ladies" in the old sense of the word, and looked up to and revered and worshipped by the poor and the ignorant. You see, people are so wise

now, and one girl is as good as another. Oh! I hate it."

"But, my dear, are you not glad and do you not rejoice that there are no poor people to look up to you and to worship you, and that there are no ignorant people to flatter and idolise you? But my experience is altogether different to yours. People always praise me and send me grateful letters and beautiful presents. Last week I went to see dear Miss Eva who is very ill, and I took her a bouquet of flowers and remained with her for some time, and you cannot imagine how glad she was to see me and to have the flowers; and last Sunday I helped Sister Nancy home from church and she was so grateful. And people are always writing me letters thanking me for little kindnesses and praising my good works. And as for being flattered, I think I am flattered enough if ten offers for marriage is flattery."

The girls separated, and went to their respective homes to tell their parents what had happened. The bishop became suspicious. Two days afterwards another certificate for a grant of money came to him to be signed. This time it was for ten thousand pounds, and 't was for Mr. Riches himself. The doctor testified that Mr. Riches' health was failing and

that he and his family must go together on the Continent and live there for at least twelve months. But the bishop refused to sign. An appeal was made to our board of consultation, and ultimately the matter was published in our daily intelligence. The people seemed to side with Mr. Riches, and all thought the bishop had departed from the rule of love. But the day before the case came before the judges,* our bishop received two letters signed and addressed. They were from two persons who had received grants of one thousand each. But these people had not left our own territories. They had only received their grants and handed them to Mr. Riches. They were prepared to prove this—if required. This cheered the bishop, for the evidence was conclusive. His own daughter's testimony was not decisive. The names and addresses of all those who had received grants since the commencement of Mr. Riches' occupation of the post, were communicated with, and five came forward to make confession of fraud. The case was therefore proved against Mr.

* We have about half a dozen judges in all, but we are talking about reducing them to three now, for their work becomes less and less each year. We have no jurymen, but the decision of the judges is subject to the unanimous vote of the people and to our national council.

Riches and the doctor. This made a terrible commotion in our town, the greatest I have known. The papers, without exception, had sided sympathetically with Mr. Riches, and we had thought the Bishop rather hard for refusing the grant. But when the conversation between the girls was published the tide of opinion commenced to turn, and many suspended giving their judgment till they knew more about the case. Now this is a characteristic of our town ; we do not take sides very definitely until we know the whole facts and until the accused has stated his case. You know that the ancients condemned wholesale before they knew practically anything of the case they judged. They drew conclusions with tremendous rapidity and condemned innocent men wholesale. And individuals were continually suing and being sued for libel or slander. But there was one thing about it of course, it gave work to a number of lawyers and councils and judges, and it kept the courts alive and gave amusement to young ladies who had nothing better to do than read about divorcements and breaches of promises and libel suits. But though our people did not openly condemn the bishop, they were rather inclined to believe that he was hard—though they all thought the

grant requested, viz., ten thousand pounds was rather high. Of course we have no hard and fast law as to how much ought to keep a family for twelve months abroad, but we have a kind of unwritten sentiment that one thousand a year will keep a family of ten abroad very nicely. That is two pounds a week for each member. So you see ten thousand was rather high, but we did not complain, for we knew he would be in a strange land, and no one knew what emergencies might arise and expenses incurred. But when all these cases of fraud were proved—we were astonished! We hardly knew what to do, for we did not want to be harsh, but we wanted to do the best both for Mr. Riches and the doctor and their families, and this is what we decided upon. They were immediately converted to the position of artizans. The doctor we made a miner, and the adviser we made a postman, and his daughters we made general servants in our hospitals. Of course they were allowed to retain their homes and live as before—with the exception that we disfranchised them for a period of five years.

Thus we fulfil the law of love. Those who would be masters of all, we make the servants of all, and if they refused to do their duty—they would be refused daily support. Hence we

have no prisons—we do not believe in keeping able-bodied men idle ; we believe in giving them something to do, and if they refuse to do it—we allow them to starve. We keep no parasites and drones in our kingdom, and this again is the law of rational love.

CHAPTER VIII

PUNISHMENTS

SOME of the old false prophets used to laugh at the idea of a community being able to manage its affairs without money. "How are you going to punish people if you won't be able to *fine* them and take their property away from them, etc?"

The incentive to gain money and the fear of losing money were the two pillars of old England, and people were then so engrossed with the idea of the essentiality of money that they could not imagine a State governed without it.

Now before I show you how we govern ourselves without the incentive of money, I want to show you that the old system was a complete failure.

With all their money rewards the people were not happy and comfortable, and with all their *fin*es the people were not good. Theft, for in-

stance, was condemned severely under the old system, and yet London contained about 100,000 thieves known to the police at the beginning of the 20th century. But I need not inform you that the number is greatly underestimated. London alone contained in fact, according to our standard of morality, but a few honest people. The man or woman who paid 6d. for an article that had cost *blood* to produce was no better than a thief. And the man who gave only 3/6 a day for doing work that he himself would not do at any price, was also an abominable thief. The man who did nothing but look after the interest of his property and ride in his carriage and play with women and drink champagne was also a detestable thief. But why should I enumerate. These things are no longer, but the wonder to me is how English people—wise, shrewd, and on the whole religious and just Englishmen—permitted such a rotten state of things to exist so long.

So, with all their fines the old people did not reduce crime. Now we have no money fines, and less crime there cannot be in a human society, for you see we are not angels—but men, and as such we are open to temptations and failures.

Now every transgression of law has its cause.

