still—the finest thing in that most magnificent of palaces, quite irrespective of its great artistic merits, and its material value. I remember that the tears came to my eyes, and I said to myself: “How American!”

I have no intention of trying to make this parable-story apply, in exact detail, to Sergyei Iulitch Witte; but the reader will seize my meaning, my thought that, because he did seem “so American,” so near of kin, in his great rise, he appealed to their brains and their hearts. Moreover, his gifts to Russia, the Peace Treaty, and the great future reforms of which he has sowed the seed, are more precious than anything else which the Russian Sovereign or people have received for centuries.

On every score, America should feel towards this brilliant and sympathetic man,—whatever good or good things may fall to his lot hereafter,—that which may be briefly expressed by the terms used in the Russian Church when an ecclesiastic receives merited promotion:—the Greek word, thrice repeated: “Axios!” (worthy); and by the triple “Many Years!” which the Church proclaims in stentorian tones to the distinguished who have earned the approbation of their fellow-men.

THE MEANING OF IT ALL

AGES and ages back,
Out of the long grass with infinite pain raising itself into the upright position,
A creature—fore-runner of Man—with swift eyes glanced around.
So to-day once more,
With pain, pain and suffering,—driven by what strange instinct who can tell?
Out of the jungle of Custom and supposed Necessity, into a new and wonderful life, to new and wonderful knowledge,
Surpassing words, surpassing all past experience—the Man, the meaning of it all,
Uprears himself again.

—Edward Carpenter in “Towards Democracy.”