

what Mr. Blount's instructions from the President were, and what the real object of his mission is. As we learn from the most recent advices from Hawaii, Commissioner Blount is distinguishing himself by his talent for rotteness, but while he holds his tongue so resolutely business is going to the dogs, and American interests in Hawaii are in danger of ruin and extinction.

Our western cotemporary then advises the President that if he has anything in the nature of a clear or well defined policy regarding the Hawaiian Islands; it is time for him to declare it. "Assuming that he wants to undo the work of the Harrison administration in order to glorify and exalt his own, he has had ample time to make a new start and establish a line of action of his own, and yet all we can learn from Hawaii is that Commissioner Blount asks many questions, looks very wise and says nothing." It is high time, continues the *Chronicle*, that the President should awake to the realization of the fact that the annexation or non-annexation of Hawaii is a national and not a partisan question. "He seems to think that since the Harrison administration did not conclude the matter it comes to the Democrats as a political, not a national legacy, and that he and his party may treat it from a purely partisan standpoint."

There will be some radically divergent opinions on that point, we think, and not all of them will be entertained by Democrats. It is really premature to undertake to say just now what the President's motives are; he has no conscience-keeper and has so far disclosed his purpose to but one man—James H. Blount. When that gentleman's labors on the islands are concluded, doubtless we shall know it all together with the why and wherefore. Meantime, let the restless American whose adventurous eye was turned to the insular government west of us possess his soul in peace, being assured as he ought to be and the rest of us now are that annexation at the time it was pressed most strongly would have brought us into collision with at least one and perhaps two or three of the great powers. We have escaped that through the President's action and we ought to be thankful for it. It would hardly be the proper thing to be entertaining guests from abroad at Chicago and fighting their countrymen on the Pacific, would it?

THE LIBERTY BELL.

In Troy, New York, this month will be cast an interesting piece of national "furniture," it being the Columbian Liberty bell. It will be the most composite thing of the kind or perhaps of any kind ever constructed. Into its composition will go relics without number, each recalling some patriotic or stirring scene or time of interest connected with the history of the country. It is very rarely that anything that is really new is at the same time altogether old—that is, outside the field occupied by the modern playwright and the maker of patchwork generally; but such will be this great bell.

The people at large have been invited to contribute to the bell and we are advised that they have responded munificently, sending in gold and

silver coins, old swords and other weapons that saw their service in battles long ago; silverware originated in colonial times; metal from famous warships and relics of the revolution, the war of 1812, the Mexican war and the war of the rebellion. The contributors are said to be numbered by the thousands. Some are school children, some are "old men and women who have known in bitterness or deepest sorrow the price of liberty." All the contributions will be placed in the furnace, melted and poured into the mold in which the bell is to take form. "Soon it will in clarion tones take up the lost chord of the Philadelphia Liberty bell, and begin anew the work of proclaiming 'liberty throughout the land and unto all the inhabitants thereof.' It will have by way of inscription and dedication, 'Glory to God in the highest; peace on earth, good will to men.'"

It is the intention to have the bell taken all around the country and rung in the principal cities, after which it may be sent on a voyage around the globe. It will receive a fitting and cordial reception when it reaches Salt Lake City.

A GOOD OFFICER.

It seems to us that any partisan or factionist should be willing to accord a full meed of praise to Secretary of the Treasury John G. Carlisle. He was reluctant to enter upon such a task at all and it was only through the insistence amounting under political discipline to a command from headquarters that caused him to undertake it; but having undertaken, he has justified the high expectations of the majority of the American people and shown that Mr. Cleveland made no mistake in determining to look no further for a minister of finance.

Mr. Carlisle found the available gold assets in the treasury at an ebb with no immediate prospect of a flood or even an ordinary degree of relief. The nation's misfortune was Wall Street's opportunity and, by reason of looking upon gold as being the only omnipotent thing in human affairs and they having all of it in any great quantity that was available, called out to the secretary to issue bonds and get what he required. Surely he would not refuse the proffered aid; how dare he under the circumstances? The government must have money—"honest" money—or the wheels would cease to revolve; the money could be had on call at the Shylocks' terms, but Mr. Carlisle did not care to accept the terms. Not only would he not go to Wall Street but he at once announced his intention of cutting the government loose from the bondage in which it had been held for almost a generation. He even threatened the sharks with the phantom that more than any other frightens them from their propriety—an issue of silver coin in the manner and for the purpose authorized by the Constitution, if they did not cease their aggressive measures.

Of course Mr. Carlisle knew that back of the available funds was the reserve of \$100,000,000, but, as a commander in battle never draws on his reserve forces until compelled to do so to hold his ground and lose no advantage gained, so did the secretary keep

aloof as long as possible from the government's financial ballast. Aid began to pour in from sources not previously drawn on nor looked to, and this with excellent management, has tided the administration over the troubled waters. It all goes to show that a good brain is more powerful than gold, while a courageous heart and a steady nerve are more than a match for a gang of mercenary schemers and bluffers.

"HIGHER CRITICISM."

A morning cotemporary gave its Sunday readers as suitable matter for the Lord's day a piece that ought not to be passed by in silence. It was modestly headed "A Mistake About the Sun," but ought really to have read "An Error in the Word of God," for that idea it intended to convey.

The article attempts to explain away the miracle of the arrest of the course of the sun and the moon, related in the Book of Joshua. The event is thus recorded, Josh. x. 12-14, revised version:

Then spake Joshua to the Lord in the day when the Lord delivered up the Amorites before the children of Israel; and he said in the sight of Israel,

Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon: And thou, Moon, in the valley of Ajalon. And the sun stood still, and the moon stayed, Until the nation had avenged themselves of their enemies.

Is not this written in the book of Jasher? And the sun stayed in the midst of the heavens, and basted not to go down for about a whole day. And there was no day like that before it or after it, that the Lord hearkened unto the voice of a man; for the Lord fought for Israel.

Now, we are told that according to the rules of what is styled the "higher criticism" the portion of the text which is given in verse, is part of an ancient poem, which Joshua recited, and that what follows is an addition of a later editor of the book, who—*mirabile dictu!*—misunderstood the whole thing.

The author of the "Mistake about the Sun" is hardly bold enough in his outlines of the situation on that remarkable day in the history of Israel. An effort at bringing the facts out according to the rules of the "higher criticism" must be attempted at all hazards. We turn to the sacred text. It is a day on which a decisive battle is fought. Five of the principal rulers of Palestine are combined against one of Israel's allies. Joshua hastens to his support. The combined forces of the enemy make firm resistance but are finally forced to flee in wild confusion. The sun is already nearing the western horizon and the moon is rising over the plain in the east. The question comes to the mind of Israel's brilliant general, Shall these kings escape and be given an opportunity to form a still more formidable alliance against Israel, or shall the victory be complete at once? But what could he do? Evening was coming on, and their pursuit would be impracticable. In this predicament—that "higher criticism" tells us—General Joshua suddenly remembers a piece of poetry in an old book, whereupon he calls his soldiers together and recites it for their edification before returning to camp! Is there any probability whatever in a suggestion of this kind? Just fancy