I would not steal, for instance, but for some cause or other. Either I have a propensity for stealing or I am in need of what I steal and I cannot get it otherwise. Now when a man has transgressed a law with us, we make full enquiry into the motives that impelled or induced him to do so, and in pronouncing judgment we always ask—not, what the transgression *deserves*, for that we cannot measure, but what remedy is most likely to cure the transgressor. This law or principle of our community was practically unknown in old England. The people and judges talked continually about the *desert* of the offender, they never asked—what will *cure* him and make him an efficient citizen? They were too blind and cold and selfish to do that. They were governed more by the spirit of revenge than the spirit of love. Now we hold that no one, excepting an omniscient being, knows how much punishment a transgression deserves. A man has committed theft. How much punishment does he deserve? Well, in old England the judge would ask was it his first offence? What was the magnitude of the theft, the character of the thief?—and then the amount of punishment was decided on—7 days, 14 days, 3 months, 7 years, etc. The great question in the law courts of those olden days was the

quantity of punishment to be meted out to the culprit. They never puzzled themselves with the more humane view—how best to cure the man?

Now that is the first question with us. So before we punish anyone, we endeavour to get at the cause of his offending the law, and we therefore do our best to remove that cause.

I think you will thoroughly agree with me when I say that one of the blackest spots on the old England constitution was to punish a man after it had induced him to sin. Take the old temperance problem. You know that men in olden days were punished for getting drunk; and yet, the government of those days defended and protected and supported the sale of intoxicants. The public houses of those days were the most charming and enticing and entertaining houses of all the kingdom—and yet, the government punished men severely for getting drunk! Absurd! of course it was. Now if drunkenness was wrong, why not in the name of goodness remove the temptation? It was very well for them to speak and write about the liberty of the subject, but in this they were most inconsistent. For if they had no right to interfere with the liberty of the subject by removing the temptation, why in the name of

reason did they assume the right to interfere with his liberty when he got drunk? Now surely, if they dared not remove the drink, why did they dare punish a man for drinking? But the defenders of the old system may here inform me, that the old people did not punish a man for simple drunkenness, but for drunkenness and disorderly conduct. But what made him disorderly? There can be but one answer. So this makes it worse for the old system. For why in the name of reason should every protection and facility be offered a man to sell that which injures a person and makes him a disorderly citizen? And notice what this absurdity implied. It implied a great revenue to the common-fund of the nation to begin with. And in the old histories you will read a great deal about this source of revenue. But the foolish people neglected to consider what this drink mania took away also from the common-fund. How many policemen they had to maintain, how many law courts they had to support, how many judges or stipendaries and clerks' fees had to be paid, how many prisons had to be provided, and how many workhouses and paupers had to be kept—all by the same fund. What they received with one hand they had to give with the other,—and much more when you consider

everything. Now this was nothing but waste of money, waste of time, and waste of precious lives.

A father who allows a jug of beer on the table and then whips his child for drinking it, and thereby making himself disagreeable to his little sisters, is a very foolish father indeed. He will, if he is wise, remove the jug of beer from off the table, and just place it where such stuff ought to be, under the grate.

This then is one of our first punishments. We remove the temptation or the cause of the transgression, so far as we possibly can.

Now when the cause of the transgression is the inherent desire of the man or a certain weakness attached to his constitution, the case is more difficult of treatment. Of course, the difficulty arises from our self-imposed humane policy. We could to-day do the same as the old people used to do when a man transgressed the law, clap him into prison and keep himself there for a certain period. But we don't believe in the old-fashioned prisons at all. They were a perfect humbug and a disgrace to civilisation. Few men are so vicious that you need tie them up in chains, or make them trot on wheels. In fact we have not known one that such a horrible treatment would do any good whatever to.

We have outgrown all that—thanks to the law of love which reigns in our legislature.

Now the worst case that we have ever had to deal with was the case of a man who had shot his daughter. Of course, according to the old law he would have been hung—but we did not hang him. You see, we have no stated punishment for different crimes. We do not go according to the deed, but according to the cause, and perhaps you will be surprised to hear that that man is a free citizen in our midst to-day. He was tried, and he confessed his guilt. He had seen his daughter committing adultery with a married man and in a fit of rage he shot her.

Now this was a critical case, for the girl's crime was not what you may call mortal. But you see we adore chastity. It is the next virtue with us to love. And nothing so enrages a father as the unchastity of his children. That man was a good man, a pious man, and a tender father—but he lost control of himself in a fit of passion, and the great question with us was—not what that man deserved—but how best to save him. No fine would have cured him, and certainly to hang him would do no one any good. "It would have saved the other daughters," you say, "and also his own

wife and other women the possibility of being shot by him, for if he saw anyone else commit adultery he might do the same thing over again. Hence, in order to protect society, he ought to have been hung or banished." Such was the argument of old England. But we do not argue in this foolhardy way now. It is a very easy thing to hang a man or imprison him—but to *cure him* is the question. The great fault of the old primitive system was its want of *thought*. There was no thought in it from beginning to end. But you see, we are a nation of thinkers, readers, writers now, and not a nation of shop-keepers. So when this man was tried, the problem in our Courts was, "How to save the man" and not how to damn him? Of course, we do not palliate sin and sinners—not at all, as I shall show you by and by, but we punish them severely sometimes. Of course, it all depends upon the cause. Here then was a man who had killed his daughter because of her unchastity. So we had to try a pure man, or a man who honoured and respected chastity. A man of honour, to say the least. He was no mean man. Now you won't be surprised to hear that that man fell very ill after he committed this sin and our doctors thought he would never recover. For

three months that man kept his bed and could not be removed. The consequence was that our Court suspended judgment; and no verdict has been given yet. He is what the old people would call "on bail." But there was no "bail" in this case. He is perfectly free. But should anything criminal be done by him again—of course the former charge would also be taken into consideration. But there is no fear of that man ever coming before our Courts again. The agony he has suffered is indescribable. He has made his own hell upon earth. He has inflicted terrible punishment upon himself, poor fellow, for if you train a man properly his own moral sense will punish him.

Now you may be desirous to know how we deal with petty offenders. People who commit those petty crimes for which the old people used to put each other in gaol for 7, 14, 21 days, etc. For instance, if a man insults another in the street, or strikes a neighbour or libels a person, or steals, or commits adultery or forces a woman, etc., for all such offences we have certain punishments which, according to their nature, protects society far more than the 7, 14, or 21 days, imprisonment system. I will give you a few details which will illustrate to

you the principle upon which we punish petty offenders. If a man insults another, for instance, or strikes him or libels his character, he is commanded to make a public apology in our papers, magazines, etc., and to own his fault and beg for public pardon. Now this is far more beneficial than to send a man to jail or make him pay a sum of money. I have read of several cases in the papers of old England where a man after libelling another, was made to pay money as a fine, and afterwards declared that his libel was true and boasted of his moral victory. Now we endeavour to get at the person in the wrong, and make him own it and publish it in such a manner that he would be ashamed to do the same thing over again.

In case of theft, we demand public restitution which shames the offender. But we have very few such cases. I don't think you will find half a dozen in the whole course of our history. The incentive to that, like the incentive to drunkenness, has been entirely taken away from the people. We have no poor people, and whatever a man requires he can get without stealing it.

But adultery and seduction are more common, and if I may make a confession to our greatest difficulty it is with this sex question. In fact—

this is the social question of our community, and we have a number of people here who are in favour of the Platonic system. You know that Plato described a republic where there was no private property even in wives and children. I may say that the whole kingdom is against it, and I am personally against it—but I do not say that this question won't become acute some day ; and perhaps we shall not abolish adultery and seduction as we have already abolished drunkenness and theft until then.

I have already told you, I think, in another place, of our three chief punishments.

First of all, we disfranchise ; then secondly, we take away social privileges ; and then thirdly, we colonize.

These three I must explain a little.

To lose the franchise in our town is a serious loss—and every respectable citizen dreads it. Because a moment a person loses the franchise he is reduced from 1st class citizen to 2nd class citizen—which means that he has no voice whatever in our affairs. He cannot call a meeting, discuss a question in public, or vote on any civic matter. But the duration of this punishment varies according to the character and ability of the citizen. The shortest period is twelve months, and it goes on to five years or more.

And if a citizen transgresses during the period of his disfranchisement, our second great punishment is to disqualify him for the liberties and luxuries of our community. For instance, we refuse him the luxuries of diet and travel. We give him the necessities of life and that is all, and luxuries we do not allow him. This punishment also varies in duration from one month to several years.

But if these two punishments fail in their effect, and he still transgresses, then we send him to our colonies. These colonies are our prisons, but they are nothing like the gaols of olden times. We do not keep those people in straigh jackets to pick oakum and tread wheels. Nothing of the sort. We find them something more serviceable and beneficial to do than that.

So I must explain to you, briefly, these colonies. We have four in all. One for women criminals of the lowest type, and one for women of a better class, and two similar colonies for men. In the one class are those who have been guilty of hideous sins more than twice. Criminals of this sort we put to live with their own kind, and we do not allow any mingling of the sexes. Then in the other Colonies we have persons of a better character,

but who, owing to their weakness were unable to resist temptation. These are not what you may call bad people or criminals—but weak people, and we keep them in this Colony, where their environment is perfectly free from the least incentive to commit their sins.

Now these people are expected to maintain themselves. That is, we give them only the necessities of life in exchange for their labour. If they do not work—then nothing is given to them.

Now as to the discipline of these Colonies. We have very little. We allow these men to be a law unto themselves. They have their own Court and inflict whatever punishment they deem advisable upon each other. We do not interfere with them at all, but simply superintend the Colony, and thus they are taught the responsibilities and difficulties of government.

Now as to the duration we keep people here. You will be surprised to hear that we have no stated time whatever. A man may be allowed out in twelve months or he may be kept in for a life time. It all depends upon his industry and good behaviour—which are reported to us by our superintendent and their own Court.

And now let me tell you that this system of Home Rule among our criminals in our prison

Colonies works excellently. They keep a register of offences and punishments inflicted upon their fellows, and these registers are examined by State officials every year, and those who have not been committed for trial and who are reported to have done well in the industrial department are set free. And the consequence is that these men behave themselves nobly as a rule, with the hope of gaining early freedom. And they come back to our town renewed men and with a new idea of life and its responsibilities. Now the effect of this system is that we have only a very small number of people in our prison colonies. Last year the number was only five men and three women. There is nothing better you see to reform a man than to treat him as a man and a rational and human creature, and even when he has fallen to the depth of degradation to give him another chance to rise again.

CHAPTER IX

WORK

WE do not call anything work except what is absolutely necessary either for amusement, edification, or subsistence. If a thing is not necessary for either of these purposes then we do not call it work, and we render no necessary commodity in return for it. Now, under the old régime of England, people could and did obtain a luxurious living by lending money, land, or property. But the mere lending of anything excepting by the community was a monstrous practice. It made those who had the commodities to lend millionaires, while it impoverished those to whom it was lent.

So by money we mean any exchangeable commodity, and even money worshippers could only have three uses for any possible commodity, viz.: to spend uselessly; to speculate or invest; and to exchange usefully—that is, to squander uselessly upon unnecessary

things ; to use selfishly for one's own benefit or aggrandisement or wealth, and the impoverishment of others ; or to use necessarily for the common good of self and others. Now money with us is only used in the latter sense. We have no spendthrifts, no speculators—but useful employers of exchangeable valuables. Hence we have no parasites or drones living upon the produce and sweat of other people, but all our people are necessarily honey-gatherers and producers of necessary moral, mental, or physical commodities. We have therefore no money lenders—that is, a class of people who simply dole out exchangeables for other people to work with—while they themselves take the profit and live in mansions. If a man, or a number of men, in our city know of any necessary work that ought to be done for the benefit of the community, they report it to our Board, and the question is discussed, and if our Board agree with the suggestion, then the means for carrying the work through is granted the man or men—but all the benefit of such an undertaking goes straight to the General Fund of the community. Now, people, in olden days used to argue, that if you took the private interest element away from society, people would generally be-

come sluggards, and careless as to the general good of society. The general good and prosperity of a country, people used to say, depended upon private interest. This is all nonsense. The greatest inventions and the greatest works of art and literature and architecture were never done for private interest's sake. The great incentive of the greatest geniuses and benefactors of the world ever had—was the *pleasure* of their work. It was never the hope of immediate wealth and luxury. *Pleasure, satisfaction, and recognition* have played a far more important part in the production of geniuses and philanthropists and inventors and educationalists than the incentive of *yellow dust* and piles of gold. And although we do not give gold to our great geniuses and philanthropists, we give them plenty of the other things—glory and honour—and I may here tell you that we have more geniuses to-day than the world has ever seen at any one period of its existence.*

The reason undoubtedly is, because everyone to-day has an opportunity to show his talent. It was not so, as you know, under the old condition of things. Unless you were born

*I am glad to hear this. I have been told that geniuses in such a community would be undervalued.

a duke, a lord, or a son of a millionaire, your chances were few and your road was over mountains and rocks and down precipices that few mortals could manage. I know a few did. But for everyone who succeeded, a million failed. Besides, not one single money-poor or materially-destitute lad ever became Prime Minister of England. Now think of that! And again, not one single, poor lad ever became Archbishop of Canterbury. And more than that, not one poor lad ever became Lord Chief Justice of England! Now, do you not think such a thing scandalous? Do you think that all the talent and ability for these positions were in the heads of children born rich? Not at all. The children of the poor were as able and wise then as now if they had an opportunity to show it. But the fact of the matter is, wealth and social position kept the keys of all the leading positions in their own power, while the poor lad was hopelessly shut out from the leading places of honour.

But every door is now open. We have no closed doors. From the coal-pit to the gilded chamber—every place is open to the ablest and most competent candidate.

The reason for this is that we are a nation of working-men. It is our honourable title.

The old world scorned the working-man and idolised the parasite, while we adore the working-men and starve the drones.

Now you may think that we find a difficulty in finding men to do the lower and meaner work. This was the dread of the old capitalists of England. They kept the wages low, opposed education and reform-bills, because they dreaded the day when education would become too general, and men would refuse to do the hard and mean work. This was a dread question at the beginning of the twentieth century, and the capitalists manipulated their machinery and played their cards very well. For when there was any serious social cry about, the wages went up, and, of course, everything went up too, so the poor working-man was none the better, and the capitalists on the whole were none the worse. For if I give sixpence a day more to my weaver, and get twopence a yard more for my cloth, I am really better off than before. But the wretched people of old England did not mind this as long as they had two pounds a week to spend instead of thirty shillings. Little they cared that even the ten shillings extra was taken back from them, not in increased luxuries, but on absolute necessities. In this way the capitalists manipulated

their markets for centuries and the working-man was deceived.

But the dreaded thing came at last. Men *did* become too wise to do all the menial work themselves, while they had nothing but bare existence in return for it. The story of the working classes at the beginning of the twentieth century is a terribly sad one. They got up it seems, as a rule, about 5 a.m., and then worked all day until about 5 or 6 p.m. They would have an hour or so for breakfast and a similar rest for dinner, and that was about all. Arriving home about 6 p.m. tired by their day's toil, with a poor fare and a poor home to greet them, what wonder if the poor men found their way to the nearest public house, their only parlour, and there drank a couple of pints of ale to their credit, until the following Saturday. And this very same life would be indulged in, year after year. Miserable! you say. Yes, and dreadfully monotonous, and it is no wonder that the capitalists dreaded the lack of labour. But even when a man lived a little more respectable life, as they used to call it, it was little better. The average wage of a respectable London working-man at the beginning of the twentieth century was less than twenty shillings per week.

Some of the old authorities say it was no more than fourteen shillings, and I can easily believe it. But let it be treble that—say, two pounds per week, which was princely, how much enjoyment could a man with a family get out of two pounds per week? Why, it was infinitely less than those old capitalists used to spend on *wine* and *cigars*. And yet, those rich Christians expected their employees to live decent lives upon two pounds per week. And they did live. But it was a poor fare. They could not afford to take a box in a theatre once in ten years, neither could they afford a cab to take them home from work though they got drowned in the rain; and a three-course dinner, even once a week, was a luxury. Trips, excursions, holidays were rare things, and could only be obtained by not paying the butcher or the grocer or the draper. I am not exaggerating. Here are their old records, histories, stories, etc., which testify that it was so.

Is it any wonder then that labour became scarce? The wonder is that men continued to be slaves so long, for such they were without any exaggeration.

But we do not find it difficult to find men to do the meanest work in our Kingdom. Old England found it dreadfully difficult once be-

cause she had taught her people to think that kind of work disreputable, and because she herself attached so much inconveniences to it. The meaner the work, the less the pay, and the less the respect and the honour and the privileges the working-man would receive. But it is not so with us. We respect the meanest workman as much as the most honourable statesman, for, in fact, our honourable miners are so by choice and not necessity. Miners, navvies, as you know, were such, in the olden days, simply because circumstances compelled them to be so, not because they chose to be so—for in fact, had they their choice they would be masters, capitalists, philanthropists, landowners, idlers, etc., but circumstances compelled them to work in the mines, or as navvies, or porters, or cabmen, or gardeners, etc., against their will, for bare existence' sake, and they cursed their masters. And yet, they called such people free men. Poor fools. Yes, they were as free as the fish who are so because they have no wings, or as free as the black man who would be white had he not been born coloured.

But men choose their occupations with us unless they are vile transgressors. And it is a fact, that some of our most enlightened men choose the meanest tasks. Of course, we do

not live for ourselves, you see, but for others, and once a man sees that life is not a *warfare* but a *service*, he is then willing to do anything for the good of the community. Hence our miners are not mean, ignorant, illiterate people who are so because they cannot be anything else—but some of our colliers are the most influential men in our town, and members of our Government.

Of course, you will understand that mining is no drudgery with us. There are great advantages belonging to mining in our city. For instance, no miner works more than from three to four hours a day. They go to work about ten in the morning, and generally finish their day's work from 1 to 2 p.m. But you must understand that we produce no coal for export. Exporting goods for consumption by other nations was all very well for fortune-making individuals, but it necessarily impoverished the country itself. Any sane economist even in the old days would acknowledge this. But we are wiser to-day than to impoverish the nation in order to enrich a few individual capitalists. Hence we export but very little. Of course, we want to be neighbourly with other peoples, and if we receive an order for a commodity, we supply it

to them. And we, on the other hand, import goods from other nations that we cannot produce ourselves. This is one reason why we have lessened the hours of labour in the coal mines and other industries.

So you can see that we do not go in for cheapness. Cheapness in olden days meant sweating and bleeding and slaying and other barbarous acts and tyrannies of their so-called civilization. The old Christian lady and gentleman who went into their draper's shops for their silks and calicoes thought very little about the real cost of the commodities they bought. They thought their articles cheap, and so they were to *them*, but not to the real producer, who had to labour long hours and sweat his blood in order to be able to live in a hut upon 2/6 a day. And they used to call that Christian civilization! It would have been better for them to call it Hell's Factory and let the world know their real meaning.

And now let me tell you what is our standard of value. Gold? No, not at all. Gold is too plentiful. Our standard of value is work. Now many of the more advanced economists of the 19th century wanted to make a change in the standard of value, but some of them were too timid to declare boldly in favour

of labour. But we have done so, and the only commodity you require to carry with you throughout our dominions in order that you may obtain anything that you require is a certificate of labour and virtue. Ever since Adam put a stop to idleness, labour, by a divine decree, became the one essential thing to man. "*By the sweat of thy brow thou shalt eat bread*"—was the wise and divine decree of heaven, and man falls, in my opinion, the day this wise decree ceases to be the law of his life. So our one and only exchangeable value is work—necessary, entertaining, gratifying, uplifting work. I thought once of giving you a list of our employments and the hours of work and the characters of the workmen, but all that would be wearying you with details which you would not like, and besides, you may meet me again, and if you are very anxious for such details, you will have an opportunity then to enquire of me. *

But perhaps you will be glad to know that we have quite a number of retired men. Those who have worked in our mines, and in our factories, and on our land, for a number of years, are generally pensioned off and receive the grand reward, that is, after forty years

* I am personally very anxious, It would be very interesting.

labour and good conduct, we honourably maintain them for the remainder of their lives in exactly the same circumstances and home, if they so desire, as when they were employed.

"Heaven upon earth," you say. Yes, it is heaven in comparison to the old hell people used to live in, and if you asked me for a serious definition of the hell that shall be—I could give you no better description of it than to call it "Old England." It was hell upon earth! People distrusted each other with all the distrust of demons. Love! They knew little about it. Yes, it was hell, but it possessed one relieving characteristic, the poor and ignorant people did not know it was so bad, though they often felt there was something wrong, and their ignorance, poor people, saved them the agony of hell's consciousness. But they could rise from their graves to-day and look back upon the Old England of yesterday—they too, would agree with us in calling it "*Hell*."

CHAPTER X

AMUSEMENTS

I CANNOT enumerate our amusements any more than I could ennumerate our employments, but I wish you to understand that we are not a dry-as-chips sort of people. We can enjoy ourselves as much as any old millionaire or jolly lord or duke or prince of the England of days gone by. We can enjoy ourselves to-day without violating the laws of nature or of God.

So all our amusements are first of all natural amusements. They are not the bilious and artificial amusements of people without sense or morals, but the pure amusements of rational and ethical people. Hence we don't condemn a certain amusement simply because custom and sentiment goes against it, and on the other hand we don't approve of certain amusements because they are antique and indulged in by kings. We distinguish between what is

inherently evil and customary or sentimentally so.

Let me give you an illustration. In the old days people, especially those who professed religion, condemned dancing very severely. They looked upon it with horror, and some went so far as to say that dancing was of the devil. Now that was foolishness. There is nothing wrong in dancing—in fact, dancing is one of the purest physical expressions of joy. The old man when he receives a bit of good news dances. Everyone who knows what great joy is—knows what it is to lose one's head, or rather to find one's senses in a dance. There's the old Highland fling and the Irish jig for instance.

Now there's nothing more expressive of great joy and ecstasy than a good dance. So we go in a great deal for dancing. But you see we do not supply intoxicants to dancers, hence the real incentive to evil is taken away, and besides, we have few who dance after 12 o'clock midnight. Though we have no rule to this effect. We know very well, that if people are bent on evil, they can do it at mid-day as well as at midnight. Time in itself is no barrier. Now here again the old people made a terrible mistake. They associated morality with hours. To be

“out” after 10 p.m. was considered wrong. Now there is nothing wrong in time. One p.m. is as “moral” as one a.m., and eleven p.m. is as moral as eleven a.m. The hours are not at all bad. You can make twelve noon as bad as twelve midnight if you choose. It is not the hour that is bad—but the deed or the person. Hence, we attach no morality to hours. You can come in at one or two a.m. and be as respectable in our city as if you came in at 10 or 11 p.m.

Again we do not condemn theatre-going—but rather encourage it. The old people used to think the theatre the devil’s house. and dancing the devil’s art, but we know better. Our theatres are beautiful places of immense amusement, instruction. and moral power. In fact our theatres have supplanted the churches and chapels and temples of old England, and the actor has supplanted the preacher. We have life depicted here in all its aspects. The ugly aspects of it—as well as its beautiful ones—are always faithfully exhibited. We never gloss life over and picture it in deceptive colours. We show fast life in all its ugliness. Its commencement, its pleasures and romance, its miseries and trials, and also the end. We show it all in its absolute nakedness; for we believe in hiding nothing. The charm is

always in what you keep back from the public or in what you suggest, not in what you reveal in its nakedness. The poison always lurks in the insinuation, not in what you manifest boldly. So we hide nothing—absolutely nothing. Of course, the old people would call some of our life dramas “dirty,” “filthy,” “immodest,” and all that kind of thing. But the dirtiness of a thing is in the hiding, the cloaking of it, and not in the exposure of it. Truth is made a lie when you hide it, rather than when you reveal it, and adultery is whitewashed when you draw the curtain over it. No, let life be manifested and utterly exposed if you want to kill that which is ugly in it. It was a fatal mistake, as all people now know, to hide and cloak the immodesties of life on the stage of the old theatres. If you want to make a man sick of his sin show it to him in all its deadly ugliness.

Hence the theatre with us is more than a mere source of amusement ; it is also a great moral force. Our actors are also moral people, and many of them are great spiritual leaders. So we call our stage a pure stage, and not “pure” in the old prudish sense of the word. It is pure in that it faithfully depicts life in all its phases, and in that the end aimed at is the

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pure enjoyment and edification of the people

We have also horse racing, hunting, cricket and football. Horse racing and hunting are popular amusements. The difference between our horse-racing and the old Derby of England is that while the old England game was confined to lords, dukes, princes and millionaires, the game is now open to anyone who breeds first-class horses. And moreover, we make no money stakes. We run for the honour of running and having bred the swiftest horse. There is no gambling attached to our races. Of course it could not be otherwise.

Hunting is also a pastime with us. Anyone who can ride well, can borrow a horse from our Imperial stables for a day and go a-hunting. And some of our artizans are the best riders in the Kingdom. For you see, we do not confine our amusements to a few aristocrats, for we have no such things, and, in fact, our artizans and common farmers are far more aristocratic in their tastes and culture than any old plutocrat of England ever was. And as for sufficient horses—we have more than enough. You see we do most of our street and field work by electricity, so our horses are left free for hunting, racing, riding, and other private and general amusements.

So you see we are not a dull people, who brood over our monotonous existence and go about our duties with dreamy heads and sleepy eyes and supine spirits, and who scorn gaiety and despise mirth. In fact, a happier and gayer people were never born. We know what real amusements are—and we can enjoy ourselves to the uttermost.

But let me here remind you that we are not a frivolous people. Of course, by frivolous I mean empty-headed and careless. Now we are not that sort. We know what to emphasize and what to treat lightly. We do not sacrifice duty for pleasure, or happiness for a momentary joy. We look at life as made up first of all of duty, and secondly of happiness. Happiness follows duty, just as appetite follows health, and music follows emotion, and beauty follows light. But you see there can never be beauty without light, or health without life, or music without emotion. So neither can there be happiness without duty. Duty must come first. This is the great lesson we teach the nations. Let every man do his duty in the light of love and happiness, and bliss and real amusement will follow.

Now I have mentioned some of our amusements, but to go over them all is more than I

can do—for each one is allowed to amuse himself as best he can, and what a variety of means we employ! As for myself, I am fond of riding and rowing and reading, and also good company. Give me a good horse, a good boat, a good book, and a nice sweet *pure* girl, and I am happy.

You are surprised at me, an old man, wanting a sweet, pure girl! But let me explain myself. I want a pure girl—because I love purity. I enjoy myself more in the society of a pure-minded and pure affectioned girl than an impure one. Woman was not made for *rakes* or for sensual connection, but for pure society. Adam, you remember, according to the Biblical legend, did not know his wife till after the fall. And man to-day must fall from the heights of purity before he seeks impure connection. And the reason why old England had so many prostitutes was because men were carnal and only desired carnal association with woman. He paid his gold for a momentary smarting of his nerves. Poor brute. He could rise no higher than human flesh. But you see we love woman not for their poor bodies' sake, but for their mind's sake; and an hour's walk through the fields with a woman, and an hour's pure association with her is far more enjoyable than the

old carnal connection. The man who goes with a woman for her body's sake is half brute, and I am sorry to tell you that we even to-day have such brutes, but they are few—the majority are otherwise, as I have already told you.

Hence we have very little jealousy in our city. A married man goes for a walk with a bright lady companion, and no one thinks the less of them. In fact, he may take her for a trip and remain away with her for a week and no scandal is raised. To the pure all things are pure, and experience has taught us that it is so.

Now this pure association among men and women is one of the great sources of enjoyment in our city. It is a source of enjoyment that old England knew little about. Of course the people were so dreadfully carnal, and to see a married man or woman with anyone excepting his wife or her husband made old Mrs. Grundy shriek. She shrieked, remember, not because she was either good or bad herself, but because she was so dreadfully sceptical of other people's virtue and honesty. She doubted everyone unless she thoroughly knew them.

Such then, my friend, are the principles of our amusements, and in your heart, I know you believe them to be fair and just, but in your head you seem to doubt their practicability.

But allow me to ask you before I conclude just one question: Can anything be just and fair and not be practicable? Of course it cannot. But to make it practicable you must have wisdom, honesty, humility and love.

CHAPTER XI

GOVERNMENT

I MUST now conclude my narrative by telling you briefly how we govern ourselves. During my story you have heard me refer now and again to our Board of Intelligence, our Board of Enquiry, our Adviser, our Government and our Kingdom. Now I must try to explain these to you as best I can. Of course you understand that we possess few hard and fast laws. Our one inviolable law is our principle of love, hence we make our decisions in the light of this principle. The first question with us, no matter what subject is under consideration, is, what decision or conduct does the law of love dictate? So you see, that necessarily our decisions vary with the nature of the case before us.

Let me illustrate my meaning : Here are two men brought before us for libel. The transgression in itself is the same in both cases, but probably the cause and consequences of the libel,

and also the characters and feelings of the transgressors may vary ; so our judges do not say, "both are guilty of the same offence, therefore both must suffer the same punishment." Oh, no, for this would be evidently governing according to technical laws and not according to principle. So you see, we apply this great principle of love to everything and govern in accordance with its dictates. But if you ask me upon what authority we base this principle of love, or in other words : why should we act in accordance with this principle, any more than upon the old principle of selfishness, my answer briefly is this : because it is the best, and I could give you a thousand reasons in support of this contention, but I have no time now, though I may do this some other time. Suffice it now to say, that as light is better than darkness, so is love better than hatred. Besides humanity in our view is one great and glorious family, children of the same great and mighty laws. And love and reason and experience tell us that the interest of one member of this family is really the interest of the other.

But you want to know something about our system.

Well, to begin with, we have no such creatures as the old world used to call "the

upper ten." We have no class government founded on wealth. Old England, as you must be aware, was really from beginning to end governed by the god Mammon. The alpha and omega, the foundation and the ceiling of the ancient system was wealth. There is no denying the fact that the wealthy ruled, and that they ruled in their own interests. The old House of Commons was composed of wealthy people—men with sufficient income, I mean, to live without any real labour. There were a few lawyers and labour men in the House of Commons from time to time, but these people were of very little power there, for the very reason that they were not capitalists. In fact, it was not a "House of *Commons*" at all, but a house of capitalists, ruled by capitalists, and in the interests of capitalists. I hope you won't think me exaggerating, for I want to be fair. Now I know that they passed from time to time what they used to call "Social Laws" in the interests of the poor, the weak, and the working man, but you will grant me also, that the object of those so-called social laws was the *protection* of *property*, whether of the poor or the rich. The principle of private property, was the governing motive of every old falsely so-called social law. Of course they were then con-

sidered as *benefits*, but you must again acknowledge that the principle was *private benefit*. But the private benefit was always *selfish* benefit, and every law enacted—even in the favour of the poor or working classes, had this one cursed tendency, it made them more individualistic and selfish. And I will grant you that the *poor* and the *working men* of those old pagan days were as selfish or capitalistic as any old dusty millionaire. Hence, in fact and in principle the old House of Commons was the house of capitalists—whether poor or rich. A social Parliament or a Christian Parliament Old England never had. It was founded on *selfishness* and not on *love*. You cannot deny that—or if you do, then you must be blind and deaf, and your reasoning organs want straightening. But you *don't* deny it, for no one has ever denied it, excepting the egotist.

But we have no such people as private capitalists in our city. We have capitalists, remember, for in the real and only true sense of the word, we are all capitalists now. You see, everything is ours, the wealth of our city from beginning to end belongs to each one of us, and yet there is nothing we can call absolutely our own.

So you see we are as rich as the daisy in yonder field. That little creature is at once

rich and poor. It is rich, for it can look up to the sun and say "thou art mine," and keep on drinking as much as it requires of its invigorating and beautifying light. The air also is its property, and the sustaining gases and nutriments of the field all belong to it, and it can take as much as it requires of everything. But though it is thus rich, how poor the little thing is, for there is nothing it can accumulate to itself absolutely to the exclusion of others. Even its own beauty, which it has worked so hard to obtain, belongs to those who care to admire it. But notice that this so-called poverty is its real wealth.

So you see how much richer the poorest of us is than the meanest old capitalist of old England. Everything in reality belongs to us; now the old millionaires even could not say this, and how many millions of the old inhabitants of England, though they were surrounded by all the wealth and luxury of their nation, could not even touch their bare necessities. Many families in the old London, according to history, died for want of proper nourishment. And such a thing was common all over England. Was there no bread in London? Of course there was, and yet that family could not lay their hands on enough to keep them alive. That

was the result of the old capitalist Government. But such a scandal cannot happen to-day. It cannot—it is absolutely impossible, thanks to the ever glorious Christ and His ever blessed Father and their mighty love, and our own enlightenment.

So our Parliament is composed of one representative for every hundred of our population.

A big Parliament, you see, but this is the only way to satisfy every section of our community.*

Now in the old Parliament of England, only a small portion of the community was really represented; for one man could not possibly hold the views of half a dozen parties which might be in a large constituency of about 10,000 people. So our idea of Government is that every section of the community shall be represented, and this again is only fair. The old Parliament of England, which, if I may at this distance of time offer an opinion, was a piece of refined humbug and polite selfishness, a section holding advanced views on any subject could not possibly have a hearing. But with us, every man or woman receiving a clear 100 votes is a Member of our Parliament. Then our

*I am glad there is a Parliament. I could never see how any community however wise and good it might be, could manage its affairs without a Government.

Parliament is elected every five years, but our members do not as a rule sit in council more than about one month in each year. Sometimes they extend the time to two months, but it has never gone beyond the three months in my lifetime. Our Members do not talk for the sake of talking, or obstructing or of killing time. And then we have no hard and fast parties in our Parliament. It was really ridiculous the way the old England parties voted. It was enough to make any serious man laugh for months to watch the old parties vote on any subject. During the debate, it seems, the Members would keep on talking with each other or lounge and sleep on their seats, or go and seek little refreshments in a place provided for the purpose, or seek the companionship of those with sweeter voices than the debaters possessed; then when a division would be called, those people, though they had no idea whatever as to the nature of the arguments for or against the subject to be voted on, would rush to the lobby from all parts of the House and vote according to the instructions of their respective party whips. What child's play! Yes, and yet old England liked it and watched it, reported it, and kept on sending people, who had nothing else to do, to keep on playing the game for centuries.

Now we have none of that nonsense. Of course we have parties—that is, persons who differ in opinions on several points, though we agree as to principle, but our Members always vote according to *conviction* and not according to party loyalty.

Now this Parliament is our central authority, but we have a higher authority still, in a second House of Representatives, appointed by the first House. Now every Member of this second House must have two-thirds the number of the first House—and then he must have been elected a Member of the first House twice in succession before he can be elected at all to the second House. And the number of the second House is exactly one-fiftieth the number of the first House, and is re-elected every ten years, and they generally sit for about one month in the year. So you see we have no hereditary lords and that sort of thing.

Now these men come from all parts and stations of our city. Some of them are artisans of various crafts and some of them farmers. Some of them are professionals, and others of them are labourers. But they are exempted from home duties while serving in our legislative Houses.

Now, as to our chief officials, they are elected

by both Houses. The reason for this is that by so doing we obtain the most tried and experienced men as our chief officials. These officials remain in office for seven years, but are eligible for re-election, but they cannot be re-elected more than three times, after which period we allow them to retire as honourable servants of the State.

Now as to our chief official ; you will be surprised perhaps to learn that we call him by the old name of King. It is a good old name, and we cannot invent a better one—unless it were Brother—and indeed, some of our people call him our supreme Brother. But the official name is King. It is a good old Anglo-Saxon name, and as you know, it probably means one of our tribe, or one of our kin. In other words, one of us.

Now our king is a babe. He is “The child.” No particular child or babe is meant, of course, but on all our stamps, seals, policies, etc., you will see the image of a babe. Our king, therefore, is idealistic. It is an emblem of humility, innocence, honesty, beauty, loveableness, and love. Our mothers and fathers greet their pretty little ones as soon as they are born with the titles kings and queens. “Here is our king.” “our queen,” says the family. Did not

the prophet of Israel thousands of years ago prophesy that it should be so, when he said: *And a little child shall lead them.* Ideal, you say. Of course, but you see the ideal has become practical with us, for we are governed by the babe-like. The passport to power in our city is humility, innocence, honesty, loveableness and love. So you see, our kings and queens are after all, *hereditary*. You cannot *elect* a king or a queen. It was rank foolishness on the part of some of the old reformers to talk of *electing kings*. Kings cannot be *elected*—they must be *born*. But then, old England made a terrible mistake to think that only *one* family could gender kings and queens. Kings and queens, you see, cannot be limited to one line or one family of descendants. When Jesse's wife of old gave birth to David, she gave birth to a real king, but there were other mothers then as well as now who had given birth to many another baby king, and it was a mistake to anoint David alone to the rulership.

But you say that God himself commanded it. Of course he did—in order to teach His stubborn and foolish people who clamoured for a king that they were wrong.*

Your king therefore must ever be an ideal

*All this is entirely new to me, but it may be right.

person. As soon as you think that the ideal is embodied in any *one* person, you are fatally mistaken. So you may see that we are after all an imperial nation, in fact a royal nation, the first real imperial nation in the world, and we are proud of our position, but not too proud to wish that every nation were like us. We have thousands, yes millions, of real kings and queens in our kingdom; hence we are a royal nation, and a holy priesthood.

And now as to minor details. Every village and town have their own local councils and directing bodies with powers to meet all local requirements. Some of these local servants are temporary and some are permanent according to the nature of the service and the requirements of the district. But you see the centre of the Government must of necessity be in our House of Representatives. Every member in our realm, and every family and society are subject to our imperial interest, and our imperial interests are subject to every member, family and society in our Kingdom. The one is the slave of the other, and in their mutual slavery they find their respective liberty, joy and prosperity.

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Such then, dear reader, is my imaginary kingdom of love. "But how," you say, "is
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such a state possible ? " Well, I know of only one practical way to make it possible. Show it continually to the people. Keep their eyes staring at it. **EDUCATE THEM TO APPRECIATE IT.** Make them wise and prudent enough to enter its pearly gates, send men to your Parliament and Councils and Boards who are anxious to make the Kingdom a reality. Speak to your children about it, and finally make all your laws henceforth in harmony with its principles, and lo ! some morning England will find herself in the blessed land.

APPENDIX

THE NEW CHURCH

THE new church is the brotherhood of love ; a brotherhood founded upon and governed by love. Its one creed is an absolute faith in love, and its one dogma is the rule of love.

Candidates, before they are admitted to this brotherhood, must make the following declaration in the presence of the assembled brotherhood :

“I believe in the supremacy of love, and I hereby declare—always relying upon the inspiration that comes from divine love, that I will ever act in harmony with its law, as manifested and interpreted, first of all, by my master Jesus, then by my own consciousness after serious consideration and meditation and the consciousness of the majority of the brotherhood. But should the decision of the brotherhood be at variance with my own, then shall their decision be mine, always realising that the

essence of love is the sacrifice of self for the benefit of those loved.

And I hereby promise one-twentieth of all my income shall be devoted to the funds of the brotherhood, to be utilised as the majority of the members may deem advisable, until such time that *money*, the selfish love of which is the root of all evil, be entirely abolished from our realm.

And I furthermore vow that all my energies shall be directed in accordance with the principle of unselfish love towards the general welfare and equality of opportunities and privileges of all *men*."

THE END.

